

Beaver Soup

JohnOfE



Save trees;
Eat beaver.

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Chapter 1

THE TIPPING POINT

In suburban West Auckland at 2:37 am on a Saturday night, John Foster slouched over his ergonomic keyboard staring with blood-shot eyes into the wide LCD monitor. Image after image scrolled by as he browsed Fchan's alternate-hard channel, looking for more drawings of male-on-male dog porn. This night was no different to any other Saturday night in the past few years of John's life; he lived for the midnight lurking and the mid day breakfasts.

John clicked over to the media watch website having found nothing interesting at Fchan, he skimmed over the latest slander and was ready to move on when he saw it; *The Angry Beavers; back to the wild*. John's eyes widened as he clicked the link and was presented with the news he thought wouldn't never come.

Norbert and Daggett Beaver; once stars of their hit reality TV show 'The Angry Beavers' are moving the dam. Norb and Dag had become obscure stars in recent years due to their agreement with wildlife expert Senior Bill Licking. Mr. Licking also had other shows featuring certain forest animals in their natural habitats, filmed with numerous, strategically placed cameras. Norbert and Daggett were a breath of fresh air for the shows producers with their furious arguments and electric personalities. They were the perfect reality show recipe and brought great ratings. Six months

ago their series of three years finally came to an end prompting the beavers to move the dam and start living normal lives again.

John felt a rush of excitement come over him as he finished reading the article, it was finally happening; this was the change he had been waiting for long for. His dream might actually come true.

John turned off the computer and climbed into bed. Thoughts of gratification swirled around inside his head as he turned out the light and pulled the covers over him and his Norbert plushie. A sense of adventure and purpose welled up in him and he lay the dark smiling, he cuddled his beaver plush tightly and kissed it's soft, furry nose.

*

John was a die-hard fan of the show but mostly because of Norbert Beaver. There was once a time when he simply loved the show, but since the first season he began obsessing about it greatly.

John was at the point now that he believed he has a connection of some sort with Norbert and that they were destined to be together. There were times when his thoughts seemed like the ravings of an obsessed lunatic and even though he knew it was mad, he ignored this dangerous fact and continued to fixate on Norbert in a frightening manner.

Three years had passed since the show hit the air and John's obsession had grown to disastrous proportions in that time, even after its demise his undying love for Norbert Beaver burned hot in him.

The usual stereotype appearance of a complete nutter didn't apply to John, he looked common and trustworthy. He stood 6 foot 5 inches, had short, dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His skin was parched white and his face shaven, dressed in blue jeans, white shirt and brown leather shoes, John looked completely sane. In his young years he was bullied horribly, but this only thickened his skin and made him despise the human race to the

point of disconnection. John enjoyed being completely alone, without any friends he was free to spend all his spare time obsessing over his only friend in the world; a friend who didn't even know he existed.

John's personality was rather normal; he functioned well in society and worked in one of Auckland's largest electrical wholesalers on the customer services desk with reasonable success. He sometimes resented the job due to the fact he had to be exposed to so many people, but his emotional disconnection with humans allowed to him operate more effectively with his customers, much to his own disdain. Nothing touched him.

From the outside, John was a normal Kiwi bloke, but if you managed to crack his shell you'd faint from the mess that would spill out. Paraphilia was the quirk that defined him the most; the sexual interest in non human subjects. His interests varied from Coprophilia to Necrophilia and so many others in between. One that haunted him the most was bestiality. John hungered desperately to have sex with what he would refer to as a *nice, big, bushy tailed Labrador*. Any large breed of working dog would work for John. But John's main problem with that attraction was there was no means to satisfy it, he had thought of so many avenues for acquiring his fair game but it was all too hard. As of yet he had not managed to have sex with a dog but eventually that day would come; he promised himself it would.

John often wondered about his sexuality and how it came to be, how he could be homosexual but not interested in human males. During times of unbearable sexual frustration he would visit a sex club down town and get fucked by whoever would offer it; he enjoyed giving other men the pleasure of violating his young and slender body. It was the only human and living sexual contact he could ever get easily.

Of all the sexual perversion that filled John's mind, Norbert was the most special; Norbert really meant something to him, John was convinced

that this was true love for real, even if Norbert didn't love him back John knew in his heart that he could never love someone as he loved Norbert Beaver.

Since the first season of the beaver's show, John drew pictures of Norbert almost every day. On occasion John would draw Norbert in horrific circumstances; he liked to imagine hurting him but never considered doing it for real. It was his way of relieving the resentment he felt for Norbert being so unreachable. Most of the drawings however, were nice in nature.

John had recorded the entire TV series on his computer and captured hundreds of still shots from the video, his room was practically wallpapered with prints of Norbert as a result.

A year into John's obsession, he constructed a life sized stuffed animal in Norbert's likeness. He spent hours perfecting it and upon completing it, it had become John's most prized possession. Complete with yellow acrylic fur, purple satin nose and brown felt tail; it was John's best friend and he would make passionate love to it every night.

Out of his desire to be understood, John made himself a website under his alias name *JohnOfE.com*. He hosted all his images and wrote lengthy papers about himself in a bid to explain his situation in hopes that someone with the same issue might come into his life. Instead he found that most people who came to the site were horrified by him and he became a freak show for people to laugh and talk about. John, being resilient to criticism found this attention more entertaining rather than offensive and became drawn to pissing people off. There was a group of people that he fitted in with; the Furry community. These people weren't necessarily similar to John, but most of them accepted him. But there was the portion that didn't. John was just glad to have a label to identify himself with; he was a furry, even if a lot of what he stood for didn't make him so.

John was incredibly self-aware and egotistical; he enjoyed fixating on himself and his paraphiliac interests and trying to find cause for it all, but the answer to why never did come. Some things just cannot be explained.

In the past, John sought psychiatric help for his sexual obsessions and paraphilia, but was unsuccessful. He was diagnosed with Narcissistic personality disorder along with being sexually deviant, the doctors couldn't figure out what may have caused him to be that way but offered help in the form of chemical castration drugs. John decided to give being normal a go but quickly found that it he couldn't do it and accepted his love for Norbert completely, continuing his obsessive, deluded love for the beaver.

John often played with the idea of flying out to visit Norbert in America, it was tempting but the beavers current location was inconvenient; situated in part of a populated town, it would be disastrous if anything went wrong. John knew he was dangerous and didn't plan of going all the way to America to be rejected. He had to plan for any outcome and he simply couldn't risk getting caught if he had to resort to violence.

John liked to wonder what would happen if he met Norbert, whether Norbert would accept John or reject him and how he himself would react to the rejection as well as the consequences. John didn't like to admit it to himself but he assumed Norbert would most likely not be happy with his request for instant love and gratification. John imagined many scenarios where he would end up neck-deep in proverbial shit. It became depressing so he didn't dwell on it too often.

*

After reading the article on the beavers move back to the wild, John soon found out the location of their new dam and was delighted at the remoteness of it, the risk he had been worried about for so long was no longer a factor and John proceeded to arrange his departure from New

Zealand in pursuit of Norbert Beaver.

With quick succession, John sold his Auckland house to an agent. The price was such that it sold instantly and although John came out worse off, he needed the money for this trip and he was committed to achieving his goal.

With the money, John acquired a visitor's visa to America and a one way ticket on the condition that he had the funds to return to New Zealand. Having sold his home, there was no issue proving he had the necessary funds to return and John was soon sitting in a 747 on his way to meet the love of his life.

Before his departure, John managed to organise his living arrangements in America much to his luck. The new dam's location provided John with a freak blessing; a large house that was once used for the logging seasons. John didn't believe in fate but this rattled him for at least a day; it was just too perfect.

The forest was big but many years from being felled again and the company that owned the land were more than happy to rent it out for a period; The owner considered questioning it but decided he's rather have the money than an explanation.

The same land owners has also dealt with Norbert and Daggett prior to their arrival and come to an arrangement that ensured their dam would not be disturbed by logging for at least three more years. It was decided that the beavers would move to another location after the tree year term expired. Norbert and Daggett were more then happy with this arrangement as they never stayed in one place for then a few years.

Two weeks had passed since John settled into his new rental property in the remote Northern Woods; it was a large timber dwelling in the middle of no where, connected to a rural highway 5 miles west by a gravel track that

cut through the vast forest of pine trees. The nearest town was 30 miles away giving the beavers the isolation they longed for, unknowingly also giving John the isolation he had been hoping they would achieve.

The lodge contained a large kitchen, laundry area and 6 bedrooms with bunk beds. It provided accommodation for contractors who lived out of town and proved to be a valuable asset to the company who owned it as it would attract many workers and competitive pay rates for them. In the end the company would not have to pay the contractors as much as the local workers, this angered many of the local town's people but that's another story.

Near the lodge at the end of the grassy clearing, a small river flowed by; only three hundred meters down stream of this river resided Norbert and Daggett's new dam.

Since arriving to the lodge, John took daily walks through thick bush along the river to assess the place, it was important to him that he knew the land well so that he could navigate at night. There were times when he would stand hidden in the trees watching the dam for any movement, some days he was lucky enough to see the beavers playing in the pond their dam had created. John enjoyed watching Norbert in the water, he looked so happy as he ducked under the surface and came up again sparkling in the early morning sun light. John came to learn the beaver's routine and would come just to watch Norbert and Daggett splash about in the water.

*

Three weeks had passed since John moved to the lodge; one fine Tuesday morning as John loaded the industrial washer with his bed sheets, he noticed through the fogged, sun struck window two beavers staring at the lodge in the distance. Startled by this unexpected appearance, John stepped to the side to avoid being seen. Slowly, John inched to the window and

peered through the hazy glass. The beavers appeared to be talking to each other, John hoped they hadn't seen him; it wouldn't have mattered much, but he wasn't ready for a confutation. He would later regret not letting them see him as it might have saved him a whole lot of effort in the future. After a few moments Norbert and Daggett moved on and John never saw them walk by the lodge again.

With a sigh, he resumed loading the washer and made himself breakfast.

Chapter 2

BACK TO REALITY

It was late in the evening at the dam; Daggett was watching the new season of Bill Licking's wildlife/reality TV show. This season it was about a bear named Barry.

Barry was a groovy, peace-loving bear who only ate salmon and remarkably resembled the human singer Barry White. He lived a short distance down stream from the beaver's new dam and became quick friends with Norbert and Daggett after they agreed to help get him a spot on Bill Lickings TV show.

"How can you watch that garbage Daggy'O? Bill Licking is such a boob." Norbert said scowling at the TV.

"...*Bears may be the coolest animal in the forest but don't be fooled! They are DANGEROUS, VICIOUS monsters that will eat ANYTHING that gets in their way!*" Bill Licking said from the TV with conviction, causing Daggett to curl on the couch with fear.

"DAG! Barry's our friend. You know Bill's only saying those things to scare doofs like you and get ratings?"

"But Norb! Look..." Dag said, pointing with a shaking finger to a cartoon picture of an angry bear eating a beaver on the TV screen.

Norbert sighed, rolling his eyes. "I hope Barry's not watching, for Mr. Licking's sake."

Just more than three years ago, Norbert and Daggett decided they wanted to be on Mr Licking's show after seeing it on TV. They craved attention and fame, and this show proved to bring them just that as well as a nice pay check.

The beavers sent a letter inviting Mr Licking to their dam and as fast as you can sign a dodgy contract, small cameras were fitted throughout the dam to capture ever aspect of their lives twenty four hours a day.

It started out great and the show lasted for a couple of years, but as ratings began to drop Mr Licking's tactics at recovery became unacceptable to Norbert.

Long story short, Norbert and Daggett ended up travelling to Mr Licking's home in California and everyone lost their temper. Norbert was unimpressed and Daggett was on the verge of ripping Bill apart. After arguing for a good half our, Bill and the producers and agreed on a termination date and shortly after, the beavers went off air for good. Norbert decided it was time for a change; A fresh start, and so they moved to a more remote location deep in logging country.

*

Norbert turned from the TV and walked out of the living room.

"I'm agwanna wash the oool' hair, Dagggle-doop!" Norb called as he climbed the stairs to the bathroom.

Norbert was a long-haired yellow beaver with a round, pointed nose that stretched as far as he could reach. The very tip had a shiny, violet complexion with two sharp, chisel like teeth protruding from the bottom typical of most rodents. Norbert was no ordinary rodent though, he was an unnaturally domesticated beaver; standing on two feet and equipped with a vocabulary and wit of an average human.

His brother, Daggett, was of the same build but slightly shorter, with

brown fur and a red nose. If Daggett were a human, he'd probably look like Ben Stiller.

In the bathroom, Norbert looked at himself in the mirror and couldn't help but smile at his reflection as he parted his hair with his paws; he was constantly impressed with his own good looks even as he examined his droopy, oil laden hair. He considered himself one the best looking animals in the forest, much to Daggett's disdain. However, Norbert had good reason to have a monstrous ego; he had dashing good looks with long yellow hair spiked in all directions. His face was reminiscent of Owen Wilson and had the same goofy but charming smile.

He turned on the shower and stepped under the hot jets of water; his fur clung to his body as it became saturated. His shimmering wet figure looked striking under the bright bathroom light; almost feral in a glamorous way.

After a lengthy blow dry and a good brush, a perfectly groomed Norbert emerged from the steaming bathroom and entered the bedroom. He sat on the edge of his bottom bunk bed with his back to the window and began filing the claws on his black, webbed feet.

*

The evening was clear and still, John looked out the kitchen window into the darkness with endless longing and decided to pay the beavers another secret visit. He turned off the light and left the kitchen and went to his bedroom to change into something darker before setting off.

Along the dark track besides the river, John quietly made his way to the beaver's dam. Only the noise of the running water and the odd night-bird could be heard. As the bushes and trees thinned, the beaver dam presented itself in the darkness with yellow squares of light.

The beaver dam was a well constructed dwelling consisting of two levels. It sat in the middle of the river and connected to the banks on each

side by a walkway made out of large logs that formed the dam. The living quarters were also constructed of large interleaving logs complete with a heavy thatched straw roof about 6 feet off the ground at the first level.

John stepped lightly along the wooden deck towards the lowest part of the roof and climbed carefully up onto the thatching. The upper floor window was that of the bedroom and the only one without curtains drawn. The light shone brightly through the glass over the roof. Slowly he made his way up to the side of the window and looked in; Norbert was sitting on the edge of his bottom bunk bed with his back to the window, it looked like he was scratching his feet until John saw the file in his hands. John was lost for expression, he just stood there with his face pressed to the window frame and his one eye focused on the beautiful beaver that sat just a few feet away.

Norbert got up and dropped the pink dressing gown revealing his full body of soft, yellow fur. John trembled with excitement; he'd never felt so close to Norbert before. It was almost disturbing. He longed desperately to feel that soft, rich fur run between his fingers and caress Norbert's figure.

I need that beaver. His thoughts cried out over and over. His heart beat hard and he panted with anticipation. Norbert began to turn and John quickly retreated from the window wishing he had the strength to get Norbert's attention. The light faded from the roof as the curtains were drawn. John got down from the roof and headed home, shaken by this brief one-way encounter.

John lay on his bed looking up at all the pictures of Norbert stuck to the ceiling. Seeing Norbert so close tonight really rocked him. He stared unblinking at Norbert's faces looking back at him smiling and smiled back.

John pulled the chain on the bed side light, filling the room with darkness. Curled up to his hand-made Norbert, he thought about the real Norbert lying peacefully in his own bed. A single tear rolled down John's

cheek as he shut his eyes tight and rolled over, grasping his Norbert plushie tightly. He felt warm and safe. Burying his face in the soft, fake fur John whispered with love and desire *I love you Norbie*. He squeezed it tighter kissed it again and again.

In the darkness John envisioned Norbert's fur up close and the whiskers on his nose, stroking his plushie as he imagined stroking the real Norbert's nose. John lay on his side and turned Norbert to face him. *You're so beautiful*. He said longingly and kissed the long furry nose the reached for his face.

John wallowed in the darkness holding his plushie until unconsciousness swallowed his longing thoughts of the beautiful creature.

*

For the next week, John busied himself on the usual activities; browsing his favourite furry websites and maintaining the lodge.

Since the night after visiting the dam, he drew a few detailed black and white sketches of Norbert with his back to the viewer, frozen in the motion of dropping his gown, just as John remembered. *That fur...* John shuddered as his skin prickled at the thought of its smooth, soft texture under his fingers.

Sitting on the back door step in the warm morning sun, John sipped his coffee and schemed to himself when his next visit should be. *You came here for a reason, when are you going to meet Norbert? You can't just hide here forever*. After a few moments John snapped out of his daydream and made up his mind. *Might as well pay them a visit tonight, then*.

Chapter 3

YELLOW HAIRS

In the living room of the dam, the beavers sat eating chips and crackers watching another Montalvo flick. *Another moment and it would have been... later.* Oxnard Montalvo said lamely as he held his lady, ready for a kiss.

"Is that great or what Dag? Bad movies, chips, Yahoo; what more could a beaver want eh?" Norbert exclaimed happily to his brother.

"You said it, Norbie." Dag replied, stuffing a hand-full of cheese-crisps into his mouth.

Just then the phone rang and Norbert jumped to answer it. Normally he'd make Dag do it but he was in a good mood tonight.

"Yellow!" Norb greeted.

"Hey, Norb, my man. Hows it hanging?" Said the deep voice of Barry Bear.

"Barry! Great, what's up?"

"I got some of my cousins commin' around for the noon tomorrow, we gonna jaaam. You and Daaag wanna come and a groove with us?" Barry growled in his slow smooth tone.

"Sure thing Barry, we'll be there."

"Right on. Peace-out, beaver brother."

"Hey Dag! Barry wants us to come over to his pad for lunch and a jam, you gonna tag along? Norbert asked with a *you better not say no* smile.

There wasn't much need for that though, after their last visit Dag was all too happy to break out the drums again.

"Sure thing Norbie, and don't look at me like that. You're not still mad about what happened last time are you? Cos it wasn't my fault."

"No... Of course not. Why would you ask something like that?" Norbert asked trying to put on an innocent face, looking up.

"I heard you crying after Barry said that I was the coolest." Dag said grinning. Norbert shuddered at the memory; the incident really hurt his ego.

"All in the past brother." Norb said dismissively.

"Back to the movie!" He jumped back on to the couch and ripped open another bag of chips.

*

John approached the beaver dam just after sunset; the sky was still dark blue with only a slight breeze. All the curtains were drawn, but he could see the glow of light coming from the ones in the living room. He could hear the muffled sound of the TV within. He approached the window to see if there was a gap to look through but no luck, so he settled down under the ledge listening to what was going on inside. After a while of listening to the beavers chatter and enjoying the sound of Norbert's voice, he heard the phone ring. Norbert answered, it was Barry, and he was inviting them over tomorrow. *The dam will be empty...* John thought to himself gladly. *Finally; a chance to look around the place.* He spent the rest of the night lying there under the window listening, until it went dark inside.

*

11:45am the next day, John got ready to head out to the dam once again. This time he didn't have to go out at night, no one would be around to spot him. Walking through the trees by the river, John felt a sense of peace; it really was a beautiful location. The forest was lush and green and the clear

water of the river flowed along the moss-covered rocks. John smiled to himself, it was the first time he'd enjoyed the walk down there. Normally it'd be dark and he was always worried about the wildlife, mainly bears. But it was a risk he was always willing to take; nothing could keep him from seeing Norbert Beaver, only himself.

Approaching the front door of the beaver's dam, John pressed his ear to the door listening for any activity, just in case Norb and Dag were still home. No one replied. The door was locked but it wasn't very secure and with a hard nudge the wooden door gave way, creaking open.

John entered the dam and was instantly struck by a pungent but not entirely unpleasant odour of wet fur and musk. A normal person would have found it hard to stand but John stood there and closed his eyes, taking in one long sniff of the air. *Fantastic!* He whispered to himself, exhaling.

John closed the door behind him and walked past the living room; it was littered with chip packets and Yahoo bottles. He also saw a stack of old video tapes on top of the TV all labelled *Oxnard Montalvo* in bold yellow font. He smiled to himself and kept walking.

He looked around and found the stairwell that lead up to the beaver's bedroom and went up. Climbing the stairs he could smell the faint odour of various hair care products, obviously Norbert's. Their essence mixed pleasingly well with the beavers scent. He figured them to be Norbert's creation; he was known for making weird hair products of his own.

John came to the doorway of a large and relatively empty room; all that resided inside were a set of wooden bunk beds made of old canoes strutted together and a small table next to the bottom bed. Even if he hadn't seen on TV which bunk bed Norbert took, he would have known instantly; the bottom bunk was clearly Norbert's bed, it was perfectly made and tucked in. Daggett's was totally the opposite; his blanket screwed up in a ball and

crumbs throughout the sheets.

John walked to the window and opened the curtains. It was a beautiful view of the forest and pond, he wished so badly he could live with the beaver's this beautifully constructed dam. He turned from the window and approached Norbert's bed. He pulled back the covers and knelt down to the clean cotton sheets. Gently he rested his face upon the soft, smooth bottom sheet and sniffed hard, inhaling the rich musky smell of Norbert Beaver. If he wanted to know what taking a hit of meth was like, he needn't wonder any more. The rush of excitement was like a kick in the chest and the feeling flowed throughout his body.

He got back up and pulled all his clothes off before climbing into the bed and pulling the covers up to his chin. It was so wonderful; he could feel the stray hairs in the sheets and enjoyed the tickling sensation as he snuggled up to Norbert's pillow, grasping it to his face.

John lay there for a while holding and smelling the pillow, pretending it was Norb; it all felt so right to him, like he was meant to be there. Even without Norbert's presence he felt so close to Norbert in this moment.

After about ten minutes, John gathered the strength to peel himself away from the bed, he really didn't want to leave but he had to. Although the beavers probably wouldn't be back for a while yet he couldn't take the risk.

Putting his clothes back on and making Norbert's bed back to its original perfection, he took a quick look around the other rooms of the dam before vacating.

I must have that BEAVER! That... FUCKING BEAVER. He swore to himself repeatedly, grimacing with desire.

Chapter 4

BEAVER NAP

That night during dinner, John thought about Norbert's scent. That sweet musky animal smell; he longed to experience it from the very body of Norbert Beaver. He longed for Norbert's touch so desperately. Sitting at the dining room table slowly and mindlessly chewing the heated canned chicken; his mind was fixed on an image projected by his brain of Norbert sitting before him, staring right back into his eyes without expression.

He knew it was time, he didn't want to admit it but tonight had to be the night; he couldn't stand another night alone with that stuffed animal, not when the real thing was so close. He said it out loud; *Tonight, We meet! This is it Norbert, I'm coming.*

He got up from the table and dropped his plate in the kitchen sink and went to his bedroom to get changed, returning in the usual black outfit. He left the lodge leaving the lights on and door unlocked and disappeared into the dark bush.

The trees creaked and groaned against the strong, cold wind. John looked up; the sky was totally black. He sensed a storm building in the moist air, *fitting* he thought to himself.

John knew the path well and soon arrived at the pond where the beaver's dam resided. The wind howled through the valley as he walked through the long grass that swooshed in the strong wind. All the windows glowed

yellow, however all the curtains were closed. That didn't matter to him; he was ready to get Norbert's attention. *No spying this time.* He told himself. *This is it.*

John decided to try the bedroom window first; he wasn't keen on Daggett knowing he was there if possible. If it was Daggett who answered at the window, John would accept it and improvise.

Carefully climbing the straw thatching, John crept up to the bedroom window and crouched; pausing for a moment. *You can do it. Just tap the glass. Do it... Do it...* Eventually he raised his hand and flinched as he rapped on the glass. It was louder than he meant it to be. Each second he sat there seemed to take a life time, it was almost too much to bear. Then the curtains moved and opened just a crack; an eye appeared in the gap and John stared back at it like a lost puppy. *Oh god.* John thought to himself. The curtain opened fully revealing the beautiful golden-yellow beaver named Norbert. John waved; he felt like such an idiot. Norbert opened the window with a perplexed look.

"What on earth are you doing on my roof?" Norbert enquired cautiously.

"Hey, um... I'm John; I live just up the river there." He said pointing to the trees. "Would you let me in?" He asked innocently.

Norbert looked at him sideways with an impatient expression. "Not until you tell me why you're on my roof ...and at this hour!"

John smiled. "I'm sorry, please; I just want to talk to you. Please just let me in."

Norbert knew he shouldn't but John appeared mostly harmless; he looked like such a geek. Norbert opened the window fully and stepped out of the way, letting John climb in.

John stepped into the beaver's bedroom and closed the window behind him. He stood up and looked around. "Fantastic room... You guys built this

whole place yourselves?" He asked with semi-fake awe.

"Ah, yeah." Norbert said with a nervous smile, looking around and back at John. He was so tall, he towered just more then twice Norbert's height.

Cautiously but casually, Norbert walked around John towards the bed in case the human tried to corner him.

"Why are you here John?" Norbert asked plainly.

"Norbert... I just wanted to meet you. I'm such a fan of the show." John said.

"But why come like this? What were you hoping to achieve climbing up the roof and tapping in my window?" Norbert asked.

"I... I'm just so nervous about it. I..." John looked at Norbert, examining the furry animal that stood just a few feet away from him. The scent, the energy of this creature; John felt so consumed by it, it was intoxicating.

Norbert sensed something wasn't right. "John..." He started, but John stepped closer and knelt down in front of him looking him right in the eyes.

"Norbert Beaver..." John said, grasping Norbert's soft, furry arm. "Norbert, I love you! I can't stand it any more. I just had to see you for real. It's been so long and I'm desperate. Norbert I love you so much." He said, exasperated.

As John's words registered in Norbert's mind, an icy chill swept over him. This human was completely insane and Norbert wasn't interested in any kinky interspecies encounters, let alone someone with wild claims of love for him. He was only interested in boy beavers. Naturally.

"You're not serious!" Norbert stammered, glued to the spot.

John knew by the way Norbert looked at him this was not going to go his way no matter what. Norbert radiated dislike and John sensed it.

"Deadly."

"Norbert, how would you feel about coming over to my house for a

while?"

Norbert withdrew his arm from John's grasp and took a stew pack. John stood up and looked down on Norbert.

"Please Norbert, Please give me this. I need you, I have to have you. My life is nothing without you in it. Just one night even? Anything!"

"NO. John, it's not as easy as that! You can't just come unannounced to my home and demand SEX. That's disgusting! What the hell is wrong with you? Get out!" He shouted, walking towards the door.

John wasn't going to let it go that easily, he was going to have this beaver no matter what. Before Norbert reached the door John tackled Norbert and pinned him down to the floor and both hands around his neck. Norbert struggled frantically, panicking. His eyes bulged with fear as John squeezed harder on the beaver's furry neck. "I'm sorry Norbert! You don't have a choice." John continued to hold Norbert; eventually the struggle died down and soon Norbert lay unconscious in front of John.

"I'm so sorry." He said, releasing Norbert's throat.

John stared at Norbert for a moment, watching his chest rise and fall slowly and drool seep from his mouth. *This is it, here we go. Oh shit...* John took a deep breath and lifted Norbert off the floor with both hands and carried him to the window, placing him on the floor and opening the latches; the cold wind outside swept through the opening and John started to climb outside. Once on the other side of the window, John reached inside and dragged Norbert through. *This would have been so much easier going through the front door.* John thought to himself bitterly. *Could have just locked Daggett in a cupboard, easy as that. But nooooo! You had to go through the fucking WINODW!*

Soon John was at the roofs edge with Norbert lying next to him; he sat and dropped off onto the wooden decking without a sound, rubber soled

shoes are a creepers best friend. It was so dark, if anyone were around to witness John pulling Norbert off the roof of his own dam, they would have seen nothing. Just the dim glow from the light behind the curtains gave John the guidance he needed to navigate.

He pulled Norbert from the roofs edge letting the beaver fall against his chest and into his arms. The weight nearly caused him to loose his balance but he quickly recovered and ran as fast as he could towards the forest holding Norbert tightly. It began to rain lightly. He kept running, fixated on his goal. The lodge was close and soon he would be enjoying the soft, warm touch of the beaver he was carrying.

Finally, seeing the light of the lodge through the trees, John pushed himself as hard as he could. The trees cleared and John raced up the yard to the front door, kneeling down to open it while holding Norbert. Pushing it open and entering, John twisted around and clicked it closed again and walked quickly to the bedroom.

He dropped Norbert on his bed and looked at him for a moment; Norbert was beginning to wake up. John quickly retrieved two of his belts from the closet and secured Norbert's arms tightly to the metal bars of the bed rest.

It's done. I can't believe it John thought to himself as he stood in front of an unconscious Norbert. *This is what I have been dreaming of for so long. We're finally here.*

Chapter 5

INTERSPECIES

The first thing Norbert felt as he woke was pressure around his arms, like each one was being grasped. He opened his eyes a crack and saw a figure leaning over him. It was John. He struggled to move his arms but they refused to budge. The reality of the situation flooded his clouded mind and he began to panic.

John stood over him, smiling lightly. "Norbert." Whispered John.

"John, what is this?" Norbert asked with a shaky voice as he looked around the room. He didn't need to hear John's reply however, the pictures of himself that literally covered the walls told him exactly where he was and what John was going to do. At least, what he *thought* John was going to do.

"Sorry Norb" John said. "I know you don't want anything to do with me, I get it. But I can't have that, I have been obsessing over this moment since the first time I laid eyes on you. I came to this forest for a reason Norbert, and that was to get you."

Norbert turned from John and looked around some more; he noticed something that made his heart sink... A large stuffed animal sitting on an old chair in the corner of the room, it was him. It didn't look anything like the merchandise they had released years ago; it was bigger and more accurately shaped. It looked older than it should and there was a split of some kind right were... Norbert felt sick; he knew exactly what that *thing* was for.

"You notice your surrogate body." He said acknowledging Norbert's expression.

"Made it myself. It's been a very nice thing to have, unfortunately it's just not enough any more. I need the real thing... and here we are."

He walked around from the foot of the bed and stood at its side facing Norbert. For a few seconds he just stood there staring at the scared animal, smiling at the magnificence of the creature.

John could hear Norbert's short panting breaths and swore he could almost hear Norbert's heart thumping away in his chest. The power of having Norbert under his control was intoxicating; years of pent up frustration and lust was boiling to the surface. While John was in love with Norbert, he was also incredibly agitated by him as a result.

"Please. Let me go. *Please*. You can't do this to me." Norbert shouted in desperation.

"Sure I can." John said unsympathetically, approaching Norbert and stroking the side of his soft face.

Norbert summoned his courage and showed his teeth defiantly; shaking his head from John's hand.

"You're a freak!" He shouted and spat at John, getting him on the face.

Before he realised what happened, John landed a hard punch right on Norbert's face in return, hitting him below the eye.

Norbert squealed as his head was tossed to his left shoulder. He looked at John, with scared, blood-shot eyes in disbelief.

John's face showed a monster that was begging to be released.

"You have NO FUCKING IDEA what you have done to me over the years! Sometimes I wish you never existed. You're a fucking nightmare!" John yelled before throwing another hard punch into Norbert's face splitting his lip.

The feeling of John's fist smashing into his mouth was unlike anything he'd felt before. He'd never been hit like this in his life and it hurt a lot more than it looked on the movies. He could taste blood in his mouth and his lip throbbed painfully.

"NO FUCKING IDEA!" John screamed in Norbert's scared face.

"John, please. You don't have to do this." Norbert cried, trying to avoid getting hit again.

John paced beside the bed, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

He stopped and looked at Norbert seriously and Norbert looked back at him with fear.

"I need a drink." John spat and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Norbert looked on, lost for words as John left.

John went to the kitchen and took a glass from the cupboard, filling it from the tap and gulping it down in one long drag. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath; sighing as he exhaled. *Damn it.* He cursed to himself. After a few moments he calmed down and went back to Norbert.

John opened the door and entered the room. Norbert dared to glance at John for a moment before averting his gaze quickly.

"I think it's time we got this over with." John said quietly. Norbert said nothing. He knew what was coming and just shut his eyes tight, wishing he could wake up from this nightmare.

"I swear to god you little shit, I'll beat the shit out of you if you resist." Deep in his mind he couldn't believe what he was doing, it was like being outside and seeing someone else driving his body. He thought he loved this beaver but he was so angry at him for it.

"I'm going to untie you now."

Norbert said nothing; he just kept his eyes closed and sat frozen to the spot.

John took the belts off Norbert's arms and laid him on his back in the middle of the bed large queen size bed.

He crawled over Norbert looking down in his face; it looked so pained and tense. He almost felt sorry but pushed the thought out of his mind. He wanted to enjoy this.

John stroked Norbert's long, pointy nose all the way from the tip down over his cheek and ran his fingers through his soft yellow hair. He lent in and kissed Norbert on the side of his nose repeatedly down its length until he reached Norbert's mouth and dived in for one long passionate kiss, tasting the beaver he had been dreaming about for so long.

The warm, wet taste of the beaver's mouth flooded John's; melting away the anger and despair he'd been feeling just moments ago. The taste of this animal's mouth and his thick, limp tongue was unlike anything he could have imagined.

He tasted the blood from Norbert's lip as he kissed, it was sweet and dangerous. His thoughts cried out in unintelligible words that sang psychopathic happiness.

Norbert groaned; the feeling of being held and John's tongue thrashing inside his mouth made him feel sick. He remained still regardless.

John laid himself on top of Norbert; wrapping his arms around him, feeling Norbert's hair run between his fingers. He kissed him like a leech hungry for blood, squeezing the helpless beaver tightly as he rolled on his side.

Norbert's mind left his body; the horror of this event was too much for the poor rodent. It felt more like a surreal nightmare that he wanted to badly to wake from. His mind wandered far from this horrible moment in an attempt to save itself from what John was doing to him.

John was aroused more than he'd ever felt in his life and couldn't wait

any longer; he got off Norbert and pulled off all his clothes. Norbert stayed completely still, eyes closed. John got back on the bed and laid himself over Norbert feeling his naked body become saturated by the silky soft fur of Norbert's. It was breathtaking. John grasped Norbert tightly and kissed him more, humping him softly feeling the pleasurable touch of fur to his cock. Three years of fantasy was finally becoming reality.

John didn't get on with humans sexually or emotionally for that matter; once in the past before Norbert came into his life, he had experimented with dogs but he never got further than an indecent act. John was still a virgin to anything living, but tonight in a lodge deep in the Northern Woods of the USA, John was about to have sex with a living, breathing being for the first time.

He pressed his body towards Norbert and humped more furiously with each violent kiss until there was a damp, slimy patch of fur where John's cock had been rubbing. John leaned up and reached under the bed retrieving a small pump bottle of lubricant gel. It was time.

Sitting at Norbert's feet shaking with excitement, John pumped a blob of lubricant onto his hand and lathered it on Norbert's warm anus, dampening the tufts of surrounding fur. Norbert's legs bent slightly as the cool jelly touched the warm skin of his behind; relaxing again slowly as it warmed. John couldn't help but slip his index finger in slightly causing Norbert to recoil. John smiled; retracting his finger and started to apply lubricant to him self.

John leaned over Norbert and brought his penis to meet Norbert's ass, prodding gently against it. Regardless of the violence he had inflicted on Norbert earlier, John instinctively tried his best not to hurt him in this act; he knew the unbearable pain of having an object pushed into ones anus without warning and didn't want that experience for Norbert.

John carefully worked his penis inside Norbert, once the lube had spread throughout Norbert's anus it enveloped John's erect penis with a warmth John had only dreamed of. It was the most fantastic feeling in the world.

John took a deep breath and leaned back down over Norbert, curling his arms under his furry body and thrust his hips into Norbert's hard.

I'm having sex with Norbert Beaver! John's thoughts kept shouting in his head. He couldn't believe it. *I'm having sex with Norbert fucking Beaver!* He laughed into Norbert's fur as he fucked the beaver with the energy of three years pent up sexual frustration.

Norbert was limp with shock, he could feel everything but his body couldn't do anything about it. He was under John's total control. He never thought such a horrible act would have ever been forced upon him like this; a profound sense of violation and shame built up inside him more with every moment that passed. He felt sick.

Adding to his misery and confusion, Norbert could feel his own penis growing hard; it began to rub against his rapist's stomach as it grew longer. He couldn't believe it. *Why is this happening to me?* Tears began to roll down his furry face.

John noticed Norbert's warm, throbbing member protrude its way out of the depths of long yellow fur and he stopped for a moment. John couldn't help himself; he pulled away from Norbert and got down to the hard, erect beaver cock that was presented before him.

John wondered for a moment why this had happened but remembered an episode of SVU about male sex attacks; men who are raped sometimes get erections, it's an uncontrollable reaction which, in this particular episode, caused the victim to kill himself out of shame for not only being raped by another man, but for also getting an erection.

Although John realised this, he welcomed the opportunity and

proceeded to wrap his lips around the long pink member.

Norbert opened his eyes. The sudden feeling his penis in John's mouth shook him awake. He closed his eyes again but remained alert and still. Norbert didn't know how to feel; what John was doing felt horribly good but at the same time he wished he could strangle that sick human. This sexual pleasure was unwelcome and Norbert tried his best not to let it take him, but it felt so *good*. His penis twitched and throbbed with excitement, excreting natural lubricant into John's mouth.

John tasted the clear fluid that seeped from the end of Norbert's throbbing penis and sucked as much of the tasty pre-cum that flowed as he could.

As John enjoyed Norbert's cock in his mouth, he sensed Norbert may end up ejaculating so he backed off. Keeping Norbert sexually aroused was in his best interest. Leaning up, he noticed Norbert looking at him with a strange face; indifference it seemed, with a hint of confusion.

John got up and held his hands to Norbert's cheeks, bringing their faces together and looking straight into his eyes before kissing him on the nose. "I'm almost done Norbert." John said, then reached down and guided his hard cock back into Norbert's ass. Norbert flinched but stayed quiet; instead of closing his eyes, he fixed his gaze on all the images of himself that looked so much happier than he did at this moment. As John continued to have sex with him, huffing loudly as with each thrust; Norbert began to feel a sense of hate building, an energy that encouraged him to see this through so he could make John pay for this assault.

John was thoroughly enjoying this interspecies encounter; Norbert didn't fight him at all. He began to wonder if perhaps Norbert would reconsider staying, he looked at Norbert's face and thought he saw a glimpse of enjoyment in his eyes. John refused to accept that he was really raping

Norbert; in his mind he was convinced that he was making love to the beaver and not hurting him at all.

John began to feel himself climaxing; the warm, fluffy feeling of Norbert's belly against his and the wonderful satisfaction of finally reaping the benefit of his obsession brought him to the end of his violating assault. He thrust back and forward harder and harder, squeezing Norbert's body as hard to his, huffing loudly as he thrashed violently into the beaver. John heaved one last, monstrous push; squeezing all the air from Norbert's lungs and ejaculated; depositing a sizable amount of human sperm in the beaver's ass.

John fell limp at Norbert's side, exhausted. He turned and faced Norbert, putting his hand on Norbert's arm. "Hey..." He said. Norbert opened his eyes and looked at John. They stared at each other silently for a few moments, exchanging silent words of hate, satisfaction and regret. Norbert huffed and turned away from John and they lay in silence. John thought about what he had done to Norbert in the past hour, he dared to feel bad for a moment but refused to accept any responsibility for his actions.

In order to keep control over Norbert he knew he'd have to be feared. He longed to have Norbert want him but he knew this would be impossible now. Not after what he had just done.

John could hear Norbert's short and fast breathing. Silently, John wrapped himself around Norbert's side, tucking his fingers under his arms before closing his eyes and resting his face in the soft, yellow hair. Norbert was tense; John pretended not to notice and continued to snuggle. *What a beautiful creature.* John thought to himself as he closed his eyes and allowed himself to rest.

Norbert rested too, but not his mind; it was running over-time with his escape options. *Don't let him rest, take him now; he's vulnerable. Just pull*

away and run. Run and don't look back. Twist out of his arms and run to the door. God please don't let him catch me. Please don't let him catch me. I just want to go home. Let me get the out of this forest alive.

Norbert opened his eyes, remaining perfectly still and summoned as much strength as he could. He took one slow deep breath and like a coiled spring, he exploded out of John's arms and landed with a thump on the wooden floor. John cried out in fright. Norbert got up and ran towards the closed bedroom door. His short little legs moved as fast as they could, the door was just inches away from his finders when suddenly he was thrown forward into the door from behind, hitting it with enough force to bur his vision slightly. John had tackled him. "LET ME GO YOU HORRIBLE..." Norbert cried before he was yanked to the floor under John's weight. He thrashed under John's grip as hard as he could, swiping at John's face with his claws and digging his hind paws claws into John's thigh. John punched Norbert's face stomach as the beaver squirmed; Norbert managed to swipe John across the face blinding him for a moment. John yelled in pain and fell off Norbert holding his hand to his face. It felt as though he's been cut but there was no blood on his hand when he looked.

Norbert tried to get up again but John threw himself towards the beaver grabbing him by the ankles. As Norbert kicked at John to get free, John got up and pulled Norbert off the floor; holding him up side down. In a panicked attempt to stop Norbert thrashing about, John turned and swung Norbert in a powerful 360 turn sending his head flying towards the door frame. Norbert saw the rock hard wooden frame racing towards his face and screamed out just as his head smashed into it with a sickening crack. John let go instantly and Norbert dropped to the floor unconscious. *Oh shit...* The beaver remained still. John got down on the floor and checked him. *Look what you made me do you fucking idiot. Damn it!* Norbert gurgled; face

down in a small puddle of his own drool. John watched his back rise and fall slowly and was relieved. He picked Norbert up off the floor and carried him over to the bed, checking his forehead and saw a small patch of blood forming below the fur. *I'm sorry, Norbie.* He whispered; frustrated with what he believed he had been forced to do. John picked the belts up from the floor and tied Norbert's arms together in front of him, as well as his ankles.

John stood at Norbert's side for a moment trembling from the adrenalin rush the scuffle had caused. *I need some air.* John sighed and walked out of the room. He stood naked in the cool windy darkness of the front door step and stared at the patch black sky. Closing his eyes and taking in a beep breath, John fixated on the sensation of the wind brushing past his body in a bid to slow down the thoughts circling in his head. After a few cold minutes he felt better about what he had just done. It was justified. He was sad that he had to force Norbert to do as he wanted, but the happiness of being able to taste and feel him far outweighed any empathy John may have been feeling for the beaver. He felt calm and happy about it, convinced that it wasn't as bad as it all seems.

After turning out all the other lights in the lodge, John returned to his bedroom and switched on the bedside lamp. The soft glow cast a thick black shadow of Norbert's pointy features upon the wall. John pulled the covers from under Norbert and back over them both. He looked around his room at all the pictures of the yellow beaver and then at the animal lying next to him. A conflicting feeling of love and caring merged with the selfishness and brutality of his actions; it disturbed John as he placed his hand on Norbert's soft chest, feeling his heart beating under his luscious fur.

John switched off his the bedside light and curled himself about Norbert's warm body, pulling the covers high over his shoulder and up to

Norbert's long, pointed nose. He felt so happy that he could finally rest in the darkness with the love of his life; Norbert Beaver. Nothing was more special to him than this very moment and he wished it would never end. John slept with the beaver.

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In the dam, Daggett woke to find the TV and light's still on. He got off the couch and looked at the time; the big Yahoo! Clock on the wall read 11:49PM. *Wow, I slept through the whole movie!* Daggett exclaimed. *Why didn't that spooty brother of mine come get me?*

It was usual for Daggett to fall asleep during movies late at night, Norbert would come down after 11PM to turn everything off and take him up to bed.

Daggett turned off the TV and went up stairs to the bedroom; as he climbed the stairs he could see light from the bedroom at the top. *Hey Norbie! What do you think your doing up there?* He demanded playfully, but as he entered the room he saw it was empty. *Norbie?* He called, looking around. There was no answer. *The windows open. That's strange.* He wondered to himself. He poked his head outside and squinted as raindrops hit his eyes. Daggett shouted Norbert's name loudly in his shrill voice but no reply came. He ducked back in and closed the window; closing the curtains. Rubbing the moisture from the fur on his head, Daggett thought for a moment. The last time he had poked his nose in Norbert's business, he almost lost it. He was worried for his brother but tiredness was eating away at his mind, he didn't feel up to getting his head bitten off by Norbert at the moment and knew in all likelihood that he'd wake up tomorrow and find Norbert asleep in his own bed as usual. *Still, he thought; something's fishy.*

Chapter 6

BEAVER BLOOD

Norbert began to stir; he could feel a thumping pain take hold of his head as he began to wake up. He opened his eyes and squinted; the sun was up and shining directly on the pale creme curtains. He was blissfully unaware of what had happened or where he was, until he tried to move his arms. His vision cleared and he became aware that he was tied up and lying next to a skinny, naked young man. All the terrible events of last night flooded his memory and he began to tremble. He twisted onto his side and looked at the sleeping human next to him. He tried to wriggle free of the belts that bound his paws but they were on tight and he became more and more frustrated the harder he tried. He knew he wasn't going to get out of this alive and this feeling of defeat soon turned to anger; he wanted to hurt John more than anything; if he wasn't going to get out of this he wanted to at least hurt that piece of shit human. He gave up trying to get free and began to wriggle his way to John's face; once he was close enough he opened his mouth and with a savage thrust, he bit down on John's neck with his sharp beaver teeth. John woke suddenly and screamed out in pain, thrashing and twisting. Blood began to run into Norbert's mouth and with one sharp movement, he pulled away from John ripping a small chunk of skin from John's neck. *AAAHHHHHHH! YOU FUCKING CUNT WHAT THE FUCK?!* John screamed as he twisted and fell of the bed with fright.

Norbert spat the small piece chunk of skin on to the bed, spraying the sheets with John's blood.

John stood up with his hand pressed to his neck and looked at Norbert with bewilderment.

Norbert remained belly down on the bed looking up at John with hate filled eyes, panting through clenched, bloody teeth. *Fuck you John! Fuck you, you sick son of a bitch!* He spat, spraying more of John's blood over the sheets. *You sick...*

In a snap, John's mind lost all reason and control. Overwhelmed by physical pain and hurtful rejection; a murderous anger filled his body and took over. He wished death upon this furry demon.

John grabbed Norbert by the back of his head; jerking his face up and began to deliver punch after punch with a furious lack of restraint that would make a meth crazed Tuco Salamanca look tame. Like a sledge hammer; his fist smashed the bone and cartilage in Norbert's face, splitting skin and pulverising his flesh. Blood began to blot into the fur and splatter with each blow.

The attack seemed to last forever; pain turned to a black numbness and only the sickening sound of each blow registered in Norbert's brain.

He was ready to pass out from shock when John dropped his head and lifted him up off the bed completely, the blinding pain returned to Norbert's body like a hot iron against his skin as he was abruptly thrown to the hard wooden floor. Norbert recoiled and let out a scream of pain and terror that cracked the air and filled the room.

John violently kicked Norbert three times in the gut hard, cutting the scream short and knocking the wind from his lungs. Norbert curled into a ball on his side, coughing blood and wheezing. John stood over Norbert, puffing and sweating. Blood dripped from his badly grazed knuckles; he

held his hand delicately in the other and stepped away from the defeated animal on the floor.

Norbert lost vision in one eye, his nose broke in three places and both cheek bones were shattered. The fur on his face was a soggy matte of red and it glistened in the morning sun that broke through a gap in the curtains.

As John stepped away from Norbert, he heard a familiar voice outside calling. He parted the curtain a little and saw the furry brown figure of Daggett Beaver scampering towards the lodge.

"Your brother has come to save you, Norbert." John spat. "Better take care of him shouldn't we?" he sneered as he took his jeans and shirt from the closet and got dressed. "I'll be back, *Norbie*." He said, looking behind him with a sadistic smile as he left the room.

Norbert whimpered with short painful breaths as he lay on the floor alone in John's bedroom. He dared to hope for a second that Daggett might be able to help him, but that monster would surely overpower his spineless little brother. *Please don't kill him. Please...* Norbert begged and began to cry as the thought of his brother being murdered by John played in his head.

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The next morning, Daggett awoke to find Norbert's bed still empty. He began to worry and hopped down from his bunk bed. *Norbert!* He called loudly. *Norbert, where are you?!* Daggett became distressed; he ran down stairs and out the front door. The morning sky was a crisp blue, a soft breeze rustled the trees and the wet landscape shimmered in the early morning sunlight. Daggett called in his loudest, shrillest voice, scaring a small flock of birds from the trees near by. Trembling with worry he remembered something Norbert told him a while back when they were up river walking by that building.

"That place gives me the creeps." Norbert shuddered as they neared the

house but keeping their distance. "They said that it's used for logging but there's still someone living in it. I hope it's not a hunter or something." Norbert continued.

"Remember that creepy place Norbie, with all those spooty fur suit designers?" Dag seethed. "He better not be one of them or I'll..." "Whoooo there big stallion." Norbert laughed. "No need to get your tail in a twist." "We better just stay away from here from now on, eh Daggy-o."

Among many possibilities of where Norbert may be, Daggett chose to look for his brother there; it was a long shot but what if there was a hunter and he *had* been taken for his fur? Daggett couldn't believe he was thinking of handing himself over to a possible hunter. *You'd better be in big trouble Norbert Beaver!* He growled.

Daggett vacated the dam and followed the river up through the forest; Thoughts of terrible thing happening to his brother played out in his mind in anticipation. It was unbearable to think that he might have been captured for his fur, or eaten by a wolf, or... So many terrifying thoughts circled in his colourful imagination.

The trees thinned and in the clearing the lodge awaited.

Daggett's stomach turned; *this is such a bad idea*. After taking a few deep breaths, he began making his way towards the lodge. As Daggett neared the large dwelling he caught the faint musky scent of another beaver; recognising it instantly as his brothers. *I knew it!* He exclaimed to himself and began to run to the lodge. The scent got stronger. Suddenly a muffled but disturbing sound of someone screaming broke the morning silence; it was his brother. *Norbie?... NORBIE!* Daggett shouted in panic. He knew he shouldn't have done that, but hearing his brother scream like that shook him; he knew he had to find Norbert fast. He didn't know what to do other than keep running towards the source of that horrible sound. He wanted nothing

more than to turn and run back to the safety of the dam and hide like a beaver should, but it was his brother calling and he couldn't just leave him.

As he neared the building, a tall, slim young man came walking from around the corner carrying a big, old axe and they both stopped dead in their tracks, staring at each other.

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John's neck stung painfully; blood seeped from the wound staining his clean white shirt. Daggett however, came first on his list of things to take care of.

John walked down the hallway to the utility closet in the laundry and looked through its contents; Brooms, hammers and nails, industrial vacuum cleaner... axe. John grasped the aging wooden handle of the rusty axe and brandished it in front of him, inspecting the blade. It was blunt but John was satisfied it'd do the job. He turned from the closet smiling and walked through the kitchen to the front door. Not caring to hide the weapon he was carrying, John stepped outside and walked down the stairs with the axe swinging menacingly by side.

Around the corner John saw Daggett was running towards the bedroom window, they met each others eyes both stopped instantly. After a short pause, John proceeded forwards towards the little, brown beaver smiling. "What have you done with Norbert?" Daggett whimpered, stepping backwards.

John had no mercy for Daggett and felt compelled to hurt the cute furry rodent. Since childhood John enjoyed torturing little animals such as mice; animals that he found cute. The act always made him feel sick yet it was satisfying. John wasn't particularly fond of Daggett, but a part of him found him alluring, he was Norbert's brother after all.

"I'm going to enjoy this, Daggett Beaver." John said as he advanced and

lifted the axe in front of him.

Daggett saw the look of intent in John's eyes and turned to run. He only managed three steps before a blinding pain hit him in the side of the head, knocking him to the ground.

Daggett got to his knees holding the side of his head and looked up; as his vision started to come back the only thing he saw was the side of an axe racing towards his face. With a sickening crunch, Daggett's nose and cheek bone was shattered by the blow. He began screeching uncontrollably and fell over backwards, holding his arms in front of him in a vain attempt to protect himself. John took another powerful swing and brought the blade down Daggett's shoulder, almost severing his arm as it buried itself in his flesh and cut through the bone. A thin streak of blood shot from the wound as John pulled the axe away. Daggett convulsed and choked on his own blood, coughing and screaming. His vision was all black; all he could feel was the pain and pressure in his face and his arm felt like it had been crushed in a garbage compactor. Through the adrenalin and panic he wondered desperately what he had done to deserve this punishment. All he wanted to do was help his brother. He was ready to pass out from the pain before John ended it for him.

John began to swing the axe upon Daggett in a homicidal fit of resentment; unremittingly ripping through fur, tearing muscle and smashing bones as each strike splattered John's front with thick drops of blood.

As Daggett's body was hacked into an unrecognisable mess of bloody flesh and fur, the screams were soon replaced with only the wet sounding thumps of meat being heavily cleaved.

John finally stopped beating the poor animal when he became too tired to swing the axe upon it. He stood over Daggett's mangled body puffing heavily; wiping the blood and sweat from his face with a shaky arm. He

coughed a small laugh as he looked at what he had done, it was surreal. A wave of great satisfaction sweep over him and he dropped the bloody axe at his side. *Good bye Daggett Beaver; you fucking rodent.* He spat and turned to make his way back inside, leaving a broken and deceased Daggett in a meaty pool of blood.

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Alone in John's bedroom, Norbert lay in the floor crying softly. He heard John's footsteps outside the window, followed shortly by a thump and Daggett shrieking. *Oh my god...* Norbert cringed. Daggett screamed out again this time louder, followed by another thump and more shrieking. *Please, no... Please. Daggett...* The brutal sound of his brother being beaten caused Norbert to vomit a dark red mess over the floor; soon, the sound of Daggett's screams ceased and all Norbert could hear was the soft thudding of something impacting what he knew would be his brother's dead body. Norbert lay on the floor in John's room unable to move and stricken with pain and despair. His mouth dribbled blood and saliva that blotted in his sticky fur. His head throbbed painfully as if it were still being beaten by that horrible human.

Chapter 7

NORBERT'S TRANSFORMATION

Before returning to his bedroom, John stopped at the bathroom and retrieved a large, green first aid box out of the sink cupboard and a clean flannel. As he did, John could hear the faint sound of Norbert's strained whimpers from the bedroom. His neck was still bleeding slowly over his shoulder; after cleaning the wound with the wet flannel, he dabbed it dry with another one. From the first aid box, John took a bottle of iodine and applied the dark, yellow liquid over the flannel and pressed it to his neck. It stung like hot acid.

Next, he emptied a roll of gauze around his neck firmly. He knew it should have been washed and covered immediately after Norbert had bitten him; it was likely he'd get an infection from exposure to both Daggett and Norbert's blood. It was possible that Norb and Dag, having never lived like animals, didn't carry any parasites or infections. John could only hope. Satisfied with his dressing, John stowed the green box back in the cupboard and made his way down the hall to the bedroom.

In a pool of his own vomit, Norbert lay in waiting, through the blood on his face and his remaining eye; he saw John enter the room covered in Daggett's blood. Norbert turned onto his back, shutting his eyes and

whimpered. *Daggett... I love you little bro.*

"It's too bad he had to come looking for you here, Norbert." John said coldly, stepping closer.

"But why did you have to kill him? He wasn't a threat to you." Norbert slurred angrily.

"I don't care about him; you're all that matters to me."

John knew he'd done wrong and struggled with himself to remain convinced otherwise. Norbert looked so broken and defeated, but John insisted to himself that it was Norbert's own fault for enticing him. The more his thoughts conflicted the more agitated he started to become.

"It's not fair Norbert! Why couldn't you just love me?! Why did you have to be so fucking stubborn? Look where it's got you. You put me in this position!"

"You're pathetic." Norbert spat painfully.

It was agonizing for Norbert to talk; His cheek, nose and jaw bones all suffered from various fractures. Three of his ribs were also broken making it hard to breath and his headache was only getting worse. Little did he know he was suffering from bleeding in the brain (subarachnoid haemorrhage) as a result of hitting his head on the door frame and was likely to suffer brain damage or even death if he didn't got to a hospital.

"Norbert, you have no idea what it's been like for me these past three years." John said tensely. "I've never felt love for anything in my life; you came along and showed me what it means to truly love someone. But at the same time it's like you took me prisoner, I couldn't break away from this obsessive love for you. I'm like a slave to you."

"No one could love a freak like you. You're a monster!" Norbert said as he cringed, holding a paw to his chest with tears rolling down his blood stained face.

John was about to retort but Norbert interrupted him.

"How did you think this was going to end, John?" Norbert wheezed, coughing up more blood.

"I don't know." John said quietly.

Norbert began to tremble, trying to fend off his tears of sadness and anger. "John, untie me. I need a doctor, it hurts so badly." He asked quietly.

"No."

"What do you want from me, John!?" Norbert moaned in disbelief.

"I..." John didn't know what to do. He turned away from Norbert and left the room slamming the door behind him.

"What do you want from me?!"

John walked down the hallway briskly to the front door and went outside. He stood on the top of the stairs and looked up at the sky in wonder. *What am I going to do with him? I've hurt him really bad. What have I done? God damn it!* John sat on the step and held his hands behind his head, breathing deeply. *It's the bloody mice all over again.*

After five minutes, John got up and went back inside. He passed through the kitchen, selecting a large steak knife from the counter top rack and went to the bedroom. John opened the door and approached Norbert, who looked at him warily noticing the knife without reacting.

John held the blade in front of him, staring at it sadly and looked at Norbert. His face was so badly damaged; the blood in his fur had caked up in a sticky red mess. Norbert stared at him through a half open eye with a blank, hopeless expression. He knew he was about to die.

John remembered a time in his past when he tortured a small mouse in his garage; he had inflicted such damage upon it until it simply stopped trying to get away. It would lie there in a pool of its own blood waiting for John to kill it. It haunted him; the look in their eyes that asked *why?* John

felt the same sickening feeling now as he did at the end of his last senseless kill. He began to feel truly sorry for Norbert for once, and aggrieved that he'd got this far without feeling it earlier. It was like having two different people in the driver's seat, swapping places randomly.

"I'm sorry Norbert..."

John kneeled down and held the shining steel high above the ravaged beaver's chest.

"I love you so much Norbert Beaver." He said staring at Norbert's bloody face.

"Fuck you."

Without breaking eye contact; John brought the knife down on Norbert's chest, driving the blade directly between the broken ribs and into his heart. With a high pitched *EEK!* Norbert's head jerked up and flopped down again as he experienced John's last dose of pain.

Norbert felt his head begin to numb and his vision blurred. Breathing was impossible; it was like having a 200 lb weight on his chest. He tried to cough but no air came out, just a thick glob of blood splattered across his front. As the pain and sense of his surroundings seemed to melt away, he looked at John's direction helplessly and the fuzzy image of his murderer was swallowed by a sea of prickly white light.

Norbert died at John's knees.

John retracted the knife from Norbert's dead body and dropped it; staring at the blood that oozed slowly from the wound. A feeling of immense sadness and loss swept over John as the irrational monster retreated into the depths of his psyche leaving only a confused and overwhelmed man in its place, trembling and mournful. He leaned over Norbert and held him tightly; the full realization dawned on him that he had killed only living thing on earth that made him happy and began to cry like he had never cried

before.

*

John lay motionless on the floor next to the dead, bloody body of his lover staring at the ceiling. His watery eyes scanned the mass of yellow and purple images of the object of his utter most desire as he held the deceased subjects hand. *All these years, my love for you has driven me, Norbert. I have loved you for so long it seems. It's not over. Not yet.* He whispered, squeezing Norbert's hand.

As John lay with Norbert, a wild idea struck him; so freakishly good he wondered why it hadn't come to him sooner. A normal person would cringe at the thought but John knew it was the only way he could retain Norbert for the rest of his live. *The ultimate Norbert Beaver plushie made out of Norbert Beaver himself!* The sadness of killing Norbert eased with his new direction. John sat up and looked at Norbert; the excitement of what he was about do to spark a second, even more disturbing idea. *I wonder what beaver meat tastes like... Norbert Beaver meat.*

Grabbing the steak knife, John picked Norbert up off the floor and carried him outside to the front section, resting him on his back in the long grass under the shade of the trees.

John braced himself for the job he was about to do. He only have a vague idea of how one should skin an animal and take cuts of meat; he'd seen it a few times on that reality show *Man vs. wild*. It didn't look so hard.

John took the knife and proceeded to cut Norbert from the base of his tail unto the neck. Putting his fingers between the skin at the tail and the thin membrane underneath; John separated the skin inch by inch from Norbert's body. He worked his way up to the ribs and soon reached the throat. Crouching to Norbert's side facing the separated folds of skin, John continued cutting and peeling underneath until he reached the spine.

John felt it rather unnerving to be kneeling there cutting away at his fixation of three years and even though it was a horrible thing for him to be doing, it actually felt right somehow; like a labour of love.

John proceeded with the cutting and peeling of Norbert's other side until his skin no longer clung to the membrane that kept his innards from spilling out over the ground. After cutting the skin around the neck, feet and wrists, completing separation; John rolled Norbert gently and pulled the skin off his body as it turned like an inside-out coat, leaving the red and white carcass of a beaver lying in the grass.

John stood up flicking the skin fur side out; it was covered in blood and all sorts of other fluids and would need to be washed soon. Placing it on the ground, John returned to Norbert's carcass and set to cutting the skin from the head and face. John worked the blades tip around Norbert's face and under his nose up to the tip, and peeled it away from the flesh with a forceful pull. It came up with a sticky sucking sound revealing the damage John had done to the bones in Norbert's face. A thick layer of brownish blood remained on the inside of the skin from internal bleeding. John gulped with guilt. Lastly, John dug the blade under the scalp; the last patch of yellow hair left of the body. With a quick slice and pull, it came off.

Norbert looked truly haunting; a dark unrecognisable mass of muscle and bone. His eyes bulged from their sockets looking into space.

John collected all the bloody sections of fur skin and carried them inside to the bathroom, dumping them in the tub; turning on the cold tap.

John exited the lodge again and after selecting a large spade from the tool shed, he began digging a shallow offal pit beside Norbert.

Once adequately deep, John ditched the spade and picked up his knife to begin work on the carcass; cutting everything of no use out. All the guts, stomach and other organs were tossed into the pit in a smelly, bloody mess.

Norbert was considerably less than his usual self now; almost half of him was missing, some in a hole, the rest in the bath which by now would be full of water.

With haste, John picked up the carcass and went inside and laid it on the long stainless steel bench before running to the bathroom; the bath was inches away from overflowing and John turned off the tap. The cold bath water had become a dark brownish pink as Norbert's fur slowly released blood and dried vomit into the surrounding liquid. He decided to come back and scrub them later, there was meat to be attended to first.

Chapter 8

MEAT

John stepped into the kitchen and approached Norbert's cold, pink frame that lay on the bench. It no longer resembled the beaver John loved but he still felt Norbert's presence around it. He selected a short knife from the holder by the oven as well as a large steel bowl from under the bench and began cutting the flesh from Norbert's legs and back. The razor sharp knife made easy work slicing through flesh; John worked with precision leaving as little behind as he could and removed a satisfyingly large slab of dark red meat from Norbert's leg. *Perfect!* He smiled, placing it in the bowl. John continued cutting the rest of the meat from Norbert's body until the bowl was full, leaving an almost bare skeleton in a thin pool of blood on the cold steel bench.

John covered the bowl with a layer of food wrap and placed it in the fridge. What remained of Norbert was wasted, the head still remained virtually untouched but no part of it was of any real use. John looked at the two long sharp teeth that protruded from the end of Norbert's long, pointed nose and couldn't help but want to remove them.

After raiding the laundry utility closet for tools, John returned with a pair of pliers and a clean cloth to begin his first attempt at teeth extraction. With the cloth wrapped around the teeth for protection, John gripped them with the pliers and pulled as hard as he could. At first it seemed like a

loosing battle, but after a few more tries they began to wiggle. With a hard twist and a sickening crunch that by now, John was accustomed to hearing, they finally came out. John washed them under the tap and sat them on the window sill.

John's shirt was heavy with beaver blood; it hung like dead weight on his shoulders clinging wetly to his body. After dropping the last of Norbert's remains in the hole outside and backfilling it, he stripped out of his sticky clothes and dropped them by Daggett's mutilated body with a *slop*.

After a lengthy, hot shower in the communal wash room and a fresh white shirt and jeans, John went to the kitchen and made himself a late breakfast of eggs, toast and coffee.

*

John walked down the hall into his bedroom where Norbert met his end; the floor was covered in blood and vomit around the side of the bed which was also blotted with dark patches and smears of Norbert and John's own blood, from when he was bitten on the neck. John rubbed his bandage lightly, the thought of the bite made it itch.

The bed sheets were ruined; John pulled them off the bed and used them to wipe as much blood off the floor as he could before taking them outside, dumping them by Daggett and his soiled clothes. After digging a deep enough hole, John pushed the sheets and clothes in to the ground with the spade, followed by the messy mound of brown fur and mashed flesh that was once Norbert's brother. He felt sorry for Daggett as he tossed dirt over the body. John had no real explanation for what he had done and although he felt sorry, he did not regret his actions.

Selecting a mop and bucket of warm *Handy Andy* from the laundry, John proceeded to clean the polished wooden floor of his bedroom and the rest of the lodge. As the blood was relatively fresh, it came off easily. In no

time at all the floors were returned to their original dull state.

John went to the bathroom to check on Norbert's fur. Soaking seemed to have loosened most of the blood. He took a bottle of shampoo from the edge of the tub and began working it into the furs, one by one. John drained the dirty water and ran the hot and cold into it again for another wash. The warm water made for easier washing and soon the furs returned to their natural golden yellow brilliance. He drained the tub again and rinsed the light pink bubbles away with the shower hose. John pressed the water from the furs and loaded them into his arms. The underside of them felt grossly slimy which John tried his best to ignore. Apart from the shampoo, they smelled deliciously like Norbert should. He carried them to the deck beyond the living area and spread them out in the sun to dry.

*

John wasn't usually an avid chef, he rarely made the effort to fix himself a proper meal but this occasion warranted more than just a little effort on John's part. It would be the meal of Norbert's life. He had never cooked beaver meat before so he did as he would do anytime he had no idea how to do something; Google it.

In the search box John typed *Beaver recipe*. Many results listed the screen but one titled *Beaver stew* caught his eye. John read the description and found his mouth watering. *That's the one!*

As his usual diet consisted of frozen and canned meals to avoid having to keep stock of fresh food, he had practically none of the listed ingredients on hand. A trip into town was required.

The website also read *Beaver needs to be soaked overnight in salt water to remove blood from the meat.*

John printed the list of ingredients required to stew an adult beaver and turned off the computer. In the kitchen he selected a large soup pot from

under the bench and filled it with water and a generous amount of table salt. Once it was half full, John transferred the bowl of meat from the fridge into the pot of salt water, putting it back in the fridge until tomorrow.

John pocketed the list of ingredients and took his keys from the small phone table that stood in the hall before locking up. In a gravel space behind the lodge, John's car sat covered in leaves and moss. He opened the door of the old, black Honda Integra and started the engine. A small cloud of blue smoke billowed from the exhaust pipe as it purred into life for the first time in weeks.

After two miles of gravel track, the rural highway revealed itself. John turned right; heading north towards the nearest town.

John thought as he drove down the long, winding road about Norbert; his actions were a bit harsh even for him. *Did I really have to kill Norbert?* John wondered. *I don't know what came over me. The beating. The torment. All I wanted was just to spend the night with him. I should have known. I just wanted him so badly. I love that fucking beaver. He's my reason. I've just been so wound up about him for so long, I almost felt like I needed to hurt him for the torment he put me through. I resented him. Not that it was his fault, of course. He was innocent. I had to do it; I couldn't live knowing Norbert was out there waiting for me. I knew he wouldn't want me and that I'd have to coerce him; but I didn't want to kill him. So poetic. Now I'm going to eat him...* John's thoughts twisted and turned like the road until he reached the small village.

He drove slowly down the main road past the small shops until he reached the town's only supermarket. To big city folk it would seem the size of a dairy, but it was good enough for this small town. John pulled into the entrance and found a park. He pulled a trolley from outside the door and strolled inside. Old time rock n roll played over the tinny PA system and the

floor was bustling with typical week day shoppers; moms with babies and unemployed teenagers.

John consulted his list as he walked.

3 cups cubed beaver meat from legs. Check!

Flour

Salt and pepper

1 medium onion, chopped

1 cup chopped celery

2 bay leaves, crushed

1/4 tsp savoury

Carrots, diced

Potatoes, cubed

Turnip, cubed

Cabbage

Fresh rolls

Corn starch

John made quick work of locating the required goods, taking generous quantities of each. Along the way he also stocked up on thing foods he'd been missing most while stuck way out in the woods.

Bananas, yoghurt, shapes, chocolate, V8 juice, hot dogs and another five boxed of sultana bran with enough milk powder to mix.

John trundled to the checkout and unloaded the contents of his trolley onto the conveyor. *Hey there!* The young blonde checkout woman gushed enthusiastically. *Gudday*, John greeted, smiling back warmly and began loading his groceries into the countertop. Shopping at the super market always put John in a good mood, it usually meant there as excellent food to be had that night, which was particularly true on that day. *That's a hundred and forty two dollars.* John counted out the cash and got his change. *Thanks*

hun, have a nice day! She obliged cheerily. *No worries. See ya,* replied John shyly as he left. After loading the trunk and returning the trolley, he walked across the road to the liquor shop for a nice bottle of Merlot to go with his special dinner.

John arrived back at the lodge after three pm and parked the car around the back. He unpacked the groceries and stowed them in their appropriate places, screwed up the plastic bags and stuffed them in a cupboard with all the rest.

In the bath room John removed the bandage on his neck and examined the wound. It seemed to be ok. He let it breathe for a minute and made a coffee before redressing it. He sat on the deck chair outside and sipped on his coffee and watched the glossy yellow furs ruffle in the breeze. John couldn't help himself; he put placed his coffee on the deck and crawled over to the furs and stroked them. They were still slightly damp. John rested his face on what was once Norbert's hair and closed his eyes, imagining Norbert and smelling his scent. He began to get an erection as he stroked the cool silky hair and kissed it. John sighed and rolled onto his back and lay in the sun for a while thinking of Norbert's smiling face. *Norbert Beaver.* He whispered slowly with longing.

Chapter 9

BEAVER SOUP

The next day, having spent all night in a bath of salt water, Norbert's meat was ready to be cooked. John finished his breakfast and began preparations for the evening's special meal. He picked the recipe off the bench and studied the instructions.

In a bowl, season some flour to taste with salt and pepper.

Roll the meat in the flour and fry in a little oil in a skillet until browned.

Remove meat.

Add the meat to a large stew pot or crock pot. Add the onion, celery, bay leaves and savoury.

Add the veggies in quantities to suit your taste. Add enough water to cover.

Cook on low for 5 hours or until veggies are tender.

Thicken with corn starch if desired.

Serve with fresh rolls.

John took a frying pan from the cupboard and put it on the stove to preheat and applied a dash of cooking oil. He then took the largest cut of leg meat from the fridge, patted it dry with a paper towel and cut it into chunks. After rolling them in flour, he tipped them onto the frying pan. They hissed and crackled violently as they fell onto the boiling hot oil. Once browned, John scooped the chunks up and placed them on a dish, then prepared the

veggies.

Once each of the ingredients were portioned and prepared appropriately, John tipped everything into the crock pot and half filled it with water. He pressed the power button and turned the knob to low. In five hours he'd be enjoying a part of Norbert no one in the world had ever experienced before.

John killed the rest of the day as he usually would. He checked for messages on his various web sites and answered emails before watching several episodes of the X Files and binging on the junk food he'd bought the day before.

*

Evening settled upon the forest quickly. The sun sank behind the hills and lit the cloudless sky a pale orange. John prepared the table for the most exciting meal of his life; he took the bottle of red and poured himself a glass, leaving the bottle on the table. The contents of the crock-pot was ready, John took the glass lid off the appliance letting a cloud of steam erupt from the food inside. The smell was wonderful. He had never attempted anything like this before and was eager to taste his first-time creation.

John took his bowl from the table and poured himself a generous amount of the stew with a large soup spoon. Chunks of tender, brown meat filled the bowl surrounded by onion and celery. To anyone else it would have seemed quite an uninteresting meal. It was no ordinary stew however; it was the essence of Norbert Beaver.

John sat at the table, placing his meal before him and took a sip of wine, appreciating its rich flavours. He raised the glass in a toast, *Norbert Foster Beaver. I shall enjoy you like no one ever has before, my love.*

John took his fork and brought it down on a cube of tender brown meat. He brought it up and looked at it for a moment before placing it in his mouth. The taste was strange yet a little familiar, like pork and maybe even

beef at the same time. It was unlike anything John had eaten before and tasted absolutely delicious. John's mouth watered as he finished chewing and swallowed. *Norbert Beaver!* John whispered with delight, before taking another meaty bite.

John sighed with ecstasy as he chewed the delicious, soft meat that was once Norbert. It was like a surreal, romantic moment to John; almost ritualistic. The effect of this strange and freaky act of eating the one he loved was intoxicating. For once, he felt completely fulfilled in his mission to have Norbert Beaver completely.

He savoured every last mouthful and finished the bowl, completely satisfied. *I've just eaten Norbert Beaver.* John laughed with disbelief. *Absolutely fantastic.* He said as he got up from the table, taking the bowl and glass to the bench.

*

John turned on the shower and stripped off, kicking his clothes to the corner.

As the warm jets of water flowed over his face, John felt at peace, as though everything was in its place.

After showering, John removed his wet, bloodied bandage and applied a fresh roll before brushing his teeth and heading to bed.

In his bedroom, the smell of cleaning fluid still lingered from washing the blood off the floors. He opened the window to help air the room out and retrieved his old Norbert plushie from the chair and got into bed. They lay together quietly staring at the ceiling and all the smiling pictures. John pulled the chain on his bedside light and curled up to his plushie with mixed emotions. He was so happy at having finally *got* Norbert Beaver, but still haunted by his actions that got him to where he was. With sexual arousal, John pushed his negative thoughts away and nuzzled his Norbert plushie

and held it tight. He envisioned his exciting sexual encounter with the real Norbert Beaver that took place no more than 48 hours ago and made passionate love to his lovers surrogate body.

Chapter 10

SILENCE

Two months had passed since capturing and killing Norbert and Daggett Beaver. Only days after Norbert's death, John had sought the services of a professional taxidermist by the name of Ronald Wilson of *Wilson Tannery and Taxidermist* to preserve Norbert's fur properly. John had planned on doing the job himself but after researching the subject, he realized he was totally ill-equipped. Wilson was a good two hours drive from the forest and thankfully didn't notice that the furs John was giving him looked very much like the fur of a past TV star. Either they were too cut up to resemble anything familiar or Wilson wasn't the type who'd watch a pair of silly aquatic rodents on a cheap reality TV show. John presumed the latter. Either way; a few weeks later John had some fantastic, golden yellow furs ready to be sewed together.

During John's last visit to *Wilson Tannery and Taxidermist* he acquired a new sewing machine and a pile of fabrics and textiles to reconstruct Norbert Beaver.

After two solid weeks of tedious, back breaking labour, the finished result was both satisfactory and creepy. It was made and looked like a plushie ought to. It had fake plastic eyes, fabric hands, paws and tail. Everything was fabric or plastic except the gorgeous yellow fur and hair the flowed from Norbert's head. John was absolutely wrapped. He had finally

replaced his fake Norbert plushie for the real thing. Complete with a strategically placed hole and firm stuffing, Norbert had become the ultimate sex doll. John had even sewn in the two sharp chisel teeth at the end of Norbert's nose where they belonged.

He knew having sex with his new plushie was in fact necrophilia; for the most part it *was* Norbert's dead body. He didn't care. In fact it reminded him of one of his favourite Alice Cooper Songs titled *Cold Ethel*, a song about a man named Steven who killed his wife and had sex with her dead corpse. *She's cool in bed; well she ought to be cos Ethel's dead!* John would often sing the lyrics quietly as he made love to Norbert. At first, Norbert was also cold, but after a few minutes of furious snuggling he'd warm up.

*

John's mental state began to fray as time went on, some night's he would cry uncontrollably over what he had done to Norbert, where's other nights he'd be fine. Depression eventually began to sink in and the nights of crying became more frequent. By then he had finished consuming Norbert's cuts of meat and had since lost the desire live.

Thoughts of suicide were creeping into his mind at least once a day; he would indulge in graphic fantasies about how he'd end his life and break down in tears all over again.

John knew it wouldn't be long before someone came looking for the beavers, they had many contacts since their TV show and sure to be contacted by at least one of those people eventually. It was only a matter of time. He didn't know what to do; he knew leaving the country, or at least the state was the most pressing matter that needed to be addressed but couldn't decide how to do it. He had to take his Norbert corpse/plushie with him without anyone noticing what it really was. There was a considerable amount of risk no matter what, unless he remained in the state and just

abandoned this lodge.

*

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon and John was in a terrible mood. The curtains were all closed and the doors all locked. John lay in bed, rocking back and forward, clutching Norbert. He felt like he was being eaten from the inside for the horrible things he had done. He would often come to realise the horrible truth that he wasn't holding the Norbert he'd always dreamed of; instead he was holding a dead body instead.

At times these thoughts put John off Norbert completely, sickening him with guilt. The driving force of John's life was gone; he'd killed his reason for getting up each morning. The hunt really was greater than the kill. It was his life and now it was over.

In John's mind he had no where else to go; this was it. He wanted to die so badly. His depression blinded him to any other possibility; he couldn't let go of Norbert. The love he would die for.

John got up off the bed weakly and slowly walked down the hall to the laundry, wiping the tears from his red eyes. He took a large, black cable tie from a bag in the tool box and returned to his room meekly.

John sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Norbert's lifeless shell, staring at it sadly for a moment, rubbing his thumbs over the sharp grooves in the cable tie. He raised the thick strip of plastic, wrapping it around his neck and clicking the tail into the clasp on the other end.

After a trembling moment, John lay down on the bed and huddled up to Norbert, wrapping his arm around the dead beaver's body tightly.

After settling into a comfortable position, John whispered *I love you Norbie, forgive me!* And pulled as hard as he could on the cable ties tail with a *zip!* It tightened firmly around his throat, blocking the circulation of blood to his brain and impeding his breathing. John lurched with short jolts

as his bursting breaths tried to escape his partially closed throat.

John curled around Norbert, grasping his body and head as tight as possible. It felt as though his brain was beginning to buzz. His vision quickly went grainy and was soon lost to a sea of prickling light as a fuzzy numbness swept over his body. John's rasping breaths rapidly slowed to nothing as his body began to shut down. In deathly silence; John passed away in Norbert's arms as they lay together for the last time.

Chapter 11

FURRY FANTASY

Slouched in his office chair in front of the computer in his West Auckland bedroom, JohnOfE woke up from a disturbingly vivid dream. He leaned up and looked at the system clock; it read 3:15am Sunday. He sighed. Closing the work he was done on his website and stopping the Alice Cooper CD that played quietly, he buried his face in his hands and rubbed his tired eyes. *What the fuck was that?* He croaked.

The rain outside battered softly against the window with the wind. JohnOfE turned off the computer and pulled all his clothes off, getting into bed with his Norbert Beaver plushie and hugging it tightly. *Norbert!* He sighed with relief and kissed it firmly. He looked at the giant painting of Norbert on the wall holding a human hand and thought about the dream he'd just been subjected to. It felt so real, he couldn't believe it. He'd dreamed of dying many times in the past and that usually woke him up, that was all normal. It was the fact that he'd just dreamed of Norbert for the first time in his life that shocked him. Finally after all these years he finally had a dream of Norbert Beaver and got to feel and taste the love of his life the way he'd always wished he could. He felt euphoric in that moment of revelation and an interesting thought struck him; *That dream could make a half decent story I reckon. I'll get started on that tomorrow. But for now... come here Norbert you delicious fucking beaver!*

JohnOfE made love to his Norbert plushie with new found passion. He couldn't help but feel that the make believe beaver he was having sex with was actually the remains of the real Norbert he killed in his dream; with that thought in his mind he climaxed loudly.

I love you Norbie!

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Norbert Foster Beaver

Daggett Doofus Beaver

Barry Bear

Senior Bill Licking

Ronald Wilson of Wilson Tannery and Taxidermist and *John Foster* are fiction characters created by David Wright.

JohnOfE.com