

HERBERT S. TUTTLETON



STRIKE!

**A SERIES OF EROTIC FICTION FOR THE
MIDWESTERN SUBURBAN READER**

Foreword

Hello, I'm Herbert S. Tuttleton—esteemed American author and member of the Global Elite. What you're about to read is the first installment in a series of short stories dedicated to the Midwestern ideals of working hard at your job, providing for your family, and eating at a chain restaurant as you're bombarded with advertisements for more chain restaurants and products that no one needs. This is the plight of the Midwesterner, and it is substantially worsened if that Midwesterner is also a Suburbanite.

The Suburbs are designed with uniformity in mind: there's neighborhood housing developments, a main road where all goods can be purchased, a business district, and one movie theater. On the surface, it doesn't sound bad—until you realize that every house is distinctly the same, all goods are controlled by major conglomerates with billion-dollar ad budgets, you go to work for those same conglomerates, and the movie theater is actually a Starbucks. Everything is kept pristinely average; everyone drives mid-range cars, everyone shops at the clothing outlets like Kohl's and Old Navy, and everyone eats at the Taco Bell Pizza Hut hybrid, but no one in their right mind would order a pizza at a Taco Bell Pizza Hut. For all functioning purposes, it's a Taco Bell. It is beyond reason why they would even offer a personal pan pizza.

Chain stores, chain restaurants, chain Starbucks. These people are imprisoned in chains. Their experiences are uniform: a person in Naperville, Illinois could have the exact same meal as someone in Novi, Michigan even though they're hundreds of miles apart. It's as if choice were an illusion, and the major philosophical question that thousands of Suburbanites ask is: "Should I get Burger King or McDonald's today?" They are bound to their jobs, bound to their homes, and beholden to McDonald's, or Burger King, or—if they're lucky—an Arby's.

You would be quick to write off the Midwestern Suburbs as lazy. However, I think it is quite the opposite. The Midwestern spirit is one of hard, thankless work. The nation benefits from the auto industry of Michigan, the fields of grain in Illinois, and the racism of Ohio. There are countless people who work long into the night and early into the day at jobs that no one would give a Nobel Prize to: office managers, tool and die machinery operators, materials specialists at a plastics manufacturing plant, regional logistics comptrollers, car salesmen, and doctors. I think they give out the Nobel Prize to doctors, but like, not from the Suburbs. These people work hard, and having to source out pricey boutique shops and upscale restaurants is a real hassle and a waste of hard-earned money.

There is a certain comfort in certainty: you know exactly what you're going to get when you go to an Applebee's or a Chili's. You can almost picture the menu in your head since you've been there a thousand times. Even though they tried that fancy-ass Pad Thai dish in their summer menu, they'll always have their staple of Mozz Stix™ and Marinara sauce waiting for you. The jeans in the Suburbs aren't designer by a new and upcoming brand, but boy were they on discount with a Kohl's Club Card. I don't think these people are lazy, I think they're comfortable with predictability—a predictability that spans across the entire nation.

So please, as you read these stories, realize that this is not a bashing of brands, but emulating the authentic Midwestern experience of being bashed by the brands that you will inevitably come to love. Except Applebee's, that place can go straight to hell. I hope that you fall in love with these characters as I have, and that you are transported to a bland office building, or a fun, lukewarm time at a TGI Fridays, or a Starbucks.

Oh yeah, and they fuck in these stories too.

Strike!

The rumble of the ball speeding down the hardwood. Eighteen pounds of resin traveling toward its target: ten maplewood pins, each standing like a stoic gentleman ready to get knocked down by a real American bowler. That bowler's name is Bob Inglewort.

Bob isn't much to look at; he's 42, not in the best shape, and is starting to go bald. But when he's in the lane, he's a *fuckin' master*. Bob has perfected his form: he can stroke it, he can tween it, he can crank it, and he can cup it. The lane is Bob's little slice of Heaven; his body is perfectly crafted for the game. His powerful, hairy arms and tense upper body provide the perfect cradle for his cannonball child. His distended beer gut gives him the power to send that child to its destiny of a perfect 300 game, and his greying mustache gives him respect of his peers. But there is one thing that's missing in this little cloud of his: a companion that can revel in his success and polish his trophy. A sudden emptiness filled Bob, like a 7-10 split that he couldn't possibly spare. He took that emptiness and smashed a couple more fuckin' wicked turkeys down the lane. He hoped the cheers of his fellow leaguemates would drown out the small voice in the back of his head.

Helen banged on the copier for the thousandth time. Canon is a really shitty brand of copier, and everyone who works in an office knows that. Those fuckers break down *just when* the service contract is up, and what are you going to do about it? Nothing, which is what Helen would have done any other day. But not today. Today she was going to get to the bottom of this paper jam in Compartment A. She bent over, exposing her rump to anyone in view. It looked good in her navy Ann Taylor belted full skirt, but her orange Tie Sleeve Popover was about to be another story. Helen pushed Lever 1 down to release the door to Compartment A and was greeted with a shower of black toner. She leapt up, but her front was already covered, effectively ruining what was deemed a "cute outfit" by Clare in Marketing.

"Nice one, 'Kiss of Death!'" shouted Matt from Sales.

Yes, everyone always had a good laugh when Helen was the center of a joke. That's because her name is Helen Hunt. No, she's not the actual Helen Hunt, just someone who has the same name as the Oscar-winning actress. The whole office took delight in naming obscure Helen Hunt movies to poke fun, though when you think about it just naming a movie that Helen Hunt was in and then laughing about it is kind of a non-joke. Like, if you came up with a clever twist that would be something else. It would be a Clever Twister. See? Pretty good. Anyway, Matt is a dick whose father got him that job.

"Don't worry about Matt," Tracey from HR interjected with a paper towel. "Don't use water, you'll just get it into the clothing."

"Thanks, Tracey," Helen sighed. She brushed at her breasts, trying to clean up as best she could. Her nipples were erect from the immediate excitement, but thank God she wore a thick-padded bra today. Who was she trying to impress here anyway? All the men were some derivative of Matt: bro-ey, ill-mannered, and probably had fucking soft cocks. Helen wanted a real man who knew responsibility and how to act like a gentleman.

Helen is 45, and she has kept up her figure. The constant comparison to a successful actress by the same name will do that to you, and that's one thing that Helen can hold over the other Helen's head: "I bet you don't do softball on the weekends."

"Hey Ms. Mad About You!" Helen knew exactly who it was, and it was probably the only person who could get away with the Helen Hunt game: Sarah Johnson, part of "The Crew" that Helen rolled with Fridays after work.

“It’s 4:30 on a Friday, where you be at?” Sarah emulated a cool black woman, which she was not. She was white as hell.

“Uhhh, rollin’ wit you guys!” Helen emulated back.

“We’re going down to the 10-pin for some bowling!”

“Huh, that’s not what we normally do.”

“Well, they have \$3 draft pitchers, so we’re gonna get drunk!” Sarah pantomimed pouring two pitchers down her open throat, then squeezed her breasts in an empowering fashion. Helen could have done without the last part, but the message was received.

“I’m down!” Helen pumped her fist in the air to no reaction.

“Oh, but you might want to clean up a bit before we go.” Sarah indicated to Helen’s toner-stained top.

“Right...Do you have a spare top I could borrow?”

“Oh honey, we’re going to dress you up for a night on the town!”

Lane 14. The Big Balls Boys are setting down their pitchers and polishing their Big Balls (can’t let the name down) for tonight’s League practice. Bill Kupernick polishes his tie-dye pattern ball with a soft microfiber cloth his wife Nancy got him for his birthday last month. Roy Esquivel polishes his beautiful blue ball with some light wood oil and a shammy that he swears is good luck. His wife was about to throw out the shammy, but thank God Roy stopped her. Bob Inglewort takes out his eighteen-pounder classic black ball and polishes it with a standard hand towel. He got the towel himself, from a Bed Bath & Beyond. The Big Balls Boys begin throwing their big beautiful balls down the lane. Bob throws a perfect five frames! The men cheer and Bob kicks back a beer in celebration, adding to his cholesterol.

Helen sits uneasy in Lane 12’s plastic seats. She’s momentarily left alone in her new top that has a bunch of newspaper print design on it from Forever 21. Her Ann Taylor skirt replaced with a pair of GUESS jeans from 2005. Sarah has no fashion sense. It’s not her, and she feels awkward. Tracey and Sarah return with three pitchers, one for each of them.

Tracey set the mood with an exuberant “Alright, let’s bowl and brew!”

Sarah led the pack, bowling first. She makes a goofy face and sticking her tongue out while she grandma-style rolls her ball down the lane. The ball doesn’t make it halfway down the lane before going into the gutter. Sarah turns around and shrugs, making an even goofier face to compensate for her failure.

“Come on, Ms. Cast Away, cast that ball...away!” Sarah prodded.

“Oh stop it!” Helen guffawed.

Helen picked a bright orange ball as a tribute to the orange top that she lost to the great toner incident of two hours ago. Her aim true, she threw the ball down the center of the lane. She squats in anticipation, watching as her ball makes a deafening strike!

The girls squealed in delight, which has garnered the attention of the whole bowling alley, including Lane 14. Bill Kupernick nudges Bob: “can you believe those ladies over there? It’s like they’ve never bowled before!”

Bob glances in the ladies’ direction, running his eyes over Sarah, then Tracey, and is fixated on Helen. For some reason, his eyes linger there and he can’t be pulled away.

“Hey, Inglewort! You’re up!” Roy’s words snap Bob out of his gaze.

As Bob steps up to the ball-catcher thing, is it called a ball well? The thing you get your ball from before you bowl, that thing. Anyway, he steps up to it, but something has changed. Bob is no longer interested in his next frame, he’s interested in the young lady bowling at Lane 12. Muscle memory kicks in, Bob heaves his portly frame into action, and...gutter ball.

The Big Balls Boys gasp. This breaks Bob’s perfect game. In fact, Bob hasn’t thrown a gutter ball in over three years, when the kitchen was out of hot wings. This is a disaster, but not to Bob.

“Hey Bob, you okay? You just...my God.” Bill Kupernick begins to openly weep.

“I’m fine, but who’s that in Lane 12,” Bob questions.

“We don’t know. Never seen them before,” Roy blubbered.

It’s a little-known fact that Bob Inglewort is the king of the 10-pin. Bob signals for Theresa, the leather-skinned, 73-years-young hostess.

“What can I getcha, Bob,” Theresa muttered between drags off her Kool Menthol.

“Can you send a pitcher of your finest Michelob Ultra over to Lane 12 for me please?”

“Anything for you, sweetie.” Theresa was gone in a flash or as fast as her fibromialgia would let her.

Bob watched the scene play out from his chair, too nervous to bowl.

Sarah came back from the lane with that same goofy, tongue-wagging face that was getting on everybody’s nerves. She gutterballed again, a trend that had lasted the last seven frames. Helen and Tracey threw out placid comments like “too bad,” “you’ll get it next time,” and an under-the-breath “Jesus Christ, lose the face.” Everyone was having an average amount of fun, the kind where you can say you had a fun weekend and not feel too bad about the lie you just squeaked out of your rancid mouth.

“Pitcher for the ladies,” Theresa interjected. Her bony arm shaking while delivering the pitcher to the table of ladies.

“Um, we didn’t order another pitcher,” Tracey piped.

“No, but he did.” Theresa nodded to Lane 14, in Bob’s direction. Bob mustered a paltry wave and buried his gaze into the linoleum floor.

“The finest Michelob Ultra the 10-pin has to offer. No head, all beer,” and with a puff of smoke from her Kool Menthol, Theresa was gone or as fast as her fibromialgia would let her.

Sarah fawned over the offering, “My God, Michelob Ultra? That’s at least a \$6 pitcher. It’s not on special.”

“Everyone loves Michelob Ultra, it’s not just for grandpas and uncles,” stated Tracey.

But Helen was quizzical. “Who was the pitcher meant for?”

“Well, tonight’s the night to find out! Come on Helen, why don’t you go over there and find out!” Sarah prodded. She highlighted her statement with the “cross-eyed goofy monkey face” that everyone was pretty sick of by this point in the evening.

Tracey encouraged Helen: “Come on! If you don’t go over there, you’ll never know! And I think you might be *pleasantly* surprised!”

Now Helen was committed. She marched over in her clownish bowling shoes to get to the bottom of this mystery. Bob nervously polished his ball. He stood in between the still-crying Roy Esquivel and Bill Kupernick, which he thought was a power move.

“Excuse me,” Helen said, “we were told you bought a pitcher for us.”
“That’s right, that’s correct,” Bob fumbled.

“Well...who is the pitcher for?”

“It was, well...it was for you.” Bob stammered. “Look, I know the current climate of misogyny the Patriarchy imposes on women in these times, so you don’t owe me a conversation or anything. I know I’m not much to look at, so if you just want to enjoy the delicious and crisp Michelob Ultra, that’s fine by me.”

“No, I understand the problems with an aggressive male-driven society, and I think this is an individual instance where those politics and rhetoric don’t play a part in our interactions. You could say any allusions to society as a greater whole are non-existent in our conversation. I liked that you got that pitcher of Michelob Ultra for me. Plus, I think you’re kind of cute.”

Helen’s nipples stood erect as she finished her last syllable. She felt the same excitement from the toner accident earlier at work, except this time there was way less mess. Bob felt a sensation that he only gets when he bowls a perfect game, except this felt like three perfect games and a raging hard cock. He positioned his ball strategically, so as not to show all his cards and his hard cock.

Helen saw his hard cock before he put his bowling ball in front of it. She imagined it standing upright, like a bowling pin. As she scanned the perimeter due to the lack of verbal communication, all she could see were ten bulging penises at the end of each lane. The bowling balls were still bowling balls, and they would crash into the penises, and the penises would flop around before being swept up by the mechanical arm. She couldn’t control herself for much longer at the sight of this vividly stimulating and complete metaphor.

“Hey, this is crazy, but...do you want to go someplace more...intimate?” Helen blushed.
“I have just the place. Do you mind, boys?” Bob looked at his fellow Leaguemates.

Bill and Roy stared into the infinite horizon. Thoughts of the deepest sadness engulfed their souls, and they slowly sank into a deep depression.

“Thanks guys,” Bob waved as Helen and he made for the emergency exit.

“Wait, we can’t go out this way, it says the alarm will sound,” Helen read.

“Come on, let’s break a few rules tonight,” said Bob as he elbowed the emergency exit open. No alarm sounded, that was to deter the baa-baa sheeple. Helen knew she was in good hands, but this was all so impromptu and crazy. She had to say something.

“Wait, this is all so impromptu and crazy. I don’t even know your name!” Helen pulled back.

Bob turned around to face her. “My name is Bob Inglewort. I’m 42. I have a working dick.”

“My name is…” Helen paused for a moment, embarrassed by what Bob might think of her. Bob quickly stifled that feeling by grasping both of her hands in a firm but warm embrace.

“My name is Helen Hunt.”

Bob paused for a moment. “You mean like the actress? Well, I think you’re beautiful, Helen Hunt. You, not the actress.”

“Can I tell you a secret?” Helen’s urgency startled Bob.

“Wait ‘til we get to that ‘some place,’” he insisted.

Bob led Helen by the hand to a door behind the 10-pin. The dimly lit landscape didn’t sit well with Helen, and those thoughts that the Patriarchy is real and this guy is just a sneaky beta cuck washed over her. That train of thought was broken by Bob’s knocking pattern on the door. A surly, emaciated man in overalls emerged. With a quick nod, the man stepped aside.

“Keep a look out and don’t come back in until we come out,” Bob commanded and spit on the overall-ed man. The overall-ed man nodded, and Bob and Helen disappeared into the dark portal.

Inside, Helen smelled wood polish and sawdust. As her eyes adjusted, she saw conveyor belts, gears whirring, and pins being dropped into place for each of the fourteen lanes. It was much more fascinating than bowling with Tracey and Sarah on the other side! They went further, stepping onto a walkway suspended over the lanes. At about the tenth lane mark, Bob stopped. He turned around to face Helen, who was staring right into his eyes.

“Welcome to ‘some place,’” he whispered.

Bob’s face inched near hers. She felt the tickle of whiskers from his mustache, sending a shiver down her body. Bob’s lips were warm and inviting. She pressed forward, completing the embrace. She jutted out her lower lip and began to suck on his top lip, pulling back to go in for another kiss.

The sound of machinery and balls crashing into pins was deafening, but all Helen could hear was the banana-mashing sounds of her passion melting with Bob’s. She couldn’t stand being in this newsprint top for any longer. Bob seemed to have unconsciously heard her, as he undid the stupid tie-strings at her collar, and stripped her of the accursed top. She was exposed with her thick-padded flesh colored bra from Kohl’s, you know, the kind that everyone has because it has good support and prevents chafing. She wished that he would remove it as well.

Bob carefully placed her borrowed top in a safe spot, because if this top got caught in the machinery, then boy, jig is up. Like everybody would know, and that's gotta be at least like a \$30 top? Maybe from one of those mall stores? Marshall's? Who cares. Bob's hands moved back to Helen's body as he palmed her breasts over the bra. Helen began at the bottom of Bob's Ed Hardy bowling shirt, unbuttoning one button with the left hand and running her right hand over his masculine, smooth, engorged tummy.

In the meantime, Bob's hands had made their way to the back of Helen's bra. Bob made quick work of the three hooks, because he practices on all the mannequins at the Kohl's. He had fantasized about the real breasts that would fill the cups of this soft, modest what-you-wear-to-work bra, instead of some plastic pointy cones and a faceless head staring back at him.

Bob lifted the bra over Helen's head. Her breasts bounced, freed from their padded prison. The cool air from the air conditioning and the warm, stinky breeze from all the machinery played a number on her nipples. They were so taught, she wanted to cut glass with them.

Bob nervously cupped her breast and squeezed her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Helen had made her way to Bob's Kohl's khakis. She undid his braided leather belt and delicately slid the zipper down. She yanked down on Bob's hips, releasing the khakis. There Bob stood, in his Fruit of the Loom briefs. But Helen saw her prize: a ripe banana hanging in its cloth basket.

"These are kind of hard to get off" said Bob, slightly ruining the mood. He slid the tights down to his ankles and stepped out of both his khakis and underwear. He still had his bowling shoes on, for those keeping track. Standing at full attention was his fully-functioning dick, as promised.

Bob quickly fumbled with Helen's GUESS jeans, undoing them in an instant because he practices on all the mannequins at the Kohl's. Instead of a plastic, sexless thigh gap, he was greeted with Helen Hunt's Cunt. She kept a little brunette pubic hair strip for effect, but did go to the waxing salon when she could. Helen stepped out of her jeans and panties, also still in her bowling shoes.

Bob and Helen couldn't contain themselves any longer. They pressed into each other and tongue-kissed, feeling each other's molars and each other's souls. Helen's breasts rested on top of Bob's gut, and Bob slid his cock between Helen's legs. His cock moved over her under lips, and Helen became sopping wet. What a mess. As Bob's cock moved back and forth, it became lubricated and ready to enter her.

Helen carefully pushed Bob to the floor, in case he had a bad back. She straddled him between her thighs and leaned close into Bob's right ear.

"My secret is...I love to pretend that I'm Helen Hunt the actress when I'm having sex," Helen whispered. "Talk about her movies to me."

"Okay, but I don't know too many Helen Hunt movies" confessed Bob.

"Don't worry," Helen pulled out her iPhone and navigated to Helen Hunt's IMDB page. "Just call them out in no particular order. But save Twister for last."

Bob was intrigued. "Wow, I'm going to have sex with Helen Hunt!"

“Now, give me your pin. Your...flesh pin.” Helen grabbed Bob’s working cock and gently slid into it. He was inside her, they both began slowly gyrating to get the rhythm. Helen’s thighs pressed against Bob’s bulbous tummy. It’s like she was riding a human bowling ball. Bob pulled the phone up to his face as his thrusts became more vigorous.

“I want ‘Only You’, Helen!”

“Oh yeah, that was with Tom McFadden in 1992, a rom-com about a man choosing between two women! I’m glad you chose me and I’m fucking you right now!” Helen Hunt gasped.

“This is actually pretty hot and informative,” panted Bob. “You certainly are a ‘Good Woman’!” “2004, film adaptation of an Oscar Wilde play. Ooh, and I’m going Wilde on your cock!” Helen pushed herself into Bob, his cock going deeper and deeper into her. His stomach slapped against her pelvis to the rhythm, and Helen found the sensation of a hot stomach then cool breeze quite pleasurable.

“I think I know ‘What Women Want’,” heaved Bob. He tensed his cock. It grew bigger and bigger inside Helen. She felt it; but without all the anti-Semitism because Bob was not Mel Gibson.

“We’re almost there,” huffed Helen, becoming flush as she reached climax. “But what about ‘Trancers II’ and ‘Trancers III’?”

“I actually watched ‘Trancers II’ and I didn’t really get it. Like he ‘singes’ people, but that constitutes just shooting them in the chest? Also his name is ‘Jack Deth.’ Hard pass.” Bob was firm with his inconsequential opinion.

“Oh.” Helen’s nipples softened a little.

“But this is ‘As Good As It Gets’!” Bob exclaimed and thrust into her. Helen’s nipples were right back at glass-cutting hard.

“Oooh, do a Jack Nicholson impression, please!” Helen was so close to orgasm.

Bob contorted his face in a kind of shitty Jack Nicholson impression: he raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips. “Heeere’s Bobby!”

“Oh God yes, it’s time! It’s time!” Helen moaned.

“Time for Twister?”

“That’s right! I’m Dr. Jo Harding, and here comes an F5 all over your dick!”

Helen screamed in ecstasy as she swung her leg around and twisted on Bob’s cock. Bob felt a pulsing sensation as his ejaculate funneled into this flesh tornado, sucked up by the vortex. Helen began to come at the 180-degree mark, and her ejaculate mixed with his, swirling inside of her. They both heaved and shivered at climax. They lay in that moment for a while; the hot, stinky machinery breeze dried the sweat on their bodies.

“Did you come in me?” Helen timidly asked. “It’s not that big of a deal, I just have to make sure I take Plan B- “

“-Don’t worry,” said Bob. “I’m 42. I don’t think I’m going to have kids, so at 40, I had a vasectomy.”

This was the sort of thing Helen loved to discuss immediately after making love.

“Wow, that’s really responsible of you.”

“Well, I wish that the pharmaceutical industry wouldn’t block research and implementation of male contraception, such as Vasalgel. Then more men could enjoy consensual sex without a condom between their partners with a one-time, easily reversible procedure.”

“Keep on dreaming” Helen joked. They both laughed at the bitter reality.

Bob and Helen returned to the bowling alley through the same emergency exit. Bob escorted Helen back to Lane 12.

“Girls, this is Bob Inglewort,” Helen presented Bob to Tracey and Sarah. “He’s the man who bought us the pitcher of delicious, crisp, and refined Michelob Ultra. He’s a real Nick Marshall.”

Helen and Bob shared a look, knowing that “Nick Marshall” was Mel Gibson’s character in “What Women Want,” and only the two of them would know that.

“Well, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” Tracey stood up and shook Bob’s hand. Sarah looked perplexed, trying to figure out the “Nick Marshall” reference.

“I should get back to my game. It was a pleasure meeting both of you.” Bob waved and made his way to Lane 14, but not before caressing the small of Helen’s back as he left.

“Well, looks like someone had a pretty fun night!” Tracey was giddy to know all the details.

“Yeah, more than we can say for ourselves. I knocked down only seven pins in ten frames!” Sarah mugged the same goofy face she’d been doing all night. “How did you do, Helen?”

Helen thought about it for a moment, then geared up to say the titular line of this story.

“It was a STRIKE!”

The End

About the Author



Herbert S. Tuttleton served in the Korean War and was immediately a social pariah after people did the math and found out that he wasn't even alive during the Korean War. This isolated Herbert S. Tuttleton from the rest of society, which was both a blessing and a curse. Toppled from society's Ivory Tower and Social Elite, Herbert S. Tuttleton was cast to the Common People, living amongst the white collars, the blue collars, and some didn't even have a collar.

Teaching at the local Grand Valley State University, Herbert S. Tuttleton bent and shaped the minds of young people to become his fanbase. It was here that Herbert S. Tuttleton picked up on pop culture of the youths and their insatiable hunger for brands and fucking and not interacting with the rest of society. Herbert S. Tuttleton had experience with the latter, but after extensive research by eating at all the major chains that Millennials love: Buffalo Wild Wings, Applebee's, and Fudruckers, Herbert S. Tuttleton had captured lightning in a bottle. And then had sex with that bottle. The end product is the afterbirth of two bad ideas smashing into each other like two depraved lovers in a Starbucks bathroom.

Herbert S. Tuttleton now enjoys his days investing in creative projects, such as a space rocket with power windows, and a suicide helmet. His wife, HORTUS, comforts him in his old age. After all, he did serve in the Korean War.