



The Weekly Man

Episode 54: Friday - Jacques

The second he waked, Jacques new that something was strange. Things didn't feel right. The view was all wrong.

What's going on? What the...?

He wasn't in his bed. After a moment or two it sunk in that he was on the living room floor. He had clothing on. He had someone else's clothing on. There was a cell phone beside his head. He'd never seen this phone before. He propped himself up on one arm and reached for the phone. He looked it over and turned it on. Just like his phone, it wanted a password. He traced the password he used for his phone. It was rejected. He tried again. It was rejected again. This was definitely not his phone. He quickly glanced around the room.

Who's phone? How did it get here?

He looked down at the blue shirt and brown pants. He'd never seen either before.

Why am I dressed like this? Who's clothing is this?

He pushed himself up onto his knees and stood up. It was then that it hit him. It was a heavy feeling, a thickness in the chest and stomach. A sickly feeling. He remembered feeling something like this when Manzer told him that his mother was dead. He hadn't felt it right away. To start, it had been disbelief, shock, a complete lack of feeling. And then it had come, like an avalanche of despair. The sickly feeling. The hard pain in the gut.

Why am I feeling this now?

He felt like someone was flushing his veins and arteries with ice water. He leaned against the wall as a spell of dizziness rushed over him. He stood for few moments, trying to figure out what was going on. He'd never fallen asleep on the floor in his entire life. He looked down.

I would never dress like this.

The pain was in his stomach and chest. It permeated his entire body. He felt it in his head but he couldn't focus on anything in particular, a source of the pain, some juncture in his mind where the pain might have started. He knew this pain but there was no reason for him to be feeling it. It

was the pain of loss but he hadn't lost anything. If anything, he'd gained so much. He'd gained a whole new life, a new epoch in his writing career.

Could I be feeling this from Jasmine? Am I feeling the loss of a persona, a person who never actually existed other than in my mind?

He dismissed the thought as ridiculous. He wouldn't be missing Jasmine Jackson. He was bored with Jasmine Jackson. He was The Insufferable Bitch. This was rebirth, not death.

Why do I have all this pain in my gut?

He went to the kitchen to get a beer. When he opened the refrigerator door and looked in, there was no beer.

No beer? Not again.

He started thinking about something he'd never thought about before, or at least, had never thought about that he could remember.

How does the beer get here?

He couldn't remember getting any deliveries, making any orders, paying any bills for beer. It was always just there. Six bottles of beer in his refrigerator. They were the beers he drank when he finished his writing and was ready to have some fun engaging with Jasmine Jackson's fans. He never had to think about them because they were always there, and why rock the boat questioning things that were going well? He was used to shoving those things under the carpet.

There was a knock at the door. He knew immediately who it was, Mrs. Gilbert.

Maybe she'll know where the beer comes from.

He opened the door and there she was, standing in all her folds but still so youthful in her eyes, and so robust. That's what she looked like to Jacques, robust. She didn't look at all like she'd just had a heart attack, not this woman who stood before him looking so robust.

"Hello Jacques." The voice was almost sing-song but solidly rooted.

"Hello Mrs. Gilbert. You're looking very well today."

She smiled through the folds of flesh around her mouth. There had always been something so distantly familiar in her eyes.

"Why thank you, Jacques." She laughed. "They have me on a diet that's supposed to make me live forever and a few years." They both laughed. "But...I thought I would drop by to see if everything's OK. One of the other tenants said that he heard some strange sounds in the night and I was wondering if you might have heard anything."

Jacques thought for a moment. He wondered if he might have made some sounds beyond normal after sleeping on the floor. He tried to think of how that could cause any noise that would be noticed by other tenants. Possibly, by falling down? He seemed to remember going to bed in the normal way. And not dressed in a stranger's clothing.

"Um...no, Mrs. Gilbert. I didn't hear anything out of the ordinary. But I sleep like a log. It would take a lot to wake me up."

"That's fine, Jacques. I was just checking to make sure that everything's fine. Probably just the building itself. Wood settling and contracting, things shifting over the years. Just like people, I guess."

"Mrs. Gilbert..." His voice was almost apologetic. "I was wondering about something."

She smiled, but because of the folds, it was impossible to tell how wide. "Yes, Jacques...?"

"Well, this might sound strange, but I have a six pack of beer in my refrigerator every day..."

"Yes?"

"Well...I was wondering how it got there. For the life of me, I don't remember ordering it."

She laughed loudly and clapped her hands together. “My goodness, you writers. I had another writer in the building before you moved in. The same thing...so involved in creating his literary worlds that he lost track a little of the outside world. You made the arrangement with a cab company to have the beer delivered shortly after you moved in. They leave it on your doorstep and I put it in your refrigerator while you’re still sleeping. I’m afraid I didn’t do that this morning because the cab didn’t deliver it. I can check into that for you if you want.”

“I would really appreciate that Mrs. Gilbert.”

“And I’ll get them to bring some over for tonight.”

When she was gone, Jacques leaned his back against the door. He wondered how he could forget about the beer. But Mrs. Gilbert had said that she had another writer in the building who did the same kind of thing. So maybe it wasn’t such a big deal.

But what about when she was in the hospital? Shouldn’t there have been beer on his doorstep? It was in his refrigerator. Maybe Uncle Manzer put it there?

The inconsistencies were getting hard for him to get his head around. Sometimes, thinking hurt. And this was one of those times. He decided it was time to stop thinking, change into his new writing gear and do some writing.

The Perfect Orgasm.

That was the name of his next novel. It was his answer to a movie he’d seen years before called *Perfume*, about an artist who murdered women and used their life essence to create the perfect perfume. The movie had enraged Jacques—that anyone would feel that it was right for other people to forfeit their lives to advance the ends of someone else whether it was for art or for anything. What particularly enraged him was near the end where the father of one of the victims praised the murderer/artist for making the perfect perfume. Jacques’s anger over the movie was something that had been simmering somewhere just under the surface of his thoughts for years. And now it was time to do something about it—time to switch the tables.

In *The Perfect Orgasm*, the lead male character would willingly give up his life to give his muse artist the perfect orgasm, not like the movie, where the women were murdered and used against their will. He’d jumped ahead and written the ending, which he could now write towards. For Jacques the middle came easier when he knew where the story was going.

He was the perfection of manhood, Adonis over a thousand times. His body was perfect, muscular without being too muscular, golden tan, longish blond hair, cleft jaw, blue eyes and hung like a horse. He’d been penetrating her for weeks and her moans rushed over and through his body like heavenly music. Her legs wrapped around his waist, her hands massaged up and down his butt and back.

He sat in his chair, the ribbons holding him there with the power of his love for her. He couldn’t move his eyes away from the two. He felt the energy of her passion reaching out to him, rushing through him, devouring his own energy and absorbing him into her. He couldn’t fight it. It felt too good. She brought him into her, using his energy to power her pleasure.

Then, something happened that hadn’t happened before. As her lover’s enormous cock plunged into her body, her thighs began to glow. It was a soft glow at first and the faster he fucked her, the more it glowed until she was a glowing right up to her breasts and down to her knees. And her lover’s cock and pelvis began to glow.

And he could feel the energy of the glow across the space between them, draining him, absorbing his energy and the more she absorbed him, the more he loved her and the more he wanted to be absorbed by her.

Soon they were both glowing as their bodies gyrated in ecstasy and he pounded his cock into her faster and faster and faster until the glow began to fill the room and surround him and he felt himself being lifted from the chair and drawn to her and the closer he came to her the faster she absorbed him straight into her thighs and he could feel the intensity of her pleasure vibrating throughout his entire being, devouring everything that he was and he couldn't fight it. Their moans turned to shrieks and her lover pounded his body into hers faster and faster and the glow from their body filled the room and drew his own body closer and closer to her thighs until she drew him right into her body, absorbing him completely and his joy was infinite as the two of them fed on him to give her the perfect orgasm.

He loved it when his writing gave him an erection. The sex scenes in his laundromances were never very explicit, but that was Jasmine Jackson, a bit more of a lady than *The Insufferable Bitch*. It was going to take a little work to learn how to write really steamy sex, but he was up to it. A little more practice and he would be writing books that would steam up windows.

But he would come back to that later. He had something to write towards. Now, it was time to check in on Jasmine's world. There were close to a hundred emails, all of them expressing sympathy for Jasmine, offering her encouragement, hugs, hearts, kisses. It was time to drive this thing into the next gear.

Thank you, all of you, for the wonderful messages of encouragement. Again, you are all the source of my strength, my inspiration and the driving force behind my writing. I write for you, all of you because I love you. You are my family, my sisters. And now I'm going to need you more than ever. I'm going to need your love.

I've just been informed by my doctor that I have only weeks to live. I was shocked to learn this. I was sure that this would be just a passing thing that would be easily treated. When the doctor said "weeks," I literally slipped off the chair and fell to the floor. This won't, I'm afraid, give me enough time to write one last book, something I'd always felt would be possible someday, possible to write one book that would put all the books together. That, I'm afraid is not destined to happen.

Well, that's it for now. I'm feeling a little weak and should get some rest. I love all of you and wish I had better news.

Till later,

Jasmine

My god, Jacques, you're good. They'll eat this up, and any of them who haven't bought every one of Jasmine Jackson's books, will be ordering them now. He nodded to himself, obviously satisfied with the game he was playing with his fans even though, somewhere deep inside, he really did love them. *And I don't ever have to go into a laundromat again.*

He put away all thoughts of Jasmine Jackson, *The Insufferable Bitch* and forgetting things. Mrs. Gilbert had taken care of things and there was beer in the refrigerator.