

Fifi Climbs To the Top!

by Robert Crisman

Horatio Alger has nothing on Fifi LaRue, the latest news anchor at FOX.

Fifi is one piece of work, from the Ann Coulter Tits-And-Ass Rattlesnake School Of Broadcasting Venom And Bullshit Like Goebbels. A short, chirpy blonde, she clawed to the top like a saber-toothed skunk--and not in the usual ways proffered to young things with cleavage and scissor-lock legs and a cute little overbite known to have tickled and swooped on fat toupe'd men who wheezed and braced for the next heart attack in seedy motels out by airports...

Fifi hoovered varsity gridders and profs between classes at UCLA for three solid years and walked with a *summa cum laude*. She then went to FOX as an intern--but had *no* desire to trick with the coprophile beggars and jackoffs who clustered like blowflies at corporate headquarters there.

Fuck sucking ratbirds, she figured. She'd go for blackmail, another entrepreneurial interest she'd honed since third grade.

She hung in the weeds by the watering holes sizing prey.

Opportunity knocked early on, at a party thrown by the Boss Of All Bosses at FOX at his digs in Palm Springs.

The annual FOX office shindig; 800 blitzed nitwits orking like seals.

Fifi'd been strolling through rooms in the house, pocketing knick-knacks that looked like they'd sell, when--in a closet, this bumping and thumping and grunting! It sounded like boars in a stock pen, followed by *oh! oh! oh! oh!* in high C!

Fifi whipped out her camera and flung the door open--and there in a tangle were two sweating men! *Lavender lust!* Fifi exulted! These guys would pay through the nose!

Indeed they would! Staring at Fifi up through the tangle, FOX's Big Bobo, General Zorba the Greek In More Ways Than One And With French Tastes As Well--in this case with Vlad the Ukrainian houseboy, a Slavic Adonis hung like Big Brown.

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Fifi grinned like a shark. "Naughty, naughty!" she smirked, and clicked off a whole roll of triple-X stills. Zorba, wide-eyed, spit out Vlad's johnson and yawped like a pleurised guppy. Vlad squeaked and shriveled to string size.

Fifi laughed like a banshee and sped toward the exit.

Next day she mailed the bossman hot copies, the ones that highlighted jizz on his forehead, along with a list of demands. Three days later she sat in the chair as the Head Bullshit Slinger on FOX.

FOX News! Fifi the Anchor! And boy, did she have a surprise for the world that very first night on the air!

She sat there nude, with tits like bazookas! Spewing rank propaganda as if it was gospel! And when, at the end of the broadcast Fifi jumped up for the Hitler Salute, some 800 men in 38 states keeled over stone dead, each with hands clutched on his crotch like a *vise!*

CNN couldn't compete! FOX: Fifi. CNN: Blitzer. Blitzer has tits like an airedale! FOX *rules!*

And Fifi? These days she speaks at Tea Party rallies! Odds have it she'll run for the White House in 2012!

Smart money has it her chances of winning the whole enchilada are good, unless of course her tits start to droop like pinatas.

Right now, though, they *bounce...*

And so, sports fans, this is how Fifi LaRue sped straight to the top, taking chunks out of all the right people. Fuck bootstraps, you know?

I mean what the hell, Horatio Alger had tits like Zero Mostel...

