

FUCKBEATER

By Nickolaus A. Pacione

Thomas Joseph Deeds was the type of person everyone made fun of without a reason, and even in the professional life he lived everyone liked to treat him like a doormat. Peace of mine they know, and the bullies who thought it was funny to do some grotesque things to him. From placing dismembered animals in his cubicle to throwing his homework assignments into an open grave.

"Hey Deeds, where's your homework? Did you have to pry it away from the dead again?" was one of the things they would say taunting him.

"Fuck off you asshole, stupid Goddamn faggot. Get a life." Deeds hissed. The tone to his voice was a little annoyed because he was still in high school when he got the job, and Fulbright stolen his homework tossing it in the grave of a half-rotted corpse.

The dumb mother fucker who would make his life the living hell the worst looked the really nerdy too. His name was Ben Fulbright, and some of the things he did was edit the photos of Deeds photo work to make them look like something he wouldn't do. The nerd was on the husky side and thought it was funny to steal Deeds' photography for the magazine. Deeds worked in a magazine, and was an acquisitions editor.

"Ben you're a fuck who has too much time on your hands, I am surprised that the boss hasn't fired you yet," Deeds quipped, "Asshole, did you even graduate high school? By the sounds of it you got yourself expelled from school because you always found yourself getting the crap kicked out of you for one reason or another."

Ben said nothing but gave Deeds the middle finger, and muttered the word "bitch" under his breath. Ben always had a dartboard in his office and used Deeds portrait as the bull's eye of the board, sometimes Ben would walk up to Deeds and just crack him right between the eyes without a reason. Deeds and Ben Fulbright never really got along even in high school, Fulbright used to urinate on Deeds gym clothes and hide his basketball shoes.

Another thing that Ben did was steal e-books from writers that Ben would work with, namely would figure out ways to hack into Deeds hard drive and steal the writers manuscripts

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then do something vicious to them. The nerd was a nerd in every way, except that he practiced e-piracy every chance he got.

"What the hell are you doing Fulbright?"

He got caught stealing some files containing an actual manuscript that Deeds was working on, managed to print out the rough draft and mailed it to every person that couldn't stand Deeds on the internet.

"You mother fucker, I am going to hurt you," Deeds screamed from his cubicle, "I am going to make you drink your lunch from a fucking straw and force you to shit out of the same straw."

He knew what was going on, Ben Fulbright was common to practice theft of characters and stories. An asshole true to form, and his bitch of a wife was not much different. Susan Garton was also doing shit like that, libeled an entire family of Deeds in a book going around saying that Deeds wrote porn novels. Calling him the type of writer who had negative talent, burning every legitimate copy of articles that were written.

Deeds got the job at the magazine within his Junior year of high school, they picked him up after reading one of his stories published in the magazine. Deeds came very close a few times to losing it in the office towards Ben Fulbright, there were a few times where he wanted to beat the living fuck out of him. There were a few times he came very close to doing so, but there were a few times he blew smoke in the bastard's face.

It was about Noon when Ben grabbed a manuscript from the printer that Deeds penned. He read it out loud while he was reading it he was burning the pages in front of everyone, the manuscript was still readable but he would take the ends and lit them on fire.

"You don't have the balls Deeds," Fulbright said as he dangled a manuscript to a horror story Deeds wrote out of the window while lighting a match. He tossed a copy of the manuscript and the disk to the bitch he calls a wife.

"You little faggot, I going to fucking hang you from your neck. Give me back the manuscript before you have your life shortened," Deeds was growing even more pissed off by the hour, "You little **fuck!** Give me back that manuscript, and I won't have to hurt you."

Enraged, Deeds bolted after Fulbright. More determined than usual to get what he

worked on back, he was ready to get into a full on boxing match with the little bastard without the gloves.

A little more forceful Deeds screamed at him, "Give me my goddamned manuscript, I need that for the column you stupid fuck."

"Fuck you!"

"Give me the fucking manuscript."

"Fuck you and your dead mother too!"

"Give me back that manuscript you goddamned necrophile."

At this point, Deeds was starting to grab Fulbright by his throat. So tight that he began to choke. His wife could do nothing but watch in horror, and the boss knew this was coming. He was standing right there when it happened, but he didn't want to lose his star writer. Fulbright's feet were dangling above the floor at this point, and saw the red glow in Deeds eyes almost if he was possessed by the devil himself. A brawl was waiting to happen, it was just a matter of when it would happen. Ben dropped the burning manuscript out the window like he managed that he threatened to do.

Anger was engulfing T.J. Deeds like a demon, almost sounding demonic in the response to what Fulbright did. At this point, he was ready to rip the spine of Fulbright out through his throat. Anger boiled his veins, piss replaced blood – and looking at the asshole with even more anger at this point.

"Oh fuck Deeds is ready to snap."

"Fulbright is about to get his."

"Fulbright you should have never did that," a few were saying in the background, "The nerd just signed his funeral papers. Oh shit, someone is about to die."

Thomas Deeds was ready to throw a well placed punch at Ben Fulbright's throat and some were already lining up to read his epitaph.

"Ben Fulbright – 1974 to 1994. Poor mother fucker, decided to fuck with the last person to put him in his grave. No one will remember the fan fiction writing fuck after T.J. is done with him."

"T.J. is about to beat up Blow Job Fulbright, **FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!**"

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T.J. just threw the asshole to the ground as hard as he could and walked away, throwing him with a choke hold. Those years of martial arts taught him not to fight but there were times he almost got into fights with people who used to fuck with him. He had a cynical tone to him, "the cumstain isn't worth it."

"What's wrong Deeds, are you a pussy?"

Fulbright started laughing at him just as he was walking away. The nerdy little fuck has a lot of balls for someone who just got their ass handed to them. Much like that asshole who was sent to hell for stealing someone's story, sent in a way that is less than glamorous. The person they carried away on an ambulance was trapped for the rest of her days in a coma. They found her smelling of shit and sulfur, no choice but to pull the plug – this was Albert Joseph Poe they ripped from too, and very much like A.J. Poe, Deeds had a creative way to express his temper.

"Pussy." Ben hissed

"Go to hell corpselick. I will make you pay you goddamned bitch. This isn't the first time you did something like this to someone, and I've seen you burn another person's manuscript."

T.J. Deeds continued to walk away, grabbing what was left of another manuscript that Fulbright tried to physically destroy. Blood was getting ready to flow at this point, and no one was ready to stop it.

"Why do you destroy his manuscripts Ben?" David Wayne asked him, "You realized he spent months on that thing."

"I don't give a fuck," he answered as he was giving the supervisor the middle finger. He then responded with a right cross, "and the hell with you for defending him!"

"I can't believe it, did Ben Fulbright punch the boss in the jaw? That little fuck has no respect for anyone, or anything," one of them responded, "No shit, I've seen him do things like that in high school too. He was kicked out of school for setting the school newspaper office on fire. In that fire one teacher was murdered in the process, and Fulbright was the prime suspect for doing so."

"Wait, he killed someone!" Reggie Davis responded, "Holy Christ! I thought he was

always an asshole before, but how he managed to get a job in this company?

"I think his father was working on the school board and had a brother in the business, so they thought a job with the magazine would straighten the punk out. But damn, were we ever wrong," he then responded with a sigh, "I never thought he would start fucking with T.J. Deeds. Ever since I saw Deeds choke slam the little fuck, I never thought this would get that far. It scares me because we got a writer who has the temper, but I like that – he's got drive. Artists are very driven, and this makes them someone you want to keep."

The boss looked in shock, "He killed someone, and part of the deal of him not being expelled is working for this firm. Fuck; I wish I fired that jagoff right now. Better off I have a gun in my office, I am going to put a bullet in his fucking head. I've seen what this asshole's done and came to the conclusion he's a monster. He needs to be taken down for the animal he is."

Deeds watched from a distance when Ben Fulbright punched the boss in the head, something he didn't see coming but at the same time he expected it. The dark look in his eyes was hidden beneath his long blackish red hair, he agreed that the asshole needs to be put in his place.

"I've seen this happen too many times in my school, a principal was murdered over it. I walked in and seen the principal slumped over his chair with a bullet impaled in the back of his head. The bullet had him tacked up to the back of the chair with some brain matter plastered up on it," T.J. Deeds said to a co-worker, "The story that I overheard about what Ben Fulbright did was all-too-familiar. It was a nerd that blown the principal away, and they learned it was a hunting rifle that was the murder weapon. The fucker snapped and blown the principal to hell then about an hour later they found the school newspaper office on fire."

"The person who the individual murdered was named, Lou Shea, a journalism major. He didn't like the fact that Fulbright wanted to use articles in the paper to destroy the staff at the school, after finding out that he was about to be suspended from school he brought a small thing of gasoline and a cigarette lighter to school. He went postal and charred the teacher alive, the teacher was still alive as he engulfed in flames."

"Jesus, that would explain his fascination with lighting things on fire. Including T.J.'s

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manuscript. What is his beef with T.J.?" the worker asked.

"Tyler, I think what it is with Ben Fulbright and T.J. Deeds had to be that Deeds witnessed everything and knew that what he has, could put Fulbright away for many years to come. I've seen Ben Fulbright's kind, the nerd who didn't like the fact he got the brunt of every illegal thing in the school and he decided to take it out on the staff of the school."

The boss continued with the story while he was digging around for his pistol. Someone was going to die in the office and it wasn't going to be the workers, it was the bastard who burned manuscripts and tried to sabotage the magazine. T.J. Deeds wanted to hunt Ben Fulbright down, but it was a matter of who is going to find the son of a bitch first. Benny Fulbright pirated and burned his last manuscript, and the dead who he's killed are also going to end up catching up with him. He seemed to make one too many mistakes in his time, and all the crimes he's committed are beyond horrible.

"For someone who is just managed to be a workplace bully, he managed to do more than that for someone who went from being a petty trouble maker," the co-worker responded, "he's a pimple on the ass of this business. I noticed that when I overheard that he was the one who burned down the school newspaper office. The question would stand in what would be the nature of evil, and he would be the epiphany of it."

Benny was looking for a baseball bat to smash down the doors of the supervisor's office, and there was T.J. Deeds looking in at him. Grabbing the baseball bat and then cutting loose a hard jab with his left hand. Benny was on the receiving end of the gift that kept on giving. Blood flowed freely down his face, almost that T.J. shattered the nose of the little asshole.

"Trying to go postal on your boss, you little four-eyed fuck!"

T.J. grabbed Fulbright by the throat.

"I know it was you who killed the principal and the teacher who was working in the newspaper room. I saw you walking out of the principal's office just after the principal was killed. Start singing you fucken fairy! Do you hate your job and life that much that you have to destroy other people in the process."

Benny stared and just spit in the face of Deeds. Then managed to place kick him in the

chest, and took off running down the hallways.

"You son of a bitch!"

"I am just waiting for the ghosts of the deceased to grab him, because I think I know where he is heading next. He likes to play a deadly game of cat and mouse, so I can guess he is looking for a shotgun," T.J. responded, "I think he is heading for the parking garage because he thinks he's above the law. Someone call the police, I am going to go after him."

One of the co-workers reached for the phone only to realize there wasn't a dial tone. Benny shot the phone line to the entire building.

"The phone is dead. Damn it he shot the phone lines, he's extremely unpredictable and dangerous so be careful. I've know what he's able to do, and seen it."

The building's storage locker was broken open too and what was missing was a paper cutter.

"What the hell is going on around here?"

"This can't be happening, a security guard has his throat cut from ear to ear. There was blood under the door outside the office, son of a bitch – Benny actually killed him. The degree of how the throat's been slashed, it almost was he was trying to behead the guard," T.J. added.

"Holy shit, he went from killing the staff of a high school to killing staff of the building. He's losing it," the boss commented in horror, "this person is more than a bully, he's criminally insane. A parasite to society, looking as if he was possessed by the Devil himself with the way he was delivering deeds of pure unadulterated evil."

By the sounds of it, the details might be true when dealing with a being like Benny Fulbright. Every school or workplace had someone like him, but nothing to the point where there are dead bodies beginning to pile up like logs on a fire. Blood was everywhere too and the remains of his victims had slashed throats or bullets to the head. One of them was missing their head because the shot was point blank, leaving nothing but the neck and shoulders. There were no details about what he was going to do next, but one can only imagine – he was irate and needs to be stopped.

The psychotic behavior one can only describe is the result of years of use of cocaine,

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that was the only explanation or had some fucked up things happen in his childhood. Madness invokes fear, and fear invokes horror. Everything about the little nerd was beyond disturbing. From his collecting of body parts from the decayed, to digging up graves of the dead.

"Christ, this is becoming more disturbing by the hour. The police have no way to help us and he's on a murderous rampage. What the fuck are we able to do to deal with him?" one of the female workers responded, "And his fucking wife is going around shooting people in the legs all around the office."

There were no clues in the office that caused them both to snap, but one could only imagine what the hell was happening. This was hell and everyone in the office was trapped in it.

"Christ we got to do something!"

"What!"

"There is something we have to do to put an end to this, and the newspapers will be all over this for the next few weeks."

"Wait there is a way into the break room, and I know he hasn't found his way over there yet. Take this, and when you see him chop the bastard's arms off."

T.J. Deeds was handed a machete.

"He might be a monster but he is still just a man. Find that asshole and chop him to pieces. He needs to be stopped and I think you're just the guy to stop him Deeds," the boss commented in a nervous tone.

"We're all nervous right now man, I think this is something that scares everyone — a person who snapped and eventually went postal."

"Where is that little fucker," T.J. walked out with machete in hand. Wandering the halls and stepping over the bodies piled up as wood on a fire. The image of the teacher was still fresh in his mind, the image of the teacher being burned alive. He could still hear the teacher's screams in the back of his head.

"Where are you Benny, come out you piece of shit. I am going to send you back to hell where you belong!"

"You pissant!" Benny says as he pulls the trigger. Shotgun and rifle shells impale the

wall. He comes storming at T.J. with the gun firing.

"What the fuck!"

T.J. quickly dives out of the way, losing his machete in the process. Lands beneath the table, so he had no choice but wrestle the gun out of Benny's hands.

"Look at all the people you killed. Do you think you and your wife will get away with it?"

"I already have. You mother fucker," he said with a psychotic look to his face.

"I don't want to end up killing you but I will, give up to the police. You know the newspaper is outside taking the story as I speak," T.J. responded while giving the asshole a well placed punch between the eyes. This time, the glasses cracked and stabbed the eyeballs of Benny.

"I can't fucking see, you son of a bitch. I am going to kill you!"

He reaches for the cut off handle of the papercutter, with a quick swipe he connected on the arms of T.J.

"Damn you!"

T.J. stared with a determined look on his face, especially seeing the aftermath of what Benny had done. He scrambled for the machete and swung it at Benny, connected with a quick dismembering of Benny's hand.

"Son of a bitch, that was my good hand!" he said while bleeding all over the floor, he picked up his hand and started to look for the weapon he broke off the paper cutter.

Benny continued to bleed and his wife tried to reach for the rifle she managed to find. Once again Benny tried to make a slash for T.J. – missed and the blade incidentally slashed the throat of his wife.

"NO!"

The wife was still walking, but wasn't able to speak she gurgled a few times and still was conscious. Blood was quickly flowing from her throat, still alive but looks like a mortal wound.

"You fucking asshole T.J. I am going to cut open your intestines and show them to you as you bleed," Benny hissed as he was holding his dismembered hand. Winching in pain

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and bleeding from an artery he continued to make his way towards T.J.).

"I can smell you, I can smell the sweat off your eyes."

His look was more determined by the second, he wanted to kill Deeds. The damage that Deeds had done was some the co-workers couldn't even imagine, and when Deeds tried to call for the police there was no dial tone. The line was also cut in the break room. The crime one can imagine beats the bearded bandits who shot up every bank in Northern Cook County. His pulsing arteries were still spurting blood all along the walls.

He walked with a groggy look to his face, all the blood loss but continued to lunge at Deeds. His wife also made her way towards him, getting ready to fire with the shotgun. She wasn't able to speak a single word because her vocal chords were sliced, but she was aiming ready to hit Deeds in the stomach. Deeds again, ducked and the shots missed him. This time hitting Benny in the other hand. The psychotic couple slowly bleeds to death, but all the details were left for the investigative journalists taking photos of the sinister crime scenes.

"Take it easy, you're going to be fine," the EMT commented as he was patching up T.J.

"What's your name?"

"T.J. Deeds, I am one of the writers who works in this building. There are a few other survivors in there just along the way you're going to see piled up dead bodies like wood on a fire."

"You took a really bad cut to your arm, it will need some stitches. We'll get you to a hospital as soon as possible. You're co-workers in the office are fine."

They dragged out two bloodied corpses at a time, starting with the postal writers who killed a good number of people in the hallways of the building. Blood seeped through the sheets they were shrouded in, blood from the slit throat of Susan Garton and blood seeped from the hands of Benny Fulbright. Beneath the white shrouds they were wrapped in, one could see the tormented grins on their face. They dealt death to an innocent group of people working at a magazine, but only to be greeted with the grim end they were offered.

"It is over," T.J. said to himself.

"They're dead and needed to be eliminated. Does this make me as bad as they were,

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am I a murderer or what I've done was in self-defense? The only people who are going to know that are myself and the deceased."

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