

Porno Fuego by Scotty Weeks

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## I The Bar

Bounding from the end of the bar, Bob Farcas was on Henry Sera like a great glandular chipmunk. His cheeks puffed—"HENRY, it's great to see you again! Shots?" A pause to look at the bar ". . . shots!"

"Farcas, you prick, are you trying to get me drunk?"

"Yes."

"Great. I'm a team player, let's see if we can do this thing."

All told, ten shots (of varying content) went down Henry's neck that night, six glasses of Johnny Walker Red Label and four Harp Lagers joined the soirée. The night played out like a series of slides, each out of step with the next. In one slide a waitress smacks Henry in the face; in another slide there's two men bear hugging; another slide has Bob Farcas being hustled out by the bouncers; still another of the slides has the waitress from earlier against a wall with Henry rutting against her; then another waitress, a prettier one; the bar closes and Henry's being driven somewhere in an older Jeep Cherokee, it looks like Flatbush. The dark haired waitress is behind the wheel, and they're careening over lawns. In the ensuing journey a grand total of seven garden fixtures meet their end. (Five gnomes, a small ceramic house, and a pickaninny.)

*Being driven through the twists and turns of Flatbush by a horny, roaring drunk waitress is a life affirming experience. . . Maybe if I keep telling myself this I won't notice when we drive into a parked car at 50. . . Oh, fuck! Okay, we missed that one but there goes another garden gnome. This had better be worth it. . .*

Henry looked back to see the wreckage of the garden gnome, in doing so his mind nearly passed over two things that struck him as out of the ordinary. The first was a baby seat, strange because the girl's body didn't betray any recent birthing activity. The second was a terrified Irish man, Liam Fisk, the owner of the dive bar where Henry had acquired both the stunning black-haired baby-mama and the ticket for the hangover freight train that would be crushing him in the morning. "Liam, how are you doing back there?"

Liam responded with a look of abject horror and rasped "I didn't realize she was this drunk; quit making her laugh, I want to get home in one piece . . . God, I should have caught a fucking cab."

Henry realized that each of the last several swerves were due to some off-handed comment. ("Garden gnomes are bullshit anyway—"; "You're the nicest blind lady I've ever met."; and so forth.) She had the giggles and it didn't really matter what Henry said, every time he spoke the car would lurch and Liam's face would whiten a bit more. The man was getting old and shouldn't have been putting up with this business. "Just let me out here!" Liam called from the back.

The SUV slowed to a reasonably safe speed, a quick calculation fired off in Liam's head—he swung the door open, and bounded across a manicured lawn like an old Irish jack rabbit. The door slammed shut behind him and Henry was thrown back into his seat as they resumed warp speed.

“You know, I didn't even realize he was back there until a second ago.” Henry immediately regretted saying that as they turfed a pickaninny to shrieks of laughter. The strategy for the rest of the ride would be to maintain absolute silence unless they were at a stop light; this worked, more or less. They pulled into the waitress's parking garage and climbed the stairs to her apartment. Inside it was, to his surprise, immaculate.

*I don't know her name. Why do I always do this? Let's see, there's a note on the refrigerator, nope . . . but there is an electric bill. . . . Ann Beck. Great, as long as she doesn't have any roommates I should be fine.*

Ann handed him a beer, the cap that she put on the counter was the only clutter in the entire place. Her Blackberry went off; she ignored it and reached out to grab him by the shirt. Henry marveled at her speed and accuracy, she wasn't as drunk as he had originally thought. He reasoned that she was simply a terrible driver. Henry returned the grope, set the full beer on the counter, and they tussled down the hallway into the bedroom where he pushed her over and went about the business of clothes removal. The process was efficient; there was no deft bra unclasping, no sliding the other's shirt off, no dainty strip tease. The job took seconds, with no stray socks or pant legs left wrapped around the ankles—each took care of their own affairs, both were experts in the field.

He spat on her pussy and buried his face in it. Long, soft laps at first, just enough to open her up and get things going. She grabbed the back of his head and held him there, suffocating him slightly. One finger, two, three. He grabbed one of her wrists and moved up, pinning it to the bed as he rose. His mouth on her belly, her tits, her neck. One hand holding hers behind her head, the other arm laid across her chest, hand wrapped around her throat. Going in slow and getting the pace, then it's time to start moving. It's like alternating sprinting and jogging. Henry would slow down when he was so out of breath that his hard-on started to go away. Then it's head down between her legs until she begins buckling under an orgasm. Then up again and right back into it. Women have their differences, but this rhythm was a good baseline.

Looking at her, something went off in his head. He reached down for his digital camera, the one he brought with him in order to catalog his first night back in town, it already had shots of his old buddies in various states of disarray. There was one of his balls on someone's shoulder, and one of Bob Farcas punching a guy; he couldn't help but think that this was a great opportunity to one-up the entire memory card. “Hey Ann, do you look good in pictures?”

“Yeah.” No hesitation.

He grabbed her by the back of the head and plunged his cock down her throat. *Snap!* Slapped her in the face. *Snap!* Turned her over and pulled her ass cheeks apart. *Snap!* If she wasn't into it there wasn't any indication. Henry started fucking her again in earnest, with a goal. After a few more cycles, he pulled out and came in her mouth. He tried to get some on her face but there was a miscommunication and she caught all of it. Only mildly disappointed, Henry eased her down gently and laid between her legs. She pulled out the Blackberry, which had been beeping at intervals, and started texting as he began to lick her again.

"Ha! Check this out." She turned the Blackberry around so he could see:

cant talk now theres a fine ass boy eating my pussy :p

She's a pervert, he thought to himself with glee and his cock started getting hard again. A wave of happiness washed over his body as he got back to work. For the next hour he fucked her pussy, her ass, her mouth. He choked her, spit in her mouth, gagged her with her underwear. He set the camera up and hit the video button, getting as much as he could in the light. This time when he finished he managed to get it right where he wanted it.

## 2 Morning

Henry heard the shower going off; one eye opened, then the other. Immediately regretting having opened them, he rolled over and pulled a pillow up across his head. This wasn't like him at all, where was his coat? Why was *he* the one still in bed, hung over? None of it made much sense. Historically speaking, Henry had an epic recovery cycle and prided himself on being back in action far faster than fellow revelers; not so today.

He stood up, too quickly at first, then on the second attempt managed to weave down the hall to the bathroom. Ann was just coming out of the shower stall, grinning, satisfied with herself and scrubbing her hair with a towel. She looked good in the light of day; built like a brick shithouse, bathed in a smug glow from fucking the house down the night before. Her hair was more brunette in this light, her whole person more wholesome. Wholesome in a way that made his dick hurt.

"Hey, do want to brush your teeth?" He winced at the idea of using her toothbrush, despite his tongue having been up her ass the night before. This bit of illogic bothered him briefly before he decided to let it go.

"Um, sure—"

"Cool, here you go." She handed him a fresh, unopened toothbrush package. This was a trick he knew pretty well but he never had the pleasure of being on the receiving end of it. *Total fucking Type A, we'd never get along.*

The key is to buy in bulk, ten or twelve at a time, and keep them in individual packs. When someone stays over, hand them a toothbrush, unless

they were shit in bed—then just get them out as quickly as possible. The gesture serves a couple purposes: if you were bad in the sack the night before, couldn't get it up or whatnot, it serves to leave a good impression—probably the only one that she'll remember anyway since, unless it was catastrophically bad sex, the details were likely forgotten by morning's light. If you were great in the sack, it just seals the deal and encourages referral sex as she brags to her friends about how thoughtful you are. Also, it's just a nice thing to do.

By the time Henry was showered and re-clothed Ann was striding down the hallway, groomed immaculately. "Breakfast?"

"Sure, it's your neighborhood though, you pick. As long as it's a diner—I've been hanging for a skillet of greasy meats."

"There's a decent place over on the way called Sal's."

"Great."

"Say, you know that text last night?" He had forgotten but then a smile broke as he remembered.

"Yeah, that was hilarious, although I object to being treated like a piece of meat . . . a piece of throbbing, hard meat."

"Here goes—"

"Ouch."

"Anyway, the guy texting me was this dude that I dated for, like, a week back in January. He keeps stalking me, last night he was climbing up the side of the fucking building to spy on me from my balcony and he fell."

"What?" *I didn't just hear that.*

"Yeah, he took a dive and screwed up his leg. He kept begging me to come down and talk to him."

"And you told him that you couldn't because a fine-assed boy was eating your pussy?"

"Yup." She was a character.

"Do you know what happened?"

"He made it back to his truck and drove to the hospital with one leg."

"Poor fella, I sure hope it was an automatic." *That's a relief.*

They dropped into Sal's; the meal was good, greasy potatoes, over medium eggs, and a healthy amount of Tabasco sauce. The hangover started to recede. Small talk prevailed—weather, climate, the sort of work that Henry did, the sort of work that Ann wanted to do eventually. Henry picked up the bill and Ann dropped him off at his hotel in Midtown.

Ann reached a hand over and grabbed his thigh before he got out of the car. "Let's catch up again."

"Wednesday?"

"I have a friend in town, she's hot."

"I'll call you on Wednesday then."

His hotel was one of those ritzy joints—marble floors, Victorian finishes, concierges wearing jackets with epaulettes—the works. Henry was unshaven,

wearing a shirt that said “Sorry about what happens later.” He looked like a man who had been up all night banging a waitress. There was always an internal struggle that went on for Henry when he ended up in these circumstances, a struggle over whether he should own his trashiness or feel sheepish about it. As he waited for the elevator he leaned on the wall, deciding to own it.

His room was a mess and he’d only been here a day. There was only one suitcase but most of its contents were draped over the various fine pieces of mock turn of the century furniture. No matter how much he traveled he never quite got the knack of putting his toiletries all in one bag at the top of his luggage. Every trip would see half of his clothes soaked in cologne and toothpaste and him digging through everything just to find his contact lens case. He always figured it was just the divine hand of providence forcing him to do laundry more often.

The first order of business was not tidying up, however, it was unloading the photos to see how well he did, it all seemed hot in the moment of course, but you can never tell how good a vagina is going to look at 1268 x 1024 until it’s staring at you in naked RGB glory. The thumbnails flashed as his memory card scanned, he had done well. Really well. His cock, still beaten up and sore, was swelling against his zipper and it fucking hurt. He began to rub one out as he flipped through his handiwork.

Craig Ettlesworth didn’t actually break his leg. His ankle was twisted, purple, and angry but his bones were intact. The lack of a fracture was the one thing that didn’t go catastrophically wrong for Craig last night. The things that did go wrong centered around watching his ex-girlfriend getting fucked in the ass. For a long time—and that wasn’t all, the guy did some mean shit, really mean, not the sort of thing that you should do to a girl. Even worse was that she seemed to like it.

Ann had broken up with Craig just a little over a month before, (*38 days, to be precise. . .*) and to be fair it wasn’t even a real break up because they barely dated. Still, Craig felt like there was something important there, something he didn’t want to let go of. The truth is, Craig was a stalker. He would never classify himself in that light, of course. As far as he was concerned he was just a romantic, a man unlucky in love who was finally getting out of the house. He spent the first three weeks after the breakup in his apartment, alternately haunting Anne’s Facebook page and masturbating. His apartment had that sad, stagnant smell of dirty laundry and come. Eventually, he got himself together enough to leave his room and had been creeping around Ann for several weeks now. Other than that clumsy dive last night he didn’t believe that he had been noticed.

The night before was stuck in his head, every frame replayed itself for him, mercilessly. He tried to wipe it out of his thoughts but everything he looked at triggered a replay. Reading the *Times*, his eyes fell on an article about the Governor schtupping that hot, high priced Jersey girl. Going for a walk didn’t work, apparently there’s a new billboard campaign for condoms that works

by using models so hot that people just start fucking in the streets. He knew that the only way to get away from that torment was to sit somewhere quiet and clear his head of all thoughts, Buddha-style. Still, no matter how hard he concentrated he couldn't empty his mind.

Craig might not have been an enlightened Asian prince but he instinctively knew how to find peace when all else failed. Serious masturbation is meditation for people with short attention spans. As he went at it he kept coming back to those images of Henry and Ann, each time he'd just go harder, trying to exorcize the images from his head. Eventually something broke; it was like swimming naked for the first time, the shame and anger faded into the background and he was actually getting off on thinking about her with someone else.

An academic studying cuckold fetishists would be fascinated to see the inner workings of Craig's mind. His pituitary gland was ejecting shame-shaped peptides all over his brain, alone that would have made him angry, or jealous, or consumed him with guilt. But Craig's brain was also full of warm coital dopamine. The more he beat off, the more ashamed he was, but the shame was starting to turn him on. The jealousy got his blood pumping in all the right places. After a while the thought of Ann getting nailed by another guy was enough to give him an instant Pavlovian hard on.

### 3 Fortune Favors The Brave

Craig's truck keened off of the Brooklyn/Queens Expressway into the alley where *The Cock and Swan* was situated. As far as small divey bars go, this one had all of the bona fides. The night was for the singles and the hip kids but the daytime was for the regulars. They lined the bar and they worked in bank lobbies, sold newspapers, drove cabs, swept floors. . . .

Helen Mankenck saw Craig as he walked toward the bar "Hey hon, I don't think Ann's on for another hour." She was the day shift, she'd been there since the building was constructed in 1893 and would likely remain until well after a Nuclear Holocaust cleansed all of the weaker lifeforms from the surface of our little green hunk of space-rock.

"Yeah, I know, I just figured I'd grab a quick beer. Yuengling, if you don't mind." Craig sat himself between a Men's Warehouse suit and a blue wind-breaker.

"What happened to your leg?"

"I fell off of a fire escape." Cringe. "Well, I really shouldn't have been up there in the first place. I'm all patched up though, just a sprain."

Helen did that thing where Craig couldn't quite tell if he was being disapproved of, then she poured him a beer. Then another. Helen kept your glass full so you couldn't just up and break away from the bar without being forced to leave a pint behind; it was a foolproof tactic for keeping the regulars around. Craig didn't really like to drink that much but he felt like he had to stay if he had any chance of seeing Ann today.

An hour and a half later Ann came through the front and made to walk right by him, shooting him a cruel wink.

“Hey Ann.”

“What?”

“Sorry about last night, I want you to know that I’m happy for you.”

“Happy that I got laid?”

“Happy that you’re having fun.” Amazingly, he felt like he was being honest. “What’s the guy’s name?”

“Henry. Apparently he used to be a regular but he moved out of the city a while back, I dunno, a lot of people know him.”

From behind the bar Helen perked up, teeth clenched around a toothpick she’d been chewing since the late Mesozoic “Henry? Shit Honey, you’re doomed, he’s a heartbreaker.”

“Nothing to worry about, it’s just a shag.”

“In that case you’re a lucky girl, I hear he fucks like a pitbull.”

A visible ripple of revulsion washed over Ann and Craig, it was the closest thing to a shared moment that the two had experienced since they stopped seeing each other. Doing her best to pretend that she didn’t hear Helen’s comment Ann looked at Craig and said “I’m probably going to see him again, maybe you should lay off the weird shit.”

“No problem, I swear, I’m over it. Is he coming in here tonight?”

“See? That’s weird shit. Stop it.”

“I told you I was over it.” There was a pause and a glance to emphasize the point. “Anyway, I’ll see you girls later, I’d better get out of here before Helen gets me drunk.” Craig finished his drink, laid the money on the bar and walked out with last night’s visions playing tug-of-war in his head.

Ann> helen just told me that u fuck like a pit bull. Craig was at the bar and limped out like nothing was up. going to be a weird day.

Henry> good fucking lord i think my cock tried to escape through my belly button. cant get it out of my head. need mind bleach.

Henry put his phone away and walked around the hotel room, it was getting later in the afternoon and his hangover was fading into the distance. He wished he hadn’t ended up with a hotel in midtown, the desolate stretch of generic Irish bars and swarms of elephantine Midwestern tourists were too much to bear with a brain still sweating whisky fumes. Fortune favors the brave, Henry reminded himself, and bravery means getting right back on that boozy mare.

Cutting over to 42nd street, he walked into the subway stop for the A train. Subway stations are devices built for amplifying the effect of an otherwise benign hangover, they were constructed by the city of New York in 1910 as a plot by the temperance movement to torture drunks. Even in the winter the atmosphere is thicker inside a station, the rush of wind from approaching trains is

the only relief from the otherwise ultimately still air. Henry boarded the train, the unsteady rocking of the carriage car sent hot shivers over the surface of his skin.

Getting out at West 4th Henry caught a refreshing blast of cold air and walked over to *Denny Flaherty's* where Bob Farcas was bellied up to the bar. "I'll never understand what it is with you and these fucking Irish bars, Bob."

"I'm pretty sure I told you to shut up." Bob wasn't doing too well either.

"Jesus, this is going down like razor blades. Why are we doing this again?"

"Because it's fun. You like fun, don't you Henry?"

"I suppose."

The vacation was following its natural trajectory, the first night would be a ripper, men would be mighty, women would be conquered; the great warriors of the first night would meet again in the afternoon like a club of tired old codgers, reluctantly sipping away at light beers until, through sheer force of will, they were able to claw their way up to the level of reverie that got them there in the first place. Henry could do this for two weeks straight if he had to. Once, during a long-lasting spell of foolhardy overconfidence he did it for three weeks, that was a mistake.

"So who's coming tonight?"

"Ed said he'd make it out, and Ken Reese, you remember him?" Bob did this thing where he'd always ask if you remembered someone, regardless of how long you all had known each other.

"Nice, I haven't seen them in a while. And yeah, you remember that we worked with Ken for, like, a year at the Cock and Swan?" Henry knew that the question wouldn't be answered or even acknowledged but he felt compelled to ask it anyway.

"Oh, and I have a surprise for you, do you know Craig Ettlesworth?" *Sure enough.*

"Doesn't ring a bell."

"I invited him out, you'll like him; you guys have something in common."

"Right." *Wait for it.*

"Ann."

"You're a grade-A cunt, Bob." But it didn't really matter, this was the sort of stunt that Bob was famous for. The man took an almost preternatural delight in making other people squirm.

"I called him this afternoon and invited him out, just for you."

"Did he tell you about his leg?" Henry repeated what Ann told him, with each word Bob's eyes would sparkle just a bit more . . . he was like a cat with someone stroking its mean streak. When Henry got to the part about the text messaging Bob was impressed, though purely on a professional level. A short while later Craig limped through the door.

"Craig! Man, what the holy Hell happened to you?"

"Er, hi Bob." *There he is.* . . .

"Have you met Henry?"

"No, not really. I'm pretty sure we've seen each other around though." Craig's cheeks felt warm and he couldn't shake the feeling that everybody

knew he'd been beating off all day.

"Probably have, Hank gets around." Bob was currently the happiest man in the tri-state area.

"Well, it's nice to officially meet you." Forced smile. "Beer?"

And so it went until each of their humps had been passed, Henry and Bob had hangovers to conquer, Craig just had to make it past the shame and the lack of sleep. He was careful not to drink too much and waited until the boys were deep into one of their pissing matches. Henry's camera was sat on the bar, Craig grabbed it and switched it on. Sure enough, there were somewhere on the order of two hundred photos on it—almost definitely photos from last night.

"Guys," Craig held up the camera "photo?" On cue, they made stupid faces and manly poses—eyes arched, chins and chests out. Craig snapped a few shots, when he put the camera down he slid the memory card out of it and replaced it with one that he had bought on the way to the bar. They were different sizes, but he figured the difference between a card that says 12 gigs or 18 isn't the sort of thing that people like Henry pick up on, the guy was probably drunk when he bought it, anyway.

"Craig, I do believe that Henry knows your friend Ann." It was only a matter of time before this happened.

"Jesus Herbert Walker Christ, Bob . . . yeah, Craig we got together last night, I guess you guys had some history?" Henry was doing his best to keep from staring at Craig's splint.

"Heh, yeah, don't worry about it, we went out a couple of months ago. It was no big thing." Craig didn't even have to force the smile this time, he was just thinking about getting home and getting the photos off of the memory card.

"Right on, I'm glad that there's no weirdness." Truth be told, Henry felt a good deal of weirdness in the air. This wasn't the sort of reaction that he would expect from somebody that had injured themselves spying on him the night before. Somebody who had been updated via text message as to the whereabouts of his ex girlfriend's vagina and its proximity to another man's mouth.

Craig hustled out the door on his crutches, waving goodbye just as Ed Shumacher and Ken Reese came in. Henry's sense of weirdness faded as the drinks and the shouting picked up steam. Soon the night was back in slideshow mode.

Heading home and desperately fingering the memory card in his pocket, Craig was wishing that the train would go faster. But it wasn't going faster, it was lingering at each stop. He'd look out the window and double-check each station, hoping that he'd missed one. De Kalb Ave finally appeared and he was at the doors, leaning forward with purpose. The day was nice, it was still cold enough that Bushwick didn't smell like rotting pigeons and garbage. The sun burned the clouds away for him as he approached his apartment.

Sitting at his computer, he jiggled the mouse to wake it up, as soon as the screen lit he shoved the card in. Craig's stomach was twisting like a bolus of snakes, each step in the process jarred his guts, he couldn't really tell if it was something he wanted to see or not, he just couldn't stop himself.

the photos appeared one by one on his screen. The first 20 or so were just stupid drunk guy snapshots, if Bob Farcas could collect a fee for each time his genitals appeared in public he'd have a penthouse in SoHo. Then the real pics showed up, at first they were innocent, Craig remembered having that view of Ann . . . looking at her pouting and posing underneath him. That oil and water mix of shame and lust sloshed around, it felt like it went from his gut into the bottom of his balls. The pics continued and each one dialed up the intensity a bit more. Then he got to the videos.

## 4 Hump Day

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