

HERBERT S. TUTTLETON



I'll See You Tonight

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

Foreword

Jesus Christ, coming back for thirds, are we? Well, you'll be happy to know your old buddy Herbert S. Tuttleton has been driven to drink. In fact, I'm drinking right now while writing this, so...you're welcome.

Holy fucking shit, you want to know the toughest part about writing these? The amount of research I have to do for each one. Like, I have been down quite the doozy of a rabbit hole on this one. Looking up menus for shitty restaurants that I never want to see again, fucking car specs on a fucking Chrysler? Fuck, man. And here's the kicker: these are all places that are in my hometown of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Yep, you guessed it, I really *drew from experience* on this one. Except this *experience* doesn't necessarily make anyone smarter from reading it. Quite the inverse. Like is there a word for that? Goddamn, I'm an author and I'm asking *if there's a word for something*? Jesus, maybe you guys should take over on the book-making. You know what, I'm gonna Shakespeare this and say the word is *Shurschwave*. This is in print form, but just imagine saying that word in the stupidest pronunciation possible and you've got it. Then listen to yourself saying it. Pretty *Shurschwave*, right?

Look, there's a ton of erotic fiction out there that takes place in European castles, a fancy mansion, but that's fantasizing about something that most of us will never have. Why not fantasize about what is attainable, or what could be possible? Shitty stuff, like you could be railed rotten in the back of a KIA Sportage. That could happen right now, you just gotta find the KIA Sportage to do it in. Or any kind of car, that's just an example. Or you could get your dick sucked behind a Whole Foods. Just imagine, the breeze blowing on your back, the added danger of an apron-ed employee walking out with his black-rimmed glasses and smug, disdainful, organic face catching you getting blown by this hot girl or man or fish, the rush of adrenaline as you run away from his cursings, and peeling out in your KIA Sportage with your girl or man in the passenger seat/throw the fish away because it's served its purpose.

Oh God, I'm drunk. Look, just read the fucking thing, okay? They fucking have sex in this one.

Hell yes.

I'll See You Tonight

Jane walked around the floor of the Art Van Furniture: "Can I help you?" "It's a pretty good chaise, and it's marked down 30% today." "Please don't defecate in the race car bed or I'll call the police."

Another typical day at Art Van Furniture by the Crossroads Mall in Portage, Michigan. Jane didn't really care much for her job, but it did afford her a duplex in an apartment complex off of Constitution Boulevard and a 2004 Mitsubishi Eclipse on lease. Jane lived alone, and most nights consisted of cooking a Lean Cuisine Cafe Steamer in the microwave for three minutes and thirty seconds, as recommended by the side of the box.

She peeled back the transparent cover and stirred the contents; at that moment, something stirred in her. She felt like she was being watched through her Hanson's triple pane window. Jane moved toward the window and peered into the cold autumn night. A few scattered leaves rustled across the street, but no one was outside peering in. A car's headlights ran across the window and Jane could see the taillights as it disappeared into midnight.

Jane dismissed the feeling as she turned on the television to watch *Kevin Can Wait* on CBS, the hilarious new sitcom starring Kevin James that replaced *Last Man Standing* as the most conservative-pandering show. But it's set in New York City, so it appeals to the liberals as well.

Jane thumbed through her phone and *Kevin Can Wait* served as background noise, as does most of CBS' lineup. She had been on Tinder, Bumble, and Match.com, but the dating pool in Portage was limited. On Tinder, Jane had set the radius to include Kalamazoo, but soon her list was flooded with the detritus of Western Michigan University college boys. Jane knew their game; they wanted to party and gain access to a car so they could leave the accursed sprawling campus that confined them to Ground Zero and away from higher property values.

After a few paltry chuckles, Jane felt that was enough excitement for the night. She turned off the TV mid-Kevin James rant, and threw away her plastic dish. She got into bed and fell asleep. Her arm unconsciously groped at the other side of the bed, longing for an invisible companion. As Jane slept deeper into the night, she began to dream.

Jane was transported to a beautiful ballroom at the Downtown Radisson. Was it the Swan Room? She had only been there once before for her high school prom. Jane was dressed in a beautiful evening gown that seemed to be made of the night sky itself. Her gaze met a man in an all-black suit across the dance floor. His pale complexion threw a sharp contrast his suit, which was so deep a black it was mesmerizing. Jane felt drawn to this man, and as the DJ put on Aerosmith's "Don't Want to Miss a Thing," the two made their way to the dance floor. The man pulled her close as Steven Tyler's coarse vocals serenaded the two lovers. Jane felt powerless in his arms, but she also felt safe. As Joe Perry's bitchin' riffs kicked up, Jane pressed her head against his chest. He was cool to the touch, which Jane found abnormal. As she listened for a heartbeat, she was greeted by stark silence. As fucking sweet boy Joey Kramer comes in on those wicked skins, Jane is ripped from the Downtown Radisson's ballroom and sits upright in her bed. The morning sun creeps in through the blinds.

Another day at Art Van Furniture. The same sofas, the same “You Pick 2” lunch from Panera, the same man who comes in dressed in a tuxedo and tries to defecate in the race car bed. At 2 P.M., Jane’s afternoon was about to get exciting: Sarah Van der Weisel unloaded her sob story that her pet Chinchilla, Jon Hamm, hadn’t been feeling too well all week, and she finally got an appointment at the vet to take him in. Jane thought that this was a rail-thin excuse to avoid closing up the store, but she took pity on Jon Hamm because he’s such a good actor and Mad Men was so good except for the end and he should get more work but God Bless him, he’s trying out there and we need more Hamm. Jane had to extend the same sympathy to the Chinchilla of the same name.

“It’s alright Sarah, you need to take care of Jon Hamm. I understand,” Jane girded herself by picking up two 5-Hour Energy shots from the 7-11, which is way too many hours of Energy and she would regret it later that night.

The hours rolled along as Jane greeted the customers and tried to get them to impulse-buy a \$3000 sofa, which is surprisingly never successful. At 7 o’clock, Jane sighed heavily and began locking the door and turning out the lights in the Art Van Furniture. The Crossroads Mall was still abuzz with activity as shoppers got their last purchases in from Claire’s and FYE (For Your Entertainment, the place where you can get outdated CDs, DVDs, and the fucking sweetest porn and hentai).

Jane walked back to her silver 2004 Mitsubishi Eclipse. It was a perfectly clear night, and the moon shone bright over the Art Van Furniture. Jane felt electric and the cool night air begged her to stay out a little longer. Also she had, like, five more hours of 5-Hour Energy to burn off. Jane thought that since she had stayed to close the store, she might as well treat herself to a sweet reward. And what better reward than Blue Hawaiian Long Island Tea from Applebee’s! Its tartness, tropical flavors, and cool neon-blue fun coloring had Jane sold; she got into her 2004 Eclipse and revved the engine. The car seemed to feed off of Jane’s excitement, and at 201,000 miles, it felt like it was 2005 and it was on lease.

It was a Wednesday, so Applebee’s was moderately vacant. Jane found a seat at the varnished wood bar - a tactic to make the place seem more like a neighborhood grill, but after years of spilling syrup-sweet drinks on it, the varnish merged with the drinks and was now a surface no one wanted to put their hands on. The walls were littered with memorabilia from times long past: a rusted trumpet that could have been used during the heyday of Harlem Jazz, a street sign labeled “Vine Street” from the famous tinsel town of Hollywood, and Dale Earnhardt’s official No. 3 hat.

“Hi my name is Chris, welcome to Applebee’s our specials today are the broccoli chicken alfredo, our delicious double crunch shrimp, and anything else we can jam into a microwave and make mildly presentable.” Chris was able to choke out his entire spiel in one breath, thus satisfying his duty to the brand. His Applebee’s polo was bright red with splashes of sweat.

“Oh no thanks, I think I’m just going to get a Blue Hawaiian and...and maybe some Chicken Wonton Tacos,” Jane was feeling incredibly wild with her order.

“Coming right up,” Chris went about punching in Jane’s order on the Aloha Point of Sale system and contemplating what he did in a past life to deserve this.

With a shake of the cocktail mixer and a pre-made liquid, Jane had her Blue Hawaiian Long Island Tea. She sipped it with sour satisfaction. She would wait an inordinate amount of time for the Chicken Wonton Tacos, but she didn’t care; she was out on the town and loving it!

“Care if I join you?” A soothing man’s voice came from behind Jane.

“Sure, no one’s sitting here. In fact, no one’s really sitting anywhere,” Jane commented on the lack of occupancy on this Wednesday night in Applebee’s.

“Thanks,” as the man sat down, Jane felt there was something familiar about the man, as if she had seen him before.

“I’m sorry, have we met before?” Jane wanted to confirm her suspicion.

“No, I don’t believe so.” The man pulled his black, wavy hair back from his perfect 5 o’clock shadow. His deep blue eyes were a sharp contrast on his porcelain white skin. He was stunning.

“Oh, sorry. I work at Art Van Furniture, so I see a lot of people come and go.” Jane sipped on her Blue Hawaiian.

“Really? A lot of people come in to impulse-buy a three-hundred dollar coffee table?” The man joked.

“Haha, you’re right. We do have one regular, though…” Jane stopped herself before telling the embarrassing anecdote about the defecating man in the tuxedo.

“Here’s your Chicken Wonton Tacos,” Chris slid the square plate of three deliciously microwaved chicken tacos with wonton strips that he got out of a GIANT bag in the back of the kitchen. Before Jane could respond, Chris was back in the kitchen looking at the business end of a knife, again questioning his existence.

“Oh my God, this is so embarrassing. There’s so much food!” Jane tried to throw her mysterious acquaintance off the trail that she indeed did look at the picture of the tacos before ordering and knew *exactly* how many tacos would arrive.

“Here, let me help. I’ll split them with you,” the man picked up a taco and bit into its day-old tortilla shell. Some of the wonton strips and watery lettuce fell onto his black T-shirt.

“I must look like a pig to you,” the man joked.

“Absolutely not! Accidents happen. Plus, I’ll forgive you on account of how handsome you are,” Jane flirted.

“Please, this? I just threw this t-shirt on today. I didn’t know I’d be sitting with a pretty lady such as yourself,” the dialogue quickened to cheesy in an instant. There was a moment of pure contentment between the two, until Jane stuck out her arm for a handshake - Jane’s way of establishing first-contact Kino (the pick up artist’s terminology for touch, an alienating concept to the pickup artist).

“I’m Jane.”

“Drake. Nice to meet you, Jane.” Drake’s hand was cool to the touch, almost like he had bad circulation. “If you’ll excuse me for a second, Jane.”

Drake never broke eye contact with Jane as he got up and speed-walked the direction of the restrooms. As he disappeared into the Men's restroom, Jane let out a sigh and relaxed her body. This real life dating was hard stuff: trying to look good while eating food, talking with your mouth, and fighting your body's natural impulse to release all the sweat you've accumulated over the course of your entire life. Jane sipped on her cool and refreshing and moderately priced Blue Hawaiian Long Island Tea. Its sour blast had been softened by the ice cubes slowly melting. It seemed like hours since she last saw Drake. Jane looked down at her iPhone 6S, and it *indeed* had been hours since Drake went to the bathroom. Did he just *fucking ghost on her*? But Jane hadn't taken her eyes off the Men's restroom door, it was impossible. She mentally retraced the past hour, and did remember that she was distracted by ESPN 5 playing India's Cricket championships — an easy-to-pick-up game with logical rules and scoring system.

Jane felt embarrassed; the one time she actually connected with someone who wasn't trying to do a three-story beer bong in front of her turns out to be a total flake. She couldn't contain her heartache, and as the tears welled in her eyes, she sucked down the last of her Blue Hawaiian—which was mostly water now—and headed for the door. Drake could pay for the whole meal; he deserved it and it was pretty cheap anyway.

Jane made it five steps out of the restaurant before she heard a familiar voice calling behind her. "Jane! Jane, wait up!" Drake weakly chased after her in a fake-run. "I'm sorry I took so long."

"Well you should be, I sat there by myself and watched India win against Sri Lanka by 6 wickets! And that's a lot of wickets!" Jane's voice warbled with emotion, both of how upset she was at Drake and the excitement of learning a new sport in an evening.

"Jane, please, I'm sorry I upset you. But there's something about me that is...different." Drake's skin glistened in the moonlight, like he was sprinkled with diamond dust, or he had been constipated on the toilet.

"Then tell me, just tell me!" Jane hysterically shouted in the vacant Applebee's parking lot.

"I can't, just...not now. But I would like to see you again," Drake's gaze slowly moved from his feet to meet her eyes. Jane could tell that he was earnestly sorry and she should give him a second chance, which according to eHarmony's signs of red flags on first dates, was not warranted in this instance. She cast caution aside.

"I want to see you again, too." Jane's heart was racing at the resolve of this minor and inconsequential argument.

"What are you doing tomorrow night? You want to get dinner again?"

"Sure, as long as it's not Applebee's!" Jane broke the tension with her observation that Applebee's is not a date spot, but rather a spot for a couple who had been together for years and resigned themselves to lower standards, or a family of four with particularly screamy children.

"How about Outback Steakhouse?" Drake wasn't overly confident in his suggestion, but at least he made it. Half of the battle for men is to make an attempt.

Jane envisioned all the delights and endless combos of Surf & Turf and Aussie-tizers she and Drake could enjoy. She imagined sharing a Bloomin' Onion with Drake, both not caring that their breath now smelled like a gym sock. They toasted their happiness with two motor oil cans of Foster's and laughed into the night.

"Sounds wonderful. I get off work at 5 o'clock. The one on Westnedge?" Jane was eager to nail down the details.

"Ooh, can we make it seven? I have some work *after-hours*." Drake said "after-hours" real suspiciously.

"Sure!" Jane discarded his overtly foreshadowing tone.

The two went to their separate cars. Jane started up her Mitsubishi Eclipse, and it had gone back to sounding like it was made in 2004 with a whiny fan belt. She let the car warm up for a bit. As she waited, Drake pulled out in his white 2016 Chrysler 300 S. Jane was in awe; a luxury sedan and only a year behind the current model? My God, what did Drake do for work? Are those *fucking halogen lights*? Jane swore she saw an LCD screen with Microsoft Sync pairing with his phone so he can play any song that's on his phone *and* make hands-free calls.

Jane put her Eclipse into drive and squeaked out of the Applebee's parking lot. In fact, the car squeaked the whole way home. She really needed to take that jalopy into the dealer about the fan belt and talk to them about another "unkita-unkita" noise it had been making lately.

Jane retired her chariot to its carport and went to bed with a smile at the evening's events.

The next day, Jane couldn't have cared less about Art Van Furniture. She hardly approached any customers, trying to hard-sell and guilt them into buying a chaise. But the true test of Jane's happiness was yet to come: defecating tuxedo man.

"Excuse me madam, do you have any fine accommodations for children?" the man said in a cartoonish British accent.

"Look, there's nothing you can do to ruin my day. I went to Applebee's last night and had the best night. I let all my inhibitions go and had a great time," Jane proudly beamed.

"I'd like to lose my inhibitions in the race car bed," the tuxedoed man said under his breath.

"I met the most wonderful man, and he drives a 2016 Chrysler 300 S."

"Oh damn, that's a sick-nasty car," the man immediately dropped the British accent and was genuinely intrigued.

"It's a 3.6 liter engine, and if it's the model I'm thinking of, it has that fancy analog clock in the fake wood moulding."

"Holy shit, and does it have *Microsoft Sync*?" The man leaned in with anticipation.

"I definitely saw an LCD console and it had the four quadrants *just like* Microsoft Sync," Jane confirmed.

“Goddamn, you have to keep me updated on this guy. This car sounds fancy as hell,” the tuxedoed man was earnestly invested in Jane and Drake’s relationship now. He paused, then remembered his original agenda. “Can I...shit in the race car bed now?”

“Absolutely not.”

Five o’clock had come, and Jane almost skipped out the doors of the Art Van Furniture. She had two hours to go home, spray some dry shampoo in her hair and touch up her makeup, and really lay the mascara on thick with her Cover Girl Illegal Length Fiber Extensions. She wanted to get into the 2016 Chrysler 300 S tonight.

Jane was running behind because getting ready within two hours is an impossible task. She intentionally Ubered to Outback Steakhouse to avoid the hassle of parking (which is ample in Kalamazoo on a Thursday) and more so to get a ride in that sweet Chrysler 300 S. She entered the restaurant, and almost as if by fate, she noticed Drake immediately. He had already ordered two Foster’s oil cans (because where else can you get those in a restaurant?) and waved her over.

“Thanks so much for getting the Foster’s! Argh, it’s gigantic, haha,” Jane lifted the oil can like it weighed a hundred pounds.

“I know! It’s part of the charm of Outback. G’day mate!” Drake joked.

“Ah, Oy see ye found each otha, moi name’s Chris, an Oy’ll be yer servah,” the waiter delivered his forced fake Australian accent. It was funny when Drake did it, but this was just patronizing. What self-respecting Australian would live in Portage, let alone the greater Kalamazoo area? The two sat in silence for a moment, letting their anger transfer to Chris.

“Haha, just kidding,” Chris joked. “What can I get you guys to start? Maybe some Aussie-tizers?”

“I think we’ll share the Bloomin’ Onion, and what do you want Jane?” The dream was becoming a reality for Jane.

“I think I’ll have the Tilapia with Pure Lump Crab Meat.” Jane had all day to think about what she would order, and settled on the Tilapia as a good dish that says “I like to eat healthy, but I also love decadent Pure Lumps of Crab Meat.”

Chris took their menus and disappeared into the kitchen, where he beat himself up about choosing a major in Theater at Western Michigan University, only to do fake Australian accents that everyone hated at Outback Steakhouse. He once had a customer viscerally tell him, “You’re trapped in a prison of your own design, and I will not be held prisoner by the imprisoned. I am the Jailer, and this Outback Steakhouse will be your tomb.” Chris ran his hand over the deep fryer and wondered if he could escape another day of work by turning his hand into a Bloomin’ Horrorshow. Instead, he plopped a giant, frozen, pre-cut battered onion into the basket. As the oil bubbled, Chris swore he could see his own screaming head below the depths. In six minutes, the timer buzzed and snapped Chris out of his stare. Jane and Drake’s Bloomin’ Onion was ready to be delivered.

Jane and Drake joked throughout the night, and the conversation came easily. Eventually, Drake pecked at the Bloomin’ Onion and Jane knew he was holding something back.

“Drake, you had something you wanted to tell me?” Jane broke another piece of the Bloomin’ Onion off.

“Yes...look, this isn’t easy for me to say. I’m not like most men that you’ve probably dated,” Drake spoke softly.

“Try me. You definitely aren’t like most men that I’ve dated, and I can tell you that’s a very good thing.” Jane reached past the signature bloom sauce and held his cold hand.

She could tell he was nervous. She ran through all the possible scenarios in that instant: his line of work was illegal mob work, he had webbed feet, he had diabetes, he had webbed feet and diabetes, the 300 S is a lease, and finally he had diabetes *and* the 300 S is a lease. At about that point, she realized she was better off just hearing what Drake had to say.

“I...have IBS. That’s why I was gone so long last night.” Drake held his breath and waited for Jane’s response.

“Oh, well, that’s okay. I thought you ditched me, so it’s nice to know that wasn’t the case,” Jane played with a branch of the Bloomin’ Onion. “I’m glad you told me.”

“Thanks for understanding.” Drake looked more relieved, though his hand was still ice cold.

“Tilapia with Pure Lump Crab Meat for the lady, and...I’m sorry, I didn’t get your order.” Chris set Jane’s entree in front of her while maintaining warm, friendly eye contact with Drake.

“I didn’t give one. It’s okay, this Bloomin’ Onion is enough,” Drake lied.

As Chris left the couple, Drake explained. “They don’t have anything on the menu that would agree with me.”

“Then why did you pick this place?” Jane grew concerned.

“Because I knew you’d like it. Plus, it’s Outback Steakhouse! I would love to eat all this stuff if I could!” Drake took another branch of the Bloomin’ Onion and dunked it in the patented bloom sauce. “This is okay to eat.”

“That’s so sweet, Drake. Thank you.” Jane lifted her giant, almost-empty Foster’s to toast. “To us.”

“To us.” Drake tapped his oil can to Jane’s.

Thirty minutes later, both the Bloomin’ Onion and Jane’s Pure Lump Crab Meat were entirely gone. Drake seemed unsettled, like he was a wolf pacing back and forth that had to poop.

“I think I’m going to have to make a pit stop at the men’s room. Here’s my credit card, when the waiter comes back, just put it on my card. I’ll try to be quick,” Drake’s speech quickened as he leapt from the table and booked it for the restrooms. Jane waited for another fifteen minutes, sipping the last of her Foster’s and then sipping the last of Drake’s Foster’s. Drake returned and seemed to have more color to him.

“Hoo, thanks. You ready to go?”

“The waiter never came to give us the check.” Jane looked around the restaurant for Chris.

“Oh, I ran into him as I was coming back from the bathroom. He felt bad that they couldn’t accommodate me, so he said the meal was on him. Perks of having IBS I guess!”

“Oh wow, my little IBS man,” Jane joked.

“Come on, let’s get out of here.”

In the parking lot, Jane pulled out her phone to order another Uber.

“What are you doing?” Drake peered over her shoulder.

“Oh, I didn’t drive tonight.”

“Well, I can give you a ride, you don’t have to Uber.”

Finally, the moment Jane had been waiting for. Drake took out his keys and unlocked the Chrysler 300 S. The lights pulsed in response to his touch. He opened the passenger door for her and she stepped in. The door felt heavy and was representative of a true hard-working American automobile. There was the fancy analog clock in the dash, caressed by the fake wood paneling. Drake started the car with the push of a button and the console came to life. The crown jewel in the center of the dash: Microsoft Sync. His iPhone had already paired to it and was playing some smooth jazz. Jane noticed that she had her own climate controls, and a heated seat. This car was a dream, and she was on Cloud 9.

The ride was smooth back to Jane’s luxury apartment complex. Jane felt at ease riding with Drake, and in that moment she was more attracted to him than ever before. Drake’s skin glistened in the moonlight again, and it was magical. Jane made the decision to herself that as soon as Drake’s hands were off the steering wheel, they would be on her body.

“Well, here we ar-” Jane threw herself at Drake the moment he put the car into Park. She kissed his mouth. His lips were so soft. Drake began kissing her, caressing her body. They didn’t care that they both had stinky gym sock breath, it was something they shared together. She undid her seatbelt and mounted him. Drake began reaching up into her top from H&M that she got at the Crossroads Mall. His hands touched her naked stomach and slowly made their way up to her black satin Victoria’s Secret bra that she also got at the Crossroads Mall. Drake didn’t waste time reaching under the bra and palming her breasts. She felt his cool hands over her nipples, and the temperature excited them. Drake eventually lifted the underwire over her breasts, leaving them completely exposed and the bra as a worthless piece of fabric. Jane reached for his Men’s Warehouse slacks, and undid his reversible belt from the Crossroads Mall. They have so many big-name brand stores in the Crossroads Mall, it’s unbelievable. She caressed his member over the top of his slacks, before undoing the clasp and unzipping them.

She reached into Drake’s black Calvin Klein briefs and pulled out his perfect, circumcised cock. It bulged in her hand, and she could feel his power.

“Wait, check this out,” Drake had an air of mischief about him. He put Jane back in her seat and set the seat to recline. He turned up the seat warmer on both the seat and the back of the chair. Jane felt the warm leather on her semi-naked body. Drake reached between her thighs and slid his hand up her H&M skirt. He tugged on her Old Navy panties and slid them down her legs. She kicked them off to the carpeted floor. Drake pulled down his slacks and briefs to reveal his entire package, covered in a small mound of dark pubic hair.

He took a moment and reached into his pocket to retrieve his wallet. He pulled out a Trojan “Her Pleasure” Condom from the billfold.

“You’re not really supposed to put them in there because it can rub holes in it,” Jane informed him.

“I know, but I just put it in there tonight, so I think it can hold up for a few hours.”

“Are you lying about that?”

“No, I did. I swear.” Drake was true to his word; he did just put the condom in right before he left for the restaurant.

Drake slid the condom onto his member, making sure the reservoir tip was free of air bubbles. She was ready from all the anticipation, and the spermicidal lube from the condom made it easy for him to fit inside her. She gasped as he first entered her, then was overcome with pleasure. She grabbed the back of his hand and gripped his flowing hair. Drake was particularly focused on Jane’s neck, kissing up and down, tonguing her earlobe and running his tongue down her neck. He began sucking on her neck and Jane felt a warm tingling sensation in the back of her spine and her pussy. Drake pressed deeper into her, and she felt his whole cock inside her. She moaned with ecstasy as she came, dripping down his shaft. Drake began to bite at her neck, and suddenly became uncontrollable.

Jane let out a soft, repressed yelp: “Drake. Drake. Drake!”

Drake tore himself away from Jane and his eyes looked like a wild animal’s. His lips were red with blood, and Jane grabbed her neck. Drake adjusted himself back into the driver’s seat and looked forward with shame.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done that.”

“No, it was great. I was kind of into the whole biting thing.” Jane rubbed her neck and looked at her hand. It was just a little knick, nothing too bad.

“I had fun tonight,” compassion returned to Drake’s eyes. “You’re wonderful.”

“You’re not too bad yourself,” Jane prodded.

“So what are you doing tomorrow night?”

“I don’t know...going to dinner with you?”

“It’s a date.” Drake leaned in and kissed Jane. They both breathed heavily as they held their embrace; the stinky gym sock odor filled the luxurious interior of the 300 S. They both composed themselves, collecting discarded clothing. Drake still had the condom on his dong, because what was he going to do with it? He can’t take it off, it’s going to get all over his beautiful interior.

“Red Lobster, seven o’clock?”

This was the biggest date yet if they were going to Red Lobster. Like, it was proposal restaurant material.

Jane opened the passenger door, eyes still locked on Drake. “You got it. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Jane watched Drake’s beautiful 2016 Chrysler 300 S pull out of the parking lot and disappear out of view. She walked back into her apartment and threw herself on her bed. Thoughts of the night and Drake’s beautiful car and cock tantalized her as she closed her eyes and tried to recreate the events in her mind.

The next day, the Art Van Furniture was abuzz with commotion. Sarah Van der Wiesel ran up to Jane, newspaper in hand. “Jane, did you see? Someone’s been murdering people around Portage!” Sarah pressed the newspaper to Jane’s face.

Jane pulled back the script to read the headline: “MURDER IS ON THE MENU — TERRIBLE CHAIN RESTAURANT MURDERS.” Jane wasn’t sure if the paper was calling the murders terrible, or commenting on the restaurants themselves. Jane read on, but what struck her was the names of the victims: Chris Sytsma and Chris Bebart, both servers at local beloved chain restaurants of Applebee’s and Outback Steakhouse.

Jane’s heart dropped. She recognized the latter server from the night before, and his shitty Australian accent. As Jane read further, the victims had puncture wounds to their necks. Jane’s face went white as she rubbed her own neck.

Just then, the doors to the Art Van Furniture flung open. In stepped a man with a white beard, wide-brimmed hat, and a cloak. Everyone prepared themselves, as this might be a newcomer who wanted to defecate in the race car bed. The man took two giant steps forward, and confronted the employees. He spoke in a deep, booming voice.

“My name is Art Van Helsing, and I own all the Art Van Furnitures.”

“Whatever, how do we know that? You could just be some crazy guy who wants to shit in a kids bed,” Sarah piped up.

“I assure you, I am in my right mind, and I wish not to defecate in the race car bed, as I have seen on the security footage. Look to the Employee Wall!” Van Helsing raised his arm and pointed to the back wall where all the employees’ pictures hung. At the very top of the pyramid was the Owner and President, a man in a white beard and cheaply tailored suit. A placard below the portrait was obscured with dust.

Greg, an employee in his 40’s who just joined the sales team last month ran to the placard and wiped the dust away. “He’s right, it says ‘Art Van Helsing’!”

The employees looked at Art Van Helsing with a newfound terror and respect.

“Now, I bet you’re wondering why I’m here,” Art Van Helsing began to pace, studying each employee.

“It could be because of the recent attacks that have taken place in your fair town of Portage, Michigan. These are not isolated incidents. An ancient being is taking advantage of your townfolk.”

“Portage is a city. It has a population of 48,000 and rivals Kalamazoo,” Greg piped up.

“Fine. Your cityfolk. This is an ancient evil that I am no stranger to. The Vampire. We in Grand Rapids know this evil well, that is why there are so many churches and religious colleges and Dutch people: we are preparing to wage war against The Devil Himself.”

“Wait, like Dracula? He’s a made-up dude,” Sarah unintelligibly put the sentence together.

“No, God no. He would rip this place apart in seconds. I’m talking about an ancient, slightly-less-evil version of that: Draco Von Cool.” Art Van Helsing paused for unnecessary dramatic effect, but ended up looking like a damn fool. “We must find him and drive a stake through his heart! He may look like any one of you, so be on your guard. In fact, he may have been in contact with some of you already,” Art Van Helsing inspected Jane carefully as she covered her neck.

“I leave you now, but be wary! He strikes only in the night, so business as usual during the day. And try to sell a recliner or two, my books look really bad.”

“One final question, Art Van Helsing,” Sarah stepped forward. “Why own a furniture store?”
“Easy, my child. All of these fine sectionals and end tables are made from holy wood, which is why they’re overpriced. In these times of need, I can go to any one of my stores and break down a \$3,000 loveseat for a proper stake! But please, if you can move some of this inventory, I won’t be mad. I leave you now to go to the Crossroads Mall to buy more weapons from Mandarin Gifts!”

The doors flung open again, and Art Van Helsing was gone.

Jane’s excitement turned to worry over the course of the day. What if Drake had been lying to her, and he really was Draco Von Cool? It couldn’t be, Drake was so kind and compassionate. She would just ask him tonight at dinner. She was sure everything would become clearer at Red Lobster. Jane drove her 2004 Mitsubishi Eclipse down Westnedge Avenue. The air felt bitterly cold, though it was only September. She pulled into the parking lot and entered through the double doors of the restaurant. A tank of fresh-caught lobsters greeted her with sad eyes. The restaurant was dimly lit; like so dim, you question what you’re eating and if you even got what you ordered. Drake was just coming out of the Men’s restroom.

“Got business done before you got here. The evening is all yours.” She lightly embraced Drake and gave him a weak kiss on the cheek. Drake’s eyes narrowed; he immediately knew something was wrong.

“Hi guys, your table is right this way,” the hostess led the two to a dim booth in the corner of the restaurant. Jane secretly prayed the hostess wasn’t on Drake’s personal menu. A basket of Cheddar Bay Biscuits sat between them, and out of nervousness and because they are goddamn delicious, Jane began going to town on them.

“So, what’s up?” Drake cut to the quick.

“Nothing,” Jane lied.

“Come on, something’s up. What is it? Did I say something last night? Is it another guy?”

“No, nothing like that.”

“Well, what is it? Just say it, you can tell me anything.” Drake reached across the table and clasped Jane’s hands. Jane took a few breaths before facing her lover.

“Are you Draco Von Cool?”

Drake's face went white, and more so than normal. "I knew this day would come. I just didn't expect it to come so soon. Yes, I'm Draco Von Cool."

Jane felt a heavy feeling in her stomach, and it wasn't just the Cheddar Bay Biscuits. "Why? Why did you do this to me? I think I've found the man of my dreams, and he turns out to be a fraud."

"I've found the person of my dreams too! I'm sorry I deceived you. I picked this place tonight to say that I love you, and I'm trying to find a cure for my disease. I don't want to hurt people, I honestly don't. I came to the greater Kalamazoo area looking to start a trendy Goth nightclub that looks like it's straight out of *Blade* so I could be a DJ and finally my name 'Draco Von Cool' would make sense. But as soon as I saw you at that Applebee's, all those plans went out the window. Plus, there's no market for a Goth nightclub in Kalamazoo. You could host a semi-monthly event and that's about it."

"Then let's leave this place! Turn me into a sexy vampire slave! I'll be a part of your brood and we'll live together forever!"

"No! Jane, I love you because you have everything: you have your life, you have a luxury apartment, and you have a future. To turn you into a vampire would ruin everything I love about you." Drake gripped Jane's hands tighter to emphasize his point.

"Then let's find a cure together! And I'm sure there are better locations for a Goth nightclub. Have you thought of Novi, or some other suburb around Detroit? That way you could tap the metropolitan area while not having to pay city property tax."

"That's why I love you. It's going to take some time, though. I've got a lake house that I've been staying at out on Gun Lake that I need to sell." Drake grabbed a Cheddar Bay Biscuit.

"There's no time! Art Van Helsing has come down from Grand Rapids and he's looking for you! But we do have time for some Red Lobster," Jane also grabbed a Cheddar Bay Biscuit.

"So I've been meaning to ask you, do you really have IBS?" Jane scanned Drake's eyes.

"Yes. I was bitten when I was 30, but that was back in 1923 and no one knew what IBS was. Let me tell you, I was relieved to know that I'm not alone and that there's treatments to help minimize symptoms. Ask your doctor if there's a suitable treatment for you."

"I don't have IBS," Jane stared blankly.

"Oh sorry, I was kind of on autopilot," Drake reached for Jane's hand. "But not anymore. We're going to find a cure. Hopefully for both IBS and vampirism, but I'll take the not-need-ing-to-suck-blood over IBS any day."

"Hello there, what can I get started for you guys," a blonde-haired waitress with the nametag "Kramen" appeared before the couple.

"Oh, I think we're here for a quick *bite*," Jane winked to Drake. "Could I get the Rock Lobster Tail, please?"

"I think I'll have the Admiral's Feast." Drake winked back at Jane. He was staying away from any red meat tonight.

"Great, I'll get that started for y-" the waitress' words were cut short by a replica shuriken to the carotid artery. Her lifeless body toppled to the plush carpeted floor.

“Draco Von Cool!” Art Van Helsing’s voice echoed throughout the seafood restaurant. “Your time has come!”

“You just killed an innocent woman!” Drake hunkered down in the booth.

“All will be forgiven when your evil is expunged from this earth!”

“I’m calling the police!” The General Manager had emerged from his office just in time to see one of his servers get straight up ninja-ed.

“Good! Call the police! Let the Portage Police and the Kalamazoo County officers witness true justice served today!” Art Van Helsing unsheathed his replica Ryumon Phoenix Samurai Sword, which he had blessed at the Kalamazoo Valley Family Church — all the other Catholic churches turned away his request, so he had to settle for those new-age “Reformed” churches.

“Jane, you need to get out of here,” Drake pleaded. “He’s after me, but *Jesus Christ*, is he crazy. You need to go!”

“No, I’m not leaving you! I love you, Draco Von Cool! I’m not losing you!”

“Hey, just call me ‘Drake.’” Drake’s wry charm won Jane over. She knew he could beat Art Van Helsing. Jane scampered to the back of the restaurant, out of harm’s way.

“Ah! I knew that concubine would lead me right to you! What is she, your succubus mistress, feeding you during the day?” Art Van Helsing taunted Drake.

“No,” Drake rose from the booth and walked toward Art Van Helsing. “She’s my *girlfriend*.”

Art Van Helsing’s hand moved to the small of his back. “Well then, let me be thy Cupid, and shoot an arrow through your heart!” Within the blink of an eye, Art Van Helsing flung an Art Van Stake that was on target for Drake’s heart. Drake’s image blurred as he moved three feet to the right at unholy speed. But it wasn’t fast enough; the stake had nicked Drake’s left arm and it burned with the holy power of the Kalamazoo Valley Family Church.

“Now demon, back to the Hell from whence you came!” Art Van Helsing adjusted his stance to the style of Sasagakure No Kamae, a one-handed stance with the palm facing out. Art Van Helsing knew two things: how to kill vampires, and all the anime and hentai that was available at FYE in the Crossroads Mall. And right now, he was relatively close to the Crossroads Mall, but closer to killing a vampire.

Art Van Helsing wildly swung his sword at Drake, and although his form was perfect, he wasn’t very athletic. Drake moved inside of the sword’s arc, mere inches from Art Van Helsing’s face. Drake open-palmed Art Van Helsing in the stomach, winding him. Art Van Helsing retreated back to put distance between him and the beast. He was an instrument of God, but he wasn’t very Christian. Throwing a temper while trying to regain his breath, Art Van Helsing started throwing everything within his reach at Drake. One of those items happened to be a plate of piping hot Garlic Shrimp Scampi. Drake held his hands up to block Art Van Helsing’s barrage, but the garlic from the shrimp scampi burned his skin and ate away at the muscle of his hands. Drake was at a sharp disadvantage.

Having regained his breath, Art Van Helsing gloated over Drake; "I have you now, you foul spawn of Satan!" He whipped two more Art Van Stakes into Drake's knees. Not a killing blow, but Art Van Helsing wanted Drake's demise to be intimate. Unable to move, Drake fell backwards onto a dining table that could seat a family of four.

"The power of God shall prevail," Art Van Helsing made his way over to the improvised altar.

"No, you can't!" Jane ran to Drake's side, unafraid of the consequences.

"Watch now girl, as your boyfriend returns to the godless plane!" Art Van Helsing reached into his cloak for his replica Tanto.

"Jesus, how much stuff did you buy at the mall?" Jane looked up.

"Like, it was a lot. The stuff was pricey, but I mean look at how cool this looks. Worth it." Art Van Helsing raised the Japanese dagger above his head.

"Stop! Portage Police!" By now, three officers had made it inside the Red Lobster and had a bead on Art Van Helsing. "Put the knife down!"

"You ignorant fools, this is a Tanto!" Art Van Helsing turned to face these baka-gaijin officers. He was met with six taser prongs to the chest, and at 50,000 volts each, Art Van Helsing was incapacitated and pissed his pants.

Jane looked down at Drake, happy tears dropped from her eyes onto Drake's chest.

"Drake, we did it. We beat Art Van Helsing! You're free."

Drake caressed Jane's cheek with his less-burned hand, "We did, but I'm afraid the damage has been done. I'm not going to make it."

Jane looked as Drake's arm and legs began to slowly disintegrate into ash. She held him in her bosom as tightly as she could.

"Don't worry, I'll be okay," Drake whispered. "But I want you to have something before I go. Consider it something to remember me by."

Drake reached into his pocket, and pulled out the key FOB to the 2016 Chrysler 300 S.

"I know you've always wanted it."

"Drake, I can't. I only have one spot in my carport."

"Just sell the old one to the dealership. This is a free car, don't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Well, alright. Thank you Drake. I love you, always." Jane looked deeply into Drake's eyes, secretly excited she just scored her dream car.

"I love you. Always." Drake tilted his head upward, and Jane met him for their last kiss. They held it as long as they could, until Drake dissolved into ash. Jane got a little in her mouth because she lingered too long with the kiss, but it was better than pulling away too soon in someone's last moments. Jesus Christ, that would have been the real nightmare.

"Ma'am, are you okay?" One of the officers stayed behind while the other two dragged Art Van Helsing to a squad car.

"I think so. My boyfriend is...was Draco Von Cool."

"...Is he some kind of Industrial music DJ?" The officer was confused.

"Yes. Yes he was," Jane smiled.

As the police cars and ambulances gathered around the front of the Red Lobster, a white 2016 Chrysler 300 S made its way out of the parking lot and onto Westnedge Avenue. Jane paired her phone with the Microsoft Sync console, which was surprisingly easy to do, and put on Aerosmith's "Don't Want to Miss a Thing". It had been stuck in her head ever since she met Drake. She looked in the rearview mirror, then looked at the small to-go container from Red Lobster. Inside were her leftovers: two rock lobster tails, some Cheddar Bay Biscuits, and the ashes of her undead boyfriend. The V6 engine roared with its 300 horsepower and sped off into the night.

The End

About the Author



Herbert S. Tuttleton came from a poor family of investment bankers. He had always been the black sheep of the family, and when the time came for him to choose his career path, Herbert S. Tuttleton severed ties with his investment banker family and pursued a degree in Creative Writing (at the time, it was known as Wasteful Scrawlings) from the Kalamazoo Valley Community College.

It was at university that Herbert S. Tuttleton found his first success with the publication of his first stageplay, *Fablieaux*. A series of twenty-six non-related vignettes, *Fablieaux* was regarded as groundbreaking both as a form of theater and as a form of cancer. The Kalamazoo Gazette reviewed the debut production, stating that the play “was stupendously terrible. Anyone involved with the production should be purged by fire, and the playwright dragged into the street and shot.”

After being run out of town, Herbert S. Tuttleton was sitting in a Chili’s Too (not the regular Chili’s, there’s a difference) eating some Teriyaki Chicken Crispers and Seasoned Fries for \$12.99, when a divine intervention occurred: Erotic Fiction coupled with the authentic Midwestern experience. Everyone loves to fuck, and everyone loves brands. It was the perfect combination. After finishing his meal and tipping the waitress one American dollar, Herbert S. Tuttleton had found his calling.

Herbert S. Tuttleton now enjoys his days in his beachside mansion in Gary, Indiana. His study overlooks beautiful Lake Michigan and the Gary Water Treatment Facility that filters all the wastewater into Lake Michigan. His wife, HORTUS and his three children MeepMoop, Ben & Jerry, and The Other One enjoy Spring Breaking in Cabo and regularly attend the Kentucky Derby.

Herbert S. Tuttleton owns the racehorse “Horseface”, though the stallion has yet to win or place.