

Your screams, Our music.

by SiriusDF

Thursday prompt for July 16, 2020

Prompt words: Will the nuisance scream?

In the smelly dimness, the Nuisance began to talk. The only attribute left to Humphrey. Only Jared, along with two others thankfully not present, could hear him drone on and on. Jared fondly wished for the ability to roll his eyes from the everlasting topics; politics, talk radio and the way things ought to be.

For once, he wanted the Nuisance to scream.

* * *

Humphrey's blitter blatter had been tolerable in the car while Jared drove. On their way to neighborhoods with 'rising property values' that had been advert bombed with fliers of:

We Buy Houses for CASH! Make an Offer!!

They narrowed the search for likely targets; retirees or near ones who had miraculously paid off their houses. Ripe for the plucking by two shysters, make that speculators, or just 'Builders' plying the field of Flim Flam...what the business world politely names as Real Estate. A bit of brow beating, signing over a house for cash and on to the next.

Target house located. The pair range the doorbell, the elderly lady answering was a redhead with cat green eyes. Jared felt that something was amiss. But on they went to introduce themselves and gain entrance. A nearby hallway had a tall, child's gateway holding back two ankle biter sized dogs. Grand nuisances in the form of a mini Italian greyhound and Cairn Terrier yapping away.

"Pay them no mind," she had said, leading them towards a tiny dining table. Nearby wall with framed photos of various television stars and producers. An old TV series that seemed vaguely familiar. Jared making small talk by commenting on the photos.

"Indeed," The Redhead replied to the compliment, "I was the 'consultant' on that show. Taught Agnes Moorhead the ins and outs of the role."

She sighed. "Wonderful actress. A pity she had to film that awful western near St. George in Utah and got exposed to Fallout from those blasted nuclear tests."

Humphrey moved in, speaking of the dire decline of the neighborhood and ready cash for her paid off house would allow her better lodgings. Nothing seemed to persuade her.

Jared had slid a sheet of paper before her. Hoping to trick her into putting her initials upon what he claimed was a newsletter, that was a sales contract.

The green eyed lady paused, fixing her sapphire colored eyes upon the two intruders. Then swiveling her head towards the two dogs behind the gate. Both curiously silent.

"Skoll! Hati! Would you like additions to the collection?"

Two tails wagged affirmative.

* * *

Humphrey's countenance of yellow and blue screamed as a long legged, short pelted creature with huge fangs loomed forth and yanked on his leg. Dragging the goggle eyed Humphrey out of the cave.

Jared felt relief as Humphrey's droning became screams of real pain. Felt from relentless chewing upon Minion, woven cloth flesh. Beyond the screen weaving of a toy box, Skoll, now a seemingly giant Italian greyhound, darted around the carpeted plain, vigorously shaking Humphrey Minion by the neck.

Another presence loomed forth above the open ceiling prison that was the toy box. Erect eared Hati, an ebony stand in for Fenris, gazed down on him with predatory eyes. Underneath the dog's belly, a red poker of anticipation emerged.

It was Sponge Bob Jared's turn to scream, the terrier's wolf teeth gripping his neck, trapped beneath Hati's furred weight and enthusiastic pelvic pumping.

Two dogs playing with their toys. Tail wagging bliss from the ensuing squeaks and screams.