

# Slime

by M. F. Sullivan

One day this pal of mine realizes he's lonely. He's never been great with women, you know, just kinda fumbles around em, but he works at this convenience store and sees tons of people all day every day, men and women and kids and new faces and faces he sees twice during a shift, so he starts to practice conversation with the women who come in. Nothing weird, just, Hi, how are you, how's it going, what are you up to today, nice blouse; sometimes if they'd been coming for awhile and smiled enough he'd tell them they looked pretty. Just the usual conversational subjects, never being too personal. He was always careful, real careful, to keep the girls from thinking he was some kind of freak because that was his place of work, after all, and he had to keep it pleasant—at least, so the manager didn't fire him.

Day in and day out he's practicing this stuff, you know, when one day this chick walks in and you can just tell she thinks she's hot shit, and maybe for some bumfuck country town she was but this is the city, baby, and all that eyeshadow and tight clothing and fake eyelashes, you see that stuff on every woman, every street corner, and it's nothing new. But she's cute, so he tries to talk to her—and what does she do?

She sneers at him, calls him a creep, and all because he asked her how her day was going. She drops her money on the counter and leaves, and he's shocked. Too shocked to be pissed off. He just watches her go, big round ass wiggling in her jeans the whole way out the door, and doesn't think too much about it because who knows, maybe she's having a bad day, right? Only then he gets home, and he has a beer to help him sleep and he's feeling a little horny so he starts jerking it like normal, whatever. Just part of the routine. But out of the blue while one hand is around his cock and the other is around his bottle he remembers this bleach-blonde bitch in her jeans that were so tight it was like she was begging him to vault the counter and fuck her right on the fucking floor of the Circle

K, and then that's all he can think about. That ass, and the way her lips curled up past her teeth as she called him a creep, crooked teeth against the most perfect pink tongue he'd ever seen, and oh, fuck, he'd never come harder in his life. It was like fireworks going off in his stomach. For a minute he thought he was blind, I mean, it was that great.

So he goes to bed after that, and then goes to work, and doesn't think about her again. Goes home, jerks off, goes to bed, goes to work, comes back, has a drink, takes care of business, goes to sleep, rolls into the store, drives back home, ends up draped over his toilet, looks after himself, bed. Same goddamn thing every fucking day, but one day when he's at work here she is again, and this time it's like she recognizes him because her green eyes get huge and then she won't look at him, so maybe she was just having a bad day after all and was embarrassed about it, but two hours later this huge guy with gray hair like some kind of ex-marine bursts into the store like a motherfucking comet and shouts the whole time about, Why are you following my daughter, who do you think you are talking to my daughter or trying to look at my daughter; and, What the fuck is wrong with you, I'll call the police next time I see your weedy ass, but I'll pound your dick into the fucking dirt first. The whole time this guy's face is just red as a whore's lipstick.

Finally he leaves and my buddy's manager comes up to him, saying, What the fuck was that; and my buddy can't do anything but shrug and tell him, I don't know, man, people are fucking crazy. So they talk about it, and finally both of them decide they won't call the cops but they will if he comes back in there ever again, and they let it rest and the whole thing is forgotten the next day. Once or twice he sees her around town when he's out driving but other than that, I mean, it's not like he was stalking her, he didn't know where she went to school or what she did for a part-time job, he didn't care, he wasn't interested. She was just some crazy bitch with nice tits and an overprotective daddy, the same as a thousand other crazy bitches.

This is all well and good and my pal lives best he can working a shitty job with nothing to come home to but booze and his hand, but one day he's taking a walk through suburbia after dark because he can't sleep, and he can't see in the dark, right, so he trips and falls right into a trashcan that some asshole left and the end of the driveway all night without thinking, and there's all this old food and shit but there's also some clothes, like some woman's panties probably from some old bitch having one last fling with a pool boy before she's got tumbleweeds rolling between her legs, and this is just too fucking much so he scribbles a note for them on the back of one of their receipts, all about how they need to secure their fucking garbage and keep it out of the street. This, he sticks to the underwear and then leaves on the doorstep. And hell, I can't blame him. I like women as much as the next guy but goddamn. Nobody needs to find used underwear in anybody's garbage, and I mean nobody.

For the next few weeks he does his usual thing, his sleep improves and he starts to shake the booze a little, and then one day after work he's browsing around the Internet and my buddy finds one of those barely-legal teen porn sites, which, great. He starts admiring the pictures and he's close to finished when there she is, Big Ass, the very same with the tight jeans and the creep and the mole on the inside of her thigh that he didn't know about until he saw those pictures and that's sure as fuck not the boyfriend he saw her walking with the past few weeks, the slut, and just then he comes so hard that it ends up all over his keyboard.

He's kind of amazed, so after he cleans up he looks harder, and shit, he was right, look at that. Every picture, those big lips and too much eye makeup, even more than she had on when she came in to get her sodas. He still has to prove it to himself, though, so he prints the pictures out and keeps them in a stack, and the next time he sees her around town he keeps her face in mind, comes home, checks the pictures one last time and yeah, yeah it's her.

Does he get excited? Of course not, he's revolted. This bitch is barely eighteen with a crazy father, and besides this slut called him

a creep and now she's doing porn. So he couldn't really think sex when he looked at her, he just thought how cute she was but how much of a bitch she was and what a cunt, she didn't know anything about him, he was just a clerk to her and she was some whore doing porn, so he scribbled the word all over her photos like a note to himself, cock-sucking whore slut cunt bitch cum-guzzler on and on and on and—it's not that he was attracted to her or anything, mind you—he ended up feeling that sting in his pants, so he took care of it and it just so happened he was sitting there with her picture in his hand; it had nothing to do with her, or the fact that the image was going to end up splattered when he was done. None of that had to do with anything, that was just what happened. All a matter of circumstance.

After he finds these porn pictures, he finds more pictures, maybe shit she's posted on the Internet for friends, it's not like he knows, though why she would post pictures from such distances and shitty angles of her getting out of cars and into pools and walking out of a house was beyond him, but this was the twenty-first century, people take photos of weird, sad shit because they want attention like this bitch did, but who the hell knows what type of person is out there and able to look at this stuff, so he does the thing any decent person would do and finds some profile of hers on the Internet and sends her a link to the pictures to make sure she knows that anybody can see this.

Finally this one night he's getting off his shift at the store and on his way to the car, when there's this noise. He looks, and he's just—shocked. I mean, jaw-open-shocked because lo and behold, who's standing there? Standing there and crying, no less? So she grabs him and says, please, just please stop, please don't tell Dad about the photos, he'll throw me out, I was just having fun and trying to earn money please don't do this to me, do whatever you want with me but please just stop following me and digging through our garbage and taking pictures, please.

Of course he says, Okay. Because when some crazy bitch walks up to you saying shit like that, what the fuck else can you do? Not his

fault she was such a slut, right? I mean, it's not like he's a creep or sick or weird or anything. That's just what anybody would do. Hell, I know I would.

