

The Inconsolable Whore

The sin was apparent in the beginning.

I understood my purpose, as we all did, entering the putrid interior of the strip club. The hot unsavory night filled our lungs as a numbing dew covered our bodies.

Everything was shiny red and the seats look luscious. You sit down and the chair engulfs welcoming you to your dreams. Everyone smiles and nobody thinks too much.

This was all planned; it was nature. Synapses stopped firing as I sat down, all I knew was instinct. The vixens danced and showed us their tits. Always happy to give away the goods for a few dollars.

You always forget alcohol's touch, no matter how many times you are groped. At first subtle but then it hugs you, furiously, squeezing you until you pass out and all perception is myth. One seemingly flawless vision approached me, spotting the wounded deer in the herd.

"You wanna a dance?" asked the pair of legs.

My self-destructive friend sensed my hesitation, "Just do it Barry, pussy's got to be fresh."

"Fuck it," I stuttered with a loose tongue.

Led away into an illustrious cave I was placed on a precipice. Mirrors everywhere help me not miss a thing. I unbuttoned an extra notch on the shirt, casually... I hoped, in the need of more physical contact. The arousal ensued and my cock rose. Knowing there was no pay off, I still felt sensation. Why dwell on a disappointing future when the present could be infinitely more delusional. Time flew and I was led back to purgatory.

Fueled by unrealistic expectations and alcohol fire, the merry-go-round kept spinning as I was continually led back to the edge of climax by my vision.

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Then I was alone with reality, what an ugly bitch. I was abandoned. All my faceless friends had faded away. With the music gone and the act over, all that was left were demands. Flight was not an option, as a large man stood between me and freedom.

“Where’s the money?” he commanded with his muscles.

I checked the wallet... empty. But I saw the plastic answer instead. Stumbling over to the ATM, I prayed that rent hadn’t been payed. That life had paused for this fuck up. I slid my card and hoped that this lady would be the one to accept me.

No dice. The screen flashed YOUR FUCKED! I moseyed back with panic fueled thoughts. What is my play? Can I make for the door? Do they accept mulligans? I pray that Benjamins don’t quantify into broken bones.

I faced Muscles and summoned the courage to whimper. Defaming myself and pleading for my life, “I can get the money tomorrow. I promise to have it by tomorrow afternoon.” Tears filled my eyes. I clutched onto Muscles, hoping his swings would be less furious if I narrowed the gap.

The truth was he was not the one to fear. I had awoken the viper queen as she furiously slithered over from her corner where she had impatiently been observing. Her jingle signified her approach and crescendo when she was on top of me. She began shouting obscenities, always focusing on my obvious deficiencies.

“You fucking bum, what kind of jackass comes to a strip club with no money!?! No wonder I felt nothing as I danced on you! You’re not a man, you’re a dickless wonder!” There was more but it all has the same theme.

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She began to lunge at me. Muscles gingerly held her back, his only real concern was her ripping his undersized black t-shirt. When he thought I had taken enough verbal abuse he grabbed me and guided me out.

“Where do you live?” he smoothly uttered while staring deadly ahead, ever conscious of the task. I stuttered out my address. Knowing that any false statement or action would result in trauma. We moved towards his vehicle, a beautiful black dodge charger, a symbol of nudities benefits. He then firmly placed me inside the car.

My mind raced with thoughts of cliché puns I could use to sting his ego but never piss off a cliché that can dismantle your body. Focusing on simply the windshield I fixated on being invisible, trying ever so slightly to sink into the leather interior and never... never breaking the silence.

However the tension crippled my system and attacked my lungs. I had to speak, my body revolted and reflexes took over, I turned and spewed.

“The bouncer gig must pay well.”

Muscles did not contract or relax, there was simply nothing as he stared vacantly ahead already onto the next day. Somehow I felt relief. Instantaneously I was home.

Muscles escorted me to the door, handed me a note, time and place of the meet along with my bill.

“Don’t forget the money,” monotone as always. He wrote something on a piece of paper for him, my address no doubt. I nodded, slipped quickly into my house and hit the mattress within seconds, darkness, safe.

Light, brain, function resuming.

“What the fuck.”

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Nightmare or dream, I pondered? I was hoping to forget but even alcohol couldn't have drowned out that incident. I didn't even need the note stuck to my hand to confirm.

Shit...I don't have the money. I felt my bones snap. There are some things you can will into existence in this world, but cash isn't one of them.

Only way out, lies. So I call a woman who will believe them, mom.

Phone, dial, ring, answer

"Hello" a loving voice calls out from the other line.

"Hi mom."

"Well isn't this a nice surprise. How's it going sweetie?" Her loving tone brings upon shame as I know the future but I must press on.

"Not too well," Always ease into it.

"What's wrong?"

"I woke up today and my front bumper was on the ground in front of my car. Someone slammed into it late last night," terrible but vague while also being in the past inspires sympathy.

"Oh my god that's awful! Did anyone see anything?"

"No and I slept through it because I was a little drunk," throw in something plausible to help sell the reality then turn towards the point.

"Luckily a buddy of mine owns a shop and says he would fix it for a couple hundred bucks," she doesn't know the value of the bumper.

"That's good," she knows what's coming but plays coy.

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“The truth is I don’t have the money and I was wondering if you could wire it to me today. I can pay you back later but need it today so I can get to work tomorrow,” truth mixed in with lies is always easier to swallow.

“Did you call your insurance company to see if they would cover it?”

“I did and they will but I would end up paying more,”

“Why do you only call me when you need something. Just once I want a phone call that simply is about me and my day.”

There had to be some sort of punishment for last night, but I would take this tongue lashing over the actual lashing Muscles would give me.

“I know mom and I’m sorry. Let’s do this, I can never ask you for something again without calling you first and asking you about your day?”

I don’t know if I can live up to this but I know it makes her feel better that I’m at least trying. There is a pause at the other end of the phone.

“Sure honey I will wire you the money just give me an hour.”

“Thanks, Mom. You’re the best. I will call you back tomorrow and tell you how it all went and ask about your day.”

Hangup, you want the conversation to end quickly so the lies will end and not be challenged. You know your mother would give you the money if presented with the real scenario. However, she’d rather save a saint than a sinner.

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Waited, for what I assumed was an eternity and then hopped in my car. Sped towards the western union. Flushed out the cash. Mothers are always prompt. Flew towards the rendezvous with my salvation.

Denny's, a usual post strip club destination, would now always be tainted. I was late. I spotted muscles immediately, but another creature stood beside him I didn't recognize. I circled the lot and found a place. Walking swiftly but cautiously I approached muscles. Suddenly I cringed knowing that the ghoul who accompanied him was formerly the vision. In the light of day, I saw a grizzled piece of meat in bedazzled garlands.

My anger began to drown out my fear. This is what I had paid for?

Muscles starred me down the whole way. He wasn't angry. He knew I had the money. You don't show without the money.

"Where's the money?" the meat demanded. I held the money in the air. I thought about saying something, however I felt an imminent crack to my skull.

Muscles grabbed it, counted, and signaled their departure. My anger turned to relief as they walked away.

The end... or so I wished.

Two years later...it all started the same way: sin, debauchery, faceless friends, the setting was different.

I was ready this time for the exchange of paper for pleasure. All former events forgotten.

I sat down and noticed a vision approaching from the side. I turned to take her in only to realize that it was her, the grizzled meat.

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Oh shit! She had returned to her nightly form where beauty was draped on by alcohol and low lighting. I prayed that she didn't remember me. How could she, my anonymity was ensured by an endless parade of clients.

But she did remember me, instantly. That stupid face of hers changed without a second thought. She approached and I braced for the anger, then the unexpected. Mucus came spewing forth as she fell into my arms. Somehow I broke her without a word.

Unprompted she began speaking for the travesties that had befallen her in the past two years. Details were drowned out by whimpering. What I could ascertain was her and Muscles had a falling out, the loss of several jobs, and perhaps a miscarriage.

Sitting there stunned, unwilling to accept any responsibility. I had so many question that I didn't want answered. In the end what I did utter was "How about a dance?"