

issue 08

hello mr.



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Close Call

Text by NIKOLAS MALONE

"Hey," he says between strangled breaths.
"You still there?"

"Yeah! Yeah. Yes."

He grunts and seems content with this answer.

"My parents aren't home and my room is super dark so you probably can't see me jerking off, but I promise I am, and I wish you were here fucking me right now," I whisper while I text my friends and tweet about the dream I had the other night where I cut off my fingertips with kitchen scissors and found baby carrots instead of bones.

It is five-hundred-thousand fucking degrees in my room. He's breathing heavily into the receiver and has been asking rhetorical questions for the last 15 minutes. He begged me to FaceTime him while he jerked off and I obliged, initially because I wanted to call his bluff but then his dick was out and there was no turning back. My pants are off more instinctively than anything else. I somehow feel guilty for not wearing sexier underwear for the occasion. I lose track of his grunted promises to hold me down and make me his "bitch" while I examine the plaid on my stupid briefs, which I am confident came in a pack of five or more.

"Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?"

"Fuck yeah. I can't wait for you to cum. I love how you sound when you cum."

He moans and I think to myself, *I am the most creative person of all time and no one is out of my league.*

Eventually Twitter bores me and I close my eyes, folding my hands on my chest like a pharaoh in a sarcophagus, listening to all the things he would "do to me." It was sloppy and there wasn't a lot of continuity – one second he was fucking me in his bed, then in his dad's office, then his friend was watching us at the movie theater, then we were college roommates.

"Aren't you glad you lucked out and got assigned a roommate who wanted to fuck you so bad?"

"Oh, fuck yeah, thank God. I don't even have to worry about finding a good time to masturbate!"

Still, his shaking voice made every sexual promise feel meaningful. He sounded sad, almost pensive, like he was reaching into the deepest corners of his mind to give himself to me. Despite this, I continued glancing over to see him jerking off – relentlessly, angrily, violently. It wasn't even him – just a dick being jerked off across the length of my phone. An unknown, mysterious dick.

We started talking during a brief stint with mono – two weeks of bedrest in my empty home. Relieved to be away from school but lonely and desperate for attention – my mom had stopped

responding after the 40th corgi picture I sent her – I took to Tinder to have my ego stroked for the better part of the five hours I spent awake each day. He was my third match, and his profile included pictures of him passionately playing a tambourine. His middle name was Grant, which I informed him was the last name of my favorite president, whom I also thought was hot. He was fresh out of college, and as such, had a laundry list of corny pickup lines and sly little tactics to get guys to sleep with him. He asked if he could call me (because texting felt impersonal and he was a romantic), he was in-between jobs (but had just stripped and redone an entire apartment and made some joke about how good he was with tools), and told me that he “loved my mind,” which almost fooled me until I remembered that the most revealing thing I had shared with him was that my favorite president was Ulysses S. Grant.

“Hey,” I say a little coldly.

“Yeah?”

“We should try something.”

“What should we try?”

“You should call me.”

“I’m on the phone with you right now, what the fuck are you talking about?”

“No, like, you should call me call me. Like a phone call. You can’t see me, I can’t see you, we just talk to each other.”

“You want to have phone sex? How very 90s of you.”

“Yeah, I mean, it’ll be like having sex blindfolded, you have to rely on all your other senses.”

He laughs.

“Except I’m not there with you, so we can’t rely on any of our senses except one,” I work hard to convince him in a low whisper.

He’s silent for a second.

“What if I want to see you cum?”

“Yeah, but like, think about it, what’s really that great about cum?”

“Okay, I’ll call you.”

He hangs up and the void his dick leaves is filled with a heavy silence.

The break between our two calls sends me into a sweaty panic. I have made a huge mistake and should not have done this. I consider the consequences of declining his call and all of his horny follow-up calls and emojis. Would he text me? Would he hunt me down? How difficult is it to really block somebody’s number? Before I can rationalize any of my thoughts my phone is vibrating and sending earth-shaking tremors through my mattress and body. His contact picture flashes on the screen – he looks sweet and unassuming, frozen in time with his tambourine in hand forever.

I answer the call.

“Hello?”

“Hey.”

“So... how are you doing?” I ask, and immediately feel stupid. He laughs, either out of kindness or horniness, but I appreciate it either way.

“I’m just thinking about getting you and that tight little body alone, all to myself.”

Almost instantly my mind starts racing. He has to be making fun of me. Are we doing roleplay or something? There is nothing tight nor little about my body – both he and the thighs I squeeze into my skinny jeans know it. Angered, I decide to fuck with him back.

“Maybe I don’t want you to have me alone. Maybe I know that your average-sized cock can’t please me like I need it to.”

“Oh, really?” His voice dips into a low grumble.

“Well how about I hold you down by your neck and your mouth while I fuck you. We’ll see what you have to say for yourself when all you can feel is oh-so-average, won’t we?”

It is five-hundred-thousand fucking degrees in my room and I hate myself and I hate him.

I spit into my hand loudly.

“Ohh, shit, was that you spitting for me? You playing with your dick now? You like being held down?”

“Yep,” I say nonchalantly, wiping cold saliva across my chest.

"I could never be a poly gay," I tweet. "I'd always feel like I was a contestant on the Bachelor and that's just not a level of stress I can handle."

I begin dozing off to each rhythmic, breathy grunt. Falling asleep to the sound of him jerking off is like falling asleep to a storm. If I zone out hard enough, his moans are like thunder, and his words sound like rain, rain that is threatening to "destroy my ass" and wants me to call it daddy.

Soon, my eyelids flutter.

The next morning I wake up to a text message.

The emojis paired with his name are the flame and the construction worker.

"Nice," it reads.

I am too mortified to reach out to him for a week.

He accidentally butt-FaceTimes me on Thanksgiving. (The logistics of a butt-FaceTime are beyond me, but I swear to God it happened.) I answer and don't hang up for a very long time. I hear his family, or his friends, maybe. Apparently it's his job to make the crescent rolls for the table and he's about to go out and buy the dough. In a moment of strange empathy, I decide that I owe him. From his pocket, as he walks through the grocery store, I detail my most private, vile and disgusting sexual fantasies and desires for him in a whisper that he'll never know. I tell him everything I'd let him do to my body while I hear him ringing up \$20.40 worth of crescent rolls. Of course it was crescent rolls – just enough

commitment to the holiday with just the right amount of culinary inadequacy. He was just like me. Satisfied, I hang up.

Several weeks later, in the middle of the night, I get lonely enough to give him a surprise call.

"Haven't heard from you in a while," he teases. "And you know nothing good ever happens after midnight."

"What choice did I have? I couldn't stop thinking about you."

"Something tells me you just can't stop thinking about me after dark. Which is fine. Why don't you come over tomorrow and we can give you what you want?"

I close my eyes and think about the guy who bought the crescent rolls.

"That sounds like fun," my lips going through the flirtatious motions.

"It will be fun."

"Tomorrow it is then."

"Just shoot me a text. Or send a picture if you're up to the challenge."

I muster a half-chuckle and the line drops out. His voice is gone but his little portrait that I screenshotted, cropped, and edited from Tinder remains, and his eyes follow. I let the warm glow of his contact picture light up my face, inhaling the manicured mess of hair, the cigarette perched in his mouth, the stupid fucking tambourine.

I exhale and block his number. ●