

Dark room

'No, no, I'm not doing that!'

'Come on, Don't be so narrow-minded, John.'

'Going to a joint like that, frequented by dirty old men only? No way!'

'Nonsense, these places are hot again, with younger people especially.'

'It's the anonymity that puts me off. Sex without intimacy doesn't do it for me.'

I had the same discussion with my more free-spirited friends over and over again as they tried to convince me, now that I was single again, to go out more and get...

Without success: I refused to go.

But after months without a decent lay, my animal instincts got the upper hand and the anonymity of the affair suddenly seemed to be a plus. Although I would still have to enter the bar and expose myself embarrassingly to the spying looks of other customers.

Fortunately, there was nobody yet in the bar I had finally chosen to enter. The barman gave me a professional, neutral look. The glass of beer he put in front of me I drank in one gulp. I couldn't sit still and decided to take a look in the room at the end of the bar, now that there was still no risk of encountering someone there.

Inside the room, I stopped in my tracks immediately, blinded as I was by the darkness. The smell of sweat and other animal odours was penetrating. Only when my eyes got used to the

dusky atmosphere I started to discern some things that were present in the room: benches, appliances, ropes, shiny metallic objects. I was afraid and excited at the same time and, strangely enough, the fear seemed to stimulate the excitement.

All of a sudden, something moved. A silhouette, a shadow. What the fuck? There was another customer present after all! I tried to run off but it seemed as if my feet were glued to the floor.

It was only when the anonymous person stood next to me that I could discern some of his features: he was small, had a large moustache and wore a cap. His torso was nude and I saw what I thought to be a tattoo on his right lower arm. He took hold of me and started kissing me wildly. The slimy tongue that penetrated my mouth tasted pleasantly salty and his breath smelled of masculine tobacco. His rough beard scraped my skin, which sent the shivers down my spine. All of a sudden a hand grasped my crotch. Too fast! I thought. I will be cumming too soon! But then he let loose again, fortunately. It was clear that he had a lot of experience. He uttered a growl of satisfaction and started to unfasten my belt. Moments later my pants dropped and two hands firmly grabbed my buttocks. Wet hot lips kissed my belly button and started to work their way downwards. In a single easy move, my underwear was torn down and my erect penis entered the mouth of my sex partner. I exploded internally and while I threw my head backwards I emitted a cry of excitement. An unbelievably soft tongue started to massage my glans.

Oh God, I forgot the protection! And I had been so determined to practise safe sex only! I grabbed the packet of condoms that I had put in my shirt pocket. Too late: my hot seamen

already squirted in my benefactor's mouth. He rose, kissed me intensely and moved off in the dark. Who was he? Would I be able to recognize him outside of this room? Would I want to?

I stumbled outside. The bar was still empty. I wanted to leave straight away but my legs felt weak and I had to sit down for a while to regain my strength. The barman served me another beer. And while his look was still neutral, I thought to see a small ironic quiver in the corner of his mouth. I gulped the beer in one go again and was about to leave when an old, wrinkled man arrived from the back of the bar. He wore a sailor's cap and a black leather jacket hung loosely around his bronzed, shrunk upper body that must have been a muscular torso in a distant past. A blue packet of tobacco protruded from his pocket.

'Hi Leo,' the barman said while nodding in my direction. 'Finally a satisfying night for you again.' The sailor took the stool next to me and put his shrivelled hand on my thigh. I saw the tattoo on his arm: an anchor of which the two hooks were replaced by large, erect penises. When I looked up in horror, the man smiled broadly, displaying a toothless mouth. A slimy string of spittle stretched itself between palate and tongue, to snap soundless and in slow motion a little later.

I jumped from my stool and ran off. In my hurry, I bumped into someone who was passing outside.

'Hi, John, what a coincidence!'

Roy, my ex. ... him.

'Eh, yes, hi.'

'But.. no, don't tell me you went to the Dark Horse, did you?' He sounded slightly shocked.

'No, no, well ... yes, I did.'

'Jesus, John! Nobody goes there anymore! Only Leo, but who wants him? Wanna know what they call him nowadays?'

'Well...'

'Captain Chlamydia.'