

Eric Seiley

Warnings We Do Not Heed

7 September 2024

4,617 Words

Doom's Children

We're next year's people. Run and hide. Pray to God to avert your eyes. We've already begun to enlist your doom!

"Don't you just love these song lyrics?! Man, Raver T is such a poet! A badass POET! And his band, *Doom's Children*, are like the coolest band to walk the planet!"

"Sure, I guess. I mean, I haven't heard of them before now, but sure."

"You've never heard of Doom' Children? Have you been living under a rock?"

"No. I'm not really allowed to listen to rock music. My Mom and Dad think that kinda stuff is a bad influence for teenagers."

"Well, they like let you read poetry, yeah? Shelley and Keats, Whitman, Poe, and those guys, right?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, that's the same as Raver T and Doom's Children. They're modern day poets. At least that's what I tell my parents when they try to go all parental supervision on me. As if they even care. They don't really as long as my music isn't too loud."

"That's sad, I guess. My parents aren't like that. They tend to be pretty strict about most things when I'm at home. To tell you the truth, I'm not even supposed be at your house. Or be alone with a boy up in his room. They wouldn't approve."

“Well, I’m glad you broke away from your parental repression and come over. Don’t you think this song is AWESOME, though!? Here, listen to this next chorus.”

Brad starts jumping up and down, bobbing his head and pumping his fist, screaming, *We spell your doom! High and low. Slipping off your pathetic soul. We ARE Doom’s Children! We are DOOM’s children. We are Doom’s CHILDRENNNNNN!*” Ending his performance with a cannonball jump onto the bed like a scuba diver. “Aren’t they just like totally awesome or what!?”

Amy wasn’t impressed. “To tell the truth, I don’t really understand the lyrics or what they mean. Are they singing about a cult or something?”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, Amy,” Brad murmured sitting up on his elbow and looking across the room, “cause I like you and all. And I totally wouldn’t have asked you over if I didn’t. But you’re kinda square. And way too uptight. You should lighten up and try to live in the moment like me. I mean, look at the way you’re sitting in that chair. All rigid and straight backed. You look like a Mormon missionary ready to preach or some stuff like that.”

“I’m not Mormon, I’m a Baptist. But, I’m sorry if I’m being square. I’m a little uncomfortable is all. I’m not used to being up in a boy’s room or getting all this special attention from a boy. I didn’t even know you liked me till today.”

“I do. I like you lots. Do you like me? Cause I like you.”

“I guess so. I mean, yeah, I do.”

“Good. Then come over here and sit next to me on the bed. It’s the best spot in the whole house. I have all the speakers centered on the bed so we can lie here and listen. It’s pretty cool.” Brad patted the place next to him. “Here, I’ll play the song again and we’ll just close our eyes, lie back, and listen. Just let the song wash over you. Just you

and me. Let the music surround you and BECOME you. And then let it inspire you to do whatever comes natural. Let the song take you away."

"Um, okay, I'll try. But don't try anything, okay? I'm just gonna sit on your bed and listen to the music. I'm not doing it for any other reason. Alright? I can trust you, right?"

"Hey, I'm a total gentleman. You know that. You wouldn't be here if I weren't. Don't worry so much. You can trust me."

"Okay." Amy crossed over the short space, pulling her skirt down a little and smoothing out the wrinkles. Then she sat next to Brad on the bed.

"Now, let's lie back and listen," Brad suggested as he took Amy by the shoulders and not so gently pulled her back.

"So," Mary asked, "how'd it go with Brad? Was he all Romeo to your Juliet? Or did he, like, totally *attack* you like a caveman after you gave him your best Lolita?"

"Boys are so gullible and predictable -- especially the football players. I wasn't even in his house more than two minutes before I could see he wanted to rip my clothes off! And he couldn't get me up to his bedroom fast enough. But, to his credit, he did make the effort to set the scene and sweet talk me first. I mean, it was pretty basic and lame, but at least he tried."

"Boys are so obvious."

"I'll say."

"So, what were his moves? How'd he get you up to his room?"

“Well, first he offered me a soda and casually let it slip how his parents weren’t home so we’d be all alone. Then he’s all like, *Hey, let’s go up to my room to listen to music. I just bought the new Doom’s Children album on vinyl and I’ve got, like, this totally killer sound system set up there. A total Retro Life Wi-fi with Crosley Alto T160 sub-woofers and a Presonus Audiovox 96 base for days.*”

“Why are boys so stupid? They can recite every stupid technical detail about their toys, but they can’t remember, like, your birthday or when your anniversary is? Oh, whatever. So what happened next?”

“Well, we start walking through his house and he’s trying to be all Rico Suave showing me around and stuff on our way upstairs -- you know, *this is the kitchen, that’s the dining room where my Mom is like gaga over that huge cherry wood table that seats twelve. She likes to throw dinner parties where everyone gets really drunk. And over here is the living room where my Dad spends most of his time when he’s home. He’s like a film buff and totally had that 4k flatscreen Sony built special and installed so he could pretend to be at the movie theatre. And out back you can see through the bay windows to where our pool and hot tub are. It’s totally Olympic sized and everything. We can totally take a dip out there later if you like. We won’t even need bathing suits or anything. My parents won’t be home till way past dinner. And up here’s my bedroom.*”

“Wow,” Lisa commented picking lint from her sweater sleeve she just noticed, “Brad’s house sounds pretty swanky.”

“The house was for the most part.”

“So, what happened when you got up to Brad’s room?”

“We get up there and he’s all like *Here, let’s listen to this cool music. Isn’t it all poetic and shit! I bet a religious chick like you has never heard such cool music before.* Then he was all,

Hey, baby, come lie on my bed and we'll just listen to the music. Don't worry, I won't do anything, I promise. You can trust me."

"Why do boys always say you can trust them? And they think we don't know they're lying? Like we're the dumbest people on the planet. Oh whatever. So, go on."

"As soon as I sit on his bed and lay back, his hand shoots down and goes right up my skirt. Doesn't even try to kiss me first or anything. Just *BAM!* I stop him of course and we play the *baby-it's-cold-outside- but-I'm-a-good-girl* push and pull game for a while. Tugging, lifting, squeezing and all that. He thinks the Promised Land is in sight and starts pleading to let him enter the gates. *Come on baby, don't be like that. You'll like it. I love you...*and all that bullshit. Then he starts whining and getting rougher. Rolls on top of me and uses his body weight to pin me down. He's super heavy and I can barely breathe, but he's not letting up. Then he wraps one arm under me to hold me and, with the other, starts unbuttoning my shirt. I can tell he's losing control and, if he gets my blouse off, I think he's gonna....you know...take it the rest of the way. So I know I've got to do something before it's too late. Take control cause if I push him off any harder, he's gonna cross over into angry and take what I don't want to give, you know?"

"Tell me about it. All these louts think if you don't give in to them right away, then that gives them the right to take it. The trick is, how do you stop them before it goes too far. Tell me he didn't force you."

"No, but I knew it was a possibility. I just didn't expect him to go there so fast."

"I know. I thought you were just going over there to test the waters. See what his parameters would be."

"I think I figured that out. Don't you?"

"I guess. I just didn't know we were gonna be *Live at Buttaki*, you know. I'd have been on speed dial."

"I didn't think there was any real danger to him. I figured he could get rough sure -- he IS a testosterone fueled, red blooded teenage football player after all. But I felt pretty confident I could keep him under control. He surprised me a little is all."

"Yeah well you surprised me. I thought we were on the same page with this one and weren't going to put the plan in motion till next week."

"Sorry about that. I called a bit of an audible."

"I forgive you. So what happened next?"

"He's on top of me, fumbling with my shirt buttons and can't get them undone and I think he's about to rip my shirt. He's more excited than frustrated at this point and I know he's gonna yank my panties down too once he gets my shirt open. So I tell him, *Hey I like to be on top* and that if he'll ease up a bit and not be in such a rush, I can show him something nice. He gives me a serious look like, *You mean it? You're not trying to trick me?*"

"That figures! Just like a neanderthal to question your integrity when he's already compromised his own."

"He rolls off me cause he thinks he's I'm about to give him a penthouse forum moment. And when he does, I quickly get on top and use my knees to pin down his arms so he can't grab me anymore."

"You pinned him?"

"Not really. I mean, I tried, but he could've thrown me off like a pillow any time he wanted. He didn't because he was feeling happy about me taking the lead. I don't think many girls have had the chance to do that with him. But you now boys they always fantasize about it."

"I know, I know."

"So, I'm sitting astride him and he's looking up with these big, hopeful eyes, really pathetic and all, and I make a show of pulling my hair back while simultaneously arching my back up so my breasts push out. His eye bug out and now he's squirming and I can feel he's really happy now."

"Yeah, I bet he was."

"I slide back a little and run my hands down his chest till I reach his waistband. Then I unbutton his pants. Which makes him start breathing all funny. Kinda giggly and fast – not manly at all. I pull open his jeans and guess what he's wearing underneath."

"Please, that's not a tricky question. Tightie Whities."

"Right. Tightie whities."

"Why do all high school guys wear tightie whities?"

"Cause that's what their mommies buy for them. Anyway, I shift a little to when I pull his jeans down, but I leave them wrapped around his ankles before I slide back up again."

"Why didn't you take his pants off?"

"Cause I figured if I had to make a run for it, he wouldn't be able to chase me. He'd just trip over his jeans."

"Or just pull them up and chase you down."

"Yeah, okay, so there's that. Can I finish the story now, Colombo?"

"Of course. Please, go on."

"His pants are down and he's squirming, but his tightie whities are still up. He's really excited now. I can SEE how really excited he was."

"Were they blue?"

"Were what blue?"

"His balls? Were they blue? Susie's older brother said if a guy gets, you know, too excited and can't get off right away, then his balls turn blue."

"I don't think so. But I didn't really look at his balls. I reach up and run my hand over his tumescence reaching for the waistband when he just....he just...went off."

"Really?"

"Yeah! He totally prematurely exploded in his underwear like Mount Vesuvius. I didn't even have to take him by the hand or anything."

"How embarrassing."

"I thought so. He looked more surprised than anything at first. And then embarrassed. Still totally satisfied, but kinda embarrassed. And you know what?"

"What?"

"I'm fairly sure ol' super stud Brad has never done the deed before. At least not with a girl."

"NO!"

"Yeah. I'll bet he's been pretending to his friends and acting like he's all experienced, but from what I could tell, I think he's still a virgin."

"Go figure. How lame. Boys are such liars! But that throws the coercion angle off, right? Now he's just gonna tell everyone you guys did it. Your stock will take a hit."

"No. I made sure to stop him in his tracks first so we could come to an understanding. Make sure he knew what the consequences would be."

"To what? I thought we were going to use the *"I might be pregnant"* tactic?"

"I realized, after he came in his pants, I that angle wouldn't work, of course. He was so embarrassed I realized he'd given us a better line. So I totally lowballed him."

"How so?"

"I told him, Look you can save face and tell your friends you made it to second base with the virginal religious girl. You can even tell them you touched my boobs over my bra and under my shirt. But if you try to ruin my reputation in any way, by telling anyone we had sex or even received so much as a hand job, I'll make sure everyone in the school knows not only how SMALL your penis is, but that you're a premature ejaculator too!"

"He couldn't have liked that. Was his penis really that small?"

"Yeah, like a baby duck."

"Too bad. Probably uses steroids."

"Well, he was much more somber and pliable after I gave him the scoop. And much more open to suggestion."

"Did you leave it with that? Did he agree? What's the deal? How are we gonna get paid?"

"Well, in a couple of days, after he's bragged to a few of his friends in line with what I told him, then I'll know his reputation is the key. I'll approach him and let him know he has to pay our fee for silence -- else I'll just have to tell everyone the truth about his tiny dick -- his friends, the guys on the football team, Mommy and Daddy, Principal Myers, Coach Adams, and just about every girl in the entire tri-county area. He'll become a laughingstock, his rep will be ruined, and no girl will ever date him. I'm sure he'll get the picture quick and pay up. I figure the embarrassment alone is worth fifty a week."

"Fifty? Really? That's a little steep. At least it's more than we've ever tried for before. Do you think he can afford that much weekly?"

"Yeah, I do. His place was pretty big and fancy. And his parents are pretty well off. They weren't even home and there were still couple of BMW's and an Astin Martin parked in the garage. And lots of paintings all over the house. The real kind. And they even had crystal vases and with fresh flowers everywhere and they weren't even home. I'm pretty sure they had a maid too though I didn't see anyone."

"Yeah, but like you said, that's all his parents stuff."

"Well, you should've seen Brad's room -- it was bigger than both your and my apartment. And he had lots of high end, super expensive electronics all over his room, along with signed memorabilia framed on the walls and lots of expensive toys scattered about. It would be an understatement to say his parents spoil him as compensation for lack of attention. So it stands to reason they would also give him a good sized allowance. I'm betting he can afford fifty without taking much of a hit to his wallet. His ego is more important to him too, I'm sure."

"If you say so."

"I'm feeling confident about it."

"Well, it would certainly boost the coffers. And you haven't been wrong for the most part yet."

"Thanks for that vote of confidence. Now, how about the books? What's our status of accounts?"

"Well, with Chad and his fifty signing on, that will make four football players on the roster paying weekly. Right now, we're pulling in forty-five a week. With Chad's fifty, that'll raise it to a clean ninety-five."

"Good. What's the longevity on those accounts? How long do you think the revenue stream will last?"

"At least till the end of next month. Tommy's been watching and listening to the gossip in the boy's locker room and he says, right now, all three football players are still keeping their lips locked. He says they're bragging, sure, but it's all fake stuff as far as he can tell. None of them have girlfriends yet and no one is admitting to being extorted. So probably a bit longer. I figure till at least till the end of football season ends. There's a chance they'll start challenging their royalty fees. We might try to reduce their fees to keep him on the tit, but experience says we'll most likely lose all the football players once the season ends. Of course, by then, we'll be transitioning to basketball season and I'll have a couple of junior varsity stars lined up for you to work. Their royalties should match what we lose after football."

"Fine. As long as we don't have to resort to the wrestler team again over the holidays. Those neanderthals were way too strong and nowhere near as dumb as they look. I had rug burn all sophomore year trying to angle those bastards for payout. And what'd we end up with? Barely a ten-spot a week? I definitely came out the worse for wear on that one."

"I know. I'm sorry. I still regret that year's recruitment. I got a big head after our freshman year successes."

"I'm not blaming you. We were in it together."

"Why do you think I took up with Tommy that summer? I figured, we needed muscle of our own. And who better than a meathead who gets it."

"Sure. Tommy certainly saved our bacon a few times."

"Yeah, remember that asshole Brian after junior year's winter formal. That guy unexpectedly turned out to be a real *Christian Bale American Psycho*, right? And his father was a preacher and all."

"Yeah. Gotta watch out for those preacher's kids, huh. But, yeah, Tommy was very chivalrous. Thank goodness."

"I tell him that all the time. He's actually fairly sweet. Not as bright as I wish he would be, but sweet. And loyal. He gets it."

"Well, how about new business then? Any untapped markets we should look into to expand our revenue?"

"I've been thinking politics might be a good arena."

"Maybe. There's not a lot of guilt there, but they do have their image to consider. Did you have anyone particular in mind?"

"I've been taking a look at Michael Pettis, this year's senior class president. From what I've learned, he's overly image conscious, but not as good as he pretends."

"Isn't he with Heather Morris? She's top shelf and has him locked down tight. He hasn't even so much as looked at any other girl in our class. He might even be into boys."

"No, he's solid blue ball territory here. Tommy confirmed he doesn't look at the other boys in the locker room and talks pretty straight. He doesn't think Michael bats for the same team, if you know what I mean."

"Well, you're a smooth talker, Columbo, but I think I get the picture."

"Yeah, well, you'll like this then -- a little birdy confirmed Heather's not giving Michael any, even though they've been together since freshman year. And she doesn't plan to till they, theoretically, matriculate to Yale together. She has early acceptance, so she'll be leaving at the end of fall semester. He was accepted, but isn't going till next fall. So, he'll be alone for most of the spring and prime. He could be a solid choice and ripe for the picking. I figured he'd be good for twenty a week rain or shine, but now I'm thinking our new fee at fifty a week might be more appropriate. Especially if the

pressure is just right. He definitely won't want Heather finding out anything which would ruin his future."

"Well, you certainly have that one thought out. He's a narcissistic fool who thinks he's going to be president of the United States one day. I can work with that. Who else?"

"I was thinking we might try the sophomore year Catholic boys again. Lots of testosterone and lots of guilt make them very susceptible to the old God-n-Guilt angle. They don't offer a lot of tithes, but they're easy to run and, with a dozen or so, we can make a decent return. As long as they don't get a collective guilty conscience and confess to their priest or anything."

"We should be careful there. Last time we tried religious boys, we ended with a serious PR problem and barely avoided being exposed. I don't want to be burned at the Jezebel stake again."

"We're older now and more experienced. I'm fairly sure we can handle the situation better this time around as long as we don't overplay our hand. And the income could be helpful during the holiday slump."

"No, I don't like it. There's always the chance they'll repent and the revenue stream suffers even before the holidays. We'd lose the entire crop and have wasted a lot of time setting it up. Let's save them for a rainy day and focus on new accounts."

"Okay, I'm with you."

"Speaking of rainy days, our high school base of customers has started to become fairly limited. We should start considering next year's new markets."

"Well, now that we're seniors, and you've obviously had a nice growth spurt and turned into Lana Turner land, I think we can cast off most of the spring high school peewees and start tapping the college market. My brother's friend, Gilbert, is Alpha

Beta at U of M and can get us into all the Greek parties up on campus this year. If we break into the college leagues in the spring, it could set us up for next year and we could charge higher fees per target."

"What would the angle of attack be? I'm not so sure college boys will fall for the old high school Lolita act so easily."

"Some will. But I think more will pay under the bait and switch – lure them with the Mae West, hit the Sharon Stone *Fatal Attraction on tap* and then reveal you're a minor. Statutory rape is a pretty strong motivator to pay for silence."

"Whoa there Lisa. I'm not a prude or anything, but that sounds like more sex with random dudes than I'm comfortable with. Nor do I want to be dropping my hoochie for that many partners during my senior year."

"I don't think you'll have to actually have sex with any of them. Or at least most of them. We save that only as a backup contingency. No, instead I figure we focus on the *sex-capade* of it all. Image is reality."

"How do you figure?"

"We select a few high profile, but less experienced frat boys from among the first and second year boys – you know boys away from their rich mommy and daddy for the first time, but not as experienced as they think. We draw them in and make sure everyone sees us with them at a frat party. Then, after a few drinks, we head upstairs and use a fast acting roofie on them. Tommy says he has a connection. Once the frat boys are out cold, they won't remember what happened which means we'll be able to control the narrative. We can tell *THEM* what happened."

"Will that work?"

"Yeah. It should work fairly well. Especially if we prep the target and you hit your Mae West in color so there's no doubt. Once they go down, we set the scene, send a couple of damning texts from their own cellphone bragging about how far they took things, take a few candid's of you being forcibly compromised to convince them later to pay up and we should be in dutch."

"Sounds Houdini."

"A little, but nothing you can't pull off. The insinuation of ruin alone will be a big advantage down the line."

"We've never resorted to drugs. Or paper trails."

"Yeah, well that's the cost of elevating the game to a higher court, I figure. But don't worry, Tommy and I will be on hand every step of the way. And no more painful prom nights for this girl! We should be solid if we stick to the game plan – set it up, insinuate they took advantage without actually having to risk doing so, use the suggestion of force, along with a photo or two, and their reputation will be ruined. Not to mention the criminal exposure. Everyone knows what happens at frat parties. They're not gonna want the exposure and will pay up."

"A little more risk for a bigger payday, huh? Well, boys will STILL be boys after all. They'll want to protect their reputation and will have access to bigger bank accounts. Okay, let's give it a go. Talk to your brother's friend and let's set up a few potentials for spring."

"Good deal. Now, one more thing. I know you said no to this last year, but I still think we're missing a huge payday by staying away from the teachers. For example, Mr. Avery, the Math teacher, has always had a crush on you. And low and behold, rumor has it his marriage is on the rocks and divorce may be coming if their counseling doesn't hold. He's prime for a Lolita fall if ever I saw one."

"You don't say," Amy laughed. Amy and Mary smiled at each other. Business was gonna be better this year. Better than ever. They'd learned so much about business, economics, social satirizing and psychology together. And how pride really was more powerful a motivator for most people than money. They were good entrepreneurs.

Mary reached across her tiny desk and dropped the needle on the record, *Doom's Children Live at Red Rock*, that she'd lifted from Brad when she was at his place.

"Brad wasn't wrong," Amy laughed again, "This band IS pretty badass."

The End.