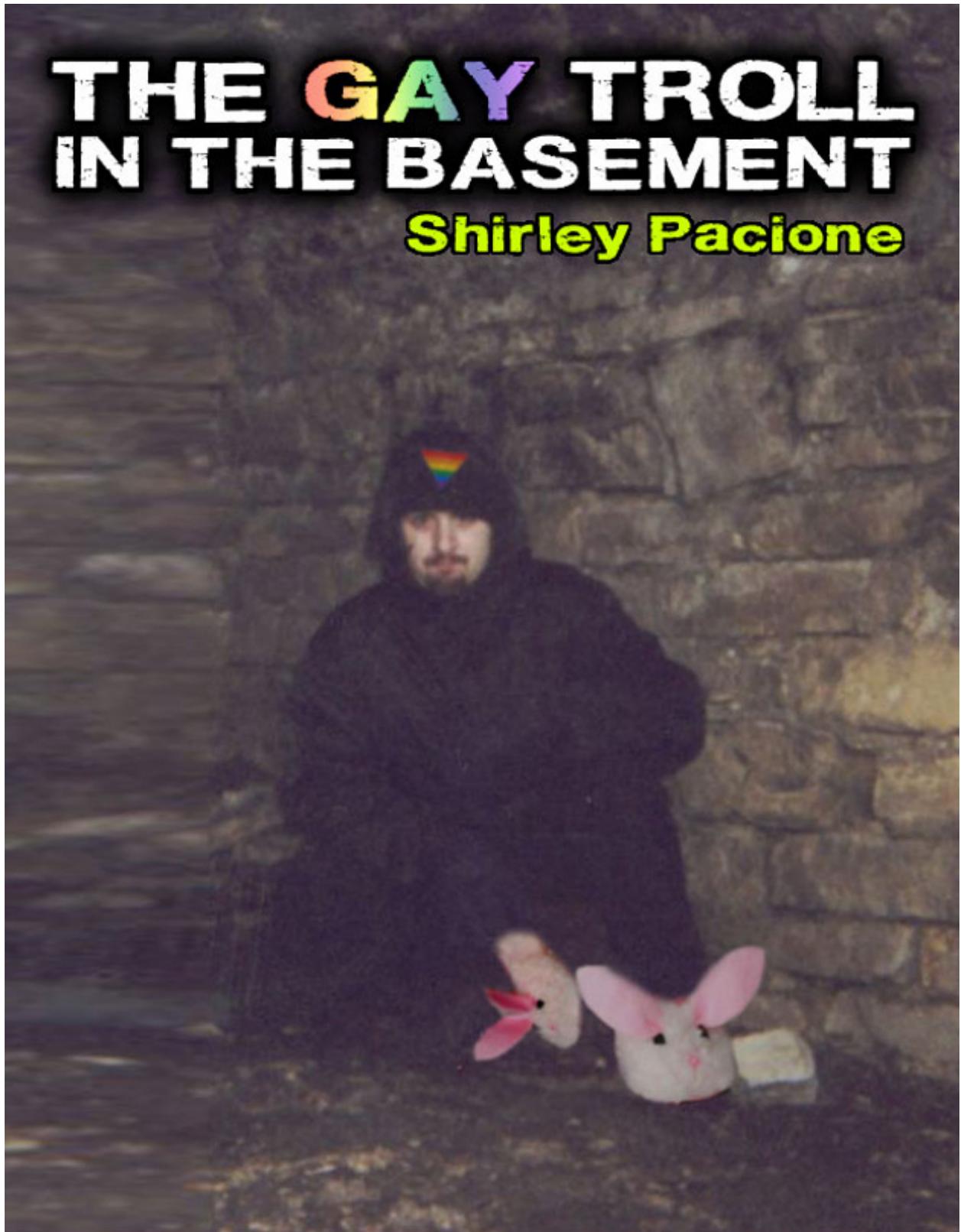


THE **GAY** TROLL IN THE BASEMENT

Shirley Pacione



The Gay Troll in the Basement

A Grandmothers tale, by Shirley Pacione

"I wish he'd use the ball gag I got for him", Shirley sighed as she tried to block out the muffled whining noises coming from the basement. Her mentally challenged grandson was up to no good again. Little Nicky was most likely being on the receiving end of a couple of stiff cocks, hence the rhythmic whining noises. He had probably brought some people home from his "prayer meetings" at "church" again today. Shirley had long since given up any hope that her howler monkey of a grandson was actually attending service. The fact that the "prayer meetings" consisted of Nicky praying for anal favors at the Boys! Boys! Boys! club downtown and the only thing he worshiped was cock was a bitter pill she swallowed years ago. Not that he'd ever admit it, though. Not even after being caught in flagrante delicto several times. He always had an excuse. "I'm not gay, Granny! I'm a devout Christian!", he'd vehemently argue, even with the engorged ramrod of a slender youth still firmly planted between his butt cheeks. No, there was no hope of him ever giving up his homosexuality. The rampant rump pumping was here to stay.

At least she hoped he had brought someone home with him. The incident with the gerbils and the resulting trip to the emergency room was not something she'd ever want to experience again. "I swear, one of these days I'm going to beat that retard to death with his own Thor[tm] dildo", she muttered and took another sip of her tea.

Nicky was one of the Great Failures of life. Being both mentally sub-par, rendering him technically disabled, and destitute he had taken to squatting in his Grandmother's basement. From his dank lair underneath Shirley's floorboards he divided his time between pretending to be a writer on the internet, engaging in unnatural sexual acts and comparing prices for bondage sleepsacks in the vain hope that his non-existing writing career would one day allow him to purchase one of these items of autoerotic restraint. That would of course never happen, because the quality of his so-called writing was so laughably ridiculous that no sane editor would use it for anything other than lining the parrot cage with. Having grown up with the delusion that he had a future with the written word, Nicky still had not realized that being a writer generally required some basic skills like spelling, coming up with original ideas and an ability to form coherent sentences. Unfortunately Nicky lacked all of the above. At the best of times his output was merely incoherent homoerotic ramblings. At the worst of times looked like it had been generated by a random word generator on horse tranquilizers. Nicky had a lot of bad times.

In order to escape this self-imposed hell of producing page after page of absolute gibberish, which only resulted in ridicule and mockery whenever he tried to post something he had written online, he was steadily growing ever more indiscreet in his nocturnal gaymaking. Previously he used to be used in back alleys and restrooms of sauna clubs, but with each bitter tear that rolled down his pudgy cheeks whenever he got a return letter from an editor telling him to "not let his infant on his computer anymore", he grew more careless. He was now bringing his young men home with him to his basement dungeon. With each erect penis entering him, he could forget another review calling him a greasy hack. With each load of semen splattered in his face, he could muster enough courage to dream of one day having a manuscript accepted by an editor.

Currently Nicky was on all fours, clutching his knees and pressing his forehead against the moist rug as he was being steadily violated from behind by an Asian man he had

hooked up with at the truck stop. Quan did not have the largest of dicks, but beggars can't be choosers and a small cock in the colon was better than no cock at all, Nicky mused and tried desperately to relax his anal sphincter. "How on earth am I still this tight? Last week could almost fit a rugby ball up there", he wondered as Quan made another rear assault on his tender assmeat. Sensing his distress Quan reached around and gently rubbed his nipples. "There, there, my gay gothic gimp", he whispered softly, "I'm soon ready to cum. Enjoy it while it lasts". Nicky wasn't sure how to respond to that. On one hand his anus was beginning to feel pretty sore from the long session of assplay he had endured, but on the other hand he was in seventh heaven. He was never as happy as when he was filled to the brim with man. Quan suddenly gripped his hips and began pumping him with renewed vigor. "Take it bitch! You take my load now, you stupid fuckpig!", Quan yelled as he slammed himself into Nicky repeatedly. Nicky couldn't take the pleasurable pain any longer and let out his own cry of release as he soiled the carpet in front of him with his loinjuice.

Together they slumped forward in a sweaty heap on the floor, with Quan still inside him. Quan wrapped his arms around him and lay there, spooning his gothic lover. "I never want this to end. I wish he could stay in me forever", Nicky thought as he gently licked droplets of musky sweat off Quans forearms. He could feel that tomorrow would be a good day. Tomorrow he would not get laughed offline by the entire writing community, which kept him around as their trained pet monkey. Tomorrow he would write something good. Tomorrow!

Upstairs, Shirley finished her tea, rested the cup in her lap and exhaled deeply. "Thank you Lord, for making it finally stop", she prayed silently as she came to a conclusion. "I can't put it off any longer. It has to happen tomorrow. It's for the best. It's really for the best. It's in everyone's best interest", she said to nobody in particular. She could feel that tomorrow would be a good day. Tomorrow she would put poison in his coffee. Tomorrow!