

## "Bingo!!! Do I Hear a 'Bingo'"

Ok, so I'm on like another show for Extasy and damn, this was another one of those kinky ass ones. Here I am, dancing for this beautiful, dark tanned, middle aged woman. Decked out in this off-white bikini stringled doo dah and stacked like a chimney. Slow dancing, grinding, eye to eye babe. Her husband four feet to the left, video camera rollin' like pebbles in a stream. Crazy, huh? Well anyway, things start heatin' up even more before I sat her on this wall length sofa. Were in the cabin of a boat incidentally on the Ohio River at three o'clock in the fuckin' morning. Stradlin' her legs between mine, I layed my crotch onto her chest slowly haulin' ass towards her face. Good entertainment turn good felacio and, hey, the show tape ends and like now what? I just kinda remembered old daddy boy to my left. Granted the guy was only about five foot five and a buck ten but shit, it was still his wife and bullets ain't nothin' to balk at. Well, so I'm like pivoting my gead real amiable like and in full respect of his status. He's like holding out the cash. Meanwhile his old lady is darting into the rear of the boat.

"Can ya do a little extra?"

I'm thinkin' shit, I've done broke every rule in the Ohio Revised Code on sexual offenses. Ya ingrate. What the fuck ya think I just done, you know? I mean really. Sure, I had fun doin' it but still.

He's got out like, well, I don't know just how many hundreds he had beside the magnum, ribbed condom but who the fuck cares? Money talks.

"Well sir, that would be considered prostitution. Ya see, if I accept money for sex, I could be charged and fined."

I was only testing the waters. Maybe he was an undercover. 'Course he'd have busted my ass then already. Better safe than sorrier.

"Well, can you do it for free and I'll just give ya a big tip?"

Ain't no cop for sure now, ay? Mutual smiles gave the OK. Green lights, ya know.

I headed to the rear of the boat where I had previously watched her track. His wife had become quite the shy one all of the sudden and where she was I couldn't seem to figure out. Turned out she had locked herself in the john. When her husband had realized my inability to retrieve her, he came to try and dissuade her into showing herself.

"Maybe another time, huh?"

We looked into each other's eyes and boom. A mystified, rather fantastical flurry ran through his eyes to mine. Like the feeling one gets after resolving in his mind who an old acquaintance is after years of separation. A mental block removed. Mentally depleting yet rewarding. A long lost familiar face come home to graze in a pasture of security. Like a revelation, a bond formed between us. A solidification of pupils, mine to his. A long awaited gathering. No idea what it meant, yet positive in its entirety. Powerful yet subtle. Gasp for air and at whims with every and all of my bodily fibers. We exchanged half what he was gonna give me for following through with which was still only telepathically defined. We turned and departed, him towards the back of the boat, me towards the doorway. Our eyes still affixed, locked if you will. Necks twisted, I reach for the knob of the door as one does a half-hearted hand shake at a Catholic church procession during the sharing of peace. Cross-eyed with one towards the floor as one of my personalized business cards swirled to the entranceway of the inner rim of the boat door's crevasis. Our eyes rejoined in unity following its' consecrated joining with the boat's floor. I smiled and left.

I thought about it the whole fuckin' way to my car. I had to cover the territory of four football field length docks before climbing a set of stairs which would ultimately bring me to my car door. I swear it was at the moment of our eye's conjoinment that I saw my life's plan layed out before me like a deceased, stone cold loved one before me in a casket. Real as a motherfucker and just as vivid. Clear and forthcomming. I couldn't explain it or depict it to another to save my life but still I swear to fuckin' goodness I saw it. I was mesmerized and couldn't recollect my hour long journey home. Deep down I knew these people were going nowhere. A part of my life I would come to accept and devour. The whole incident in less than a second. Moved as a saint in a religious epiphany and just as holy with only the alteration of a different god. Mine perhaps. You know, not the one who tells us to live by some home remedied fabricated bullshit that a senseless human being created, but the one who put us here to have a good time and to live by our own judgements of morality and wellbeing. Anyway, I knew and know the moment as it happened. Easy, life easy, life fulfilling, nonchelant and self-inspiring. Dressed as a cop I made my way to the agency where I dropped off their cut. Exploitation no more. Things were gonna change and I had it all in the palm of my hands.

Two weeks passed and what do ya know, I got another show. Well that's not what was the big deal. I got two to three shows a night. But this show had a guy's name on it. Could have been a gay show but usually when that happens, the agency tells ya it's a gay show, 'cause ya know, most people are homophobes and it seems quite the consequential piece of trivia to say it. Now everybody is as open and as forgiving about life's assured indiscretions. But anyway, I noticed the name Charles on the line for contact person and like hey, this seemed odd. I get to the hotel, the Quality in Sharonville, and low and behold it's the guy from the houseboat or yaught or whatever ya wanna call the damn thing. He's lookin' a bit shy and introverted yet stern and determined to make his marks. Tells me that all he wanted was for me to come in the bar, classy motherfucker it was, and have a few drinks, dance with his wife, tell her she looks incredible and so goes the river. Well, that was easy. As I've told you already, all this shit was second nature not

to mention true. Comes to pass that we have an indelibly exquisite evening. Dined on a meal that cost about fifty. Drank to our heart's content. Danced and held a dialogue that was intellectually stimulating to say the absolute least. These people were fantastic.

"We've talked about you alot. You've been the main topic of discussion since the time we've met."

This shit coming from this now seeming younger than ever lady as we slow danced on the mahoghany dance floor.

"Charles likes you alot. I can see it in his eyes. He's got an eye for success. He's got his eyes on you. We'd like to see you have all ya want. We both find you simply facinating. I don't know what it is and neither does he but we've both come to find ourselves tranquilzed by your presence. Mesmorized."

"Oh yeah. I'm easily taken in by such praise so be careful what you say. I might just be tempted to move in your place and I'm quite the eater."

We talked in just such this manner for quite a few songs before returning to the table with Charles.

"So kid, what is it exactly that you're after? I mean, what are you lookin' to do with your life?"

"Well, I know this will sound kind of vague, but I'm going to be famous."

What, I thought? Where did this shit come from? I just started talkin' off the top of my fuckin' head. I told these people that I wanted to be the next Marilyn Monroe. That I wanted to turn to the world and display a personality that would captivate the hearts of the every Nation under God and shit. I started telling them that I was really a model and that acting was second nature to me. I never even had a photo taken to that day except for those by a gay photographer who'd swore he could get me in Playgirl magazine and a cool two thousand dollars cash. I had a friend who had worked for a male review who had been telling me of a modeling contract he'd been awarded. His name was Joel Garret. I guess this is where this shit I was pullin' out of my ass came from. He told me he had some photos taken, built a portfolio and was now off for the movies. I was simply mimicking what the dude had told me he had done. I was tellin' 'em as if the ball were rolling and I was set to go Joe Hollywood by week's end. It was good though. They believed evey word of it and were pushing for it as if it were their life's dream. Intrigued for sure, perhaps as much as I by my own level of bullshit.

"That's really exciting. I know you'll make it. I'm sure you'll get whatever you're after. Hell, your good-lookin'. Seem to know just exactly what you want. Obviously intelligent, not one to just predict without planning."

"Yeah, well it's not as easy as it sounds. I've been working on this for a long time. I

swear, I mean let me tell ya, you can take photos for hours on end, day after day and get nothin'. It's incredible how much work just gets thrown away."

I was settin' the stage for why after so many hours, weeks, months, years I'd been working, I had nothin' to show but about fifty poor photographed shots by a perverted gay photographer who probably bought his camera for a cheap peak at my pecker. A harsh judgement, but nonetheless a tad of truth runs through every line I deliver.

"Yeah, I can tell you, what I'm after is not something that's gonna come easy."

"Yeah, but I can tell, and I'll bet that Sandra would tell you likewise, you wouldn't want anything that came to ya easy anyway."

Couldn't have been further from the truth but I let the perceived compliment slide. It's no compliment to me because I know that acquiring your desires the easy way is just not so. It takes intelligence to manipulate things to your discretion easily. You gotta work for it, it's 'cause your inept and unable to be able to get someone else to do it for you.

Our dialogue continued for hours. Didn't leave the joint 'till closing, sometime after two o'clock in the morning. I went to the shitter just before departing and bidding good tidings when Charles met with me there. Handed me three hundred bucks and thanked me. Couldn't believe that. I had a delirious time. Learned alot about myself and what I wanted from life, ha ha. Told me he knew I was gonna make it and told me I could count on 'em if I needed anything. What the fuck, right? Right!

Again I'm like unconcious the whole fuckin' way back to the agency. Boy, their portion of the cash was gettin' smaller and smaller. The agency has no way of knowin' whether or not ya get tipped or what. As far as they knew I'd done a half hour g-string show for a customer. No fuckin' idea what was happening. Still, money and all it's worth, there was so much more to all this shit I was sure. I mean, you just don't create such stories for complete strangers who probably would care less than two shit whether you'd be a millionaire or a garbageman. And another thing, I knew this story before I made it up. It was as though I had seen it, perhaps wanted it and didn't know it. The whole tale was too real and creative not to have had it stored somewhere in my mind. Most important, I wanted more than anything at my disposal to convince these two strangers that I could accomplish it. Why? My predestinate insights were in full gear. It was like the unraveling of what I saw the first time Charles and I caught eyes. Telepathy I swear. Their presence in my life was creating these dreams of mine and I couldn't determine who was furnishing them, myself or them. I felt as though they had already become unavoidable and that I had now to get to work on what I claimed to be near complete. An American Icon? Surely I could have thought of something a bit less dramatic. Bewildered not however, for an aire of confidence had somehow divulged itself deep within my persona. I just simply convinced myself, while convincing my new found friends, that it was so.

Funny how things come about, huh? Simple adult entertainment turn sexual encounter

with another man's wife, turn best of friends on a mission to make a whimsically spawned realization of one's innermost desires and dreams come to pass. It was spritual and mystifying. It defied all rationality and to think that pragmatism has always been my forte. Both of my parents were anal retentive you see, and this left me a bit weary of anything left to conjecture. Things had to be in place and well managed. For me this included my reasoning. However, as one can tell by my actions, my associations with people have always been quite flexible. How many people do you know that would turn a client in this type of business into peers closer than biological family members, ay? Still funny. These are my two best friends in the world and I swear we were predestined to meet and have the relationship we now hold. Charles knows it too and he's told me a thousand times without ever mentioning it. There is an aura that we've clung to and it's pulled in a number of adherents to whom you will be introduced in due time. It has spawned a progression of a mindset that is destined to be realized. An alteration of perceptions one cannot easily imagine or see fit to believe, yet one you're going to witness like the rising of the morning sun.

king with her and teasing her about how she was so stinkin' jealous. I'm like, s

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