

Brendan Kills

by Tim Jones-Yelvington

Brendan murders the nigger bitch. That's what he calls it when he beats Serena at tennis, on his Wii. "Die bitch," he says, and swipes his controller.

"What?" he says. "We can say that shit now, we got a black president."

I know it should bother me, him using that word. I watch him pant and curse and jab the remote, the violence of him, the stink. Brendan beats his Wii. It tents my pants. I'm not a nigger bitch, I'm just another teenage white boy like Brendan, but sometimes Brendan calls me one, and these are my favorite times. "Burn bitch," Brendan says, and drives his cigarette's lit tip into my lower back until I buck and thrash. Brendan keeps his hair in a box. It isn't a special hand-carved heirloom or anything, it's just a beat-up cardboard box, like the kind they use to ship envelopes. The hair is from last year, when we were freshmen, when Brendan cut off his ponytail. He keeps it coiled, braided and banded. He bends me onto my knees, and he binds my hands behind my back, and then he stuffs the braid inside my mouth while he grinds the cigarettes into my ass, my thighs, my shoulders. Then I suck him off until he shoots and I swallow.

Brendan hates how much he likes it when I suck him. He says he only does it because we're in high school, and high school girls are prudes, but I can tell he wants it, it wouldn't be the same with a girl. This is Brendan's shame, the boy thing. My shame is everything else. I think sometimes I should stop, but then I hear Brendan curse and I smell him, and I get so hard I think I'll explode into pieces tiny enough to fit in Brendan's box. And when I think about this, Brendan carrying me around forever and ever, in pieces, pressed up against his braid, I feel tingly and warm.

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