

# Go-Go

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I didn't know how to put this into a genre, because it's a mixed breed. A horror story? or a black comedy? mixed with drugs, sex and violence. I still don't know if that's right. The story itself however revolves around a game. A simple game, and a pathetic one. But what you think of it is for you to decide. I hope you enjoy.



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Cooper felt like dying.

He had gotten so sick of crying; and lying. He fought with his girlfriend all of the time, and felt guilty when the thoughts of killing her filled his simple head. Of course, he loved her to an extent. But a lovingly chilled game was still a damn game.

On this one particular day I tell of his lungs were full of inhaled smoke from a soothing, tempting weed. Earlier, while he was napping under the Christmas tree, she took the liberty and smashed a lamp she had made in pottery class over the top of his balding head. He awoke with alarm but no fright. The only thing he thought wrong with the whole situation was that she would never be able to kill him with the shitty, ugly thing. It didn't even draw blood.

In the hours that followed, he was glad it hadn't killed him. Otherwise the current love of his pathetic life would have been shipped off to jail for not declaring a game, and an illegal certificate would have been printed next to her name stopping her from ever declaring a game again. At least a legal one. His timely demise would have had her on all fours in the prison-lounge while all the guards had their poke. The constant rape from the massive lesbians between the gang-bangs would have gotten her down; none of which could resist the skinny goth girl in pink overalls; and the under-alls of the contradicted prison system. Prison life is prison life, babe, he thought as he stared in to her eyes, while she sat impatiently in front of him on the hard-wood coffee table. Her legs were crossed for once, and her arms folded neatly. He blew the smoke he held in his lungs into her pale face and relieved his chest of its almost final duty. I will die here in this sorrow, his mind quietly whispered.

She stared back at him and flinched when she saw the darkness swimming in eyes of blue. Her eyes darted away, frantically looking for a new target before snapping back in place and concentrating on his forehead.

He rubbed at his head, which was balding from the front, leaving his thinning brown hair dirty and full of sweat. A clean red mark had shown up on his forehead, where the faltering lamp had made contact with his thick skin. He stared back at her, staring into her green eyes.

Cooper loved her, a shit-load more than his previous girlfriends. She was the youngest and tightest yet: only twenty. He didn't care about the age-gap though, he was forty-seven in all but his own eyes of blue. Sixteen he had all up; never married and no kids, and that goes for all of them. He was the only exception; went and got himself married when he was just twenty-one. That particular girl he was still friends with, and never dreamed of hurting.

The sixteen unlucky ones he left with a sticky, wet liquid flowing from their eyes. The same stuff he imagined flowing freely from her eyes while she sat in front of him, dressed in pink-overalls.

'Sarah, when did you last shower?' he asked her calmly. A wrinkle of anger appeared instantly on her forehead.

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'Are you saying that I stink you fuck-cunt?! What about you, when is the last time you had a shower?' Fury has enveloped her as the old fool saw reason.

'January sixteenth 2013. What's it to ya?' She giggled, half amused at her own fury. Truth was that she hadn't had a shower in near on a month and she knew it. So did Coop.

'I still love you Coop,' she said as she swayed in front of him. 'Even if you do piss me off sometimes.' He felt something small and insignificant dislodge and fall from his forehead; a glittering asteroid of glass fell into his lap with the tiniest tinge of red to it. Red crystal, after all, really is just red-glass; mined with blood in mind. A trickle of blood followed the asteroid and oozed down and stopped its motion between his eyes. The blood rested with a light-head; where his head remained hard and un-fazed. Just a scratch to a tough-as-nails human. He was way too high to really register it.

However, as soon as it caught Sarah's attention she jumped up and sat herself gently on his lap. She put her arms around his neck and brought him closer to her, breathing deeply. She poked out her pierced tongue and licked the blood clean from his head in one strong movement of her energetic tongue. You would have made a good lesbian, babe: he thought quietly to himself. But shit, you stink even worse up close.

He never really cared that she was a Gothic desperate, in which dyed black hair, pierced nose and laced nipples were the norm. He always found it funny that she never got any tattoo's though; even he had one. A blue and black clown wearing an eye-patch was forever etched on his arse. The meaning? To warn of the shit-demons, he told Sarah once. 'My body is a temple,' he remembered her saying one night when they were making love. 'Why ruin it with some guy's shitty art?' That was good enough a reason for Cooper.

Sarah would rarely go out in the bright sun, and she loved to drink blood; human blood, thinking that she was a vampire. He hated that about her, and that was the only thing he really didn't like about her. At least she went outside occasionally to tend her garden. Her pale face in particular always brought a chill to his heart. But they were somewhat happy, only wanting a little more each day. They didn't care how stupid the town thought they were, are how stupid they actually were.

He put his hand on her thigh and began to kiss her passionately, almost with a vigor he had never taught. Her breathing became heavy while his stayed low and calm, lighter than a feather. 'What do you want for your birthday Coop?' she asked him playfully. She got up and stood swaying in front of him.

'A bottle of whiskey and a dime for my sins. That alright, Sarah?'

'No. Be serious, Coop.' She took off her red and white mini-skirt only to reveal her white underpants with a strange pattern printed on the front of them. Two teeth holes, with blood dripping down to the beginning of her pale legs. Vampires: all their pathetic love and rage. I still wish you have a wash, he thought patiently to himself. It's even worse that those underpants make you look like you're having your period.

'You want summa this Coop?' she said heavily as she began to rub between her skinny legs.

'Not right now, okay baby? I still have a few things I wanna take care of, okay? Maybe later on,' he replied in a semi-calm voice. His excitement was hard to hide.

'Oh yeah! Well fuck you Cooper! I know that I can get off on my own! You fucking lazy, smelly cunt!' She stormed off into the bedroom and slammed the door fiercely behind her. He chased away his erection and lied back comfortably in his black, leather and stained arm-chair. How he wished it was a recliner. His head was cocked-up, staring blankly at the ceiling and what he had just turned down with ease.

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The room swirled around him, full of dust and cockroaches; and old food rotten to the core. The paintings on the walls fell out of shape and showed him nothing but swirls and black and blue butterflies. Her paintings that she had made at her class. Cooper could never tell her that they were shit, because he wasn't a critic or some shit like that. So he told her they were nice, Gothic and dark; and that's all it took for him to turn her on. Like before she stormed off into the room, only he held his control, with his mind in his pocket.

Cooper knew that she had gone to masturbate, she was always more horny than him. Must've been his old age. Always and forever, or something along those lines. With your dildo shaped like a devil's horn? he thought quietly to himself.

He sat back upright and shoved his filthy hand into his pocket. 'I can get off on my own too, Sarah,' he whispered mildly under his breath. The extreme moaning that began in that instance almost scared the shit out of him; loud and exaggerated. She was trying to lure him in: the Temptress she was; and he was tempted but too far gone to fully care. He pulled out his thin wallet and opened it up, as he listened to her continue to fuck some hardened jelly. A small plastic bag emerged from the depths of the cob-web infested piece of leather, three-by-three, which housed a single pure white line of cocaine. The library card he had held without a single late-fee made its way into his hand as he tipped the beautiful white powder onto the stained table in front of him.

The card was of course used to sift the substance into a thick white line, rather than a thin, and he licked his lips in anticipation. He had a pre-made tube of thick paper underneath his war-torn chair, out of her sight, so he thrust his hand underneath his arse and pulled out his reward. With the situation set up perfectly, he bent his head to snort his problems away.

The descent into a passionate high was stopped half-way to its destination. He looked back up, well aware that the moaning and bemusement had stopped suddenly. The silence pierced his ears; he did much prefer the fake moaning. All he could do was shrug it off with a smile and head for his climax. His descent to the highest.

What he was unaware of was Sarah kneeling down behind his chair, waiting for him to lower his head but very unaware of what he was actually doing. In one quick graceful movement she lunged over the chair and grabbed Cooper by the hair. She brought his head down with as much force as she could muster into the coffee-table that housed his precious cocaine. She scattered his remaining teeth to the wind.

His foot flinched immediately and kicked the table over, careless for everything but his anger. He stood up and looked at the scene, fury crushing his face. Sarah ran over to a large glass window that sheltered them from the howling winds. The black curtain hang the sun outside to dry. She presented him with a bemusing smile. Even though, after seeing his face, deep down she was terrified. Was that his expensive escape, the magic white powder she saw? The drug he told her he had given up?

'What da fuck Sarah!?' he screamed at the top of his lungs, as a steady flow of blood dripped down his face and joined bloodied mouth. 'Do you fucking know what I had to do to get that coke you dumb slut!? Wasted now, scattered on the fucking floor. God you're fucking stupid sometimes.'

'Fuck you Cooper! I'm getting sick of this dirty life you so highly praise. I no vampire, shit, I'm not even a Goth. It's just a big fuckin' joke, and you're the circus ringmaster. An announcer of fucking shit blowin' and snortin'! You could have bought me a ring with the dough you used for those drugs. You promised me that we'd get ourselves married one day, but what have you been doing lately? Get stoned, go to sleep, fuck the whore next door instead of me. Well I'm fucking sick of it! This is just a relationship of nothin' but fuckin' and suckin' but you still can't fucking provide that!' Her voice was steady and brave. 'I'm leaving,' she spat back confidently in his crushing face.

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'I don't provide for you?! I put the weed in your bong, the cash in your dead-man's wallet and the cock in your fucking cunt! Well fuck you, if you don't want it anymore then fuck off!'

'I can get that from any guy. Look at me you fucking retard, there's probably a million teenagers in their bedrooms masturbating somewhere, with bigger dicks than you might I add, who would fuck me in an instance! I even blew a guy down the road last night for a couple of rocks, while you were out of it like usual.' Cooper felt a stronger flash of frustration flow through his body but not because of what she had said. It was because of the situation: he wanted to kill her already. He picked up the overturned coffee table in front of him and lifted it above his head. He threw it at her without warning, missing her by only a few inches as it smashed to pieces on the hard brick wall beside her. She stepped away from it, so that she was standing in front of the large window. Still in her underpants, still fairly innocent.

She looked at him, her eyes were full of hurt. She stared through him in that moment, and spoke soft and confidently. 'I did prepare for this Coop, this really is the way you want to finish it huh?' She lifted her left fist and gave him a confident finger. With her other hand she pulled out a small device, used for declaring a game and recording eight-seconds of sound. She held it beside her mouth and pushed record,' then let's fucking Go-Go cunt!'

She put the device in an official, little yellow and black envelope. In it she also put her eighteen-plus card, and pre-signed form with all of her details. She threw it in the direction of the bathroom door, ready for him. As soon as it hit the ground, he ran at her full of hatred; and in an instance he had tackled her through the window she was standing in front of.

They both landed harshly in the small, overgrown garden outside. Glass had shredded them like cheese through a grater; only not so worse. Cooper in particular had a large piece lodged in his back but not deep enough to penetrate his blood-pumpers. Instantly, he was wishing that he didn't do it. Luckily it didn't tickle his spine, otherwise he would have been immobilized.

Sarah bounced to her feet, surprising him by stomping on his glass-infested arm. He let out a small yelp, but didn't give her much else. The blood trickling down her face made his heart pump harder: what a beauty, he thought as he lied in the dirt that smelt like his death. A smile came to his face, light and breezy.

She didn't care an ounce. She ran over to the edge of the garden and picked up a rock the size of his head. She thought about it, if she should, but it wasn't hard to convince herself. Cooper pleaded with her but it was useless as his missing hair. She raised the rock above her head and dropped it onto his half-mutilated knee. He gave her casual shout; and rolled it off the tongue nice and easy too. She picked the rock back up and dropped it again. Another shout, and thought this time: the rock almost weighs as much as you, babe.

The glass hadn't paralyzed him, so she knew no matter what it took out of her, that she had to stop him from getting to his feet. It was her only chance of winning.

Cooper nudged the glass from the inside of his back and gently slid it out without Sarah knowing. The pain he felt was immense, like pulling a massive, sharper splinter out of his finger. The way that it stopped before it came loose and pulled at the edges of his thick skin, and the cut it made in his soft warm flesh, it almost sent him into what he thought was a seizure. He wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing him in an overwhelming pain. It ain't a nice being stabbed.

The only thing that she could think of was to sit on the rock while she thought of something else to attack him with. Anything to keep him on the filthy ground. The only problem was that she wasn't heavy enough.

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He kicked her off and rolled the rock after her with an evil ease. She fell into a scrubby old bush behind her while he was quick to his feet after her. The garden wasn't big; only a small handful of overgrown trees, six-foot weeds (of all varieties) and a small section dedicated to an age-old Japanese rock garden. Cooper was only renting, trimming his days peacefully, with no time (or motivation) to trim the bushes. The garden was a mess, except for the rock garden - which Sarah had slowly begun to take care of in her massive amount of spare time. It was no surprise to Cooper when he found her cowering in the corner of it.

'You declared!' he hissed at her. 'So how about we go out into the open and let the whole world enjoy our game!' He grabbed her by the hair and smashed her head into the solid brick wall of the house, with no control over his force. Some of her teeth flew back to greet him as subtle trickle of blood flew through the air after them and met his face with glee. It was like some cunt had spat in his eye and left him with a red tinge. Only a small moan of pain came from her direction; while he wiped the blood from his eye, eerily satisfied.

It didn't take much longer for him to grab her by the hair again and brutally drag her out into the footpath out the front of his shitty house. The game had gone public; which was illegal. He gave her another quick smash-up into the cement (lovely). The cement was old and cracked, but not as cracked as her face.

'Who'd wanna fuck you now!' he screamed into her partially deaf ear. He had helped his neighbour, Frank, unload a tonne of bricks for his new fence not two-weeks prior. Of course that's where he headed in quick strides. And he thanked fuck that Frank was a lazy prick, and all of the bricks still remained in the same place they left them. Once he had a fresh brick firmly in his right hand he returned to her mangled corpse slumped over on the sidewalk. Frank wouldn't mind, he was out of town banging some lawyer. He rolled her over onto her back and sat on her stomach.

'Well, I guess I'd better end this game, eh Sarah?' he said to her softly and gently. She smiled up at him, and he smiled back. He raised the brick into the bright sun so that it left a rectangle shadow on her beaten face, dark and ominous. It came down, with as much force as he wished, and killed her instantly in one crude blow. He hit her five more times; just for the fun of it, he thought to himself with a smile.

In that last moment, Cooper had never felt more complacent in his entire run-of-the-mill life. He looked down at her, with tears in his eyes, pride in his heart and an erection in his pants. He really did love that one. With a gentle touch he ran his fingers over her face: her lips had been scraped from her face and her head was bloody and broken in all the right ways. The couple of teeth that had remained showed him a gentle smile till the end. Cooper bent down and kissed her on the bloody-stained teeth one last time.

Many of her missing teeth floated in the pool of blood beside her head; the scene was grim and unloved. 'Looks like I won this one babe. But that's okay, there hasn't been a girl yet who has won a game of Go-Go. We know there will be when the lesbians start playing though, I can guarantee that much. However, we both know the first rule: A game of Go-Go isn't complete until both players have died. So I've decided, in this moment of serenity, to end this game right now... And all of the other games I've already won. I guess I will be seeing you in the dark, eh? I love you,' he spoke to her, again with a soft croak in his shambling voice. God I wish I had a shave this morning, he added in his small head.

Her body was light and easy to stuff into his wheelie-bin, chin up and elbows down. He wrapped his hand tightly around the handle and walked to the side of the cracking road. Cooper waited patiently not really fussed with all of his street neighbours standing around in shock and awe. Some of them were calling the police in disgust of a public game happening in their neighbourhood. However, Cooper's mind was done and gone from his merry-life.

A large semi-trailer came screaming around the corner, speeding to its destination with blood on the bumper and cheese on the sandwich of death. Or some shit like that. He petted the bin on the lid and gave his people

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one last finger for their future memories. The truck made its way ever closer as he waltzed out into the middle of the road. 'You should have had a shower babe. Because in an hour or two you're gonna smell a whole lot worse,' he said to the bin before bursting out with loud laughter.

The truck ripped them both to shreds, spraying the lovely, rotting civilization with a fresh coat of death. The street looked almost brilliant with its crimson tan, or stain if you will. That crimson stain hung strongly over the many wasted lives the game had produced.

With Cooper's death came the end of seventeen unfinished games of Go-Go. Many more would come until the eventual government collapse, as the game spread across the untied front. A game, fit for mankind, and its evolution into extinction.

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