

The Price of Admission



John Fuller

“E^{l-i-ot.}”

My E.T. impression rocks, truly.

“Pizza here is,” he replies, *Yoda-voce*. “Now pay you must; and tip you should.” He holds out the box like it’s a pillow holding a crown. A little sack of fries rises from the center.

“Eliot, you’re awesome,” I say, smiling.

Eliot is on the Spectrum somewhere — who isn’t, really? He’s got this gig delivering food for various restaurants, where his idiosyncrasies — like a great memory for addresses — help enormously. My favorite thing about Eliot? He tries to interact with customers exclusively through film references. It’s fun, although I sometimes spend an hour preparing quotes before I order.

I pay — and tip — and Eliot says, “Hasta la vista, baby.”

“As God is my witness, I’ll never be hungry again,” I say.

Eliot's long gone when I discover that the fries I ordered are actually two fortune cookies. Read : someone's getting fries with their drunken noodle.

After a movie, I shower, and that special post-shower turn-on leads me to bed to snuggle down for some auto-business. But an insistent beeping draws me to the living-room, where a whining buzz escapes the fortune cookie bag.

Inside, the cookies skitter around like anxious little crabs, then stop dead. I sit on the couch, naked, and dump them onto the cushions, wary of getting shocked. One's marked 'Eliot', the other, 'Annabella'. She's the super-hot barista. She fascinates me, but I wouldn't exactly call her interesting.

My erotic longings scream, 'ANNABELLA!', but curiosity makes me crack 'Eliot' open first. A glass capsule, full of something purple, drops onto my palm. I hold

it up to the light; it becomes sticky in my hand. A lick confirms it's sugar, not glass. I pop it in my mouth, crunching while it dissolves, and the clove-flavored liquid overwhelms me with dizziness. I close my eyes.

When the feeling subsides, I open my eyes and find myself on my back in bed. My body is hot, and the covers tossed passionately aside. Eliot's kneeling between my legs, a dim silhouette against the white ceiling. An opposite image — white Eliot, dark background — floats next to him.

“So this is what you see!” he says, astonished. “So uncluttered; but so empty...”

I cross my eyes a little, making Eliot and Anti-Eliot line up. When they do, I'm filled with peace and a flirty kind of joy. Many-headed arrows float all around us, each pointing to two or more things that match somehow : same shape, color, edges I can align perfectly by moving my head just so. Irresistible little challenges. Every match

sends a thrill through my body — serene, erotic. Each thing is thickly outlined, in every color imaginable.

“Is this what you see? Crazy auras, things craving to be connected...?”

Eliot nods, looking at me through one eye.

He slides into me; it’s all bliss. I watch the swirling, geometric dance, while we move together, then apart. The intercourse and the light show touch the same things in me — primal, eager, heavenly. I roll him over and slide onto him. I touch myself while we move.

I come first, delivering the silliest line ever uttered during orgasm : “Madame Longrée, j’arrive!” from that animated movie with the horse, the aliens and the barbecue.

Soon Eliot announces his own ‘arrival’ :
“I’ll have what she’s having!”

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You can reach me at :
shortstories@dorknerdgeek.org

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