

S.Hallow

by Peter Abbey

Andy writes porn.

With the family tucked up in bed, Andy would take his laptop and sit in the big chair and tap away at the keys. The blue hue of the screen illuminated his face every Wednesday night and it would always be a race to finish the final chapter before the heat of the battery scorched the hairs on his thighs.

Spurred on by his ever-increasing following of slightly deranged, lusty housewives, he began to believe his own hype. The idea of making money from this venture (764 satisfied followers couldn't be wrong) was second only to a much more devious thought.

One Wednesday night after saying goodnight, Andy snuck out the front door. He'd made the journey in his head over and over that week and was convinced he could make it to Withy Wood within 17 minutes, meet a mystery follower and be back before anyone knew he was gone.

He was right.

Week after week Andy's self belief grew. The more followers he gained, the more he enjoyed the woods. The more people he met, the less his words began to make sense. If it wasn't for the way he carried himself it would have been the perfect crime.

Jane was becoming suspicious. After 16 years of marriage it was easy to spot any slight differences, let alone a significant one like the way her husband walked. His head up high and shoulders back. The stride of a confident man. A world apart from the gait of the man she had married.

When Wednesday evening came around in the 2nd week of October, Andy said goodnight and snuck out the front door. The nights were darker than when he began and colder too but not, he had decided, brisk enough to stop. He quietly zipped up his jacket and set off.

Jane opened her eyes, slipped on her fluffy green dressing gown and tried not to wake the creaking floorboards upon the stairs.

Andy arrived at the usual spot. His mystery follower was already there, cigarette smoke drifting over from where they stood. He hadn't realised that Sammy_2069 was a smoker, but the thought didn't last too long as Sammy flicked it away, pulled up a hood, turned and dropped to bended knee.

As Jane stood in the front room her mind wasn't on the missing Andy, but instead on the open laptop perched upon the cushion of the big chair. As she moved the cursor, the screen saver made way to a page with the header: Skin Deep. She read a while before scrolling through a folder entitled "Erotica for Women by S.Hallow".

Andy's knees began to weaken as his zip was undone and warm, wet lips enveloped him. Strong hands gripped at his buttocks as the rough feeling of stubble scratched at his thighs. Andy's eyes widened. Stubble?! He reached down and removed Samantha's hood. Reigate's Bricklayer of the Year 2011 Samuel Smith looked up.

Andy writes porn.

He now writes it from a slightly smaller chair inside room 73 of the Holiday Inn just outside of Redhill.

