

Spilled Soup

The day started with discourteous noises coming from the alarm clock, where the blinking contraption buzzed and buzzed and buzzed inches from his head next to the bed. He gradually resurfaced from drunken unconsciousness to deal with the blinking and buzzing. A half-aware hand slipped from under the blankets to coax the sweet spot on the SNOOZE button into doing his bidding, into giving him a few more minutes of precious sleep. He'd gotten that down to an art at this point.

When the blinking and buzzing began again, he sat upright in bed fully awake, and yet still drunk. He was blessed with a certain genetic disposition to live hard and fast without suffering ill effects from living hard and fast. Anything in excess was consumed quickly and efficiently, be it alcohol, women or life. His body never suffered long. Hours of last night's Saint Patrick's Day bar hopping and private party crashing left him no worse the next day. He fucked two different women last night and hadn't needed to take off his clothes for either of them. He required little sleep, looked much younger than his 38 years, and effortlessly succeeded at everything he did. Tall and handsome, dark-haired dreamboat. A *wunderkind* who was never satisfied for long. He'd come to see it as just the way he was. Why screw with fate?

The day before he'd been at work updating his profile on alt.com when he received an e-mail from his girlfriend. Ex-girlfriend, once she caught up with him, he said to himself. Sure enough, the message was a laundry list of what he'd done and why she was leaving him, starting with the MySpace girl he'd fucked recently. They were through, he'd hurt and betrayed her, he was an asshole...blah, blah, blah. Delete.

They'd only been dating 5 months, a whirlwind romance. He wasn't actually sure why he'd tied himself down to her in the first place. He was arrogant enough not to believe her presence in his life made him better – more like it complimented him. They were compatible. Except now he realized that fucking other girls would hurt her. And he needed to fuck other girls.

He'd wooed her, pulled out all the stops, *had* to have her. He was quite adamant about that, and the day she finally succumbed to his advances he felt something that might be described as joy. He had fully acknowledged his philandering reputation, his panache for parties and temptations, and had even gotten her friends to approve whole-heartedly. At the time he had every intention of doing right by this girl, in that brief moment, but once he had her he'd almost immediately started to get bored. It took him 5 weeks of progressively disrespectful behavior to get her to dump him. It was standard maneuver for any bachelor to unhitch himself from his lady in this manner, and in fact he could have been harsher to her, sped up the process and gotten out sooner. Only he actually liked this girl, maybe even for a few weeks been in love with her, so he let nature take its course and avoided her while waiting for their relationship to wither and die.

She'd figured out he'd fucked this girl he'd met on MySpace who liked to call him "squirrel." Once, when he was lapping away at MySpace girl's pussy he'd pretended to burrow his face inside her, making munching sounds. He was aware of the silliness of it, chewing on her labia, darting his tongue inside her as she giggled and purred. Soon after that she'd left a comment on his page calling him "squirrel." His girlfriend had questioned the relationship after that, but then

forgotten about her once satisfied that MySpace girl was harmless. But then MySpace girl had blogged, in broken sentences and bad spelling, how she was “falling in love with a squirrel.”

His girlfriend asked about the squirrel blog and this time got a very different response: deflective, accusatory, ridiculous excuses. Explanations for “failing the one that loves you.” The kind of talk that makes a girlfriend an ex-girlfriend. The fighting was predictably childish, with her furiously, stupidly calling him a stuffed squirrel, and him actually implying she’d driven him to cheat and that that was just the way he was.

He felt sad for a moment thinking of her. She was an amazing girlfriend, for someone else. He was definitely going to miss her hot body and the way she vibrated when she was riding him. His cock hardened from thinking of her, which pulled on his pubic hair. There was a bit of pain from that, as his cock and hairs had nested together with dried cum and saliva – evidence of last night’s uproar. The uncomfortable tugging turned him on, so he decided to go to work that way.

He barely made his sales meeting on time, but at least had taken the time to brush his teeth and dig the sleep goop from his eyes. His meeting concluded with contracting with the biggest client he’d scored in his career. And now, as he made his way through the crowded room of enthusiastic men’s men who’d just been convinced to part with more of their money than they’d ever agree to do in the past – for anyone – the power of his words of persuasion made his cock quiver. This was more than a little painful, which made him hardened again. He considered for a moment if smelling like sex helped him land the deal.

He left early for lunch feeling quite pleased with the day and still a bit drunk, finding himself at the bistro place on the ground floor of the building he worked in. It was difficult to care about his choices in soup: minestrone, chicken noodle or split pea. He finally decided on chicken noodle, extra hot, and made his way through the crowded seating area to find a place to sit. He hadn’t made it very far when he walked into the back of someone’s chair.

It was a scene straight out of America’s Funnies Home Videos. The tray in his hands tilted and the extra hot soup followed gravity’s law and dumped itself into his crotch, soaking right through the slacks, boxers and dried cum-saliva concoction sticking his junk together. It turned out to be a good thing he’d arrived to work wearing dirty clothes.

At the hospital he was treated for 2nd and 3rd degree burns and sent home with burn ointment, anti-inflammatory narcotics, and two phone numbers. The spilled soup had left his lap bright red and slightly blistered and yet his libido continued on with business as usual. His cock continued to stir and moan, now in extreme discomfort, reacting to each glimpse of upper thigh, each eye twinkle, each trail of fragrance. An emergency room visit didn’t change that fact. It was just the nature of his beast.

When he finally entered the lobby of his gorgeous floor-to-ceiling glass walled apartment at about the same time he always did, on his way to the elevator, he heard his name called out behind him. He turned around carefully with his Burberry trench coat folded over his arm and held in front to hide the soup accident. The lobby staff on duty, a blonde hot piece of ass he’d been trying to gain the trust of, was smiling sweetly at him. His cock twitched.

She had a medium-sized package on the counter in front of her, wrapped in brown butcher paper and sealed in heavy-duty packing tape. As he neared the counter he saw the package had nothing on it but his name in neat Sharpie in his ex-girlfriend's handwritten script. A bike courier had delivered it an hour ago.

He opened the door to his place, a few modular rooms in the hottest neighborhood, dressed by the hottest interior design firm in the hottest décor. He shuffled around the apartment, putting away his coat, changing into loose cotton pajama bottoms, making himself a gin and lemon on the rocks, now and again glancing at the brown paper-wrapped box he'd put down on his dining table.

Although its presence completely baffled him, his curiosity was building. There were many possible reasons for the package: to return his things, a gift to foster reconciliation, or even his gifts to her destroyed beyond recognition. Girls can lose their mind a bit when they're dumped, of this he had much experience with. But this girl was special, and the first girl in a long time to get this far under his skin before he had to let her go. A man such as he was seemed better suited to exist in an older century in which handsome, libidinous, lucky men like himself were expected to ride the country side enjoying a fortunate life unencumbered by responsibilities and other such nonsense. Loving and learning and leaving.

He filled his lungs with air completely, then slowly exhaled from his mouth, finally resigned to give into his curiosity, and then downed his drink in one last gulp. He walked over to the package, the booze mixing immediately and wonderfully with his painkillers. He got out a knife and cut away the taped seams of the butcher paper, then worked his hands into the contents of the package. He felt fur. He knew instantly what it was and yanked the object from the box: it was a stuffed squirrel.

God, she was hot and clever.

In that moment he truly felt sorry he couldn't stay faithful. But she would understand one day, wouldn't she? That this was just the way he was, that it wasn't personal, that monogamy was a struggle that was too hard to maintain? He felt a pain of regret as his damaged penis wiggled for her momentarily.

Right after that, the room exploded.