



Who suggested it is anyone's guess. What matters is that on a Wednesday morning at 10:21AM I was trawling the local sex shops with three female friends and marvelling how a few mounds of rubber could create sexual tension where there was previously none.

I recognized the performer on screen. She was blonde. Thick. Incredible tits, thighs, an ass that could stop the New Year's ball from dropping in Time Square. She was a little older but it was still her. I'd written to her as a boy of 14-yrs (playing older) and to my amazement, she had written back. We kept up the correspondence for the guts of a calendar before real world distractions overtook the teen fantasy that a kid from Belfast could end up with Katy Loveheart, the Pussy Queen of Silicone Valley.

Yeaaaaah. Yeaaaaaah!

'You alright there, Douggie?' Jill said with the hint of a smile.

'I don't think I've seen this one.'

'Charlie's Anals is a classic.' came a voice from behind the counter.

'No doubts. I'm sure it's the *Citizen Kane* of poon pics.' I looked around and caught the eye of Ruby. She was the one I'd always felt I had the best chance of exchanging grunts with. Ruby stood fixated under the menacing shadow of a large rubber fist that went all the way up to the elbow.

'When people talk about filling the void,' she sighed 'I always assumed they meant spiritually.' Ruby had the wit of a girl of half her attractiveness.

'You don't need to buy that thing.' I said, making my way to her. 'I'll make you one for Christmas.'

'You remember that stroke tape you made for... ah fuck... what was her name?'

'I remember.'

'What was her name?'

'That I don't remember.'

'It was a simpler time back then.' her rosy red cheeks curling up into a mischievous smirk.

I lingered by the exit as Jill paid for the little teases she had desired. That's where I saw the ad.

WANTED
Young Adventurous Woodsman
For Low Budget Movie
Call 07929 [X] [X]

I was unsure of the *Woodsman* reference was. Worried it was some sort of gay thing I asked behind the counter for more details. My three pals stood smacked of gob. *What the fuck are you doing?* painted across a trio of faces.

'Woodsman. It means.. you know.. someone who's able to get hard and stay hard.' replied the worker, placing an extra set of batteries inside of Jill's bag before throwing her a wink.

Shit. I could do that. I spent most of my waking life with some variation of timber between my legs. Now someone was offering to take what came naturally to me and put it to use. *This is exactly how the Avengers feel*, I rationalized when we got back to our digs.

'He said before a jogger found him raped in the back of a panel van. Tell me you're not seriously thinking about doing this?'

'Why not?'

'Because... because it's...' Jill caught herself before she said "wrong" but we all knew where she was going. I had only a passing interest in finding out more when I had read the ad, but the more I was being told I shouldn't do it by three women who weren't giving it up, the more I dug my heels in. Brat mode was in full flow. Difficult for the sake of being difficult. I went to bed with a thick streak of defiance painted up my back.

I was all set to write-off the *Adventurous Woodsman* ad as another sign that I needed the drought I was going through to end, but that night I dreamt of Katy Loveheart and in the morning it had me all but reaching for my axe and whistling *Hi-Ho* as I left for a 9AM tutorial.

Once free from the shackles of education I dialled the number. A man answered. I was prepared for it to be a dude but at the same time a little part of me felt shame. Would it have been there if the voice arranging a meet-up was female? Never mind the fact that I was considering a life of boning on film. What does *that* say about me?!

Arriving at Auntie Annie's I bought myself a Guinness and sat in the corner I had described to the guy on the other end of the line. Each time the hard wood saloon doors opened I looked up. Every guy with a gorgeous girl in-tow could be him.

Eventually he came, and there was no gorgeous girl in sight. He looked the type who needed to watch three-times daily. Lean as a 2B pencil but with the perspiration ability of a 400lb meatball.

'You Douglas?' his voice was tentative. How many times had he approached Woodsmen who weren't Woodsmen?

'You must be Joe.'

'You been waiting here long?'

'About this much.' I said, holding up the empty Guinness glass that sat next to my half empty fresh one.

'That won't do anything to...'

'No. No, I'm good for at least another six or so. Why? We're not shooting today, are we?'

'No, nothing like that. I just need to inspect the goods is all.'

'Umm... yeah... of course.'

'I'll nip to the toilet. Give it a minute then follow me in.'

All of a sudden my stomach was rolling over. Maybe Jill was right. Maybe this was wrong. I mean, sure let's go back to my office and you can show me your purple mushroom cap is one thing but let's pop into the can and you can whip it out. *What the fuck?!* Against all judgment I sank my pint and headed to the toilet.

I had me in my head, recounting the tale to the girls and all I could think of was the many ways in which I'd try to justify running out of the bar. Then they'd follow up with the many ways in which it was the right thing to do before we all went to bed dissatisfied.

I entered the bathroom as Joe finished checking the cubicles. We eyeballed each other and before long the tension got to a point where I wasn't too sure my axe could swing.

'Ok,' said Joe 'let's see him.'

Cracking the denim, I reached inside and pulled out a handful of meat. Two quick pumps and he was glorious. Standing tall and fucking glowing.

'Nice. Nice dick there.'

'Thanks.'

'You mind if I inspect?'

'What d'you mean *inspect*?'

'Can I touch it?'

'Fuck off.' I tucked him away pretty quickly before the bad man got too close. '*Touch it*. What the fuck is your game, Joe? What's the job? There'll be girls, right?'

'At the minute...' Ah fuck! "... " never meant anything good. 'hopefully. I mean, we're working on that but there's a chance it could end up being guy-guy. You still interested?'

'Get the fuck out of here!'

'We could do solo.'

'I've been doing solo for months, muthafucka. Get the fuck out of here before I tell everyone you tried to touch my junk. Time-wasting fuck-hole.' Joe left like he'd just stolen something. I lingered a moment. My chances of one day pushing up on Katy Loveheart were extinguishing themselves. Fucking *guy-guy*. For a moment I thought maybe it was the jacket. Ruby had gotten me as her Secret Santa the previous year, and I was fairly certain she'd raided her old lady's wardrobe even though she swore blind it was a guy's leather jacket.

'One too many zips.' I told myself, nodding along in full agreement.

I exited the can. My soul was as deflating as my dick. I bought a bourbon to wash the taste out of my mouth then headed for the exit. Pinned to the wall was an ad.

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Original Work. No Pay. No Fear.
Auntie Annie's. Sept, 19 from 7PM