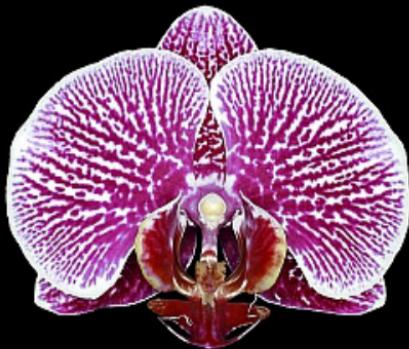


# ASS RAMMERS II

# RAM TO KILL!



J. Manque

## **Ass Rammers II-** **Ram to Kill!**

J. Manque

*for Annabel Joseph who inspires bad writing with... wait  
for Anabel Joseph who encourages bad wri... hmm  
for Anabel Joseph who lowers the bar for...  
for Anabel Joseph- who can figure it out for herself, thanks*



*fiction*

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*Where they burn books, ultimately they burn bodies- Heinrich Heine*

## **Ass Rammers II- Ram to Kill!**

“Wilbur Delvecchio is dead,” Detective Rock says. In his 30 years on the job he’s never found an easy way to break bad news, largely because he’s never looked for one.

Alex Rimmen, standing in his highrise Rococo-Baroque dream apartment overlooking San Francisco Bay, wearing just his shorty black leather robe, drops

the Pink Lady he'd been holding with pinky extended when he answered the door. The glass shatters. The little paper umbrella that had been its elegant crowning glory rolls across the floor until Snuggles, his Siamese cat, pounces on it.

“Dear, God,” Alex ejaculates, “my poor agent.”

The detective in his worn gray overcoat covering worn gray skin has seen Alex's kind before. He doesn't like them. His goonish sergeant, a monster of a man a full foot taller than the detective, likes them even less.

“What happened?” Alex asks.

“Somebody hacked his head off,” the detective tells him.

“With a Chinese sword,” his sergeant adds. “We got a witness, old whore who works down at the Kinkydrome mopping the floors. Didn't see the perp's face, though.”

“Did they try CPR?” Alex asks.

“His head's missing,” Detective Rock tells him.

“Still lookin' for it,” his sergeant adds. “They usually turn up in bowling ball racks.”

“So there's a chance it can be reattached?” Alex asks hopefully.

“Moving along, you don't happen to own a Chinese sword, do you, Sir?” the detective asks.

“Well, just the one,” Alex says, visibly shaken.

“Could be the one we’re lookin’ for, huh, Boss?” the sergeant says.

“Where is it now?” the detective asks.

“Where it always is,” Alex says, pointing without looking as people so often do, “above the fireplace.”

“There’s nothing above your fireplace,” the detective, who did take the time to look, informs him.

“Except some kind of weird-ass sex gizmo,” the sergeant adds, inclining his head towards a chrome plated baseball bat sized device festooned with dozens of high pressure metal tubes and fittings, an equal number of knobs and switches, and one large red button. “What the hell is that?”

“Until tonight I was an Ass-Rammer,” Alex tells them, a tear running down his cheek. “That was my first ramming stick.”

“So, is that thing hydraulically operated or what?” the sergeant asks.

“It uses high pressure nitrogen to operate oil in oil butterfly valves with coil on coil return springs and a thick lube double reciprocating shaft,” Alex says, unable to control his tears. “Stick it in your ass and turn it all the way up and you’ll be reverse deep throating before you can say ‘Linda Lovelace’s ghost,’” he finishes between sobs.

“I had a girlfriend like that,” the sergeant says with a

laugh. “Never needed no machine, though. Big one right here,” he adds, patting his crotch.

The detective sighs while giving his sergeant a look. “I’m only interested in the Chinese sword.”

“But it’s not there,” Alex says.

“Right, and you were at the Kinkydrome tonight, weren’t you? You had a loud argument with Mr. Delvecchio, didn’t you? You were overheard.”

“Same whore,” the sergeant interjects. “I’d do her, but I’m not picky.”

“But... but... but... you can’t suspect me, can you? I loved Wilbur like my own... Daddy.”

“Were you having a sexual relationship with Mr. Delvecchio?”

“No! Never! How could you ask that! Dear Wilbur was straight. He had a wife. He had kids. Just the occasional blow job,” Alex says, lifting the hem of his robe to wipe his tears, causing both cops to avert their eyes. “He was such a gentleman. He never pulled out and shot in my eye. And he always gave me a mint afterward, a peppermint.”

“Charming,” the detective tells him as his sergeant vomits in his mouth a little, then swallows something far greasier than Alex ever has. “Do you know anyone who might have wished to harm Mr. Delvecchio?”

“No, nobody... except...”

“Except who?”

Alex turns his head and bites his tongue. “Mr. Chin, my maid. He liked to watch, but... she was so jealous.”

“Mr. Chin?” the sergeant asks.

“Why, my live-in transgender Chinese housegirl,” Alex says. “And don’t tell me that’s politically incorrect. That’s how he himself describes herself... that, too. He doesn’t want to be called a girl all the time because she still has his weenie.”

“Were they having a sexual relationship as well?” the sergeant asks.

“It wasn’t cheating!” Alex screams, distraught, knowing that only he can defend the honor of his former agent. “His wife didn’t like doggy-style and Mr. Chin did. It’s not cheating if your wife won’t do it.”

“Or your girlfriend,” the sergeant adds, walking to the refrigerator. “Do you mind if I grab a beer? It’s hard dealing with you freaks if I’m not a little buzzed.”

“All you’ll find in there is Bollinger, officer.”

“And a head,” the sergeant says, and indeed, Wilbur Delvecchio’s is on the melon shelf. “Look, Boss, we don’t have to go lookin’ for it no more- no beer, though.”

Alex rushes to the lifeless head, picks it up in both hands and begins blowing into its mouth. The windpipe, not cleanly cut, and half closed with congealed blood,

makes an odd farting sound, whoopee-cushion loud, as he blows. “Live, damn you! Live!” Alex screams between breaths.

“Drop that head! He’s mine,” a voice shrieks from behind them.

All the heads in the room pivot towards the voice, except Wilbur’s. The maid, in blood splattered geisha makeup and plum kimono, menaces them with a bloody Chinese sword.

“Mr. Chin!” Alex exclaims loudly.

“I think we got the perp, Boss, sword, too,” the sergeant says, and Detective Rock, stretched to the limits of his personal elastic, slams his forehead with the butt of his hand and groans while poor Alex shakes with rage.

“This head!?” he screams. “You want this head!?” He tucks it under his arm, as he’d seen a football player do with a ball once when flipping through channels looking for the Home Shopping Network, and runs to the fireplace, snatching his ramming stick from above it, activating every switch but one, then turning all the knobs to 11. “Why don’t you come and take it, you gaping asshole!”

“Shoot him,” the detective orders.

“Not in the face!” Alex and Mr. Chin shriek simultaneously.

“Which one?” the sergeant asks, reaching lazily for his gun.

“Would you rather get your head chopped off or your ass rammed?” the detective asks.

“I don’t know, Boss. They’re both pretty bad.”

“Shoot the transgender Asian gentleman.” The detective turns to her. “No offense, ma’am.”

“None taken.”

“You know, Boss, it’s been a while since I seen a real bitch fight.”

“If we were to stand here and let this happen the brass downtown wouldn’t be happy,” the detective says, walking to the door, “especially if they weren’t here to watch. Let’s go. Maybe we’ll come back when Mr. Rimmen isn’t entertaining.”

The elevator ride to the lobby is strangely silent until the sergeant asks, “Hey, Boss?”

“What?”

“That Chinaman’s gonna’ kill the little perv. Then he’s gonna’ leave with one, maybe two heads- not counting his own. We’re gonna’ get our asses chewed for that, don’ cha’ think?”

The elevator opens and they walk through the high-ceilinged lobby between two columns of 20 foot tall plastic palm trees that haven’t been watered in weeks, their leather soles echoing off the marble-like floor. As

the doorman opens the brass and glass doors the detective holds his arm out to prevent his sergeant from exiting. “Mr. Chin’s body is about to come crashing down to the pavement,” he warns.

High above they hear the sound of breaking glass, and a scream approaching like a speeding steam locomotive’s whistle, and with a tremendous splat-like sound similar to a small sea-lion belching, Mr. Chin lands at their feet amidst a cascade of tinkling broken glass. Red blood spreads slowly, ruining the expensive silk kimono he no longer has any use for, except to hide his tiny little penis that he never could afford to have professionally removed, but which Alex Rimmen will do gratis in a few minutes so as to have a souvenir of the only fight he’s ever won.

“Gee, Boss, how did you know?” the sergeant asks.

“Because Alex Rimmen, master Ass Rammer, was out to kill. He turned on every option on that ramming stick... except the shaft warmer, and a cold one in the ass can make the toughest man jump through a plate-glass window. Alex knew that.”

“Sounds like you know your shit, too, Boss.”

“Don’t spread it around, but I rammed my way through the academy... the Police Academy, not the Ass-Ramming Academy, which I never attended officially.”

“So that’s why they call us in on all the ass ramming cases, huh?”

“It takes one to know one,” the detective says. “It takes one to know one.”

They step over the body and walk into the chill night air tracking blood down the dirty street as they go. Detective Rock pulls his collar up against the cold. “Fog’s rolling in,” he says. “It’s going to be a busy night. The weirdos all come out when the fog’s in.”

“Hey, Boss, shouldn’t we go back for the body... and the head,” he asks, looking over his shoulder.

“They were little people. Nobody misses little people. I think we can let the garbage men handle this one. Let’s go get hammered before the next call comes in. I’m buying.”

“Yeah, Boss, sure,” the sergeant tells him, raising his collar, too, before they disappear into the strange San Francisco night which is like no other night in the world.

*The end*

Author's note: I do apologize to anyone who read this thinking they were getting the hardest of the hardcore, but I hope 'Kinkydrome' in the title gave you a clue that there might be less here than meets the eye- my little joke employing film noir devices common to stories about the washed up boxer, actor, singer, etc., whose dreams will never bear fruit. And like those wonderful and entirely predictable films, I hope there may be a seed of truth ready to sprout under the warm manure of cliches- sorry.

It was inspired by a conversation on a Fetlife forum about the rather 'enthusiastic' names some publishers give their eBook erotica. With the portable electronic eBook still somewhat of a novelty as this is written, many people want a demonstration when they see one. One Fetlife user was worried someone would notice the kinky titles she had on hers, titles which can't be edited and can't be hidden on her machine. I came back with a comment, something like, 'It's hard to play innocent when the first book listed on your Kindle is 'Ass Rammers of the Kinkydrome.' It was a title too good to

pass up- way too good. Five minutes later luckless Wilbur Delvecchio found himself being scorned by his talented young star for the last time.

I do have more serious works available, both more erotic and more dramatic. Please see my [other stories](#).

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his first role lands him in bondage under one of the world's premiere dominatrices. She has a penchant for water sports and puts on an unbelievable 4th of July extravaganza for the former colonists. Readers with a little patience won't be disappointed. Like a symphony this one starts quietly and builds to a crescendo.

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**Valentine's Gift**- A woman sets up a meeting between her former master and her virgin niece on Valentine's Day. Though hesitant because of their age difference, he takes on the task of deflowering her in every way imaginable in the city's finest hotel before morning. Though she's the one tied and ravished, by morning it's not clear who's enslaving whom.

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devil-like companion who punishes the wicked while the saint is out rewarding the good. She's returned to her man Christmas morning with a freshly birched backside and breasts, and a gift tag tied to her right nipple. She's sore, but wiser, and ready for a passionate reconciliation.

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**Ass Rammers of the Kinkydrome**- Maybe not exactly what you're expecting, this is a short satire poking fun at some of the less subtle adult oriented fiction out there. It should bring a few smiles, and you might find something between the lines as well.

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**Ass Rammers II- Ram to Kill-** Master Ass Rammer Alex Rimmen's agent is killed, and it's up to Alex to get revenge the only way he knows how.

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## About the author

J. Manque is a writer based near San Francisco, California. He's currently working on a million word magnum opus about life and politics in the 1990s. It will likely be released as three or four novels. The first, tentatively entitled ***Love on Concrete***, is scheduled for release in print and eBook form soon. Here's a brief synopsis-

*In the late summer of 1994 an act of civil disobedience triggers a chance meeting between an amateur dominatrix and an IT specialist, resulting in an intense psychological wrestling match that mirrors the politics of change of the mid 1990s. It ends with a torrid confrontation in a rundown motel in Reno's dirty heat hours before the 'Republican Revolution' changes America in ways that are still echoing through the world today. In between the two explore the dark shadows of the human psyche reflected in aspects of sexuality never discussed among friends, but always lurking just out of sight in a dark world of sodium vapor lights and diesel choked streets- in short, our world.*

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