



Suburbia

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To my neighbors

Suburbia

I wonder if I looked as stupid as I felt. The lights were glaring into the dark glasses, and I could feel the cheap black wig shifting on my head. The stage manager popped up, "we're back in five, four, three..." The lights steadily got brighter as the crowd went nuts for the flashing, red applause sign. The host walked out from the middle of the crowd, and that's when I went blank.

* * *

The houses all stood in perfect rows. They all looked as if they were the exact same house except for exterior color. Some had bushes, some had trees, some had children in the yard, and others looked abandoned. The sun was out, the sky was blue, and the birds were singing. It was another "Pleasant Valley Sunday." The neighborhood was the perfect stereotype right down to the father mowing the grass in his Bermuda shorts, black socks, and sandals.

We pulled up to 1532 England in our beat-up station wagon. The moving van blocked most of the driveway. "Well, here we are, Lizzy, the suburbs," I laughed and shot her an uneasy smile. I knew this was the last place she wanted to live. She scowled back at me, and reached for the door handle.

"You sure know how to pick 'em, Drew," she half-screamed when she saw the house.

She lit up a cigarette and started toward the front door. All the neighbors stared as we walked past the perfectly trimmed shrubbery, and into the house. They were all staring at the two most unlikely suburbanites. True, Lizzy was an up-and-coming book editor that worked way too hard for what she earned. She loved the city and hated the fact that I had decided to move in next to June, Ward, Wally, and The Beaver. But, she humored me because she loves me. Me, I had to get away from the noise of the city. I'm a computer network consultant, so I do all my work from home. I don't have to get up early, I don't have to shower to go to work, and I made seven figures last year sitting in front of a computer monitor. But, that's all irrelevant now.

The first weekend we lived in the house, we were invited over to the neighbor's for a barbecue. Ed, the neighbor, sent his wife over to ask if Lizzy and I would like to come over and mingle with them and some of the other neighbors. I told her we'd love to, even though Lizzy hated the idea. We walked up to Ed's front door where there was a small note telling us to come around to the backyard. We opened the gate and were immediately attacked by the smoke from Ed's grill.

"C'mon in!" Ed yelled. "Grab a cold one from the cooler, buddy." Lizzy's face turned pale white. I could tell she was going over every suburban stereotype in her head. "How do you like your burger, pal?" I walked over to the cloud of talking hickory smoke.

"The name's Drew, and you must be Ed," I laughed. Ed was dressed in the traditional Sunday barbecue garb, right down to the apron with the saying, "If you don't like my cooking call 1-800-EAT-SHIT." I grabbed a beer and struck up a less-than-sparkling conversation with Ed. Lizzy sat down at the redwood picnic table and opened her beer.

The sliding glass door to the house opened, and Ed's wife stepped out. She was wearing a pink bikini top and white shorts. I decided that she was much younger than Ed based merely on the fact her ass looked like she was still in high school. "So, Ed, how long you lived here?" I asked with my eyes glued to his wife.

"Only five years. We love it here. See, we got married straight out of high school, and I went to work for my old man... insurance. It took me five years to save up for this place. So, what do you do?" he smiled, even though he knew I was staring at his wife.

"Computers. I consult companies on their networks," Ed looked confused. "Lizzy, she works in the city. She edits books," Ed looked even more confused.

"So, you both drive to the city every day. Why the Hell'd you move here?" he laughed.

"I work at home. Lizzy's the only one that commutes," I knew this was going to get a weird reaction. Ed said nothing. He just stood there and looked dumb-founded, which, I guessed, was quite normal for Ed.

Two more couples arrived, there was Neil, Mike, and their wives. Everyone was borderline thirty. Lizzy and I were the oldest at thirty-two and thirty. She and I compared notes, later, and found out that we had both been grilled with the same questions by the husbands and wives. What do you do? What does your wife do? Why'd you move here, if you both work in the city? We answered, and received the same dumb-founded looks. These people just couldn't grasp that I stayed at home and Lizzy drove to the city every day. But, they were nice people, for conservatives. It made us laugh for at least an hour when we got home and thought about our new-found friends.

Six months went by, and Lizzy and I got used to suburbia. I would get up around six and fix breakfast. Lizzy would get up around six-thirty, shower, and then come downstairs. "So, what's up for today?" she asked. I would explain to her that I would be on-line all day with clients, and what their specific needs were... blah, blah, blah. She'd stand up, still half asleep I think, and say, "well, see you at dinner." She'd laugh thinking about how mundane our lives had become, stumble out the door to her car, and then drive away.

In reality, I would get most of my work done before noon, so I could go over to Mike's house. At Mike's, I would sit with the wives, smoke cigarettes, drink coffee, and gossip. We would talk about our relationships, past and present. The women would complain about their husbands, while inquiring how Lizzy and my's relationship got so perfect. Hours would pass without a break in the conversation, but right before the husbands, and Lizzy, came home we would break our conference and make it home right before them. Lizzy would get home. We'd eat dinner, talk or read, and then go to bed. Occasionally, we would go clubbing just to make sure we weren't as old as we were feeling.

* * *

"So, tell us how the day started," the stage lights viciously glared off the host's glasses. The cheap, black wig made another attempt to slide off my head. I looked out over the silent audience.

* * *

Lucas and Christian stood at the gates of Sodom. It was three days before the city was plucked off the map by the hand of God. They weren't trying to go against His will. They weren't renegades. Lucas brushed the dust from his wing.

"I'm going, with or without you," he sang at Christian. With that, he started into the city.

Lucas stood in the doorway. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Men, women, and God-knows-what else laying together. He was repulsed and interested. His body pulled him into the room, and immediately he was sucked into the orgy. He pulled, tore, and scratched in an attempt to get away, but his scratching turned to rubbing and prodding. Every muscle in his body tensed and pulsed in the pile of sex.

Christian saw the lightning coming from the west. He could hear the sin going on inside the city, and he knew Lucas was in the middle of it all. Lucas came stumbling towards the gates. He smelled of sweat and sin. As soon as he reached the gates, his throat closed and he fell over choking. He was doubled over trying to cough his throat open, it wasn't working. Christian watched as Lucas struggled. He writhed on the ground, as his wings were torn from his back. As if that pain weren't enough, his head was ripped from his neck. Christian knelt in the dirt cradling Lucas's head.

* * *

"Ed's wife called me that morning, after Lizzy had left. She invited me over for lunch with Neil and Mike's wife. I accepted. Around noon, I walked over to Ed's," I paused to clear my throat.

The lights were burning through the dark glasses. I was sweating so much I thought the cheap, black wig was going to wash away.

"When I arrived, the front door was unlocked and there was a note telling me to come in. I stepped into the doorway of the living room. I could see Ed's wife sitting on the couch. She jumped up as soon as she heard me behind her. She was completely naked." The crowd let out a long sigh, and then settled back.

"She walked around to the back of the couch and stood directly in front of me. Her body was muscular and firm. She knelt down on her knees, and started to unbuckle my belt. Over her head, I could see Mike and Neil's wives on the couch, kissing. Their bodies were tied together in sex," there was no immediate reaction to my pause. The crowd sat, riveted. "We all piled together on the floor, and had repeated orgasms all afternoon."

I could still feel that afternoon as I told the story. I could feel each one of the women's bodies rubbing against mine. Their soft curves fit my hands perfectly. I could feel my hands searching, and my fingers prodding every open orifice. The women would moan softly when I found a sensitive spot, and squeal when my tongue finally got there. I could feel the hot breath of Ed's wife on my cock, and the wet warmth of her saliva washing the lipstick from her lips. Our four bodies rhythmically pounded together on Ed's carpet. I could feel the pulsing of all our muscles contracting and releasing in orgasm. As soon as we all caught our breath, it would start all over again. There were no partners, no husbands, no wives, only a sweating, pulsing pile of sex. Finally, there was one long moan of excitement. All the muscles in the pile tensed and released for the final time. The pile fell into peices in the middle of Ed's living room.

"We knew it was getting to be that time, so we put on our clothes, kissed good-bye, and went home," The crowd was completely stunned. They had no idea how to react.

Thank God for the red, flashing applause sign. As they clapped and the commercials rolled, I sat with a sharp pain in my neck. I tried to cough it away, but it didn't work. I ran my fingers across the scar around my neck. I can still feel Lizzy's knife as it slides around my throat.

The cameras all come back on, and the host is seated on a stool ready to give his final thought.

"Today we looked at women out for retribution from their cheating husbands. Today's guests were extreme examples. These women all let their emotions get the best of them, and viciously attacked their husbands, sometimes scarring or maiming them for life. But, do these men not deserve some sort of punishment for their gallivanting."

He looked over to the panel, "I want to thank all my guests for being here today." Then, he turned solemnly back to the main camera, "and remember, be good to one another."

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