

Christopher Malo

*Blown Away*

His stomach was in such a state of turmoil, he wasn't even convinced he would be able to go through with it. The collar of his jacket was pulled up to protect his neck from the crisp air, and his hat was pulled down far enough to cover his eyebrows. It was the impossible situation of needing to see, but not wanting to avoid being seen. Despite the temperature, he found his hands to be sweating, so he stuffed them in his pockets to wipe his clammy palms off. He opened and closed his hands in fists in the jeans pockets to relieve himself of some anxiety and nervous energy. It didn't work.

He had come here, because this is where you come for these types of things. On the one hand it gave him a sense of ease, because someone's presence here was immediately understood and accepted. But with that also carried with it inherent risks. Like the risk of being exposed or arrested or discovered. And all for something he wasn't completely sure he wanted to do.

He was sure before he got here. For years it was something that preoccupied his mind. A secret curiosity that he couldn't seem to shake. He tried to talk himself out of it, knew that society judged his secret desires, and therefore was left to himself to try and rid himself of his longings and harborings. The advent of the computer only fueled his obsession. At first it was an entirely new realm. Having access to pictures and videos in the privacy afforded him a chance to indulge in this secret world, and he did just that. But eventually, the newness wore off and the porn became rote. It no longer satiated him. He was sure he was ready to take things to the next logical step. Sure at least, until he got here.

Two things coursed through him as he stood in the shadows. Two feelings that he he couldn't contain and although he couldn't explain how, he was convinced were about to rise up and seep out of him. Excitement and fear. As soon as he began to identify one, the other bulldozed its way into his consciousness. Then it would happen again.

Absentmindedly, he fished a cigarette out of his pocket. Sparking his lighter, he was careful not

to look at the flame. It would temporarily effect his night vision, and he didn't want that to happen, no matter how brief. The consequences of missing something could be tragic. He could get robbed, arrested or worse, miss picking the perfect one.

Taking a drag, his eyes searched. He knew the shadows of the side street were not the optimal position, but it was his staging area where he go himself prepared. Not so much in the physical, but mentally. He had never paid for sex before, and didn't want to come off as an amateur and be taken advantage of. He needed to appear as if this was routine. He needed to be smart and safe, all while engaging in something seedy. What propelled him in the face of logic, law and all misgivings was the thought. The thought of his years of obsession being tangible. Within his grasp. And as his mind traipsed down that path of thought, his feet engaged and began to move him.

Each step took him closer, as unconvinced and unbelievable as it seemed. He wanted to turn off his brain and demand his body alone to take over. That was not going to happen, so he directed his movements to the corner. No longer in the dark, the street lamps lit up the bustling area, which at this time, on this corner, seemed to put the freakshow in the spotlight on display.

There were those who were spilling out of the tightly packed bars and clubs in the neighborhood. Many had entrances and exits in the sidestreets and alleyways. On the one hand, being here with so many people seemed like a bad idea, but it was also a calculated risk. He couldn't imagine anyone he knew being here, and thought he could blend in more anonymously. It also afforded him an opportunity to look over his options more inconspicuously.

His eyes swept the streets, surveying. He picked one out, not sure if she was the prettiest, or pretty at all. But the point wasn't to get the sexiest one. It was to just do it. Finally. He headed straight toward her, standing in the doorway of the 24 hour video store. Make eye contact, make eye contact, make eye contact, he told himself. He thought this would give the impression he had done this before, and wasn't afraid or ashamed. The second she made eye contact, he averted his eyes. From watching tv

and reading the internet, he thought these types of exchanges began by asking if she was looking for a date. Taking a drag from her cigarette and throwing it to the ground, she said yes in deep voice that reminded him of an older, admonishing uncle. She asked if he had some place to go and when he said no, she told him to follow her. He did.

A series of cuts and turns down the alleys of the neighborhood, and they came to the rear doorway of a restaurant. Two huge, dumpsters with trash spilling over created a space where they wouldn't be seen by anyone, should they approach from either direction.

Terms were negotiated. She got on her knees. He said he wanted to see it first. She told him that wasn't what they agreed on. He said he would give her another twenty just to see it. She yelled at him for calling it that. He asked to see her boy pussy then. She turned lifted her skirt. He stared. She turned and showed him her small dick. His head exploded. She got on her knees.