Satanic Mechanic

by Meta Ren

Summary

Murdoc Niccals is a very passionate Satanist, all the while running his mechanic shop. Everyone is scared of him, and he likes it that way. Close to closing time, a very tall man appears, pushing his vehicle. Murdoc decides to help, unaware of what he was getting himself into. One-shot.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

He was the Satanic Mechanic. It was funny at the time, his few friends would joke about it, he was unsure of who brought it up. The ‘Rocky Horror Picture Show.’ Those lines that were sung by that crossdressing actor would screw his life up for the rest of time.

Strutting proudly into the building, wearing his cut off Black Sabbath shirt; it was stained with grease and his ‘lucky’ inverted cross, he was feared. All of his co-workers would joke around, saying, ‘Ohhh, shit son! Boss will curses you with a monkey wrench if you do that!’ Their joking soon turned to cold blooded terror when they witnessed him screaming in anger because a customer would not pay his bill. And soon, he was working alone. He enjoyed it.

Yes. Satanism. It was more than a religion to him, it was a philosophy and a way of living. Mind your own business and all stupid people should go to hell, if hell were to exist. He was so proud of his beliefs that he would walk in some mornings, carrying his one of many copies of Anton Levey’s “Satanic Bible.” Hard cover of course.

He didn’t care for his job, it was just something to simulate his mind with. If it were his choice, he would spend his days carelessly reading books, but he needed money to buy books. His romance life was no different from his social life. Non-existent. An occasional fuck from a broad would satisfy him, but not his bank account. He didn’t mind, he liked being alone. For the most part.
It was about 6, only a few more hours until closing, the Satanist sighs as he throws a rusty screw driver to the side.

“Fucking Satan, today has been a bitch!” He laughs, a laugh that was deep and rowdy. Just as he was getting comfortable, one of his ‘fellow associates’ swings open the door, eagerly rushing towards him.

“Ey boss, we got a bad one today.”

“Betcha it isn’t as bad as my ass! Where the fuck is it?”

“In the parking lot! Poor guy broke down!” He sighs again, his interest peaking. Why would the vehicle not be parked in the shop? They must be pulling his leg, was it that close to April?

He looks outside, and in the faint sun, there stood a skinny bloke, almost as tall as the vehicle he was currently pushing. Murdoc grabs his co-workers shoulder.

“That vehicle looks like it just got off the conveyor belt! I call bullshit on this. Go home. This job is mine.” Murdoc grins and walks out of the door. He had fresh meat. He grows closer to the man, and notices just how vibrant his hair was. A neon blue. The bloke was dressed very nicely, with the exception of the pit stains forming under his armpits. Murdoc would scale him an 8/10.

“Hello, and welcome. May I be of assistance?” Murdoc says in his scratch voice. The guy steps back, frightened by his sudden arrival. Pushing him aside, Murdoc effortlessly pushes the car towards the shop. The other stands in amazement, watching the rugged male display his strength. It would be impossible for him to do such.

Murdoc trots back to his client, not having broken a sweat.

“Names Murdoc. Waiting room is in the front. Gonna look at your car for a moment, and I will give you the diagnosis in a few.”

“Oh, fank yew. M’names Stuart. Stuart Pot.”

He liked the guy, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t gonna charge up the ass in cash. It was a dirty trick, and he loved it. Dumbasses would walk in, wanting their vehicle fixed and running. They don’t know anything, so you can make up shit and up sale. If all they needed was an oil change, you come back with, ‘Well, I think we should change the steering fluid, and your brake pads are looking a little worn as well.’ You do it, and they pay you. You get money, and they get their vehicle. It was not a good way of making a living, but life isn’t all flowers and rainbows. Especially in the mechanics department, where grease and oil cover your hands and shirts constantly.
Walking into the waiting room, Stuart sat shaking and twitlling his thumbs.

“What’s wrong wif it?”

“Wellowll, your carburetor is rusted out, and the piston rod is stuck in the drive shaft.” He lied.

Stuart brings his long hands to cover his face, and his silently screams.

“I had a job intaview taday…I am screwed. How much is fis gonna cost?”

“Let me see.” Murdoc walks behind the counter and pushes random buttons on the computer to burn time, and build up the suspense.

“It could be around one thousand, or two. Depends on how many new parts need to be ordered.”

“Ordered! How long is dat gonna take!”

“A few months.”

“Ughhhh!” Murdoc walks from the counter and gets ready to walk back into the shop.

“Please sir, I don’t ‘ave much…I just came from rehab, and my family is dependin’ on me ta not ta depend on them. Could yew possibly bring me ta t-“

“No.” How stupid was this kid? He wasn’t going to fall for something that stupid! The rehab part must have been added to get his pity too. How low can you go?

“We close in two hours, if you need a person to come pick you up, feel free to use our phone.” He points to a dingy, phone. It was shining with the grease from all of the workers habitually using it.

Stuart cringes.

“You are welcome to stay, but when we close, we are closed. I want your arse out. One last thing, write your number on the board so we can call your when your car is fixed.” 2D hesitantly gets up to do so, and Murdoc walks out. He loved watching other cripple because of their own stupidity. It was a sin to be an idiot, and you have to pay for it.

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It was 7. He was positive that the blue-haired freak had left by now. He twirls in the chair for a while, and stops when he notices a blue blur. Why was he still here? No, why was he in the shop?

“What yew doin’?”

“Taking a break. Why haven’t you left yet?”

“I don’t know anyone’s numba.” This guy should be dead.

“Well, that’s not my problem. I would start walking if I were you mate.”

“I wanna learn.” What was this retard going on about now?

“I told you, I’m not bringing you to your stupid interview! Now excuse me, I have stuff to do!”
Murdoc picks up a dye and begins screwing it onto a tap, hoping he would look productive, and the other would leave.

“I wanna learn how ta fix cars. I wanna know what I did wrong. Teach me, please.” He turns around, and the tall man was on his knees, his hands folded together. He had to give him props, he put on a really good act, and was very good at making up stories; he should play along.

“So you wanna learn how to fix cars, huh?” He nods quickly.

“First things first. Get me a glass of water.”

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It hit 8 o’clock, and all Stuart learned was how to pull the leaver down for the water fountain. It was impossible to teach him anything, and cars would only be worse. It was hell. He breaths in deeply.

“It’s 8. Time for closing. You still don’t have a ride?” He shakes his head. “Go outside.”

Murdoc closes down the shop, and meets Stuart in the front.

“Look, I don’t usually do this kind of thing, but you’re in a bad situation. Touch anything in my car, and I will chop your balls off, comprende?”

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“So you don’t even know your fucking address! What the hell man!” Murdoc screams as he strategically avoids hitting an 18 wheeler.

“I told yew! Take a left on dat road!”

“THERE IS NO ROAD ON THE LEFT MOTHER FU-“ The road comes into sight as the headlights hit it. He was losing it.

“Sorry…ain’t there a Howard Johnsons down here?”

“Yeah, actually there is…I don-”

“I KNOW WHAT I’M EATTING!” Murdoc turbulently turns the wheel and pulls into the restaurant; parking perfectly, as always.

“You don’t mind? I haven’t had a decent meal in weeks! A little treat, on me!” For the first time that dat, Stuart smiles. Thing were slowly coming up his way.

They walk in the restaurant, and unlike the shop, the restaurant smelled of burnt steak and macaroni. If that wasn’t bad enough, everything around them looked like it had been in a standstill; the late 70’s vibe made Stuart noxious. He absolutely hated Howard Johnsons.
“Table for two, luv! Make it snappy!” Murdoc eyes the nearest waitress and slaps her butt, and laughs. The waitress scoffs and walks away. Finding a decent table, the two sit in silence. Murdoc taps his fingers, and Stuart just had to say something.

“Ey! I know dat song! Iron Man right? I-i…yew were tappin’ ta it…I fought…” No one says that Stuart. That isn’t the social norm.

“Yeah, it was…good ear…you like music?” Not too bad. Maybe he should have said something sooner.

“I love music.” Stuart’s eyes shine as he brings his hands towards his face. It was more than evident that Stuart was hooked on the conversation now. The same could be said for Murdoc.

“I like Blur, oh! The Specials…The Human League, and The Clash is good too!” What was he saying, he should just go now. No one understands him, or likes his music.

“The Clash is greatttt, now, The Specials is ehhhh, I am more of a metal fan. That reggae sound is not my thing.’ He understands. He felt himself shaking. So much information. Useless information that he wanted to tell him. He didn’t even know the man, but he was listening to him. He knew what he was saying.

The pissed of waitress walks to their table, read to take their order. Stuart wanted her to go. He wanted to talk to the man. Murdoc. He wanted his undivided attention.

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They ate and talked. Until 11. Stuart was going crazy, as he explained music theories, Murdoc nodding. The guy had character, it just took a while to find the thing to get him going. He wasn’t as dumb as he thought. They began laughing about something, and the waitress had to politely ask them to leave. Murdoc threw a plate and soon they were in the parking lot, still laughing.

“Murdoc-c! I-I…CAN’T BELIEVE YEW DID THAT!” He started laughing more. Murdoc was ready to collapse himself, as he laughed so hard that his side began to hurt.

As they were settling down, Murdoc wrapped his arm around Stuart’s shoulder. He lazily walked towards his vehicle with 2D. He didn’t question it, but it was really weird. He just meet this guy, and he was already trying to get touchy…not that he minded. He liked to be touched. He pulls Stuart closer to him.

“You ready to go home?” Stuart doesn’t say anything. He was really enjoying talking to someone, and he didn’t want it to end.

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Yup. They were not going to his house. Murdoc decided to go…’off roading.’ He didn’t know what that was until he jerked the wheel to the side again, and was riding in the extremely dark grass. Stuart grabbed at the passengers support handle, or the ‘oh shit’ bar as he mowed his way
into the woods.

“WHAT THE ‘ELL ARE YEW DOIN’? YEW GONNA KILL US!”

“WE ARE GONNA HAVE FUN STUART! FUN!” He lets out a demonic scream as he navigates through the many trees. This was a mistake.

Screaming was futile. It was pointless. No one could hear him over the roaring engine and Murdoc’s weird noises. He wanted to be home. He wanted to go home. He stops the car, causing Stuart to fly into the dash board. They were now in a field, most likely one of those corn fields or something.

“You ready?"

“For wut?” Murdoc stamps his foot on the gas and turns the wheel sharply to the left. The fumes emitting from the vehicle were enough to make him gag, and going in constant circles was not helping.

After doing donuts for god who knows how long, he stops again. He turns the key and turns up the music. David Bowie. How nice.

“LET’S DANCE!” Murdoc suddenly swings the door open, grabbing the frail man’s arm, dragging him out.

“PUT ON YOUR FUCKING SHOES AND DANCE~ LETS SWAYYYYY~” Stuart was still trying to understand what was going on, as his arm was pulled out of the socket.

“IF YOU SAY RUNNNN~ I’LL RUN-WITH YOU~” He had to admit, the guy was not the best at singing, but he was charming. He picks up Stuart’s arm and twirls him around like a ballerina making him giggle.

“IF YOU SAY HIDE, I’ll hide with you~” His voice got slower, and he grew closer.

“Because my love for you, would break my heart in two~” His eyes locked with his.

“If you should, fall into my arms, and tremble like a-FLOWER!” Murdoc opens his arms, but Stuart stood there. The song continues, but Murdoc doesn’t sing along.

“YOU WERE SUPPOSE TO FALL!” Crossing his arms, he goes to sit on the hood of his car. Stuart follows him, laying on the opposite side. It was hot from the engine. It was uncomfortable, but the view keep him in his spot.

“Wow…look at dem stars.”

“Yeah.”

“God is really amazing isn’t he?”

“You believe in god?”

“Yeah, somefin’ out der. Somegin’ had ta make tis.” Stuart taps his fingers on the cold metal, taking in a deep breath.

“I respect that. I for one don’t believe such. We all evolved. We all die. Nothing after that. Just darkness. Enjoy life now.” Stuart wasn’t surprised at his answer. He wasn’t a religious man himself, but he did believe that something had to create them.
“I believe in food, laughter, and music. That’s all that matters in the end. It’s what keeps everyone moving. Without it, what would we be?” He had a valid point. Those three things could cause even the saddest of people to smile. The world really was simple.

“Why do we believe in such an unfair jury system? Why does the government have to have a paper telling them I have been born, and when I have died? Why do we have to have jobs? It’s all stuff people made up over time, mostly the Romans. We are so odd.”

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It had to be 4 in the morning now. Why was he keeping track of time anymore? When he was with this man, time felt non-existent. Nothing else mattered except the car, stars, and Murdoc. They talked on end about social injustice, religion, and music. It was the most ‘adult’ conversation he had ever had. Murdoc had to be the most mature person he knew…well…besides the small anarchy like actions he would pull every now and again. Every hour, the temperature would go down, and Stuart felt himself scoot closer to the warmth beside him. They were practically on one another by morning.

“Stuart, I think I should bring you home…it’s almost 5 in the morning!”

“Nooooooo-“

“Yessssssss, now get up.” Murdoc sits up and pushes the blue-haired man, motioning for him to move, but to no avail.

“Come on now! I need to get sleep before opening for the afternoon!” He doesn’t budge.

“RIGHT! This is ridiculous! Come on weirdo! The car will be warmer!” Stuart shakes his head.

“Only if yew pick me up.”

“AND PUT YOUR ARSE IN THE CAR YOU TOSSEr! I DON’T THINK SO!”

“Well den gewd luck getting’ your car ta move.” Murdoc waits a moment until giving up. He was going to have to pick him up. Gently, he slides his dirty arm around his small waist, and picks him up from the cold exterior. After setting him in the seat and turning on the heat, he sits in the driver’s chair.

“So what street do you live on?”

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It took him 30 minutes, but they figured out what road he lived on. Government Street. It was about 40 minutes away, long enough for Stuart to fall sound asleep. While driving, he would make precious little winning noises. Then he realized just how naïve, adorable, and useful this man could be.

He couldn’t just dump him off, and forget everything they did…could he? No. He wanted to see
him again. It would hurt him. Anytime he would eat at Howard Johnsons, he would think of him. Anytime he looked at the stars, he would think of him. It was tremendously scary, yet wonderful. As he pulls into the bump, long road, he thinks of what he should do. Stuart did not wake when they pulled in, giving him enough time to execute his plan. He kisses the top of his head, and grabs the nearest pen.

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The sunlight was blinding him. How did he get here? Looking at the clock, he saw it was 3 in the afternoon. He stretches his arms and walks into the kitchen. A note was perfectly situated between the napkins holder and his car keys.

Had fun, luv~ Took the liberty of unlocking your door, you really can’t hide your keys well! Anyway, meet me today at 7, I know you most likely woke up at 3 are something. I have a proposal, or let me say, job proposal that you absolutely can’t refuse! Call me when you can-- 666-666-6666
-Murdoc N.
P.s. You really need to check the gas in your vehicle. It can cause it to break down, idiot. He looks outside, and there it was. His car. Well, that would explain the car keys, now wouldn’t it? How embarrassing. He looks in the window. He was an absolute mess. Best take a shower and get ready.

End Notes

MANY REFERENCES! This was the quickest fanfic I have wrote, I just needed a break from 'Grim Partners!' I tell you what, if you can guess at least two reference, I will personally write you a 2Doc story of your choice. Not joking. First person gets it. (Rocky horror picture show one does not count! haha~) If you would like, you are more than welcome to write a continuation to this, and if you decide to, I would love to read it!

I hope you are all doing well-- This is just a little 'present' for you guys! More stuff to come-- I love you all SO VERY MUCH! <3 As always, kudos and comments are very appreciated!

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