

Faggots Everywhere

I lowered my mug from my mouth, a cool layer of beer still enveloping my top lip, and set it down on the bar. It was my fifth or sixth beer that night, yet the golden suds still tasted fresh as they bubbled over my tongue and slithered down my throat.

A part of me felt as though I was in some horrible nightmare. You probably know the kind I'm referring to, when you dream that everything in your life has gone horribly wrong and wake up to find that everything is all right. Only, for me, the day seemed to magnify its wretched nature, even as I drank my beer, and there was no sign of awakening any time soon.

My hand, upon setting my beer back down upon the bar, swooped down to my pocket and snatched out my phone from its warm cozy home. Somehow, I began wondering if I had misread the text message, or just flat out imagined it like a fucking psycho. But, after my fingers tapped away at the glowing screen for a moment, I was left staring at the message.

I don't want to see you anymore.

That was it, just seven little words. Why didn't Alice tell me in person, or at least explain why she was dumping me? I didn't think we were having problems. Over the past few months, we fucked a couple of times. She even suggested having a threesome with her friend, Katie, a panda with decent tits, but practically no ass. Christ, we had never even had a single fight!

My tail twitched behind me on the stool, brushing against the smooth red cushion, and I glared at my phone's screen.

After lifting up my beer with one hand and chugging what little of the crisp liquid there was left in my mug, I decided to finally respond, despite it being hours after originally receiving Alice's text while at work.

My fingers began to mash at the digital keys, slamming each of the black letters on them as though Alice would be able to feel the force of my fingers when she read the message.

Your a fucking bitch what did I do wrong you never said anything about having problems before.

I slammed the send button with my thumb and saw that the time above my outgoing text read, "12:13 AM." Meanwhile, the time above Alice's text read, "4:23 PM."

After sliding my phone inside my pocket and letting it drop down along my thigh, I ordered another beer, which the badger behind the counter prepared very quickly. In a matter of seconds, he set the new drink down in front of me, fresh with foam that was as white as snow and bubbles that were jumping into the air with joy.

"Thanks," I said, taking the smooth handle of the mug into my hand and dragging the drink across the wood.

"No problem," he answered, just before his ears twitched at the sound of someone at the other end of the bar calling for him.

Surprised that I wasn't the only one in the bar as the badger walked away from me, I turned my head to the right and saw two guys, a jackal, like me, and a brown rabbit, sitting together. The jackal was wearing a wife beater, which showed

off his muscular arms. The rabbit, on the other hand, had several piercings in his right ear, all of which were neon pink. He, unlike the jackal, was scrawny and reminded me of a ten-year-old boy, probably due to the fact that he wore a snug purple shirt that ended at his ribs, leaving his gaunt stomach out in the open for anyone to see.

The rabbit, of course, was a faggot. That wasn't surprising to me, really. A lot of guys who are rabbits tend to be cocksuckers, believe it or not. What made me really surprised, though, was that the jackal hadn't told the rabbit to go sit somewhere else in the nearly empty bar.

And then, after I had been staring for only God knows how long, I saw their hands resting on the bar, their fingers tangled together on the wood. And, just above their coupled hands, rainbow bracelets ensnared each of their wrists.

They probably got them from that faggot parade.

I then recalled leaving work for lunch earlier that day, strolling down the street as the sun mercilessly poured down its boiling light, which was made worse by the legions of buildings that reflected it with their glass windows around me.

As I walked down the sidewalk, heading towards a burger joint that was relatively close, I noticed that a lot of people stood on either side of the street. There were mostly adults, but also a few kids, who looked just as exhausted from the heat as everyone else. I didn't stop to see or ask what they were waiting for, since I only had an hour for my lunch break. So I continued to move past them.

When I arrived at the restaurant and was seated, I ordered a cheeseburger and a cherry Coke, watching a short red fox in a white button down shirt that showed off her rack scribble something on her little notepad. After the fox left, I gazed out the window to the right of my booth, staring at the crowd of people, who were still huddled in the street.

The food came more quickly than it normally did and I got a nice eyeful of the vixen's boobs as she slightly leaned down to set my burger's plate on the table, next to my drink.

A few moments later, when my burger was missing almost half of its body, I began to hear cheering and clapping coming from outside, which was also accompanied by a few shouts and whistles.

As I continued to eat, I turned around in my booth and attempted to peak at whatever it was that caused everyone in the street become so ecstatic, but was unable to see over the heads in the crowd. So, I turned back in my seat and resumed eating my lunch, feeling my curiosity grow.

Eventually, after my burger was barely a sliver and my cherry Coke was gone, I saw something as I stared out of the window, near its border. The crowd just outside my window started roaring even louder than before and I felt my tail bristle behind me as I realized why the people were there.

A float glided down the street, decked with red paint, rainbow flags and glitter. On top of it, a couple of fags in dresses stood in front of a giant bushel of roses while they waved out at the cheering crowd, smiling and clearly not thinking about what their fathers would say if they could see them at that moment.

I stopped myself from gazing out the window and finished my burger, which I couldn't enjoy any longer, since I was unable to repress the mental image of those faggots on the float.

When I paid my bill and started walking back to my office, I checked the clock on my phone, which read, "12:40 PM." I had plenty of time to make it back to work.

As I continued walking, something slapped me across my right cheek. At first, as I came to a halt, I thought some cocksucker on one of the many bright floats that now rolled down the street had thrown a rainbow-colored condom at me. But, when I looked down at the grey cement, which was covered in a blanket of faded skid marks, dusty cracks and dry gum, I saw a rainbow bracelet lying next to my shoe.

I kicked the bracelet away, sending it bouncing through the sea of legs to my right, and continued moving down the street, while all of the others on the sidewalk reached out their hands in the hopes of catching the other bracelets that were sent flying through the air from a float, which carried a group queers wearing leather gear.

With the memory of that fucking parade coiling my stomach, I looked away from the rabbit and jackal, who ordered their drinks from the bartender. I then took a sip of my beer, hoping that, if the jackal or rabbit had seen me staring at them, I wouldn't be mistaken for queer, too. Then again, that probably wouldn't have stopped them. They would have enjoyed the challenge of trying to turn a straight guy into a fag.

For some reason, I started thinking about my brother, Tyler. Around a year ago, he posted a picture of himself with some lemur on Facebook. The caption was really faggy. I think it went something like, "*Moved in with my bf today! Hugs and kisses!*"

I didn't see the post, but my mother did. She called me over the phone and was in tears over the fact that her son was going to hell. She asked me if I knew about Tyler and I told her that I didn't, which was true.

"What did you expect, Mom?" I asked her.

A sniff came through the phone. "What?"

"He lives in San Francisco, for Christ's sake. All guys in San Francisco are fags,"

"But you..." she sobbed. "You live in New York,"

"That's different, Mom. Completely different,"

I then told her that, if she didn't like the fact that Tyler enjoyed being bent over by guys, she never had to speak with him again. It wasn't like he was her only son or anything. That made her cry more, but, once she finally calmed herself down a little, she said that I had a point.

Later that night, when I was in bed, jerking off to a video on my phone of two tigresses with giant tits eating each other out, I received a call. I rotated the phone and looked at caller ID, which said that it was my brother who was interrupting my pre-sleep ritual.

"Hello?" I said, after pressing the green icon on my phone's screen and bringing the device to my ear, releasing my dick as it already began to soften.

"What the fuck, James?" a shrill voice demanded.

I sighed, regretting that I hadn't let the call go to voicemail. "What is it, Tyler?"

"Did you actually tell mom to never speak to me?"

"No," I clarified, closing my eyes and rubbing one of my ears with my free hand. "I didn't say that. I just said that, if you being a fag really bothered her so much, she didn't have to talk to you if she didn't want to,"

"How the hell is that any different?"

"I didn't say she had to do anything. It was her choice. I only pointed out the option to her,"

"Option?" my brother practically screeched. "She just told me that I'm going to hell and can never call her! What kind of option is that?"

"I don't know," I answered, shrugging as if we were actually in the same room at that moment. "Freedom of speech?"

"Fuck you!"

"Jesus, do you blow you boyfriend with that mouth?"

"Leave Chad out of this,"

"His name is Chad?" I laughed. "Are you serious? That's the most faggoty name ever!"

"Stop it, James," Tyler growled.

"Seriously, though! His parents didn't even give him a chance. Did they want a cocksucker for a son, or something?"

"What the hell's wrong with you?"

"I'm just saying that maybe your boyfriend's parents wanted a faggot, so they raised him like one," I explained. "Did they enroll him in a ballet class when he was growing up? Play show tunes in the car? Make him walk around the house with limp wrists and a gay lisp?"

"Do you know how much of an ignorant asshole you are?" Tyler demanded, his tone growing sharper. "Not all gay people like musicals or have lisps,"

"Come on, Tyler. You don't have to bullshit me. I know what you fags are like. I'm not Mom,"

"Fuck you!" he yelled.

The line went dead and I pulled the phone away from my ear, finding myself staring at a close up of a tigress's thigh. I then hit the play button and came a few moments later when the two tigresses began scissoring each other.

I finally finished my beer and held back a burp, causing my throat to burn like someone crammed a lit cigarette deep inside of it. Then, I looked at my phone again, to see if Alice text back. *Maybe she sent me some nudes out of pity.*

Sadly, instead of seeing a message notification, my phone only greeted me with a glowing clock that read, "12:41 AM."

How many beers had I drunk? I had just finished one and remembered eyeing a gazelle in a short dress when I ordered my second drink that night. The rest of the evening was kind of a blur. It also didn't help my memory that my head felt like it was full of hot air, as though it were trying to float off my shoulders and ascend towards the ceiling like a balloon. *I at least had four or five. Maybe more.*

I called the bartender over and somehow managed to ask how much I owed him. His words were low, as if we were standing on opposite ends of a long hallway,

so I didn't hear exactly how much money I owed him. But I was in a generous mood, so I just took a hundred-dollar bill out of my wallet and eased it over the counter towards him. He smiled, which I took as a good sign and his lips moved. I assumed that he thanked me, but I only nodded and smiled, just in case he said something else, like "Come back again" or "See you soon."

Miraculously, I stood and used the edge of the bar to walk towards the door. Just before letting go of the bar and slowly trudging to the door, which felt unusually heavy as I pushed it open, I noticed that the two faggots from earlier were gone.

While standing on the sidewalk and blankly staring across the empty street at a mountain of trash bags, I tried to remember how to return to my apartment. But soon, the cold air began chilling my fur and I decided to just turn right.

I came upon the end of the bar, which ended on an empty street corner. At least, I assumed that it was empty. However, when I neared the corner of the block, I saw something move at my right and barely within the frame of my vision. I turned my head, sending the world into a brief nauseating blur, and saw the two faggots from earlier making out. The rabbit, who was obviously the girl in the relationship, had his back pressed up against the wall while he dove his tongue into his boyfriend's mouth. Meanwhile, the jackal's hands were on the rabbit's waist, his fingertips dipping beneath the rabbit's tight shorts, which ended at his upper-thighs.

What the fuck was their problem? Didn't they have an apartment to go to, where nobody was forced to watch them touch each other? Christ! I mean, I was horny myself, but I wasn't going to fuck a girl against the side of some bar. *It's true what they say. Queers just can't control themselves.*

Feeling as though I were going to vomit all of the beer I had consumed that evening onto the pavement, I looked away and took a step forward, only to freeze in place. *Someone needs to teach these cocksuckers that you can't fuck in public.*

I turned back, noticing that the fags were still going at it, and pulled out a switchblade I always carried around in my back pocket ever since a mugger held me up at gunpoint one night.

After managing to creep up towards the queers without falling over onto my own knife, I jammed the tip of the blade into the jackal's neck, pouring blood down his shoulder and onto the front of my loosened blue tie.

The jackal fell away from his boyfriend and dropped onto his back, clasp his bleeding neck with both hands while his eyes filled of fear, as though he was re-thinking his attempt to fuck his bunny on the street, just before his entire body began to quake.

I turned to the bunny, who had opened his mouth to scream. Yet I covered his soft faggy lips with my left hand and stabbed him in the stomach a couple of times with my right. His breath was hot against my fingers and soon became heavy, making my hand feel as though it were hovering over a bowl of boiling soup. But, when I stopped plunging my knife into his now red belly, the rabbit fell down onto the sidewalk face-first, lying still alongside his boyfriend, who also did not move as the pond of blood beneath them slowly began to expand outwards like an explosion of crimson on the pavement.

Feeling proud that nobody would have to endure watching the two queers humping in public like I did, I closed my switchblade and slid it back into my pocket.

Only, as I lifted my hand away from my back pocket, I realized that my suit was entirely covered in warm blood that smelled almost like rusted metal. *I probably have AIDS or Hepatitis now. Great.*

I began walking again.

Somehow, I found myself in Washington Square Park, which was nowhere near my apartment, but my paws hurt so much from walking that I took a seat on a bench next to a lamppost that had a white haze shimmering around its head, giving it an almost phantom-like appearance in the darkness that night.

The bench I sat on was straight across from the fountain in the center of a small square of cement. Beyond the fountain was the white arch, which was perfectly illuminated by lights that were spread out on the ground around it, giving the looming pale structure an almost godly appearance. The dark trees that surrounded the giant field of cement I was currently inside of, which held no other people inside of it besides me, seemed to be all the more ugly and twisted as the holy whiteness of the arch pierced through the darkness that enshrouded their twisted wooden limbs.

The police will know it was me who killed those queers. They just have to talk to the bartender about who was in the bar tonight.

These thoughts made my fur burn with fear. I would have probably gone to jail soon. My cellmate may have made me his bitch and fucked me. And then...what? Was I going to turn into a faggot by the time I left prison, finding myself missing the feeling of some guy shoving himself inside my asshole? *No. Fuck that.*

I shifted on the bench and yanked the switchblade out of my back pocket once again, the red-stained metal blushing in the foggy lamplight. Slowly, I slid the blade out of its container and brought it to my arm, digging the cold tip into my left wrist and dragging it up towards my elbow.

After stretching the red crevice in my arm a couple of inches, I retracted the blade from myself and watched as blood departed from my body. Already, I could feel a coldness growing inside my arm and spreading into chest like an infection.

Soon, the entire inside of my body was frozen, my organs and bones now nothing more than bulks of ice, and my head slammed against the wooden seat of the bench after I toppled over, causing my vision to blur.

Despite my foreseeable end, I began laughing. *Better to be dead than be a faggot.*

Soon, a blindfold of blackness crept over my eyes and all I was left with were the thoughts of my brother, those two queers I killed and the fags in dresses from the parade. Even after I had lost my vision, I could still see them through the lens of my mind, those faggots, dancing, singing, drinking, talking, smiling, fucking and laughing together in an orgy of depravity. They were all I could see and it made me want to slip away into nihility even more swiftly.

What's with all the faggots everywhere?