

Chapter Fourteen—A Randy RAMBO

Because of my first two embarrassing RAMBO experiences, I decided to approach the next one with a little more caution. I wasn't going to drink any alcohol or eat any cookies at the party. And to prepare for any bouts of sudden fainting, I practiced bracing myself on railings and chair backs to counter any potential falls. No matter what happened, I was determined to change my already troubled reputation in Plainfield.

Since Bob and Barney had so graciously driven me to the last two parties, I felt it was my duty to drive them. Unfortunately, I'd never gotten around to calling them about it, and now it was too late. I'd have to go to the party alone and catch up with them there.

Tonight's RAMBO wasn't being held in Plainfield for some reason, but rather in the nearby town of Watchung. The e-mail invitation didn't give a reason for the change in locales, but it struck me as a little odd. I thought the RAMBOs were always held in Plainfield—to keep it in the community. But what did I know?

As I pulled out of my driveway, I noticed a car down the street suddenly turn its lights on. I'm sure it was just a coincidence, but from that moment on, the car appeared to be following me. It wasn't right on top of me, but I could always see it in my rearview mirror, somewhere off in the distance. Eventually the car turned on a different road, but not until I'd almost reached my destination.

I had to park my Jeep down the street from the party house, as there was clearly no space in front of it. From the number of expensive cars lining the curb, it had all the markings of another popular event.

I'd locked the Jeep and was on my way to the party, when I heard a sharp cracking noise behind me. As if someone had just fired a gun. The suddenness of the sound caught me by surprise, and I'm embarrassed to say that I screamed. And not just a regular scream, either, but rather a loud high-pitched scream that seemed to last forever. (Think Fay Wray in "King Kong.")

"Henson, is that you?" A somewhat familiar voice called from behind me. I turned around to find Brit, the cute boyish looking man I'd fainted on during the first RAMBO party.

"Yes," I said, smiling back at him. It was good to see a friendly face rather than a terrorist or murderer. "Brit, right?"

"Right. Nice of you to remember." Brit walked up beside me. "I hope I didn't scare you."

"What do you mean?"

“Didn’t you just scream? At first I thought it was a girl, but then I realized it must have been you.”

“I wouldn’t call it a scream,” I said, obviously mortified. “It was more like a gasp...at a very high pitch. What was that noise?”

“I must have stepped on a tree branch and it snapped. Sorry about that.”

“It’s not your fault. Coming from New York, I’m not used to hearing sudden noises that don’t eventually lead to violence.”

Brit laughed. The sad part is, I wasn’t kidding.

“So I’m dying to ask you,” I said, changing the subject. “At that party a couple months ago, you said something about a lot of strange activity surrounding my house. I unfortunately fainted before you could tell me what you meant.”

“Surely you’ve noticed.” Brit began, choosing his words very carefully. “All the activity in the house across the street from you. Who do you think those people are?”

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. I might have suspected who they were, but I certainly wasn’t going to share that information with Brit. He’d think I was crazy.

“Don’t you?” Brit raised his eyebrows, and his lips formed a half smile. Was he teasing me?

“I’ve seen people coming and going,” I added, trying to lend credibility to my observations. “But I’ve never gotten a close look at who they were.”

“I see.” Brit said, obviously disappointed. “That’s too bad. It could’ve been very illuminating.”

“Do you know something I don’t? Do you know who lives in that house?”

“No,” Brit said a little too quickly. “But it does seem a little populated, don’t you think? Maybe you should go over and introduce yourself to them. Find out what their story is.”

Although Brit said this with all the casualness in the world, there was something rather aggressive about his suggestion. As if he was goading me. But why? What was he implying about my neighbors and why was he so interested in what I thought about them? He obviously knew more than he was telling me. So what was the big secret?

Brit and I continued walking. In the soft glow of the streetlamps, Brit’s face was lit to dramatic perfection. His smooth skin and boyish features took on a much harder look with the addition of shadows. Something almost sinister.

We chatted all the way to the front door. But once I stepped inside the house, he was no longer behind me. As if he'd never been there to begin with. Odd.

The atmosphere at this RAMBO was decidedly different than the previous two. The lighting in the house was very subdued and there were many darkened corners and vestibules to escape into. I wasn't sure if I'd happened upon a party or a haunted house, the lighting was so dim.

The house was rented by three men in their twenties, all of whom were single and available. (A fact they made pointedly clear at every possible opportunity.) I learned later that one of the hosts was even celebrating his birthday this evening, which I imagined was the major reason for having the party here in Watchung.

Music played loudly throughout the house, as people maneuvered themselves in and out of the various darkened rooms. I looked around for a familiar face, but didn't seem to recognize anyone. Who were all these people? Where were Bob and Barney? Or JezeBall? Or even the Two Jakes?

The smells of freshly burning pot, cigarette smoke and incense permeated the air, making me wonder if perhaps this party had a 60s theme. People were mostly dressed in jeans and t-shirts, with some people opting for just the jeans. Several sweaty topless men walked past me, laughing and talking. I

made my way through the darkened hallway to the more vibrant lights of the kitchen, but not before being pinched on my ass by a passing man in leather. When I jumped in surprise, he laughed and puckered his lips in a mock kiss. Not knowing exactly how I was supposed to react, I simply smiled and kept moving.

Once inside the bright interior of the kitchen, I felt more relaxed. There were several people leaning against the counters talking and smoking cigarettes. One of them noticed me and smiled, while another took a very dramatic sip from his Evian water bottle. In a few moments, they'd all stopped talking and were staring at me. And I at them. This lasted for what seemed like minutes, before I cleared my throat and finally spoke.

"Hi. I'm Henson." I said shakily.

"Are you the stripper?" one of the men asked, sneering.

"The stripper?" I responded, turning my head to see if someone else was behind me.

"Because I was told there was going to be a stripper at this party, and so far the only skin I've seen could be viewed on a public beach. I want some meat, baby."

This comment plunged the group into a fit of hysterics, followed by several high-fives and a few finger snaps. Most of the men appeared to be drinking bottled water, which was apparently more popular than alcohol. There were cases and cases of it in the bar

area.

As I busied myself with pouring some soda into a cup, I sensed that the group was deep in conversation about me. Actually, I didn't sense it. I heard it.

"Nice ass," one of them whispered.

"Nice and meaty," another added. "He looks like a top to me. Look at those broad shoulders."

"And those legs. I think I've found my Dream Daddy."

I flushed with embarrassment. I'd never been the subject of such blatant adulation before and it felt weird. Good, but weird. Unfortunately, when I turned around I soon discovered that I was not the subject of their adulation at all. There was another man who had entered the room. A tall hunk of a man that appeared to be the living incarnation of every lumberjack fantasy I've ever had.

He was large and muscular with a face that was both weathered and rugged. His ears and nose were of the larger variety, which gave such presence to his features that I found it impossible to take my eyes off him. His piercing blue eyes cut through the smoky kitchen and landed right on my gawking face, but I couldn't turn away. He was the epitome of gorgeous. His thick mane of salt and pepper hair confirmed that he wasn't a young man, but it didn't matter. His beauty and presence transcended his age.

"Hello." He said to me. "Do we know each other?"

"I...I...don't believe so," I stuttered. "I-I-I'm H-H-Henson."

"Do you have a stutter, Henson?" the lumberjack asked warmly. His voice was deep and gravely. "My brother had a stutter."

"N-n-no," was all I managed to say.

"It's okay. It's nothing to be embarrassed about." The man smiled, revealing a perfect set of white teeth. "My brother got some help for it, so now he doesn't stutter at all. Unless he's been drinking. Would you like the name of his therapist?"

I managed to tear my eyes off him long enough to concentrate on my verbal skills, which had been sadly lacking for the last several moments.

"I don't have a stutter. I'm sorry. I guess I was just a little cold."

"Oh. In that case, there's a hot tub outside. Maybe we should go out there and warm you up."

This comment elicited a host of catcalls from the Water Bottle Boys, each one outdoing the next with a double entendre or a witty pun. The man ignored them, concentrating instead on my response. I couldn't believe that this gorgeous mountain of a man was actually coming on to me, so I wasn't exactly sure in what direction to take this.

"I didn't bring a swimsuit," I offered, before stupidly adding: "It wasn't on the invitation."

"You don't need a suit, baby. You've got me. I'll cover you up."

And with that, the gorgeous man began taking off his shirt, one button at a time. This prompted the Water Bottle Boys to begin clapping and chanting, "Take it off, take it off."

The next few minutes were rather surreal, as the lumberjack did indeed begin a mock striptease right in front of me. The cheering and clapping soon brought a small crowd into the room, all of whom began salivating at the lumberjack's sexy gyrations. And there I stood, like a stupid groom at a bachelor party, allowing it all to happen. So much for not calling attention to myself.

"Tell me Henson, what's your first name?" The lumberjack asked, while unzipping his fly. "Is it Dick?"

"Uh, no. Actually, Henson is my first name."

The man smiled, as he moved in closer, violating any sort of personal space restrictions I might have. He was so close, in fact, that I could feel his breath on my skin, his warm sweet-smelling exhales tickling my neck and causing me to involuntarily gasp. The lumberjack growled softly, moving his mouth closer to my ear. I knew I should stop this, but I didn't know how.

"But seriously, isn't your first name really Richard, but they call you Dick?" The lumberjack asked, his tongue darting lightly into my ear.

"No," I cooed back. "My first name is really Henson, and they really call me Henson."

The lumberjack suddenly stopped gyrating and looked at me with serious eyes. "Really? Your name isn't Richard Henson?"

"No. My name is Henson Ray."

"Holy Crap," The lumberjack said, zipping his up his fly and putting his shirt back on. "Where's Richard Henson then?"

"I don't know a Richard Henson." I said honestly.

"Well you should," One of the Water Bottle Boys shouted. "He's one of the guys hosting

the party. Come on, Gorgeous. I'll take you to him."

And with that, the boy jumped off the counter and led the Lumberjack out of the room and into another area, which presumably housed the real Richard Henson. This party was definitely not starting off on a good note.

I grabbed a can of coke and walked outside into the backyard. Several groups of people were holding court on various portions of the lawn, but I still didn't recognize anyone. I noticed a lighted path that led from the porch to a wooded area behind the house. It appeared to wind its way through the trees to eventually end up at a Pagoda several hundred feet away.

Since I didn't have anything better to do, I decided to follow it. The path was created with sparkly yellow bricks, which I imagined was the landscaper's homage to *The Wizard of Oz*. As I walked along it, I was treated to magnificently groomed flowerbeds, a decorative water fall, an old fashioned tree swing and a few statues of naked men. (The prerequisite copy of Michelangelo's David being the most recognizable.) It was a pleasant walk, though I didn't pass anyone on my journey. This was obviously the road less traveled.

When I got about twenty feet from the Pagoda, I could see the shadows of several people sitting inside. But as I got closer, I noticed that most of them were actually naked and they were doing a whole lot more than sitting. I decided to move quickly past the group and around to the other part of the path, which I assumed led back to the house.

I was seriously beginning to doubt that this was a real RAMBO party. I mean, there were obviously gay men here, but it didn't seem to have the same kind of light, airy atmosphere. This party had more of a purpose, and I wasn't really sure I fit into that.

I wandered back to the house, passing a group of young boys heading out into the woods. They must have been in their early twenties, when getting high and acting stupid was a prerequisite for fun.

"I am so toasted," one boy laughed obnoxiously.

"I'm not toasted, dude. I'm baked." Another boy responded.

"I'm not baked, man, I'm fried. Totally fried." A third boy piped in. This brought the group into hysterics. They didn't even acknowledge my presence as they bumped their way past me. I could have been a tree for all they knew.

Once back at the party, I began debating whether I should leave or not. This really wasn't turning out to be something I was particularly comfortable with, and without the presence of someone I knew, there was no need for me to be here.

When I got back inside the kitchen, the group of Water Bottle Boys had been replaced

with a much more sophisticated group of men. A group that appeared to have more on their mind than mere sexcapades.

“And he only makes forty thousand a year. I mean, how can you survive on that?” One blondish man shouted.

“I once was offered ninety thousand for a job,” Another man complained. “I told them I was highly insulted and walked out of the office. The next day they called with a much better offer.”

“I’m telling you,” offered a short bald man smoking a cigar. “They will try to nickel and dime you every chance they get. You’ve got to be tough with these people.”

One of the men turned around to pour himself a drink, but stopped when he saw me.

“Well, well, well. She’s back from the dead,” The man hissed in my direction.

I was assuming he was talking to me, although the word “she” was obviously used incorrectly. I wasn’t really sure who the man was. He looked slightly familiar, but not completely.

“You don’t know who I am, do you?” The man laughed, obviously enjoying this. “Maybe this will ring a bell.”

He reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a pair of wire rim glasses and put them on. It was like the Superman/Clark Kent transformation, though he looked nothing like either. What he did look like was one of the men I’d talked to at my very first RAMBO party.

“Of course I recognize you,” I said, smiling coyly. “You paid for your vacation by selling your ex-wife’s jewelry on eBay.”

The man seemed flattered that I remembered such detail.

“She never liked the jewelry, anyway ,” the man said. “She was a lesbian, you know.”

“No, I didn’t know.”

“Oh, sure. We were married for fifteen years, but only had sex for the first six months. After that, both of us sort of lost interest.”

“Maybe because you were both really gay?” I asked, stating the obvious.

“Yeah, maybe,” the man agreed, though he didn’t seem totally convinced. “My name’s Steven Simpson, by the way.”

“Henson Ray.”

“Yes, I remember. You have a first name that sounds like a last name and a last name that sounds like a first name. Or that’s how you explained it anyway.”

I’ve got to stop introducing myself like that. It’s not only unnecessary, but totally obnoxious as well. Especially when it’s spewed back to you in such perfect detail.

“So how is the eBay idea coming along?” Steven asked in a whisper. “Did you begin selling your things yet?”

“Yes. Thanks for the suggestion,” I whispered back, though not entirely sure why.

“Good, good.” Steven replied, obviously pleased. “Have you ever thought of doing commission work?”

“What do you mean?”

“Selling other people’s items and taking a commission. For people who don’t have the time or energy to deal with the eBay process themselves.”

“You think there’s a market out there for such a job?”

Steven smiled slyly and touched my arm.

“Of course, Henson. There’s a market for everything.”

He then turned back to the group he’d been talking to, and loudly interrupted their conversation.

“Gentlemen, I have some great news for you,” Steven yelled. “Remember how some of you were chatting earlier about wanting to sell your old antiques on eBay, but none of you had the patience to do it? Well, Henson here is an eBay expert and he is more than willing to help you out in the listing and distribution of your items. He charges a commission, of course, but it’s well worth the price.”

The moment couldn’t have been more awkward for me, as all the men began to examine me thoroughly, no doubt assessing whether I was trustworthy or not.

“If any of you want to get in touch with him, he’s in the phone book. Henson Ray.”

“What did you say your name was?” one of the men asked.

“Henson Ray.” Steven repeated, before I could utter a word.

“I think I’ve heard about you, but I can’t remember why.” He said, searching the air for some clue that might jog his memory.

I could only imagine what he'd heard. Maybe that I couldn't hold my liquor, or that I liked to get high off cookies, or even better, that my active imagination conjures up celebrities wherever I go. Luckily for me, the man's recall ability was interrupted by a familiar voice shouting over the music.

"Did someone say Henson Ray?" JezeBall blasted, as he came bouncing into the room. "What in the world are *you* doing *here*?"

"I got an invitation," I said, while bending down to give him a hug.

"You got an invitation?" JezeBall laughed. "Honey, that's because they used the RAMBO mailing list. But this is no RAMBO, believe me."

"I didn't think so," I said. "It doesn't have the same atmosphere."

JezeBall grabbed my arm and steered me out of the room and onto the porch again.

"That's because this is a Decadence party, my dear. Anything goes here."

"Is that why you're here?" I asked, wondering if he participated in such activities.

"No, darling, I'm a dinosaur. No one wants to play with me. I just walk around and watch. And sometimes take a picture or two. That's enough. But you...you could be out there having the time of your life."

"No. This isn't really my scene. Besides, I think I'm coming down with a headache." I could feel a slight tension building in my temples.

"Oh, I have just the thing for that." JezeBall said, reaching into his fanny pack for a bottle of Advil. He poured one into my hand and shoved a bottle of club soda in my face.

"This doesn't look like an Advil," I said, examining the tiny pill.

"It's not, but it's just as good," JezeBall assured me. "It's a mild muscle relaxer. I always carry some around for emergencies."

"Don't you have any regular Advil?" I asked, referring to the bottle he was holding that clearly sported an Advil label.

"Heavens, no. This is just my carrying case. It hasn't contained Advil in years."

"And you're sure this is mild?"

"Very mild. It helps with my arthritis. But I'm afraid it's all I have for a headache."

“Oh, what the Hell,” I finally said, swallowing the tiny pill with a gulp of club soda.

“You’ll thank me later,” JezeBall declared, as he shoved the Advil bottle back into his fanny pack. “No one wants a headache during a party. It’s depressing.”

“Speaking of depressing, have you heard from Unity lately? She hasn’t tried to contact me at all. Not even a letter.”

“Funny you should ask,” JezeBall began, shifting his weight from one foot to the other before continuing. “I actually called her after the last RAMBO party to tell her I’d met you. I only got her answering machine, so I left a message. When she didn’t call back within a week, I called again. But the answering machine wasn’t on, and the phone just rang and rang. It’s been like that ever since.”

“I know.” I said. “I’ve left countless messages for her. I heard from her secretary a month ago, but that was it. I’m a little worried.”

“You and me both.” JezeBall said, leaning against the porch railing. “It’s not like Unity to be so out of touch.”

“I miss talking to her,” I said, the tension in my head mounting. I couldn’t wait for the muscle relaxer to kick in.

“Yes, it’s definitely strange.” JezeBall agreed. He was rocking back and forth on the porch railing, causing it to creak and wiggle unsteadily. With his round figure and clownish white hair, JezeBall looked like a drag version of Humpty Dumpty about to take his famous fall. Only this Humpty looked like he might take the entire wall with him.

“Maybe I’ll have my lawyer look into it.” JezeBall said decidedly. “Your lawyer? Why would you need a lawyer?”

“Because he’s very well connected.” JezeBall said, his eyes widening to illustrate the magnitude of the lawyer’s connections. “He’ll make some phone calls, and we’ll find out exactly what’s going on. Don’t worry, Henson. JezeBall will take care of everything.”

It was comforting, in some odd way, to hear him say that. The cool night air brushed against my skin, causing my arms to erupt in little goosebumps. Was it starting to get chilly or was I just feeling flushed? I couldn’t tell. My forehead and cheeks felt warm to the touch, yet my arms and body were starting to feel cold. I looked around the porch to see if there was an outdoor heater I could stand near, when I spotted another Pagoda hidden behind some trees in the side yard.

“What’s that?” I asked JezeBall, pointing to the Pagoda.

“That’s the Jacuzzi. People don’t usually go in there until much later.”

The idea of sitting in a Jacuzzi at that moment was almost too good to pass up. But what would I wear as a swimsuit? My underwear?

“You don’t need a swimsuit,” JezeBall said, as if reading my mind. “Just go in naked. No one’s going to care. And from the looks of it, no one’s even over there right now. It could be your own private Shangri-La.”

“I don’t know,” I said, feeling a little excited about the prospect of relaxing in a nice hot, bubbling tub of water.

“It’ll be good for your headache. Go on. Have a nice time. I have to judge a wet underwear contest in ten minutes. But come see me before you leave, okay?”

The area surrounding the Jacuzzi was populated with trees and tall shrubs, so the very top of the Pagoda was all you could really see. There was only one entrance, through a group of tall Arborvitae, which made it very private.

Once inside, I was pleased to see that the pagoda was completely empty. It didn’t look like anyone had been here tonight, so the chances seemed pretty good that I’d be alone. I flipped on the overhead light, and then used the dimmer control to turn the lights down to half their intensity. This created a soft, soothing atmosphere in which I could soak away my troubles.

I found the switch for the Jacuzzi and turned it on to High, setting the timer to thirty minutes. That should be enough time for a nice relaxing saturation. The sound of the motor coming to life was much louder than I expected. Luckily, the loud music inside the house would help mask the thunderous churning of the hot water.

I took off my clothes and piled them neatly on a chair in the corner. Then, one foot at a time, I immersed myself in the bubbling brew. As I sank deeper in the water, I could feel the tension in my head slowly start to subside. I’m sure the feeling was helped along by the muscle relaxer I’d just taken, but it didn’t matter. I was in Heaven. I stretched out in the water, allowing my body to be pummeled with the warm jets.

The Jacuzzi had two specially carved seats in the corners, with long benches filling in the rest of the space. The seats were the best option, as they allowed you to lie in them like you were on a lounge chair. I rested my head on the back of one seat, and spread my legs far out in front of me, kicking them gently against the water.

I began to hum softly to myself, some melody I’d heard on the radio and couldn’t get out of my head. I think it was some jingle for car insurance. I hate it when I remember stuff like that. Real lyrics to real songs I can never remember. But throw a piece-of-crap jingle in my direction, and suddenly I have total recall.

The pulsating water began to tickle the area between my legs. It felt amazing to be so free and naked. Like the lumberjack, who had no qualm about stripping off his clothes in front

of an audience.

The thought of the lumberjack gyrating so close to my body, his hot breath caressing my skin, caused more than a little stirring in my loins. Within seconds, my manhood had changed from buoyantly bouncy to rock hard. It was a quick transition, and I was somewhat surprised at having such instant stiffness. Especially since I was supposed to be under the influence of a muscle relaxer.

My hands moved freely under the water, flapping about and splashing. There was an intake hole somewhere near my right hand, which I felt several times as I was flailing my arms about. It had a very strong suction. I tried to stick my finger over the hole, but instead it got sucked inside. The sudden pull took me by surprise, causing me to burst forth with a ridiculous yelping sound.

I pulled my finger out, and placed my hand over the hole. The strong current felt like a tornado, desperately trying to suck my hand through the tiny entrance. Well, it wasn't that tiny. I could fit three or four fingers inside. My hand certainly wouldn't fit in it, but I wonder if my...

Now this next section gets a little dicey, and I'd like to preface it by saying there are certain times in a man's life when his penis exerts a will and a mind of its own. In fact, its power and influence can become so strong that a man might actually consider doing something rather ridiculous just to appease it. Something like seeing what would happen if he stuck his member into the intake hole of a Jacuzzi. There is no logical explanation for why someone might try such a dangerous stunt, but because your penis tells you to do it, you do it.

And forgive me for being crude, but right now my manhood was so strong and powerful, it felt like a rocket ready to blast off. It had a mission. It had direction. It was carrying passengers who wanted to explore. So why wasn't I acting like Mission Control and trying to stop it?

I stood up in the Jacuzzi to get a better look at the Pagoda's surroundings. I couldn't see anyone and there didn't seem to be any activity in the immediate vicinity, so I figured I was still safely alone for a while. I looked down at my stiff appendage and smiled in pride. It looked back up at me, though I don't think it was smiling. It looked more like screaming.

I sat back in the water and maneuvered myself so that my body was leaning against the wall containing the water intake hole. I had no intention of actually inserting myself into the hole, but I thought the strong current might have the same sensation as one of those coin-operated vibrating hotel beds. It would feel good even though you knew it wasn't going to lead anywhere.

As I moved closer to the wall, the current of the air hole pulled me in with tremendous force. FFFFUMMMPPP. The side of my penis was sucked hard against the hole, causing my body to turn slightly. With the hot bubbling water around me, and the gentle vibration

from the intake hole, this was the closest I'd come to having sex in more than a year.

I pushed myself away from the side of the Jacuzzi, causing my manhood to pop up from the air hole and flop about wildly. The air hole, now free of its cover, sputtered back to life, churning and sucking. I couldn't get over how hard I was. It was like a steel girder had suddenly soldered itself to my body. This was certainly a strange reaction to a muscle relaxer.

I pulled myself up against the side again. FFFFUMMMMPPPP. This time the air hole caught one of my testicles, causing me to wince in pain. I had to actually use my hand to pull it away. That hurt!

I decided to move down a little in the water, so I wouldn't have to suffer another ball assault. FFFFUMMMMPPPP. I was pulled hard against the hole. Then just as easily, I propelled myself backwards. Then FFFFUMMMMPPPP, back on again. Then I pushed myself off. Then FFFFUMMMMPPPP, back on. Then off.

Then FFFFAAAAAAAAWWWOOWWWW!

My penis had somehow immersed itself straight into the hole this time, which slammed me hard against the side of the Jacuzzi. The suction was so strong that I couldn't immediately pull myself out. And now that I was feeling the full force of the vacuum, my hard-on felt like it was swelling even bigger. But this was not feeling as good as I thought. And try as I might, I couldn't seem to pull myself out of the hole. It was like a giant sucking vagina trying to swallow me up. (Or a Penis Fly Trap.)

Even when I tried grasping my manhood with my hands, it didn't help. In fact, it hurt. Because the more I pulled, the more it scraped against the sides of the hole, shooting a jolt of pain into that area. The only comfortable position was to press my body completely against the side of the Jacuzzi and let the air hole do its thing.

If you've ever tried to get a ring off your finger when the finger is more swelled than usual, you will know exactly what I was going through. While my member was inside the hole, it felt okay. But any time I tried to pull it out, it was like I was ripping off a piece of my limb. So for the moment, I was literally stuck where I was.

I looked up at the Jacuzzi timer to see how long before the jets turned off. Twenty minutes. Shit. How was I going to survive being sucked into an air hole for the next twenty minutes? Especially when it had already started to lose its novelty. Not to mention its pleasurable sensation.

And for the first time, I was feeling a little silly. Even stupid. How could I have been so careless? I mean, what right-minded person would let their penis get stuck in a Jacuzzi? What if a rescue squad had to be called in to pull me out?

I started having visions of my penis being sucked so intensely that it was severed from

my body and wound up in the Jacuzzi motor, ground into a million pieces. I flinched at the thought, though the image didn't seem to stop my member from its ceaseless swelling. It apparently was on a mission to plump up the size of a zeppelin, and I was helpless to stop it.

I tried thinking about dead puppies, hoping that might cause some deflation. When that didn't work, I thought about horror movies that shocked me, then smelly bathrooms that repulsed me, and finally remembering in detail the one time I caught my parents having sex. EWWWWWWW! But nothing stopped my swelling soldier from trying to complete its mission. It was as if the muscle relaxer I took was more of a muscle enhancer. Because it certainly seemed to be giving me more of a...

Wait a minute. Tiny pill. Big erection. I wonder if JezeBall accidentally gave me a Viagra, or some "derivative of that." It would certainly explain a lot of things. Like why I was harder than I'd been since I was sixteen (or thereabouts), and why my negative thinking wasn't causing me to limp out.

Fifteen minutes to go. Could I survive this, or would they find my bloody body tomorrow morning, floating in the Jacuzzi, my entire crotch area ripped from view?

To make matters worse, I suddenly heard voices approaching from the porch area. It was a group of people. As the voices got closer, I noticed that one of them was Steven's. Which meant that the others were probably the men from the kitchen group. And they were coming to the Jacuzzi.

Perfect! First, they think I'm some opportunist who wants to sell or possibly steal their prized possessions, and now they'll think I'm some pervert who likes to hump inanimate objects. I was really doing wonders for my reputation tonight. Luckily I didn't drink, or who knows what kind of mess I'd be in.

I had to think quickly. Since I was already pressed up against the side of the Jacuzzi, I folded my arms on the deck and laid my head on top, hoping it would appear as if I was taking a little catnap.

As the first person crossed the threshold and into the soft lighting, he suddenly stopped when he saw me. It was the man who thought he recognized my name. He looked at me, then at the Jacuzzi, and then at how I was situated in the Jacuzzi, and then his mouth dropped slightly.

"I'm sorry," He said, embarrassed. "Did you want to be alone?"

"No, don't be silly." I answered as casually as possible, though I must've looked ridiculous hugging the side of the wall as if my life depended on it. Which in some ways, it did.

The rest of the men began to flood into the little Pagoda. So much for privacy.

“Henson, is that you?” Steven asked, while putting down his drink. “You look like you’re very relaxed.”

“Yes, thank you.” I smiled up at him. “I was just taking a rest here on the side.”

I felt like I needed to explain why I was facing the Jacuzzi wall rather than the center. So I made up some ridiculous story about my current resting position, which went on much longer than necessary. Steven lost interest halfway through, took off his clothes and got in on the other side, facing my posterior end. Since I couldn’t really see him any more, I stopped talking before I finished the story. Apparently no one else had been paying attention either, as my abrupt ending passed without notice.

One by one, the men began dropping their clothes and getting into the Jacuzzi. Though I wanted to turn around and chat with them, I was forced to show nothing but my back as representation. But what could I do? I still had ten minutes left.

What’s even stranger is that my hardened manhood still refused to go down. Even with the presence of other people in the Jacuzzi, I was going stronger than ever. It had to be the muscle relaxer, or whatever it was. Because this was not usual behavior, even in the best of circumstances.

The last person to enter the Jacuzzi area was the Lumberjack. He’d apparently already performed his act, and was now ready to relax. With only his leather pants on, he looked incredibly hot. He also looked more familiar. There was something about his body. The tattoo on the left arm, the perfectly chiseled physique, the pattern of his chest hair. Why did I feel I was already intimately acquainted with those attributes?

It wasn’t until he dropped his leather pants to enter the Jacuzzi that I realized why. This guy was not only a Stripping Lumberjack, he was also one of the hottest porn actors from the 1980s. Hart Azrock. His long, thick manhood with the tattoo of the Phoenix was iconic. And here he was, about to sit in the same Jacuzzi right next to me. If I wasn’t so humiliated with my current predicament, I might have actually been turned on for a reason.

My knowledge of Hart Azrock dates back to my college days, when my openly gay roommate Peter was openly obsessed with him. He lined his side of the room with naked pictures of Hart he’d clipped from various magazines. He even had an autographed Hart Azrock picture, beautifully framed on his bedside table. This made it very difficult for me to bring anyone back to our room, especially since I was deep in the closet at the time. Guilt by association, you know.

“So when are you going to grow up and face the fact that you’re gay?” Peter would always ask me.

To which I’d always reply: “I’m not gay. Maybe I’m bi, but I’m definitely not gay.”

“You’re in so much denial, it’s pathetic. There’s no such thing as a true bisexual, Henson. Even if you sleep with both, you definitely have a preference for one over the other. People only say they’re bi when they’re going through the transition.”

“What transition?” I asked, clueless as to what he was talking about. “The transition from back of the closet to center of the room. You’re obviously not comfortable with your sexuality, so you lead a straight life. But you really want to be gay, so eventually you step out of the closet a little and say you’re bi, because that makes the transition easier and less threatening.”

“That is so not true,” I protested, although I knew exactly what he meant.

“Honey, I’ve been there. I know. Right now you’re in the space between an open door and a lonely rack of hangers. The space where the light comes in partway, but not enough to embrace you. It’s not a fun place to be, Henson. It’ll eventually destroy you.”

“You’re so morbid,” I shot back, trying to change the subject.

“And besides,” Peter said, lovingly pointed to Hart’s naked pin-up. “How could you look at this man and not want him? It’s simply impossible.”

“You’re simply impossible,” I said dramatically, before throwing a pillow at his condescending know-it-all face.

I wondered what Peter would say at this very moment, if he knew I was sitting within reaching distance of Hart Azrock. Not only reaching, but touching too, as Hart had apparently decided to take the seat immediately next to me. Oh Lord, give me strength!

Before Hart got in the water, he looked down at me. And even though I was pressed against the side of the wall with my head tilted forward, he knew exactly who I was.

“Hey there, Henson,” He said, smiling. “Sorry I blew you off earlier. I was a little late in getting here, so I didn’t want to keep the guest of honor waiting.”

“N-n-no problem,” I stuttered again.

Hart slipped in the water, gently rubbing up against the side of my body. The smell of his cologne was like some powerful aphrodisiac, causing my stuffed sausage to press against the sides of the air hole even harder. Ow! I wanted to scream in pain, but all I could do was smile. Six minutes to go. I could do this.

The Jacuzzi was now filled to capacity, with arms and legs bumping into each other under the water. I looked increasingly ridiculous pressed up against the side while everyone else was facing the middle. With four minutes left on the clock, Steven finally decided to say something.

“Henson,” Steven yelled across the water, “Why don’t you turn around and talk to us? These are your potential clients, after all.”

“Oh, I will.” I yelled back. “I’m just resting for a few more minutes.”

Crap. Why did I have to be in this position? What was I going to do? I suddenly felt a hand glide across my lower back. It was a light touch, but it caused me to jump slightly.

“Sorry,” Hart said softly. “I just wanted to touch it. You have a great ass.”

Normally, this kind of comment might have elicited some kind of embarrassed or self-deprecating response from me. But because of my current circumstances, it struck me as extremely funny for some reason, and I burst out laughing. Which was not the response Hart expected, nor one that he’d probably ever experienced before. I felt his body move ever so slightly away from mine.

Only two minutes to go.

“These jets feel great, “ someone said.

“Like a mini massage, right?” someone else responded.

“Doesn’t it sound like it’s clogged?” Steven asked. “Is something blocking the air holes?”

That would be me. I was cutting off the function of the intake hole with my hard-on, so the sound of the roaring Jacuzzi was clearly unbalanced. Like when a vacuum cleaner gets something caught in it and you lose the suction noise. The same thing was happening here. Although the water was still bubbling, the sound that it was making was rather lame.

I could hear people began to feel around their immediate areas to find where the water got sucked out. Only a minute and a half more. Maybe I could do a little tap dance to fill the time.

“Hey,” Steven yelled over the churning water. “It looks like the timer is about to go off. Someone needs to reset it.”

“I’m not getting out,” one man said. “I just got in.”

“Henson, would you be a love?” Steven asked sweetly. “You’ve been in here the longest.”

One minute to go.

“No problem,” I said. “As soon as it turns off, I’ll get out.”

“Still resting?” Hart asked, obviously a little confused at my behavior.

“Yeah. It’s been a stressful week,” I lied. Oh God. Please turn off soon. Please.

Within a few seconds, the motor’s whirring came to an end, and the churning bubbles ceased their activity. There was an audible sigh from the entire group, as their luxurious experience had been temporarily turned off. I could feel the group watching me, waiting for me to get out and turn it back on.

But I was still having trouble releasing my hard-on from the hole. Even though the suction was turned off, I still couldn’t pull it out. It had swelled to such immense proportions that it felt glued to the inner walls of the hole. I reached one hand under the water to help the tugging, but it still wouldn’t budge.

“Any day now, Henson,” Steven said, with obvious irritation.

Shit. Dead puppies. Dead babies. Smelly bathrooms. John Bobbit.

There was no time for subtlety here. I had to get out and I had to do it now, no matter what kind of personal injury I might sustain. So with one hand against the side of the Jacuzzi, and the other still grasping my member, I used my legs to help push me away from the air hole. Only I did it with such force, that I propelled myself across the Jacuzzi and onto Steve’s exposed lap. The aerial acrobatics caused quite a sensation, with everyone jumping back a little from the splashing water.

I quickly jumped up when I realized I was sitting on a little more than Steve’s lap, which in turn, caused me to lurch forward right into Hart Azrock.

“Whoa, slow down there buddy,” Hart said, grasping my shoulder and gently pushing me backward to my feet.

And there I stood in the middle of the crowded Jacuzzi, my manhood still at rock hard attention, jutting out from my body like a flagpole ready to be draped. I heard somebody gasp, and then someone else started clapping. And pretty soon, everyone was laughing and clapping, as if I was a go-go boy at a dance club.

“Very nice,” Hart yelled. “Ever thought of doing porn? I could hook you up.”

Everyone laughed.

“Uh, no thanks.” I said, as I was finally able to navigate my body to the side of the Jacuzzi. I got out and turned on the power switch, setting it for another thirty minutes, none of which I planned to be there for. Then, amidst protests from Hart and Steve, I put on all my clothes and made up some excuse about having to leave. Luckily, my long shirt

was able to cover up my still protruding phallus.

Once I was safely outside the sightlines of the Jacuzzi, I practically ran back to the house to find JezeBall. I wished I hadn't promised that I would see him before I left, because all I wanted to do was get out of there.

The atmosphere back in the house was decidedly different now. Lights were turned down even lower than before, and though the music was still blaring, there didn't appear to be anyone in sight. The porch was empty, the kitchen was empty, and except for a few people milling about, it seemed like everyone had left. That is, until I found a door to the basement, which led me to a dimly lit room filled with naked bodies. It was definitely time to go.

So, without finding JezeBall, I let myself out the front door and walked the short trek back to my car. Once again, it had been an eventful evening. Too bad I was the event. Like the previous two parties I'd attended, I left totally humiliated. And this time I couldn't blame anyone but myself. Had I not been flirting with temptation, this never would have happened.

A few weeks later, I'd find out exactly what kind of an impression I'd made on Steven's friends that night. As one by one, I got a phone call from each of them asking for a consultation on my eBay services. I was pretty sure those weren't the only services they were interested in, though I made it subtly clear those were the only services I offered.

All in all, the evening had an upside. (Other than the obvious one, I mean.) I had gone to the quasi-RAMBO seeking to change my reputation in Plainfield. And though I hadn't exactly changed it the way I'd hoped, my newfound infamy definitely put me in better standing within a certain faction of the community.

Next Episode: Tree and Sympathy