

Come This Way

by Rick Marcou

“Follow me,” Marina said, as she led the impish little man out of the reception area and down the hallway. “It’s right up here. And look, you even have your choice of rooms.”

Seeing no indication from him, she led him into the room on the left. She pointed out the comfortable leather lounge, the plasma TV on the wall, the wide assortment of magazines and tapes for his entertainment, and of course several items to help him finish his task.

All of a sudden he turned towards the wall near the lounge, and took a small book out of his coat pocket. “Excuse me, first I must pray.....Baruch atah Adonai.....”

She stood staring, lips slightly apart and her brow slightly furled lifting one eyebrow up a bit higher than the other. No one had ever done this before. But she could wait, she was in no hurry. The customer comes first.

As he prayed, he rocked forward and then back, his intonation increasing with the gesture, only as he did the brim of his old-fashioned fedora hit against the wall, toppled off of his head, and on its way down clipped the stack of magazines on the side table next to the lounge. Juggs magazine fell off the stack, slid over the edge of the table, and just as his prayer ended the magazine settled across the top of his hat on the floor, opened to a naked woman of immense proportion. Under the picture, the large print caption read “Guys, Your Prayers are Answered.”

Eight years earlier

Marina and Divinia snuck into the auditorium, doing their best to shut the door without making a sound. Today was the day the drama teacher would be giving out parts for the

school play, Grease, and Divinia's younger brother Troy was trying out for Danny, the lead. It was a longshot, a real longshot, but Troy was a good actor and a great singer. And he was cute, at least Marina thought so, even if nobody else did.

"OK, everybody hush," Ms. Cadbury called out, walking across the stage to the crowd of student actors. "I'll start with the leads. Playing Sandy will be...Constance!" The beautiful blond senior's face lit up, as if this was unexpected news. She'd been the lead in 3 of the last 4 productions. Her minions congratulated her. She turned her attention to Will, the handsome senior who had also been a lead in several productions, and Constance's obvious choice.

"And playing Danny will be Troy!" Troy's eyes and mouth opened wide with shock, then his cheeks rose and turned his face to sheer joy. A mile-wide smile was partially obstructed by his hands as he exclaimed "Really!?!". Muted screams could also be heard from the back of the auditorium.

"Yes, Troy, you earned it. You are going to be an amazing Danny," Ms. Cadbury assured him.

Meanwhile Constance's face showed shock and then horror.

"No," she let slip out after hearing the wrong name.

She walked up to Ms. Cadbury. "Are you sure? Don't you think Will would be a perfect Danny? He looks just like him! He's been the lead the last 2 shows!" She pleaded.

"I know, Constance, this was a tough call. But in my opinion Troy is the right choice for this show. You'll see, you two will be great together."

Constance's face changed from pleading to horror again as she envisioned this.

"And since you brought him up, Will, you'll be playing Kenicki."

"No!" Constance reiterated.

"What?" Ms. Cadbury replied in kind to the outburst.

“No, I disagree,” Constance now sounding spoiled and belligerent.

“I’m sorry you disagree Constance. But I’ve made my decision. Accept it, or leave.”

“Well then, I...I quit. I’m not playing a romantic lead with him,” pointing her nose in Troy’s direction.

“Are you sure about this Constance? If you quit now, I’m replacing you for good. Don’t come back.”

“Yes, I’m sure. I don’t want any part of this show. Nobody’s gonna wanna see it anyway.”

“That fucking bigot,” Marina exclaimed, as Divinia stared at the stage, concerned how her proud black brother would take this cheap shot.

“Hi, may I help you?”

“Yes, Constance Whitmore. I have an appointment to see Dr. Tresoeuf.”

That name. That voice. Marina looked down the counter and saw her childhood embodied in the person of Constance Fairchild. What did she say her last name was? Whitmore? Was that a stage name? No, she must be married. Jesus look at that goddamn ring. She’s definitely married. What the hell was she doing here? In New York. In her office. In her life. Marina left Constance and the cultural cesspool that was the South seven years ago and didn’t ever expect to be reminded of it again. Why was Constance Fairchild in a New York fertility clinic?

She had no concern Constance would recognize her, even if she did decide to look down the desk her way. Marina was a different person today. She left her scraggly brown hair and about 25 pounds in North Carolina, preferring her jet black hair and thinner frame for her goth look. The tattoos hidden under her work attire also showed a new Marina. Then again, she wasn’t sure Constance would remember her, or at

least admit to remembering her. The Queen doesn't know her peasants, she just shits on them. The peasants never forget.

Constance took a seat in the waiting room, facing away from Marina. Marina looked into the system for her account. She saw that Constance and her husband were already scheduled for tomorrow, with her husband due to come in at 2pm to give a semen sample and Constance at 3pm to have the IVF done by Dr. Tresoeuf.

Marina's brain started cranking.

Slidell Jenkins strutted down the side street, not the satisfied good-to-be-the-king strut he'd be stylin' in a little while, but the man-who-knows-what-he-wants-and-where-to-get-it strut. His 5-10, 160 pound frame hitched with each step, his bony shoulders taking turns jutting forward, his hands reaching out like he was scooping sand with each stride. A look of cool confidence enveloped his face, his pencil-thin stash seeming almost regal at the moment.

He turned into the alley next to the women's hair salon, taking a quick peep in the windows to see who was in there. He then proceeded along the 4 foot wide alley to the back of the building, where a sign next to the door announced "Mo's 'Round Back". Only the poorly drawn picture of a black man's head and an electric razor on the sign gave away the purpose of this place. A similar but smaller sign hung at the front of the alley, but 15 years of dirt and rust made it nearly impossible to notice.

"Yo Sly, whassapenin!"

"Whaddup Mo." He gripped Mo's fat palm and gave him a brief hug, really a chest bump.

"You here for the usual, or you wanna tighten up the doo too?"

"Naah," Sly groaned slowly, checking out his hair in the mirror, running his right palm over hair that stood maybe a

quarter of an inch off the scalp. "Maybe next time, iss cool now."

"Well then, you can head right on back. Both rooms are empty right now."

Sly handed him a twenty and strutted to the back of the store, through the black curtain that hid the back area from the front. He then walked to the door on the left, entered, shut the door behind him and hit the red button on the left wall.

Marina saw the clock hit twelve noon, got up, grabbed her bag and left for lunch. She got into the subway and headed to Astor Place. Felt strange riding the subway in the middle of the day. Stranger still when she got out at Astor Place, her old stomping grounds, seeing some of the stores and businesses had changed in just two years. One place was still there, though, that she could be sure of.

Marina walked into the salon, the several new faces in there sizing her up and down with the look of a jealous girlfriend. There were always new faces at Tanya's, just seemed like they were all new today.

"Marina, is that you girl?" The platinum blonde African American woman called out from the last chair on the left, stopping the primping she was doing to her customer's hair with a pick and a bare hand. "What's it been, like more than a year or sumthin?"

"Yeah, I think maybe like two years."

"What brings you in? Boyfriend run out, need a quick fix?"

"No, not exactly. Just miss this place. You know I love it here."

"Bit early in the day, ain't it. You were always a nighttime girl, after work happy hour crowd right?"

"Yeah, something like that. Guess I was just hungry for lunch!"

“Oh girl you didn’t just say that. I know what you mean though. Sometimes ya just got ta have it.”

“Yup.” Marina played along well.

“You want to go in next. It’s just my girls here, no customers.”

“Sure, that’d be great. I do gotta get back to work after.”

Less than a minute later, Marina was just getting comfortable on the faux blue suede couch in the back when the bell went off. Walking through the pink curtain to the back of the store, Marina saw the small red light over the right door lit up. She went through the door, shut it behind her and put her bag on the floor of the small room. It measured maybe 5 feet wide by 6 feet deep, with black carpet and black fabric covered walls. In front there was a circular opening in the wall about a foot wide, about 3 feet off the ground. It also had a small black curtain in the opening.

“You wanna see it?” a deep voice from the other side of the wall.

“Yeah baby, I wanna see it bad.” Marina pretended to be aching for it.

“Well here it is.” Suddenly a 7 inch slab of penis came through the opening, parting the curtain on its own. It was almost hard, just a bit of a sag to it. “How you like that, bitch?”

“I like it! Marina grabbed it with her right hand, gave it a couple soft tugs, then put her mouth around it.

“Yeah, das what om talkin’ ‘bout. Yaaaahh, suck dat cock bitch.”

Marina laughed to herself, the power game at work here. Nothin’ a black man likes more than having his dick sucked, she knew, maybe any man for that matter. But a black man thinks he’s the king of the world when he’s getting blown, and he’ll say it out loud. White guys usually are just

so happy to be getting a blow job, they don't want to say anything to jeopardize it, least of all calling the girl a bitch.

Marina struggled a little as the 7 inches grew to probably 9, much of it in her mouth. She sensed he was close, so she reached blindly into her bag with her left hand while rubbing him with her right, grabbed the small plastic container, then quickly removed the top with her right hand and put it aside before returning her hand to its rightful place on his cock base. She started some sound effects to heighten the experience for him, sucking harder and twisting her hand along the base of his shaft. A groan started coming from the other side, and Marina could hear his breathing picking up. She pulled the tip out of her mouth and jerked it more furiously, placing the open container just across from the head. Then a loud "Uhh.....Uhh" from the other side, and the jism came flying out the tip and into the container. She kept pumping him, knowing there were probably going to be 3 or 4 shots like this, and she wasn't disappointed. After the fourth she put the container down and licked all over the knob of his dick, wiping him clean.

"Ummm," she uttered. She knew they liked to think they made the girl's day. If only he knew how much.

"Hi, Trevor Whitmore. I have an appointment to... um.."

"Yes, Mr. Whitmore, I see your appointment listed here. You can see Marina at the end of the counter there and she'll help you."

"Thank you."

Marina stared at the handsome blonde man approaching her. Constance did very well it appears, she thought, and with a name like Trevor Whitmore she's probably even richer now than she was growing up. Marina was relishing this moment.

“Hi, I’m Trevor Whitmore. I was told to see you, Marina.”

“Yes, Mr. Whitmore, please fill out this form and then bring it back to me. When was the last time you ejaculated?” Standard question, it’s even on the form, Marina just liked saying it out loud sometimes. The look on the men’s faces hearing that word and how they seemed to think through the answer as if they were in a bar talking with friends and there was a right and a wrong answer. Then they’d realize who they were talking to, and tell the truth. Usually.

“Three days ago,” he answered, with a little bit of a question mark as he said “ago”. Whether it was out of not knowing for sure, or not sure his answer was what they wanted to hear for this test, it didn’t matter for Marina. She got the reaction she was looking for. She just nodded and said good, and indicated the seats available behind him.

Three minutes later he handed her the form, which was only a few questions, some procedural statements and room for a signature. Marina took it, stood up, and indicated to him to follow her as she walked toward the back area of the office. Down the hall, she pointed out the two rooms but seemingly one was occupied. Marina led him into the room on the right, pointed out the amenities and items there for his assistance. She left him and shut the door. She looked at her watch.

Seventeen minutes later the small lighted buzzer on her desk went off, indicating room 2 was ready. She checked her pocket, got up and went to retrieve Mr. Whitmore. The door opened just as she knocked, and he handed her the container, properly labeled with the preprinted account label just as she instructed. She asked him whether all of the ejaculate got into the container or whether any missed or spilled out. Standard question again, but once again Marina loved seeing patients’ reactions. Especially Constance’s husband. He indicated all of it was in there. She looked over at the magazine rack, which was straightened and neater than when she left him.

“Great,” she answered, “then you can follow me.” She took his container and placed it in the right pocket of her lavender lab coat. She walked him to the reception area and told him good luck and have a nice day. She returned to room 2 to clean up and prepare it for the next patient. She fished through the pile of magazines and pulled out Honcho, the gay mag she added just before he arrived. She checked for the thin piece of tape she had stuck from the bottom of the front cover to bottom of the back cover. It was hanging from the back cover. The magazine had been opened. A dirty trick, but good to know the secret curiosities of your enemies’ husbands.

She then proceeded down the hall to the lab.

“Hi Janine,” Marina called out, to the back of the lab where Janine was working on the semen analysis machine. “This is for Whitmore,” she added, reaching into her left pocket and handing Janine the container.

“Thanks Marina.”

Marina walked into the ladies room, took the container out of her right pocket and ripped the label off, tossing it in the garbage. She replaced it with a label reading “White male, late 20’s, healthy.” She walked out, down the hall again and into the sperm bank lab. She placed the container into the refrigerator along with the other anonymous donations the fertility clinic received.

“Some special lady’s got some money coming into her soon,” she laughed to herself.