

Report from the Future: Brian's Girl

Contributed by Garrett Cook

Brian's Girl

Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â

I can believe it, actually. The look on your face says it all, that dirty, special "Dear Penthouse" look that guarantees us an unparalleled entertainment. You let one of the priestesses in, didn't you? You don't let in the priestesses. Never let in the priestesses. You treat them like Jehovah's Witnesses, aluminum siding salesmen or housewives collecting for the Friends of Nyarlathotep. But, of course it's easier with the Jehovah's Witnesses. I mean...Jesus, Jehovah's Witnesses never look anywhere near that good.

Two weeks ago, one of them comes to my door. She's wearing little jean shorts and a red leather bustier and she's carrying a Hello Kitty backpack. She's got her hair up in pig tails to look about twelve. But, obviously, considering the assets that bustier is holding up, she sure as hell isn't twelve. Of course, I answer my door. Everybody probably does. It's the first step.

"Are you Brian?" she asks me.

"No," I reply, deeply disappointed in myself for neither being this guy or lying about it. She doesn't seem at all fazed.

"Would you mind taking some pictures of me?" she asks. She smiles widely and innocently and sort of bounces in place as she waits for me to answer. It takes me a second to answer. I have to wonder if this is some kind of weird and very unfair sting operation. But when I answer, I tell her yes. Of course I tell her yes. It almost ceases to matter for me that she might somehow be a cop. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. The credo of the successful single American male. She mutely hands me a cellphone and points out the camera button.

She goes in, and the moment she walks in the door, she begins posing. She gets up on all fours and presents herself like a cat. Â

"I love my ass," she says, as casually as she would "Big Mac and a small Coke", "make sure to really accentuate it."

"Got it," was the only response I could muster. What else do you say to a request like that?

It wasn't a hard one to fulfill, that's for sure. Here was a girl who definitely ate her Special K in the morning and then high-tailed it to the gym. It was round, smooth, eyecatching and obscene. It was a Magic 8-ball of an ass, and there I was, on my hands and knees taking pictures of it. How can you describe the feeling of knowing someone for all of a minute and a half and kneeling behind them with a camera? Maybe it wasn't a conventional relationship, but I felt that maybe it could be a good start. You want to call me naÃ~ve don't you. It's eating you up. But you're starting to feel stupid, too. Judge not lest ye be judged.

After I snap a few pictures, she looks at me and she says in that same "Big Mac and a small Coke" toneÂ "it looks better when it's a little pinker. Spank it awhile. Give it a few pinches." It's exciting, because a little scrap of interest slips past her puzzlingly professional demeanor.

I was right about the girl. I was right about her ass. What? You were gonna talk dirty, you were gonna talk smut. So, I'm talking smut, I'm talking details. It's soft and firm at the same time, sorta like a basketball feels. I actually had to spank pretty hard to make a mark or to get her to make a sound. The pinching might have drawn blood from a less fit, less muscular girl. I snapped a few more shots, suddenly feeling artistic, kind of free. I worked the angles, zoomed in the ripe-looking reds and pinks. The shots were really something.

After I've taken about twenty or so pictures, she turns to face me, and she takes her top off. They're largish B-cups, pretty spherical, and there's a ring in each nipple. More than nice. She smiles, licks her lips and then she takes one of them in her hand and runs her tongue along the nipple. I feel so envious. Finally, instead of smiling at the cellphone, she smiles at me. She reaches into the Hello Kitty handbag and takes out a boxy little webcam. Expensive stuff. It's wireless. "You wanna fuck me?" she asks, making sure to turn on the webcam first, "you wanna fuck me, Brian?"

I didn't know who the hell this Brian guy was, but I did want to fuck her. I answered as much of the question I could truthfully. Within seconds, her panties hit the floor and she's on her knees, quickly and desperately opening my zipper.

She pulls my pants and my boxers down and grabs my balls, squeezing, massaging them. She kisses the shaft of my cock over and over again, before she opens her mouth. She gives me a slow, deep, skillful blowjob. She makes sure to keep her eyes wide, to stay in the frame and makes seductive little pouts with her mouth as she sucks. I was in a show that days before I might have been embarrassed to jerk off to. Showy, sorta inorganic to an observer.

She takes me out of her mouth, revealing to the camera that I'm rock hard, like a magician showing that the sword he's plunging into the magic box is sharp. Well, then again...She stands up and slowly, teasingly, cinematically she lowers herself onto me. She rides my cock as if it'sÂ going to take her to the next town if she just keeps on moving. She gyrates, dances, bounces and works it like it's nobody's business. Then, she gets down on her knees again and she lets me...yup, you know. Not on the best day of my life do I have the privilege with most girls, but this time I get to. And it lasts.. As those muscles squeeze around in this tight, sacred, profane place, I forget that I don't know her at all. I forget that during the photo shoot she acts like she knows me and I do this for her every day. I forget everything but this doorway to warmth and bliss shutting me in. When she turns off the camera, I'm almost can't pull out.

At this point, it would have made sense for her to gather up her clothes and leave. But, not much about the encounter made sense, so I shouldn't have felt so relieved when she didn't. I wondered whether it could be like this every day.

Maybe I could call her sometime and actually converse. Maybe she would show me her place. The fact that she stayed and let me watch as she cleaned the fluids from her body, and thought about the experience made me feel good. Yet, still I wondered just what she thought about it and why she had even come to the house to begin with.

"Can I use your computer?" she asks. There was something odd about the way she asked, though. Like computer was a substitute for bathroom and was something as normal and utilitarian as one.

"Sure," I answer her, "upstairs in my room, first door on the right."

So, she goes up there and she doesn't come back for like twenty minutes. I'm starting to get sort of tired and hungry. I need to get this energy back, you know? And I figure maybe I could learn something about this girl if we go out together and have a meal. I head to the room to ask her, and there she is on MySpace, just pondering a sentence with this bombsquad look on her face, like everything will go up in smoke if this sentence doesn't turn out right.

And there, at the top of the screen, I see the most confusing of several confusing things that happened that day. It said, "I think I love Brian. Today when we made love again, it felt different, special, savage, loving and brutal." I remembered those words perfectly because the last thing I expected was to see her writing them on her MySpace page, twenty minutes after sex, when she doesn't even give me her name.

"Umm, I don't know what this is," I say to her, "but my name isn't Brian and if you haven't gotten my name wrong, I'd kinda like to know about this Brian guy."

"Oh, you're Brian," she says, "you know who Brian is? Brian is anybody that I fuck then talk about in my blog, that's who Brian is. It's too much to keep up a relationship, but I need somebody to write about, so there's five Brians a week. Brian's actually my dog's name. Like on Family Guy."

I don't know what to do. I feel like crying or yelling, but all I could really come out with was "Why? Who are you?" She just laughs. "What am I? What do names matter? You can take any one you want. You can call me BlutKitty88 if you like. I'm a priestess."

"A priestess?" I ask her, "a priestess of what?"

"I gotta go," she says, "I need to edit that video."

So, I figure that that's it, but the next day, there's a cute brunette at my door, wearing a bustier, green fishnets and she asks if I'm Jake and if I would like to take some pictures. This is when I figured I would say no, but I don't say no. There's some strange cloud of "fuck me" that I just can't ignore coming off of her. With her there, there's no decency, no social contract, no need for affection. There's just me and my dick and my need for excitement and relevance. We go in and she lets me tie her up. Her breasts look huge, spilling out of the bustier and propped up by the ropes. I take a whole bunch of pictures and I know immediately to take the webcam from her big, black Gucci purse and start it up. She spreads her legs, but keeps her ankles together and it feels so good to be in charge and taking advantage of this filthy, dirty damsel in distress. She calls me Master, as I bend her into all the positions I want her in, and have my fill. We fuck until we're both good and exhausted and the ropes are starting to chafe her and then she goes upstairs and starts writing on her MySpace page. On the way out, she introduces herself as MistressTenebre, with a "Y".

So, the next day, I take a look at the MySpace pages, and I'm kinda flattered that I'm better in the bed than the last three Brians and Jakes were. On the MySpace page there's a link to something called SAW. Of course, I click on it, and there's a psychedelic background, droning technomusic and a big Andy Warhol face. The only words on the page are "have your 15 minutes", as well as links to all of the videos. They range from hours of people standing in the mirror making funny faces to fake snuff films, to what might be real snuff films. I'm pretty certain they are, since the users who put them up never seem to post again. I go the bathroom and I throw up. I take a long shower and I tell myself that today I'm not going to be a part of this madness. I beg a God I haven't prayed to since I was six to give me the strength and resolve to resist this shit.

But there's this tall voluptuous redhead in a tight tank top and Daisy Dukes waiting at the door with a great big smile and the promise of another day of wild, sexual misconduct and voyeurism. I just can't shut the door in her face. It's not weakness, it's something else entirely. I need this. I need her today. When the pictures and the sex are done, I go up to see her and I have to ask, because I really need to know.

"What is SAW? What are you guys about?"

"Servitors of Ascendant Warhol. Don't get all Ira Levin on my ass, okay? We're just helping to make things just right for when he comes back. You should be grateful! People will see you. If nobody sees you and nobody reads about you, you're nothing. I've helped you gain some relevance. Be grateful and take the new Gospel to heart."

In a way, she's sorta right. If a guy pumps gas all day, the only people that know about it are the people who get gas, but he makes a video of himself pumping gas, then it's possible that a thousand people will see it. He writes in his blog "still pumpin' gas" and it becomes important and after that go around with this priestess, people all over the internet will think I'm somebody because I'm fucking this gorgeous chick and she's going wild. I start to like the idea a little and I start to hate this girl so much that it doesn't matter at all when she leaves. She's just a tramp who's part of some scary cult. The guy says "everybody gets their fifteen minutes of fame" and these girls give it and these girls get it.

It starts to happen every other day with these girls. Lingerie, big heels, tight little t-shirts and the wrong name. It's too much for a guy to take, the sex and the little bit of anonymous stardom. The more I fuck, the more people see it and the more guys out there wish they were me. But what really gets to me are the blogs. I think I love Jake, I think I love Harry, I think I love Jamal, I think I love Lorenzo, I think I love Raphael. I've been Jamal, I've been Roger, I've been Lorenzo, and I start to realize that it isn't fame, it's not fame if it's not you. When Marilyn Monroe's on a coffee mug, it's not Marilyn. It's a mug. I started to lock my door after that, and I haven't really seen anyone until you.

They don't leave you the same these girls, because I see. You'll see too. Every night I have the same dream, every goddamn night and someday everybody will have that dream and when the plague of dreams comes down the whole earth will be nothing but that dream. That's why you don't let in the priestesses, you poor son of a bitch. They're the marching band in the parade, accompanied by elephants, transvestites, fireeaters and clowns, and when they're done, Uncle Andy will be back, proven right. Covered in gaudy jewelry, his hair shining blinding white hot, he'll look invincible with his black turtleneck and superior smirk. He will turn the sun into a disco ball that calls the dead to dance the night away. Riding in James Dean's Porsche with Marilyn and Elvis and Jayne Mansfield, he will cross the sea and turn the Vatican into Caesar's palace, boxing a hundred rounds with L. Ron Hubbard to see who inherits the earth. There will be

no winners, although Brian does well for himself.