

Let Me Tell You About a Funny Thing That Happened to Me at Work

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It all started innocently enough: I woke up, my alarm clock trilling crazily. It was still dark out. I started coffee using my little stovetop single-serve percolator. I threw a couple slices of five-grain sprouted wheat bread into the toaster, then hopped into the shower. I like to shower every morning, and sometimes once again in the evening. It's important for me to feel clean.

It's a centering thing.

Sometimes I like to try and squeeze in a little five minute meditation session when I'm in there—the steam and hot water are conducive to zoning out, to letting your mind wander and your muscles unwind a bit. It helps me to stay in touch with myself, to bank a little inwardness before the frantic rush of the day.

But this morning I lingered a little too long, and by the time I'd walked back into the kitchen the coffee had overspilled the percolator, sizzling as it sputtered out of the pot's triangular spout and dripped down onto the stove's open flame. "Aw shit," I managed, rushing over. The toast, meanwhile, had popped up long ago—they'd gone cold and stale.

It was a real mess.

Plus by now I was late for work, so there was no time to clean up, and if there's one thing I hate maybe more than anything it is to come home from work to a messy kitchen.

As you can see, nothing was going my way.

Normally, this level of disruption in my morning routine would've been enough to make me feel terrible. And at the time, it was. I was a wreck. But even so, I had no idea the terrible mortifications that were to come. I had no idea how much worse it would get.

I hastily pulled on my work pants and shirt (a basic tan khaki and light blue oxford ensemble), cursing wildly. I splashed the bitter, burnt coffee into a mug and chugged it down with an extra dose of milk, then ran out the door with the two petrified pieces of toast pressed between my teeth, clumsily failing to simultaneously tie my tie on the way to the car.

At the office, my coworkers could immediately tell something was wrong. The receptionist gave me an uncharacteristic glare; everyone in the conference stopped talking to watch me through the glass partition as I rushed to my desk, where, upon finally stopping to breathe, my cubemate Peter leaned in, whispering, “wow, Gary, you look a little stressed. Something you want to talk about?”

“You don’t know the half of it,” I sighed, fumbling to rehabilitate the disaster of my tie knot while I proceeded to recount my calamitous morning. Peter was sympathetic.

“That sounds really tough,” he whispered. I tried to calm down. Peter didn’t seem too phased. Maybe I was overreacting. What was I worried about anyway?

Well, a lot: that I wouldn’t seem professional, or organized, or stable; that the top brass at the firm would take my harried lateness as a sign that I couldn’t control my work-life balance; that I was therefore unfit for promotion and instead they’d promote the guy in Logistics who’s always already taking credit for my work. I was sure they were going to fire me. I mean, who was I kidding. I’d fucked up, big time.

But Peter’s relaxed, understanding demeanor seemed to contradict this assumption. Here I was, sweating, panting, my voice unmodulated, my tie haphazardly slung around my neck, a whole 15 minutes late to log into my workstation, and yet Peter was acting like nothing was wrong. He wasn’t shielding his head while frantically dialing security. He wasn’t screaming. He didn’t recoil in fear at the spittle-flecked croak of my voice.

No, he was listening intently to my story and offering what seemed to be a heartfelt expression of support. It was miraculous. I could feel my pulse dropping, the salve of his normalcy bringing me back to myself. Maybe I wouldn’t get fired. Maybe it was all going to be OK. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. I allowed myself a small half-chuckle, shaking my head. “Boy, I guess I could afford to relax a little,” I said. Peter laughed back. It was really a special moment.

Then my pants ripped open.

There was that terrible, lurching sound of cotton fibers tearing apart, and then the faint odor of must rushing up to us as my pants burst wide open and my big weird cock fell out.

“Whoa,” Peter exclaimed, kind of jumping back a bit, all that calm from earlier suddenly evaporated. “Oh my gosh, no,” was all I could get out.

My big, giant weirdo cock just unrolled out of the mangled hole in my pants and lolling swatted against Peter’s knee on its way down to a dangled equilibrium between my legs.

“Jesus Christ, man,” Peter said, louder now.

“Jesus Christ,” louder still, then suddenly yelling: “Jesus Christ, that cock!”

“Shhh, please,” I managed. “Please be quiet.” I jammed my pointer finger to my lips to emphasize my pleading. My voice was doing that thing where it strained against itself as a whisper, jumping up several raspy octaves as I repeated in a hushed half-shout: “please, Peter. Please—oh my gosh. Oh my gosh, please. Please be quiet.”

But Peter kept getting louder. “Goddamn, that big stupid cock looks like it was molded out of mashed potatoes by an infant! It’s like what a baby thinks a big cock looks like!”

“No, Peter, no!”

“Why does it look like that? Good Lord!”

“Peter, you must be quiet!”

“Why is your cock a weird piece of crap? Why is it such a goofy slush bag? What is wrong with you?”

I let out a long, awful groan and went about the mortifying task of picking up my cock and cramming it back into my pants. Peter by now had jumped out of his chair, towering over me, pointing down like I was a dog who’d just pissed on the carpet or chewed apart some favorite piece of furniture. He wasn’t even saying anything anymore, just yammering incoherent admonishments, his eyes darting back and forth between my ungainly cock and my scarlet face.

My fingers grappled and lunged around the rotund shaft of my cock. Frantic, I couldn’t seem to get a grip on it. It was like it’d been slicked down with bacon grease. It was like

somebody had dumped a bucket of melted butter all over my cock. It was like trying to hold down a loose hose—spasming, contorted, its thick, ropey veins pulsed. The loose, wrinkly hood of skin encasing its tip slipped back and forth, like an eye blinking. At first a putrid, pale white in color, it'd now begun to shift in tone, becoming at first red, then purple, engorged with a horrible vitality. It seemed the quickened blood of my embarrassment had spread from my face, rushing down into my cock. It got bigger; it got harder.

Peter sucked in a large breath of air. “What are you doing?” He must have thought I was jerking off.

“I’m not doing it, I swear,” I countered—but it couldn’t have been less convincing. “I swear!”

Peter snatched a handful of paperclips from his desk and started launching them at me. I quickly stood up, scrambling with my hands to cover and protect my face. My cock, suddenly free again from my grasp, unrolled like a massive tongue, crashing down onto my desk and knocking my laptop onto the ground. Its cheap plastic casing cracked immediately upon impact, wrenching open to spill a pile of rather complicated-looking microchips onto the dirty office carpet.

“No, my files!” I lunged for the microchips. “What have you done, Peter? Why have you done this?”

“Your cock did it, you asshole! Your big, ugly-ass klutzy cock! Your abnormally large cock that looks like it belongs to a fucking elephant on ‘get bigger’ drugs!”

Stuffing the microchips into my pants pockets, I had no choice but to let my cock drag back and forth across the carpet. The harsh fibers of the ugly grey carpet ground against it, irritating the bare flesh, sending flashes of pain through my swollen member. I made a little whimpering sound and closed my eyes, trying to distract myself. I tried to imagine this wasn’t happening.

I tried to imagine I’d gotten to work on time. In fact, that I’d gotten to work with five minutes to spare. That, instead of making breakfast, I’d simply indulged in a visit to the local

independent coffeeshop and bought a small cup of “fair trade” Guatemalan coffee and a blueberry muffin; that the receptionist, seeing me amble casually out of the elevator, a tastefully unbranded white paper cup of coffee in my hand, gave a knowing nod as I walked past—a nod that said, “yes, I see you. I see that you are totally in control. I see that you are unbothered, unflappable. I see that you are the master of your routine—this confidence projects past you and clears space for your passage. The small, common folk such as myself recognize it. We are in awe. We are honored to experience its glowing atmosphere of casual purpose, and give it the respect it deserves. Walk past and walk on, brave boy. You are truly the chosen, graced to carry forth the spirit of the age in which we find ourselves—you are a guiding light for the unmoored and unkempt, for the lost and indigent. A king among men, you honor us with your presence.”

I imagined that, at my desk, Peter was busying himself dusting my chair. “Oh, I didn’t realize you’d be in so early,” he mumbled, sheepishly, trying to hide the extensive collection of cleaning products he’d been using to secretly tidy up my workspace while I was at home.

“Don’t worry about it, buddy Peter,” I chirped, giving a quick, sweet wink that sent Peter’s face into a flush of embarrassed pleasure. To think, me, Gary, the guy everyone knows in the office as being so cool, so cool-headed and on top of everything, would just forgive his sycophantic meddling. But it was *because* I was so cool and cool-headed, so on top of everything, that I could acknowledge and excuse his awkward attempts at blandishment.

I knew he just wanted to be noticed and appreciated. I knew he just wanted me to like him. And you know what? I got it. I could empathize.

Not that I knew what it was like, personally... I was too cool for that. I didn’t need that kind of thing—I didn’t need approval from anybody. I was my own man.

But I could imagine the kind of mentality that would be susceptible. And I didn’t think it was bad, necessarily. It was just kind of pathetic. And besides, it was nice to come into work every morning to a freshly polished workstation—to have all my stationery organized, my chair

and laptop dusted, my desktop wiped down and gleaming. If the price for that amenity was a little indulgence of Peter's obsessive adulation, then I guess I could live with that.

"You're fucking up the carpet with your cock, you stupid jerk!"

I snapped back to reality. Peter was yanking at his hair, pulling it dramatically away from his head.

"Now we're going to have to get this shit cleaned! That's so expensive!"

I could see Peter was still angry. I cowered. He let go of his hair and resumed launching paperclips at my hunched frame, hissing: "you deserve scorn for secreting away such a terrible cock."

"It's not my fault, I swear!"

"Shut up."

"What was I supposed to do?"

"Shut up." He threw another paperclip; it bounced off the top of my head.

"I didn't ask for this cock!"

"Shut up."

"I didn't ask for anything!"

"Shut up—we're past excuses. I'm telling the boss."

"No, please. Not the boss!" I really didn't want the boss to know about my cock. It was bad enough that Peter knew, and he was easily the most well-adjusted member of the sales team. Our boss famously had a temper. He once chewed out a junior salesman because he'd forgotten to let our office manager know the copier had run out of paper. It was such a small mistake—anyone could have easily run the three or four blocks to Staples and gotten the paper themselves—but that didn't stop our boss from haranguing the guy for a good hour, maybe even longer.

"It's the principle of the thing," our boss had yelled. "One day it's the paper, and it's no big deal, and everyone lets it slide. But then—you'll see—suddenly it's literally every other

damn thing you're responsible for, and then where are we? The office would collapse. We'd be out on our asses, on the street, begging for change, drinking piss out of the gutter for dinner."

We'd all stood around in a big circle and watched this go down, the boss and that salesguy in the middle—our boss brandishing his hands around, yelling, the salesdude standing dejectedly and letting the waves of abuse roll over him. We started doing the chant we'd been taught at orientation:

You've been bad

So you are bad

And when you're bad

The bad is here

With us

And while the bad is here

We can't be free

So we must do

What we must

Do

The salesfella kept glancing over at us while our chants grew louder. He glanced nervously to and fro. Our enthusiasm built off of his obvious discomfort. It was like a ghostly breath had been blown through our throats, filling them with the strength to chant at volumes and lengths otherwise impossible—we were united. The noise became deafening. The salesgent dropped his eyes.

That's when our boss struck.

He took in both hands the collar of the salesbloke's oxford button-up and, yanking down, ripped it open, popping off each button as the garment cleaved in half. I gasped.

Silence filled the room for what seemed like an eternity while the salesmister's naked chest heaved in the frigid, air-conditioned air of the office. The spindly threads of his chest hair stood up like a tiny grove of barren trees. I could see across the circle a coworker bring their hand to their forehead, aghast. Then our boss spoke, his voice low and controlled.

"You're not worthy of wearing this honorable garment."

He let go of the shirt's flaps, dramatically pushing them back towards the saleslad as if they repulsed him.

The saleschap looked up—I could see his eyes were filled with tears. He turned quickly away and, sprinting, broke through the ring of coworkers, disappearing down the hall towards the exit.

It was the last anyone ever saw of him.

I unconsciously let my hand touch the breast pocket of my shirt. Peter swatted it away.

"Dude, stop fucking around and put that damn crazy, freaked-out psycho jangly distortion of a maniacal abomination to all that could be considered normal cock away!" He had stood up from his chair, his face turned towards the boss' office.

"Peter, no..." But I could barely even hear myself. Peter began to walk away, his stride mechanical and determined. I started to crawl after him, struggling to bring my cock back up into my underwear at least, but smashed my forehead into Peter's desk. Holding my head, I rolled over on my side, heaving in pain. I could feel the swelling of a bruise immediately start to form around the bridge of my nose. The maneuver had worsened the state of my cock, entangling it with my right leg, and (even more distressingly) had begun exciting it again, making the flow of blood increase to a maximal rate, threatening full-on engorgement.

By now a crowd of coworkers had gathered around me. I could hear their chittering, like locust. They looked down over the cubicle's walls like they were looking down into a zoo enclosure. I lay there, my head in my hands, my cock extended to its full length, wrapped around my leg, growing stiffer by the second.

“Whoa, holy shit,” I heard someone say. With eyesight foggy from the collision with Peter’s desk, I groped blindly to try and unravel my cock from my leg.

“Please, if I don’t get it free...” I said, mostly to myself. I could feel the hardening of my cock begin to exert pressure on my brittle little legs, their measly bones bending under the strain. I grunted in exertion, trying to wring out some measure of pliability from my cock before everything went to shit. Sweat glistened on my forehead, on my hands, on my cock.

“Oh no.” The pain was growing. The surging spongy muscles of my cock expanded, coarsened. My legs began to buckle, pushed into an unnatural, contorted shape. My pants leg ripped open, taking the gaping hole in my crotch down to my knee. Then the first cracking sounds began to touch my ears as bones ground against cartilage, twisting to the edge of tension, their stress reverberating through my body, heralding the great eruption of damage that was to come. The rate seemed unstoppable.

Or was it?

It suddenly hit me.

I could stop this... but it was going to be crazy. It was going to be so totally out of control. It was going to take an act of great bravery, an act that had been until now utterly unthinkable to me: I had to cum. I had to make myself cum in front of everyone.

And I had to do it fast.

I sat up, face scrunched, eyes on the striving monster of a cock gripping my leg. I began to reach my hands toward it when suddenly I heard a series of loud crashes—I looked up just as my boss burst forward, whooping like a madman, shoving coworkers out of the way, throwing his leg up over the side of cubicle and vaulting himself onto my desk. Our eyes locked.

“What in the hell,” he screamed, pupils dilated. His forehead bulged. His lips quivered. He punted my coffee mug full of pens towards the ceiling, shattering it, then screamed at me again.

“I heard there’s a big ol’ insane cock out here, and you’re the one fucking around with it!”

I stared at him—speechless, jaw open—but I had no time to argue.

I grabbed my cock.

Now, I don’t know about you, but if I’m going to cum it’s gotta be from something sexy. I’m not some robot, programmed to cum, cumming on command. I’m a flesh and blood human being, with desires and aesthetic sensibilities. I need to get deep into a sexy fantasy—I need to sink deep into some imagined scenario, and enwrap myself in the folds of its erotic detailing. I need to feel like I’m disintegrating into the primordial sensuality of narrative, that I’m becoming one with the erogenous character of a spectacularly fervid discourse, its louche attention to description producing scenes of allurements so vivid they become a potent aphrodisiac in and of themselves.

The circumstances of the present moment were, to say the least, less than ideal.

But I had to try anyway. I took my balls in the cup of my left hand, gently drumming my fingers against their wrinkled shape, the underside of my thumb stroking the hinge of flesh where they attach to the base of my cock. Meanwhile, I moved my other hand up and down the length of my cock, stroking the strained, twisted trunk of its shape—slowly at first, with care, like I was dusting some fine, fragile vase, encountering its curves with the gossamer touch of a feather.

I tried to block out the shocked protestations of my coworkers. I tried to instead focus on the start of an elaborately romantic scenario of my own imagining, its details building in abstract spurts in between the interruptive calls of those gathered around me: something about a hotel room—a small hotel room—no wait, huge—and the room—wait—it has no walls—and I’m lying on the bed, and all around me are—it’s a field—the walls are gone—I’m in a field—next to the hotel—but the room is still there, and in my face is this voluptuous—flesh—rounded, sweet-smelling—barely contained—wet from the tub—a bodice—no, a field of bodices—all filled with heaving breasts—no wait, all filled with heaving asses, massive asses—

and they all have faces—yes, and the faces are all sucking cocks—wait, they’re all sucking *my* cock—the asses are sucking my cock—in a field—and the field is flowering—big breasted flowers—but the nipples are shooting something—milk—sweet milk—no wait, cum—wait, they’re shooting cum on the ass, on my ass—on the asses—and the asses love the cum—and it’s making my cock cum, the way they love the cum—and my cum is shooting into the mouth of an ass—and their eyes roll back into their heads—spreading their pussy—long fingers, spreading—I’m fucking the wet pussy and sucking—I’m sucking, like, 100 breasts—they’re shooting cum into my mouth—clear, milky cum—blue sky above me—milky white clouds, clear blue—the sun shines on my—my face—I let the cum dribble down my chin—the sunshine, like cum—wet—the bathwater—the sun plays on the water—caresses my cock, half submerged—in between two breasts—I lick around the nipple, spreading cum over it—I drink the bath water, poured down—between two huge asscheeks—dribbling down the mat of hair above—burying my face in it—my tongue letting it—pool on my tongue—my stomach onto my cock—spasming cock and someone’s sucking it—grabbing it with their hands—guiding it into an ass—I squeeze the ass—the pussy in my face—it turns to breasts in my hands—“I just want you to fuck these breasts”—“fuck me with it”—the cool grass, blades laid against my asshole—the outside air, swelling in my mouth—swelling between my breasts—I grab my breasts, cock in hand—I stick my tongue in my ass—into the asshole, and—out, licking around it—the cum—the spray of cum—a knock on the door, wait—the hotel room door flies open—but I can’t hear it—just the smell of wet pussy—the ass spread, pussy dripping above it—I just feel the tongue begin to trace from—lick down from the—licking the back of my neck—“lick my ass”—surrounded—the tongues licking, sucking my ass—sucking on my cock, I’m sucking it—the pussy—in my face—sucking the cum out of it—the light pouring in—the lace of the bodice rubbing against my back—the cock in my ass, my ass—sucking on my *own* cock—they’re licking my ass while I suck it—“suck that cock”—“oh yes, please”—“bend over so I can suck that cock”—the breasts pressed against it—the smell of breasts, wet with cum—wet from my tongue—“bend over so I can lick that ass while you suck it”—the smell of it—between breasts

—the wet smell of flesh—clean smell of sunlight—the lace touch of fingers on my breasts, on my ass—the fingers looping around my asshole—and I can feel the cum building—in it—building in the cock—in my cock—the hands grabbing at it—ass in my face—stroking my *own* cock—under the water—the bath spilling out the sides—splashing against the tile floor—soaking into the grass—my face pressed into it, into the soaked earth, into the ground—hold my—smelling—the smell of wet dirt—like cum—my face covered in dirt, pushing—into my ass—pushing the breasts into my mouth—all of them—the dirt-covered breasts—fucking my ass—fuck that ass—fuck my mouth with your cock—cum in it—cum in my mouth—cum on my breasts—you can cum on me, if you want—please—just fuck my tits—just suck my tits and cum on my ass—just lick my pussy while you cum—“I want you to cum”—“I want you to cum all in this pussy”—“just cum in that pussy while I fuck your ass”—my mouth on it—sucking it—sucking on it—fucking—just—fuck it—just fuck me—just fuck me—keep sucking on it, please—just please fuck me—

“Gary! You goddamn son of a goddamn hell *goddammit.*”

Pulling my hand away, the thick strands of cum erupting from the turgid head of my cock, splashing onto the floor, onto my leg, onto the underside of the desk, shooting out in rapid blasts, one after the other—my spasming cock chugging up and down while I let my head drop back, a deep gurgle escaping from my throat, the cum thinning out to drip down from the tip of my cock, to slip over my balls and crawl across my asshole, and leak over and around the crack of my ass, and spread across my ass and pool under me in great viscous smears.

Relief—it swept over me.

I could feel my cock deflate, its hold on my leg loosening. I let out a cry of victory, pumping my fists in the air, flicking my tongue through my teeth like a snake.

I wiggled my leg to see if anything had been broken—it felt strained, but nothing too bad. I bent forward and began to massage my knee. Suddenly, out of the silence, a single wet

droplet fell from above, striking my hand. It was a tear, tumbled from the slight pit of the corner of my boss' eye—his eyes bloodshot, blinking fiercely.

“Gary... you... you...” he sputtered. “You... you...”

His face was a mask. His hands clenched.

“You... you... you...”

He began slamming his fists against his hips.

The crowd of coworkers looked uneasily at one another, then at my splayed body, spent and half-reclining upon the carpet. I felt a beat of consternation before, from the back, a voice began: “you... you...”

And others joined in: “you... you...”

Their voices growing: “you... you...”

I clambered to my feet, steadying myself against the cum-slicked desk, flaccid cock swinging wildly between my legs.

“You... you...”

I spun around, the chorus of voices surrounding me.

“You.. you..”

Limping, I inched forward through the crowd, their mantra echoing in time to my hobbling steps. They cleared a path. I dared not look right nor left, but kept my gaze straight ahead. It was just before I'd reached the edge of the crowd that, at the periphery, I recognized Peter. Unlike the others he was sitting, as if exhausted, collapsed into a slump in a random desk chair. His face sullen, confused—his brow furrowed. The whole of himself motionless. A statue, he seemed frozen in place. His eyes a pale sheen where they once bulged, darting, like some mad heifer—now they were as if lain in water, swirling and distant. If it weren't for the trembling of the slight breaths in his chest, I'd have thought him perished.

I felt a tinge of sympathy pass over me, for just a second.

Then I walked out. I went and got a burger somewhere.