

Porno Fuego

1 May 2009

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 SUV, the dark haired waitress is behind the wheel, and they're careening over lawns in the suburbs. In the ensuing journey a grand total of seven garden fixtures meet their end. (Five gnomes, a small ceramic house, and a pickaninny.)

Okay Henry, being driven through the twists and turns of suburban West Seattle 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 whole process 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 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 has a method, he knows it’s time to slow down when he’s so out of breath that his hard-on starts 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 a shot 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 place over off of Admiral."

"Perfect."

"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." Eyes roll.

"Ouch." Hurt is feigned.

"Anyway, the guy texting me was this dude that I dated for, like, a week back in December. 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 a West Seattle diner; 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 downtown.

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. The first order of business 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 full 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 weeks before, 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. . .