

Running Bull – Sample Pages

By Blair Bronwyn

Vietnam, 1969

“You want blowjob?” Russell wasn’t sure he heard correctly. “You want hand job? Fuck me?” The girl flashed her prostitute identification card, issued by the American military, which included her photograph and American name – it was Theresa – as well as her last health inspection date.

It was late June now, and Russell felt like he had somehow managed to keep his sanity through all the death, but he was horny as fuck and really just wanted fifteen minutes to not think about dying. The Army had recently built a new brothel featuring girls who only provided their services to Americans, but the Marines had to contend with prostitutes from the streets. At least both branches coordinated efforts to make sure all the girls were tested and identified so disease outbreaks could be stamped out quickly.

He hadn’t had the chance to visit any girls yet, but a few minutes would take the edge off, and in a few surreal moments, Russell negotiated a price of around two dollars and followed the girl to her place of business on the outskirts of camp. She was all business. Theresa quickly pulled his pants down and got right to the task with fake grunts as if she were cumming by the mere site of his cock. He almost laughed at the absurdity.

He couldn’t get it up. Russell wasn’t turned on by this too-frail girl with tiny tits using her boney, calloused hands to stroke his cock in the hot, damp hooch. He could hear somebody shitting on the muddy path outside. This wasn’t going to work.

So he turned away, pointing to his back. “Massage?”

“Ah, yes, yes.”

As Theresa commenced giving him a massage, Russell closed his eyes and thought of home. Of soft, clean sheets and mattresses and the soft American college girls who smelled of vanilla and fruit. He imagined this girl sweating down her chest and bouncing out of a pair of coned-shaped C-cups. He clenched his fists as he pictured himself grabbing a pair of curvy hips and a tight round ass, and ignored Theresa's rough hands working across his back and ass.

That did the trick. Russell reached down and ejaculated almost instantly with intense focus on his imaginary American woman.

Now that he was somewhat relieved and ready to focus on his reports for the day, Russell quickly began pulling his clothes back on, while Theresa slipped her blouse back over her shoulders.

Russell bent down to adjust his right boot when he felt the stray Napalm strike. In a brief instant, the fire sucked the air out of the hut and took his breath away, and before he could catch his breath, an explosion sent a sticky fire across Russell and Theresa both. As the hut burned about them, Russell heard his screams join Theresa's, their flesh melting off their bones.

Two of his men burst in and grabbed Russell to pull him out, and he saw his boot with his foot separate from his leg. He drifted into unconsciousness, his eyes locked with Theresa's. She was fading away, nothing but a gook who didn't deserve to live.

In this moment, Russell stopped believing in an America that was even attempting to be on the right side of history.