

Short story excerpted from *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*,
by Frank Bukowski

Black Dwarves, White Holes

Rachel Weisz was pissed. Pissed at the world. Pissed at the Academy Award judges. Pissed at Crystal Butts. Pissed at everyone. She phoned her agent, Peke Axminster.

Peke was making love to Tammie, a nineteen year old blonde he'd picked up the night before, at the after-ceremony party. When the phone rang he reached across for it and began speaking in a robotic voice. Tammie wrapped her heels around the back of his thighs, letting him know he wasn't going nowhere. She nuzzled at his neck as he spoke into the phone.

'Hi, you've reached the voicemail of Peke Axminster. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now...'

'Peke, it's Rachel.'

Peke rolled his eyes at the bimbo, who shrugged back from the pillow. 'Hi. I didn't expect a call so early.'

'I'm down, Peke. Mind if I come round?'

'Like now?'

'Would it be inconvenient? You're not doing anything are you?'

'Wer... no, fine.' Tammie tickled his balls and stuck her tongue in his other ear, so he had to swat her away. 'Or I could drop by.' Peke dismounted. He sat on the side of the bed, indicating with a flick of his hand that the girl should get dressed. Peke Axminster took 20% of Rachel Weisz's earnings. Last year he grossed 1.2 million bucks. When Rachel wanted to come round, he was there.

As usual, Rachel changed her mind a minute later. 'It's okay. It's not necessary. I'll be fine.'

Peke shook his head at the young blonde who was reaching for her panties. He twanged them gently from her grasp and pointed her back toward the sack.

'Peke?' said Rachel.

'I'm still here.'

'I've been thinking. I want you to find me a part in an environmental movie.'

'A what?'

'A serious part.'

Peke resisted the urge to make a sarcastic joke. He knew from her voice when Rachel was on the level. 'Are you sure?'

'You think I'm not capable of playing a serious role?'

'Hey Rachel, chill. It's just not your usual bag. This wouldn't have anything to do with Crystal would it?'

'Crystal? Crystal who?'

'Rach. I know you're still pissed at her, but you gotta admit she was terrific in *Thar she blows II*.'

'Oh c'mon Peke, that was just method acting. She doesn't feel anything for whales, or dwarves. Her oscar was a sham.'

'That's what acting is, people pretend to be what they're not.'

'So you're a fucking actor now? Don't try to tell me my job. I'm the movie star, okay.'

‘Okay, okay, calm down. You want a part in an environmental movie, you got one. It could be your new direction. Leave it to me. I’ll phone around, see if anything’s cooking. But I can’t promise anything with whales. Crystal’s done them.’

‘Pity, whales are big.’

‘Everyone’s saved the whales. They’re all saved. Let’s work on cleaning up the planet.’

‘You mean like, garbage recycling?’

‘Could be. You could be this reformed alcoholic redeemed by your garbage collector. Together you take on the corrupt city hall and big business. You kick their butts and save the planet.’

‘That scene where Crystal and the dwarf took on the Japanese trawler single handed, I think that’s what clinched it for her. The bitch.’

‘Hey Rach, there’s always next year. I thought you were terrific in *The Honey Badger*. It must have been a tough call for the judges. If it was me giving away the damned oscar...’

‘Did you see that dress?’

‘Are you kidding? Crystal looked HOT!’

‘I’ve seen more material on a reel of cotton. And what was with the dwarf?’

‘He was her co-star. They came together.’

‘People don’t go to the oscars with their co-stars, they go with their partners. That bitch is up to something. Did you see the way they walked up the carpet holding hands. She looked like she was taking him to kindergarten.’

‘Maybe they’re an item.’ Peke felt the young groupie drape an arm around his neck. Tammie was getting bored. He’d long since lost his erection. She mimed a question, asking if he wanted her to leave. When he shook his head she ran her fingers up the nape of his neck, ruffling his hair. Peke closed his eyes, which was all the encouragement she needed to lean in closer and nibble at his ear-lobe. Slowly she eased his shoulders back onto the pillows. Peke gazed up into her beautiful young eyes. You never knew what they’d look like in the morning, when you were sober. Turns out Tammie scrubbed up nice. He thought she looked like a young Scarlett Johansson, barely out of high school. One of the perks of the job. He decided he really ought to ask her second name.

‘Did you see him standing on that chair to kiss her when she came back from the stage? They were frenching, Peke, in front of everyone. A fucking dwarf! She’s six foot two for chrissakes.’

‘Hey c’mon Rach, it was just a kiss.’ Peke’s stomach muscles clenched as Tammie’s kisses worked her way down his chest. ‘If I didn’t know you better I’d say you sounded jealous.’ Finally Tammie reached his half-erect penis. She toyed with it, flopping it left and right with her fingers. Peke smiled down at her, reflecting how her big blue eyes and long blonde hair looked even sexier than last night, all ruffled and sleepy from a night of drugs and sex. Tammie slapped his dong playfully against his thigh, then ran her tongue over his bell end, causing him to breathe in sharply.

‘*Thar she blows* my ass. I bet Crystal’s giving that little freak head right now, back at her hotel room.’

‘So find yourself a new guy, Rach, it’s been a month since Tommy Lee.’

‘You know something, I will. I’m going to go out with a dwarf.’

‘Okayyyyy.’

‘I’m serious. I want you to find me a new boyfriend Peke. A dwarf.’

Peke had to grip the sheets with his free hand, as Tammie took him whole into her mouth, then let him slip out again, peering up at him with those naughty girl big blue eyes, like some poster bitch for Scandinavian airlines. ‘Don’t you think that would make you look a little absurd?’ he croaked.

‘If it’s good enough for her.’

‘You’ll look like you’re plagiarising her. They’ll crucify you.’ When Rachel didn’t reply, Peke feared he’d really pissed her off. There were only two things that ever stopped Rachel Weisz from talking. When she was angry, or off her face. Gently he manoeuvred Tammie’s head away from his cock and sat up. ‘Rach, you still there?’

Rachel didn’t answer for several seconds, until she’d finished chopping the line of white powder on the dresser. She rolled up the fifty and hoovered it left to right, coming back the other way to clean up the leftovers. She scratched at her nose which itched like crazy. Wriggling her nostrils helped some, but not much. Eventually she picked up the phone again and said, ‘Anything Crystal Butts can do, Rachel Weisz can do better. I’ll go out with a BLACK dwarf. Find me a black dwarf Peke.’

‘Oh shit, you’re not serious are you?’ Peke slumped back onto the mattress and guided the girl’s head back toward his centre. He still had good wood.

‘Yes I am, I want a black dwarf.’

‘Jesus Rachel, can’t you find one yourself? There’s nothing in our contract about me finding you boyfriends.’

‘Either you find me a dwarf or I find me a new agent.’

‘I mean, where do I find a dwarf? It’s not like there’s a dwarf shop. You don’t see many around.’

‘C’mon, help me here Peke, put out a little, you’re supposed to be my agent. My friend.’

‘Rachel, dwarves are people. They’re not toys. I think Crystal and that, little guy, they’re together, it’s not a stunt. Why don’t you give her a call, ask her where the dwarf mart is or somethin?’

‘I might just do that.’

‘I was joking.’ The line went dead again. Peke propped himself up on one hand. ‘Rach? Rach! Ah shiiiiit! She’s hung up. Shit, shit, shit, now what do I do?’

‘I can think of something,’ said Tammie, slurping Peke’s engorged penis in and out of her mouth. Peke bit his lip, flopped back on the sheets and stared at the ceiling. Tammie spat out his frankfurter, licking her tongue in a circular motion over the end like it was a runny ice-cream. ‘You want me to leave?’ she asked, licking again, in the opposite direction.

‘No hunny, it’s okay, you’re doin fine down there, keep goin, it’s beautiful. I just need to make another call.’

Tammie shrugged, cupped her fingers round his shaft and played them gently up and down, squeezing his hardness in her fist. ‘Mmmm!’ she moaned, a smile twinkling in her eyes as she resumed her noisy sucking of his cock.

‘Hi Marc, it’s Peke. Congratulations, Crystal was terrific, that oscar had her name all over it.’

‘Thanks sport. Rachel take it okay?’

‘She’s holding up. I think she recognised it was Crystal’s year. Parts like Rosie in *Thar She Blows* come around once in a career. Listen, I need to ask you a big favour.’

‘Shoot.’ Marc lay belly down on the palatial sized bed on the first floor of his palatial sized Hollywood apartment. A slightly built Chinese guy came over with a glass bottle and poured some oil on his shoulders then began massaging it in. Park was a music student from Shanghai, a promising virtuoso cellist working his way through a scholarship at the prestigious Academy of Classical Music and Art on Shaw Avenue, Fresno, CA. He was also naked apart from an elasticated crimson bow-tie round his neck.

‘It’s sort of connected. Rachel’s got this thing in her head. You know, what’s his name, Crystal’s co star in...’

‘Biffo.’

‘What?’ Peke’s eyes widened as Tammie gave his balls a sudden squeeze. ‘Goddamit go easy,’ he winced. The kid was getting pissed off. He guessed a beautiful pussy like hers got used to guys jumping it the minute they got her clothes off.

‘Go easy?’

‘Sorry Mark, not you. Crystal’s boyfriend, this Biffo guy?’

‘That’s his name.’

‘Oh yeah right, Biffo, the little fella. Well anyway Rachel seems to have gotten it into her head that now Crystal is going out with a, you know...’

‘A dwarf.’

‘Now Crystal’s going out with a dwarf, she wants to go out with one too. I know I know, I told her. She’s made up her mind.’

‘Are you kidding me? After Crystal that would be like soooo recherché.’ Marc gave a satisfied moan as Park dug his fingers deep into his shoulders, getting all that fibrous scar tissue, breaking up all the knotted tension that a week at the office called Hollywood brought.

‘That’s what I told her. She’s at a loose end man, since Tommy Lee. You know what she’s like when she’s not got a cock in her mouth, she don’t know what do to with herself. Get a new boyfriend, I said. A normal one, not a fucking dwarf.’

‘How bout I fix her up with Walnut Whip?’

‘I said normal.’

‘How normal do you want? There’s normal and there’s normal.’

‘Isn’t he on a murder rap?’

‘Technically. He’ll get off. We have good lawyers.’

‘You his agent now?’

‘In a manner of speaking. He’s a personal friend.’

‘You think he’s right for Rachel’s image?’

‘Bro, he’s the hottest ass in music. Did I tell you he has a real thing for Rachel.’

‘No way.’ Peke beckoned Tammie to get on top. It was time. Straddling him, she reached underneath and guided the tip of his cock in between her swollen labia, lowering herself down. So this was how you got a part in a movie.

‘You want me to put in a call?’

‘Would you do that for me?’

‘Dude, it’s done.’ Marc’s brow furrowed as the boy’s thumbs and fingers found the slabs of tense muscle at the back of his thighs. For one so slight, Park had powerful fingers. No doubt from all those notes he played, all the years spent gripping the cello back home in China, the long childhood hugging his instrument, pressing the strings hard into the wood. His strong fingertips and thumbs worked his employer’s legs hard, digging deep into the tissue, drawing out little tics and whelps of discomfort.

‘Thanks pal. But just so I can say when Rach asks me about the dwarf angle, I was wondering if, erm... what’s his name?’

‘Biffo.’

‘Right. I was wondering if Biffo had any, friends, you know? That I could mention to her.’

‘Dwarf friends, you mean.’

‘Yeah. Black ones.’

‘She specifically asked?’

‘Hey buddy, I know.’

‘She been Hooverin?’

‘Probably. Jesus, ow!’

‘What’s up?’

Peke winced as his cock slipped out and Tammie came down on it hard, bending it the wrong way, an eye-watering experience. She shot him a guilty look, reached under her pussy and guided it back in, resuming her pelvic hoola hoop movements. The young groupie leant back on her hands, her back arched, controlling the angle of his penis with her vaginal muscles, gyrating her hips in a slow rhythmic ellipse. Peke struggled to concentrate. 'Listen. Are Crystal and this Biffo guy seriously an item, dude?'

'Sure.'

'Like they make out and stuff?'

'That's generally what people do when they're together.'

Axminster watched fascinated as Tammie held her arms high, way above her head, hands ruffling her hair sexily. Every now and then she ran her beautiful fingers over her own ripe young breasts, cupping them in her hands. She had this way of working the nipples under her palms, round and round, fondling those babies as though they were someone else's. 'No shit. But she's like six foot two or something and he's like two foot six.'

'They're engaged. The wedding's already set for June, Pebble Beach.' Marc gestured to the Chinese boy. He was done with the massage. The boy nodded and disappeared into the en-suite with the oil bottle, returning a few moments later with a pot of green KY lubricant.

'Jesus Christ. Are they going to have kids?'

'Doh, I knew there was something she forgot. Of course they'll have kids, you sizist asshole, they'll have dwarves. Crystal's excited about it.'

'This is a wind-up, right?'

'I can't believe you're full of this crap.'

'Give me a break Marc. Crystal's one of the most beautiful movie actresses of her generation, right now she's the hottest thing in Hollywood, she could have any man she chooses. Yet she's...'

'Yes?'

'C'mon, don't lay that shit on me. I've nothing against dwarves but how can a hot chick like Crystal get off on, you know.'

'He fricks her and sucks her tits at the same time. You ever tried doing that to a woman?'

'At the same time?' Peke tried to imagine doing it with Tammie. The angles and measurements seemed all wrong. He gestured for her to slow down so he could size her up better. But the youngster's ecstatic expression, eyes screwed tight as she writhed above him, her pussy impaled on his iron railing, indicated she was already beyond the point of recall. The agent raised a hand ready to cup it over her mouth if she screamed too loud.

'You got company?'

'Nah, just the TV.'

'They don't call him Biffo for nothing. Apparently it drives them wild.'

'You don't say.'

'Crystal says the little fella can munch her patch while she's still standing up. He don't even have to bend down. Says he plates her in elevators, in phone booths, like everywhere dude. He just disappears up her skirt. You can't even see him. Just his little feet sticking out underneath.'

Drained by her orgasm, Tammie flopped forward onto Peke's torso. Her sweat-soaked boobs wetted his mat of dark chest hair. She was sticky, and hot, and smelled like a million bucks. 'She tells you all this shit?'

'The only downside, she says, is she likes doing it doggy, as you know, but Biffo has to stand on a stool. Or a box. Or a pile of magazines or some shit. As you can imagine that kinda takes the edge off the passion. She's figuring on buying a lower bed, some of that futon shit, you know, so he can get her real good from behind.'

'Way to go.'

‘You should check one out yourself.’

‘A futon?’

‘A dwarf. They’re really warm and caring people.’

‘The latest fashion item, yeah I geddit.’

Marc gave a shiver. His butt cheeks clenched involuntarily as Park smeared the lubricant liberally up his ass crack. With the KY jelly, if you worked it in real good, probing with that long middle finger, the cock was no problem at all, the cock went up a treat. It was just like easing out a really satisfying log, except in reverse. Marc felt his own cock stir as Park worked him good with the middle finger. The one that played G on the cello. ‘Biffo brought his brother round a couple of weeks back. We had a foursome. It was the best head I ever had.’

‘Woh, spare me the detail. There are gay dwarves now?’

‘You’re such a phobe. He gave me this divine knee trembler blow job, dude, like nothing I ever had before.’

‘No shit.’

‘He was on tiptoe. Do you know how much of a turn on that was?’

‘Hold a sec will ya.’ Peke covered the phone and whispered to Tammie. ‘Babe, my leg’s going to sleep.’ Her body gave an involuntary tic when he poked her. The girl had nodded off. Peke slid from underneath and sat on the edge of the bed. He put on a dressing gown, lit a cigarette and began pacing the room. ‘Sorry bout that. Hey, thanks Marc but I think I’ll pass on the dwarf action. Sounds to me Crystal’s only marrying this Biffo guy for his body.’

‘Never underestimate the power of sex.’

‘Oh I don’t,’ said Peke. The sheets gave a rustle as Tammie turned over onto her side in her sleep, showing him all that flank, all that glorious, firm, nineteen year old ass. It looked as smooth and curvy as an Oscar. He felt his cock stir again, and reached inside his gown for a fiddle.

Back at Marc’s apartment, Park began easing his cock carefully up his employer’s ass. Marc gave a strangulated sob down the phone, that sounded like he was clearing his throat.

‘Oh. My. Sweet. Jesus. That is sooo fricking divine.’

‘Run that by me again?’

The bell end was always the painful bit. Once that was in, the rest usually went up a treat. Marc felt the boy’s fingers grip his waist for better purchase, and lifted his butt higher so Park could ream him at a steeper angle, so he could feel all that hard young Chinese cock raking his asshole deep inside, butting against the sweet spot that would make him come. He croaked, ‘Sex is one of the most powerful forces in nature, Peke.’

‘May the force be with us.’

‘It sells magazines, newspapers, tv shows, ow! Ooh.’

‘Cars, drinks, holiday cruises, yeah I know. This is Peke Axminster you’re talking to. Listen Marc, I gotta take a leak. Hold on there will ya,’ he said, putting the phone down. He lifted Tammie’s legs, swinging her round so her legs dangled over the edge of the bed.

‘Mmmm? Wassup, where, what?’ she mumbled drowsily, waking up.

‘Shhhhhh, it’s okay babe, everything’s beautiful, you just lie there.’ Her sleeping eyes somehow seemed to smile.

‘Peeeeeeke?’

Peke moved a tress of her golden hair so he could kiss her neck. ‘Yeah babe?’

‘How soon do you think you’ll be able to fix that audition?’ she asked, without opening her eyes. ‘You know, like you said?’

He ran a finger across her shoulder blades, back down her spine. ‘It depends.’

‘Uhn?’

‘Don’t you worry your pretty lil head. These things take time,’ he said, decorating her spine with kisses from top to bottom.

Tammie screwed up her nose in a sexy kind of way. ‘That tickles. I just wondered, is all.’

‘Well don’t. I promised you didn’t I.’

‘I’m sorry. You’re not mad at me are you?’

Peke reached under her hips, dragging her ass back further to the bed’s edge. ‘Don’t be silly. Babe, I told you, you’re a natural, you have nothing to worry about.’

‘You really mean it?’

‘You have an actress’s aura. A presence. I saw that the moment you walked in the party. Rachel, I said, look at her presence. Look at her aura. You have a grace, a poise. Like the way you hold your head. And when you opened your mouth I was like, oh my god, Rachel, we have got to sign this girl.’

‘Really?’

‘Raise your ass a bit. Yeah really. Higher. That’s it, oh sweet.’

‘You wouldn’t say all that stuff just to get me in the sack?’

‘Babe, now I’m hurt. How could you even think that?’

‘I’m sorry.’

‘What kind of agent do you think I am?’ Peke spat on a finger and ran it up and down the glistening lips of her cunt. ‘I mean, really.’

‘I’m sorry, I just...’

‘Shhhh,’ he shushed her. ‘Hunny, trust me. When Peke Axminster makes a promise he keeps it. One thing you’ll learn in this industry, is to take people at their word. The movie industry is built on trust Tammie, remember that.’ He readied his cock at the entrance to her cunt.

‘I will. I’m sorry.’

‘Just remember that and you’ll go a long way. Now be good, keep this ass up high and I’ll forgive you.’ Peke picked up his phone, wedged it under his chin, then gripped Tammie’s hips and pulled her towards him, spearing her roughly on his cock. ‘Marc, sorry about that, where were we?’

‘I was only saying. Sex sells movies, Peke. It sells the stuff that keeps Crystal’s and Rachel’s asses on their gold-plated toilets, and mine and yours in Armani. You know what I’m saying?’

Peke Axminster drove his hips at Tammie’s behind, giving her several long deep ones. You could hear the slaps over the phone, as flesh hit flesh. As he pounded away droplets of sweat began dripping from his nose and elbows. ‘I think so,’ he groaned.

‘Crystal is a highly intelligent, highly sensual human being. Work life balance is everything to her. She knows she’s only as good as the sex scene in her next movie.’ As Marc talked, Park reached underneath him, feeling for his benefactor’s cock. It felt as hard and angry as an L.A. cop’s nightstick. Now Park’s gift for music came into its own as he simultaneously stroked Marc’s cock while butt-fucking him from behind. The boy had rhythm, you had to give him that. He was a fucking cellist for christ’s sake. Goddamn he fucked like a musician. ‘Goddamit, yes, oh Jesus yes!’

‘Yes? Yes what? I didn’t say anything.’

‘I mean, she knows what grosses at the box office. Pussy action, boy girl.’

‘Woman dwarf.’

‘Whatever. It don’t matter. When she’s making out with Biffo it’s all research dude. She’s never off the job. Always learning. Always honing her craft. Oscars don’t fall off the shelf you know.’

‘I hear what you’re saying Marc. Sex makes the world go round.’

‘Crystal’s a real pro. Rachel could learn a lot from her.’

‘That’s what I told her.’

‘Ahhh!’ Marc bit his knuckles as the young Chinese withdrew his cock and began fisting him brutally up the anus. Well, they called it fisting, mostly it was all the fingers huddled together round the thumb, which were much more filling than a cock. Park’s fingers were extra long. There was a pot of lube up there but it still felt like Marc was being ripped apart. He felt himself about to climax. He felt himself about to shit. It didn’t matter much which. It was all good. ‘Listen dude, I gotta split.’

‘No worries, ciao bro.’ Peke killed the call and threw his phone across the bed. He reached forward to grab Tammie’s shoulders, yanking her pussy back onto him with a violent movement, getting in deep as he could. His thrusts grew faster and more vicious.

‘Oh! Ah! Ahhhh!’ she cried out. ‘Slow down, that doesn’t feel great.’

‘Fuck you, uhn, uhn, uhn!’

‘Ow! Peke! For christ’s sake!’ she cried. Peke’s thrusts seemed to grow more vicious as he moved to climax. Tammie squeezed her eyes shut and tried to go with the flow. This was, after all, the big break she’d been waiting for. She just knew it. She had a second sight for these things. It was in her horoscope. Everything was aligned. She just needed to go with the flow.

As Peke began the short, staccato thrusts that signalled he was about to come, Tammie bit her lip, arched her back and lifted her ass as high as she could, so he could get the last millimetre of depth. ‘Hnuh!’ he grunted. ‘HNUH! HNUH! HNUH! HNUH! HNUUHHHHhhhhhhhhhh.’

When he was finally spent, the agent collapsed panting onto the girl’s glistening back. They lay like that for several minutes til his heartbeat returned to normal. Till his cock slipped out like a drunken slug, trailing its slime down her thigh. In that self-conscious way that lovers do, they slid back under the duvet in a tangled embrace of sticky limbs and half dead kisses. His body fitted the back of hers like a jigsaw piece. When he put his arm round her waist, she threaded her fingers through his hand and gripped so tight as though her life depended on it. That was how they drifted back to sleep.

Later that afternoon, across town at Rachel’s apartment, Crystal Butts had dropped by with her new boyfriend Biffo, to console her fellow actress. After putting down the phone to Peke earlier, Rachel had called Crystal up and burst into tears. ‘I just wanted to check you were okay. You need a hug?’ Crystal asked, holding out her arms.

‘Spare me the crap,’ slurred Rachel, leaving open the door for them to walk in. Her face was a clown’s mask of tear-streaked mascara. Her eyes had that far away intoxicated look that made you want to wave your hand in front. The lights looked on but no one was home. ‘You’ve just come round to shove your Oscar up my ass,’ she said, lurching unsteadily down her hallway, drink in hand. Crystal winked at the dwarf as they entered, shutting the door behind them. Crystal had read the glazed look in Rachel’s eyes like a book. She’d read it in her voice on the phone. The bitch was higher than a steeple. It would be like taking candy from a baby. Like Rachel, Crystal Butts swung both ways. But whereas Rachel was still in the closet, Crystal was out. So far out she was on the catwalk. As they said in England, she batted for both sides and was proud of it.

‘Let’s see if we can’t take away some of this pain, shall we,’ she said, taking Rachel’s hand and leading her into the palatial bedroom. Biffo took her other hand, and together they laid a floppy Rachel out on the massive circular bed like a sacrificial victim. Crystal stepped back and opened her leopard skin coat like a set of doors, revealing a stunningly bronzed naked body underneath, save for her knee-length zip on booties. The coat fell from her shoulders. It was the signal for Biffo to frantically start taking off his own shoes and pants, which he hurled about the room in his haste to get into the action. As the dwarf hopped

around struggling to extricate his remaining leg from his pants, Crystal slipped to her knees between Rachel's legs. 'Hmm, you've been busy down here,' she sighed, going down.

'All I want is to be respected for my craft, is that too much to ask,' moaned Rachel, pulling Crystal's head toward her centre.

'Sure you do hun, that's why we's here,' said Crystal. As she nuzzled her nose in the sweet-smelling furry fountain, her own butt waved in the air behind her like a swaying barrage balloon. She felt her legs being kicked slightly apart as the dwarf, sans pants, dumped a pile of magazines between her knees and climbed aboard.

Crystal Butts was pushing thirty but you could see she still had it. Her movie ratings proved that. The golden hair still had that sun-kissed L.A. sheen. Her body a case study of nips and tucks, a nobel prize of silicon mountains and valleys. Even the face, which had been cleaning up beauty pageants since the age of four, even that had not been beyond the power of money to improve. Crystal had one of the best surgeons on the strip. One of the most expensive. And it showed. Since the pantie flashing scene in *I Married a Gargoyle's Nephew*, pretty much every man on the planet had wanted to do her. And the few men in the world who didn't want to do Crystal Butts, wanted to do Rachel Weisz. And here was Crystal Butts, in a scene from every guy's ultimate wank movie, lubing out the muff of Rachel Weisz while being screwed from behind by a dwarf standing on a pile of *Vogues* and *New Yorkers*. It was early evening. *Let's Get Physical* was blasting out from the speakers, so loud you had to shout to be heard. Not surprisingly, when the calls came through from Peke, Rachel missed the first two. She only picked up the third when the phone almost vibrated off the bedside cabinet.

'You good to talk?' he asked. Peke had showered and eaten. He was sipping from a glass of Californian Shiraz. Tammie was nowhere to be seen. 'Jesus, are you in a club?'

'What's that?' Rachel shouted. 'I can't hear you.'

'I said, turn the music down,' he shouted back.

'Oh.' Rachel killed the volume with the mini-remote.

'Sounds like you're partying,' he said brightly, hoping she'd done a 180 on her lousy mood from earlier in the day. Actresses. Rapture one minute, despair the next. He figured it was a hormone thing. You didn't ask.

'Something like that,' she said. 'Did you find me one?'

'One what?'

'You know.' Rachel glanced down at Biffo, who had taken his cock out of Crystal and was slapping it over her butt.

'A dwarf?'

'Yeah. A black one.'

'I've been thinking about that. All that stuff we talked this morning, about getting your career back on track, you know, finding you your next big role?'

'Ooooh!'

'You okay there?'

Rachel sucked in through her teeth as Crystal touched the tip of a vibrator against her clit. The bitch had had it hidden in her purse. 'Uh-hu. Yeah, more, please, oh moreeee, go on.'

'Okay,' he said. 'But you sound weird. Anyway, here's what we do. First we give you an image makeover.'

'A what?'

'With a new image we can re-ignite your career.'

'What's wrong with my image?'

'You're too... nice.'

'Says who?'

'The CEO of Warner.'

‘Screw him, we go with Paramount. We go with Universal.’

‘I was just off the phone with Flob Berndtner. I tried to get you the lead in the new Rivers script, opposite Hanks. He passed. Said you were too... likeable.’

‘What the shit is that supposed to mean?’

‘Well actually, too surface, is what he actually said.’

‘SURFACE! That prick is as shallow as a puddle. I got more depth than...’ Rachel smiled down at the woman teasing her clit with a dildo. The one being fucked from behind by the well hung dwarf. ‘More depth than you know who’s cunt. And let me tell you that’s FUCKING DEEP.’

‘Darkness. That’s what we need.’

‘Goddam!’ Rachel swore. That bitch Butts was toying with her, letting her have an inch of the vibrator at a time then withdrawing it, over and over.

‘It’s not that bad an idea, is it?’

‘I want it all! Please!’ Her eyes beseeched Crystal, who shook her head and withdrew it naughtily, so she could lick some more. Rachel’s hips squirmed with pleasure. The bitch’s tongue was rougher than a mountain cat’s.

‘You can have it all, Rach,’ said Peke. ‘The world just needs to discover the new you. That’s where the darkness comes in.’

‘Darkness.’

‘We need more darkness, Rach. To shine a light on the many and complex layers of your troubled personality.’

‘My what? I don’t have one. Do I?’

‘So we make one up. You must have some skeletons in your cupboard, some dark secrets you never told no-one.’

‘I can’t think.’

‘No drug busts, minor felonies, lesbian tendencies?’

‘That is so sick.’

‘Stalkers then. Violent boyfriends, sexual abuse as a kid. We need to blue-sky this.’

‘Are you off your tiny fucking mind?’

‘Damaged goods sell column inches, Rach, and column inches sell movies, period.’

Even a coke head like Rachel understood that simple arithmetic. She thought about it.

‘You want me to be a bad girl?’

‘I got the perfect angle. I fix you a date with Walnut Whip.’

‘You do what?’

‘The rapper.’

‘I know who Walnut fucking Whip is you asshole. Isn’t he in trouble with the police? Why the fuck would I wanna give it up for him? He’s ugly as shit. Got scars all over his big ugly mug.’

‘Rach, he’s the hottest thing in music. And he’s hot for you.’

‘Really?’

‘So hot you’ll need asbestos gloves.’

‘I guess it would cause quite a... stir.’ Peke could feel her smile coming down the phone.

‘Baby, you’ll be all over the front pages. Your phone will go off the hook. Springer, Spielberg, they’ll all be after a piece of your ass. You’ll make the A list look like Yellow Pages. This’ll get you parts in movies Crystal Butts would cream for.’

‘AAAIIEE! OH YESSSS!’ Crystal let out a sudden loud moan as Biffo swapped her vag for an anus, easing in his log til she squealed with pleasure.

‘YEAH HO! FUCKING TAKE THAT UP YO ASS BITCH!’ the dwarf shouted, struggling to keep his grip on the slippery platform of fashion mags as he pummelled his dwarf-tool into her ass.

‘Shhhh!’ Rachel tried to hush them with a finger to her lips.

‘What the fuck is going on there,’ asked Peke. ‘You sound like you’re at a homicide scene.’

‘It’s cool. Just friends.’ Rach moved her body an inch higher, running her hand fondly through Crystal’s hair as she directed the actress’s head back toward her clit.

‘So what do you think?’ Peke asked.

‘Hmmm?’

‘About the Whip? You want me to hook you up?’

‘Mmmmm, yessss, that’s nice,’ she moaned, as Crystal eased the vibrator half way in, giving her a good three inches. It was a real thick one with studded sides. Her favourite kind.

‘Cool,’ said Peke. ‘I’ll give Marc a call, he’ll fix it for us.’

As Biffo began to climax inside Crystal’s ass, it set off a chain reaction, causing Crystal to clench her butt and vaginal muscles, and involuntarily ram the vibrator all the way up Rachel’s leaking cunt. Rachel couldn’t hold it in any longer. ‘Oh my god! That feels so good I think I’m going to come!’

‘Don’t mention it,’ said Peke. ‘It was just an idea. That’s what I’m here for.’

‘Speed up goddamit!’

‘Okay, I’m on it.’

‘Faster, FASTER!’

‘Okay, fucking chill for chrissakes, I’ll light a fire under it.’

‘YES! YES! YES! MORE!’

‘Okay, what the fuck, ciao.’

‘YES! YES! YES! YESSSS! AWWWW YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!’

Peke killed the call. Fucking crazy woman.

Hope you enjoyed *Black Dwarves, White Holes*. It’s published as part of a 700 page collection of poetry and short stories, *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*. You can pick it up for less than the price of a coffee at [Amazon](#) and [Smashwords](#).