



The Weekly Man

Episode 47: Friday – Jacques

Jacques loved his new see-through black bodice, his sheer black nylons and straps. They'd arrived first thing that morning. He felt sexy and powerful. He felt young and rejuvenated. His entire body tingled. He felt light and carefree and daring. He had the hardest erection he'd had in years.

Jasmine Jackson was dead. *Long live the Insufferable Bitch.*

He'd already set up a new website, using his Photoshop skills to make composites of royalty free images to create a den of pure sexual suffering. He used the couch with the ecstatic compressed men as inspiration, creating images of erotic horror with men tied to walls and posts, metal chairs and slabs of granite...chained men hanging upside down, their faces bloated with pleasure as women wearing only nylons and straps, and carrying whips, patrolled the landscape of beatific trapped men.

He had a Home page, a Contact page, an About page and a link to the Insufferable Bitch's blog. He also had a tab leading to the Books page.

All he had to do now was write a book, and he already had a good start on that.

She kept him in a box. And he loved that she kept him in a box.

She said, "I know you want this as much as I do."

And he did. He wanted her to keep him in the box. He loved her. He was her art. She could do anything she wanted to him and that made him love her more. And he loved her for what she was doing to him. Escape was impossible. He loved her too much to even think of escape. His freedom was his choice to let her put him in the box day after day.

She was an artist.

He hadn't eaten in months. He hadn't had water or any other liquid in months. He survived on his love for her. He lived for her art. He lived for her purpose. He was never without an erection. His cock throbbed continuously. She wouldn't let him wear

clothing. She said that it amused her to see his erection, especially when she put him in the box.

And when he watched her with any of her dozens of lovers. She tied him to a chair by the side of the bed, using ribbons instead of rope, ribbons made stronger than steel by his love for her and his need to be her art.

That was all she ever let him out of the box to do, watch her with her lovers, and he loved to watch her. She was perfect and her lovers were perfect. He lived for the ecstatic convolutions of their perfect bodies and the otherworldly music of their moans and shrieks of joy. Sometimes, it went on for days of non-stop orgasms and ejaculations, and when they were done, her lover would leave and she would put him back into the box, smiling confidently at his twitching erection.

“It will be soon,” she said.

“I know,” he said.

“My art demands it,” she said.

“I know,” he said.

“You must want it as much as I do,” she said.

“I do,” he said.

“There can be no turning back,” she said.

“I will never turn back,” he said.

And knowing the fate she had in store for him, he let her gently push his head down into the box as his erection throbbed madly with his love for her.

He re-read the opening to the Insufferable Bitch’s first book and was happy.

Not bad for first draft material. Have to go into a little more detail on the sex scene and get into this guy’s head a little more, but not bad for first draft.

He wrote for another hour before packing the Insufferable Bitch into the closet and becoming Jacques Manning again. He liked this coexistence of two people of the opposite sex, and thought it was kind of cool to have what he saw as two different personalities living in one body.

Now, as Jacques, he would read his mail while figuring out a way to close down Jasmine Jackson for good. Maybe Jasmine would have a heart attack or die a protracted death that would carry on for months and possibly spur sales of her books. He had time to figure all of that out.

In the meantime, he would start building on the Bitch’s blog. He would use the same imagery as in the website and make up stories of the author’s sadistic sex life. This was going to be fun.

He heard a familiar knock at the door.

Sounds like Mrs. Gilbert is out of the hospital.

He walked to the door and opened it. There was Mrs. Gilbert, eyes sparkling in a framework of wrinkles and looking more like she’d just returned from a cruise in the Caribbean than from the hospital.

Looking at Jacques in his blue housecoat, Natalie couldn’t help but wonder what he looked like in his new bodice and nylons.

“Mrs. Gilbert.” He looked genuinely concerned. “It’s so good to see you again. Manzer told me about your heart attack. I didn’t expect you to be out so soon. I wanted to come and see you at

the hospital but I've had some affairs that have kept me much too busy. But, look at you. You're the picture of health."

"Thank you, Jacques." She crossed her arms over her chest and smiled. "I've never liked hospitals and I believe people recover faster when they're not cooped up in a building full of sick people."

"That's a wonderful philosophy and it looks like it works. I would never dream that you'd just had heart problems. And if there's anything I can do for you, please, Mrs. Gilbert, let me know."

"Thank you, Jacques. I really appreciate that, but I think I'll be good for now. I just wanted to drop by to let you know that I'm out of the hospital and everything's fine."

As Natalie walked back to her flat she wondered about Jacques. Of the seven of them, he was the one who gave her the least amount of problems. He was always the least demanding, the least questioning and the one who most easily accepted the disparities that came with sharing one body with six other people. But then, he was living dual lives on his own. A female romance writer in the mornings and sometimes into the afternoon and evening, depending on how much of a writer's roll Jasmine was on, and the rest of the time, he was a man who often hung around laundromats.

Jacques spent most of the rest of the day sending out messages and writing blogging about Jasmine had becoming seriously ill, a likely outcome of having had her computer hacked.

I've always drawn strength from you, my dear readers. Your encouraging messages and positive feedback have always been a great source of inspiration and resolve to write. I really don't know what I would have done over the years without you, what I would have accomplished. When I read your words, I can feel the strength growing inside me, the desire and will to write more and more.

But, I'm afraid I must tell you that my health has not been up to par lately. In fact, ever since my computer was hacked. I'm not sure what it is, the sense of vulnerability that has maybe affected me physically so that now I spend my days in dizzy spells, drifting in and out of the days and nights and being only half aware of my life for most of the time.

But I'll fight this. And with the strength you give me, I'll defeat whatever existential monster has invaded my life and begin writing again. And all through this, my dear readers, you will be foremost in my mind, encouraging me and giving me strength.

Till later,

Jasmine

He patted himself on the back. He re-read the post and patted himself again. He would give them a wonderful drama with posts following posts right up to Jasmine's death. It would be even more mesmerizing for Jasmine's fans, because it would be real life drama.

Or so they would think.

And now it was time for some beer.