

## PARTY FAVOUR

“Who invited you?” said the red-haired man. He was wearing a Christmas jumper and a drunken expression. “Fuck it,” he said after a moment’s slobber. “Come in, plenty for everyone.”

I went into the room. There was a buffet in the corner, and a lot of wine. Most people were drunk, from the loud tones of their braying, and a few were very drunk. The jumper man was spinning a woman in a red dress round and round.

“Fuck me,” I told one of the guests, a slug-faced man in Christmas braces.

“What?” he said.

“Fuck me,” I said.

He followed me into the corner and I fucked him.

Next it was the turn of the Christmas jumper man. I span him round as I fucked him.

“Thanks,” he said, and belched.

Soon I had fucked everyone in the room. I thought about fucking the flan, but there are limits.

“Bye,” I said, as I left. I closed my phone and put it back in my pocket.

“See you in hell.”