

DEEP IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ACME WAREHOUSE

"I think I want to be raped," Lucy touched her breast and said. She stretched slowly against the plastic lounge chair. Her sunscreen smelled hot and buttery. Her brain was clouded with sun and 'ludes.

Lucy Minx tugged her thong straps further down her hips, exposing just the shaved beginnings of her mons. She turned her head and flipped up her mirror shades, flashing her wonderful Italian eyes.

"I think I want to be raped by you." She slid back her sunglasses and shivered in the sun. Languidly she reached for her white wine spritzer, sipped from the straw.

Mina Rush chugged her beer. It was tepid and tasted like the plastic poolside cup. She glanced at Lucy, wondering: What next? Mina was wearing a black one-piece and wishing she had Lucy's figure and could get away with a chartreuse thong bikini.

"Say, what?"

A black man in a dark blue jumpsuit was pushing a red vacuum cleaner across the lighter blue poolside carpet. Mina stared at his crotch. Breeze fluttered across the pool, whipping false waves through the chlorine-drugged surface. A slight bit of crumpled newspaper rolled against her bare feet. Mina picked it up. Elvis had been seen in Brazil. Elizabeth Taylor was pregnant by Prince Andrew. Rock Hudson was assassinated by the CIA. Plastic extrusions from flying saucers had raped a nun in France.

Lucy examined her straw, flicked it behind her shoulder, followed it with her cup. She had a luxuriant mass of black hair with a lazy natural curl, and she liked to toss it about for emphasis, just as she liked to flash her eyes. Tossing and flashing, she pulled and twisted bits of her bikini, fussed with her bag of things, and then she left for the shower.

During all this, Lucy said to Mina, "Or forget it."

There was a dead thing in Mina's beer cup. She said, "Shit." And then she repeated it, really meaning it this time. Lucy was a nut case, but Mina had dreamed about her too many times not to have scored. She knew that Lucy knew that she wanted her, and she knew that Lucy enjoyed this sense of control. Lucy might tease and flirt, but for Mina she never gave more than a mocking smile and a brief heartless kiss. "A prick-tease," their drummer had once confided.

Mina Rush was a henna-head with expressive if narrow green eyes and a Prince Valiant haircut that did little to help her rather angular jaw. Her right upper front tooth had been broken when someone lobbed a

Jack Daniel's bottle early on in her career, and she flashed a neat gold cap with an inverted pentacle when she smiled. She had long legs, boyish hips, girlish breasts, and a bad attitude. She was maybe the finest white female blues singer since Janis Joplin, but she couldn't hold a group together for more than one tour, and her next album was a year late.

On the edge of superstardom, Mina Rush made only three mistakes:

She had a weakness for cocaine, she had an obsession for Lucy Minx, and she had an encounter with Kane.

Something was blocking the sun. Already testy, Mina raised herself on her elbows and glared suddenly upward.

It was not as large as a refrigerator, but only just. He wore denim cutoffs, a black Hawaiian shirt with palm trees and dancing girls, and mirror shades. He was carrying two tall frosty glasses with tiny umbrellas on top and some opalescent liquid inside. The sign at the hotel pool gate commanded: No Glass.

"Drink this," he said. "There's a bug in your beer."

Mina accepted the glass automatically, and he reclined upon Lucy's vacated lounge chair. The plastic and aluminum creaked, but held. Mina wondered whether he would sink in the pool like a stone. The man seemed to be a solid block of muscle and bone, very roughly hewn, and was probably in his early thirties. He had a neat red beard, slicked-back red hair, and when he

lifted his sunglasses the intensity of his cold blue eyes made her want to look away.

"I'm Kane," he said. He raised his glass. "Cheers."

"The Kane?" Mina sipped her drink. Her record company had just recently been acquired by something called Kane, Ltd. All Mina knew about it was that it wasn't Japanese-owned, and no one knew much else about the firm that now held her contracts. Supposedly the head of the organization was enigmatic and unapproachable. Photos were rare, but Rolling Stone had described him as an NFL lineman turned outlaw biker. Mina thought about the foggy photographs she had seen. Yes, could be.

The drink tasted of licorice and took her breath away. "What is this?" "Absinthe on the rocks," said Kane. "Not on the bar list here."

"I'd always thought absinthe was illegal. Even here in New Orleans." Kane swirled his drink. "So is cocaine, Mina. Will you drink up, or call for the police? Besides, a little tincture of wormwood is good for the soul. This bottle was laid down in 1837."

"Where'd you get a bottle?" Mina knew when she was being served up bullshit, and in this case she decided it was with a glass of Pernod or Herbsaint.

"Connections," Kane told her. "You can obtain anything if you have connections."

Whatever it was, the drink had a kick to it. That plus the sun. Mina crunched a bit of ice. A small lizard crept out of the poolside shrubbery and warmed itself on the stone wall. Two children splashed about noisily in the shallow end of the pool. She could smell steaks broiling in the hotel restaurant. Lucy would be toweling off after her shower a few doors away. A sparrow was hopping along the terrace, looking for morsels.

Only now there was a shimmering haze to the air, sounds seemed too distant, and the world had moved light-years away. A crumpled pack of Camels drifted aimlessly across the patio. A radio played "Run Away" in the distance. But in the dream state, Kane remained.

"Of course," Kane said, "I now hold all your contracts. Do you fancy another?" He held up his glass.

"Another what?" Mina heard herself say.

A large black-gloved hand took her glass. Another glass took its place upon the poolside table. Mina saw a large person, wearing black biker leathers and mirror shades, longish black hair and black beard, black motorcycle boots. He hadn't been there before.

"Thank you, Blacklight," said Kane, sipping a fresh drink. "We're just talking contract."

"What's that?" Mina wondered if she were the only one here without mirror shades.

"Blacklight sometimes helps me with negotiations. And I sense that you are not happy."

"Personal matters."

"The elusive Miss Lucy Minx?"

"Is she under contract, as well?"

"Eventually, everyone is."

"I want her."

Kane considered his drink An admirable choice if dicey Anything may be obtained."

The drink was making her giddy. Mina asked, "What's the price? My soul?" Kane seemed offended. "Worth nothing to me, Mina. All I want is your next album. The one that's so overdue. I think, once released, platinum in three weeks. I'll personally produce it for you."

"So. What have you ever done?"

"Far more than you'll ever live to guess."

"You're most reassuring."

"You can't do the album without Lucy. I'll give you Lucy. You give me the album. I'll even write some of your material. But we'll discuss this in

good time."

Blacklight had reappeared. Only the three of them seemed to be at poolside. He handed Kane a glass phial with a silver spoon attached. Kane with surprising delicacy snorted a spoonful of white powder paused and remarked: "Nearly there, I think." He then handed the phial to Mina. "Yours to keep."

Mina tasted a few spoonfuls. If it was coke, it was better than any she'd ever had. Perks of being a rising star. She had another couple. Kane was watching her with more than casual interest. Mina tried to say something, then felt Kane inside her mind.

"Most interesting," Kane said. "Did you know she has a thing about Elvis?"

"Obviously."

"She's a wicked twist."

"Obviously."

"You'll need a proper dildo."

"Are you through?"

"Do you remember the Plaster Casters?" Kane suddenly produced a yellowed issue of Rolling Stone.

"They were a joke." Mina glanced at the tabloid paper. "Jimi nearly lost his cock when they worked on him."

"Not the only joke about," Kane said. "There were more than a dozen like them. Groupies, whatever. They made plaster casts of their favorite rock stars' cocks. Messy job, if you haven't tried it. Not so much the erection—the plaster is an exothermic reaction. Bad job getting it loose from the pubic hair. The fad didn't last all that long."

"I'm sure I can't relate to this." Mina's head was increasingly clouded. She tried a few more spoons to clear it.

"Well," said Kane, finishing his drink. "The deal is simply this. I have available a latex replica made from a plaster cast of Elvis Presley's cock, captured by a couple of really serious fans in 1969. I offer this to you. You and Lucy must make your own arrangements. You will then work together on the new album, material for which I shall supply. It will go platinum. Millions will listen to it. All will be satisfied. You may keep the cock. And keep the coke."

Kane held out his hand. Blacklight slapped down a cardboard container about the size of a shoe box. Kane dropped it onto the aluminum table beside Mina.

"Done. And good hunting."

When Mina set down her glass and sat up, there remained only a cardboard package, a phial of white powder, and the rumble of two Harleys receding into the afternoon sun.

Mina Rush waited until she was back in her room before opening the package. A little help from her nail file, and the seal was broken. Sitting on her bed, she dumped the contents onto the quilted coverlet.

Out tumbled one latex dildo—a perfect replica of a man's erect penis, scrotum included, fitted to a nylon and vinyl harness. The label on the plastic bag read: One Acme Action Dildo. Elvis Presley Model. Amaze Your Friends! Mina tore open the bag. Included was a plastic tube labeled: Acme Action Lubricant and Fixative. Cherry Flavor Slick and Quick!

Kane would have his joke. Mina tried another two spoons of his coke, which blended nicely with the absinthe or whatever, and left her high enough to try anything. She examined the dildo—a device with which she was not altogether unfamiliar. This one came with a rippled latex rod inside the harness—about six inches long and designed to slide into the wearer's vagina for double delights. Mina had used a double dildo once with a groupie, and she reckoned she could handle this one without an instruction sheet. At least it didn't need batteries.

Removing her swimsuit, Mina took a slow shower, and then she phoned Lucy's room.

"Yeah?" Lucy's voice was clogged with sleep and 'ludes. Good job they didn't have a gig tonight.

"Ready to be raped?" Mina tried some heavy breathing.

"Is that you, Mina?"

"Who else loves you? I've just scored some really heavy shit. You ready for it?"

"Hang on a minute. Sure. What's your room number again?"

Mina ordered two bottles of champagne from room service, which arrived five minutes before Lucy Minx stumbled into her room, looking rather more stoned than Mina. Mina plied her with champagne and cocaine, before showing her the Elvis reproduction.

Lucy's expression showed total fascination as she rolled the dildo about in her hands. "Is it really Elvis's cock?"

"Read the label. There's probably a whole line of rock stars' cocks. Want to be raped by Elvis, or do I send out for Jimi Hendrix?"

"Let me see you wear it!" Lucy clapped her hands and bounced on the bed. It reminded Mina of a teenagers' slumber party. Back then it only took a few smuggled beers and a joint to be this giddy.

Mina had only pulled on a T-shirt and blue jeans, which she now pulled off. Lucy quickly struggled out of her black tube dress and handed her the dildo, giggling like a schoolgirl. She finished her glass of champagne while Mina worked the harness onto her hips. Opening the tube of ointment, Mina applied some to the interior rod of the harness, then worked it into her vagina. She sighed as the thick probe slid in, then snugged the harness into place.

Lucy was giggling and spilling coke down her bra. Mina took a few experimental steps. The dildo bobbed lifelike between her legs, totally confusing her body image and balance as she looked down. She could feel the interior probe rubbing maddeningly against her clitoris and vagina.

"Hunka hunka hunka burnin' love!" Lucy managed to sing between snorts and giggles.

Mina examined herself in the mirror. The effect was quite disorienting, but very exciting. She clutched the latex dildo and masturbated it, trying to imagine. Lucy was making enough raucous applause to keep the floor awake.

"Shut up, and spread those thighs!" Mina ordered, in an attempt at a masculine growl. It only evoked more whistles.

"You gotta tie me down and rape me!" Lucy had opened the second bottle of champagne. She pushed the gushing bottleneck onto Mina's bobbing dildo. "Bet you can't come like this!"

Mina had begun it all feeling a bit foolish—performing a prank for the amusement of her lover. With the drink, drugs, and sexual excitement, now she was well beyond embarrassment. Besides, Lucy had been prick-teasing her all through the tour. The concept of being prick-teased now that she had the equipment started Mina laughing. Lucy wanted in on the joke, and then they both fell about in a fit of laughter across the bed Lucy insisted on giving the Elvis artifact head so as not to waste champagne

Somehow Mina got Lucy out of her bra and panties Her protruding erection kept getting in the way as they wriggled about Mina wondered how men ever managed to get anything done with a salami poking out of their groins, and Lucy said that that was why men had to jerk off twice a day when they couldn't get laid that was what they really did in urinals just so they could zip up their pants again

By now Mina had managed to tie Lucy's wrists to the bedframe with her stockings hoping that she hadn't made a run in them Lucy kept chanting Fuck me Elvis' Fuck me Elvis' until Mina stuffed her panties into her mouth and tied them in place with her bra.

Still making muffled squeals, Lucy presented a very pretty picture on the hotel bed—arms outspread, black lace strapped across her face, her long legs writhing seductively. Her pussy was very wet, as was Mina's. The friction from the harness had already brought her close to orgasm. Mina anointed the dildo with the tube of lubricant and climbed onto the bed between Lucy's legs.

"Here comes the King!"

She guided the head of the latex penis into Lucy's wet lips, then thrust forward all the way into her until the latex scrotum banged hard against her cunt.

"Prick-tease!" Mina growled, and she began to fuck her furiously.

Lucy thrashed about in abandon—her obvious pleasure serving to increase Mina's passion. Mina had been screwed enough to know the moves, and she reckoned she was doing far better than any man could. She lost count of time as she continued to thrust in and out of her lover. She was certain that Lucy had enjoyed at least three climaxes from her moans and the way her vagina clamped down on her cock. Mina's own orgasm was almost on her now, and she slammed her cock into Lucy hard enough to feel her balls slap against her bruised pussy.

Lucy was almost unconscious when Mina's long-awaited orgasm hit her. Mina screamed as she felt her ejaculation burst from her, pulse deep into her lover's cunt. Fully spent, she collapsed onto Lucy, rolled off gasping as the dildo slipped out, and after a moment fell into a stupor.

When Mina Rush awoke, it was well into the night. Lucy Minx had managed to slip her loose bonds and was sleeping with her head nestled upon Mina's breast—snoring softly, the picture of an innocent child dreaming of lollipops.

Mina needed to take a piss. Still very groggy, she disengaged herself from Lucy and stumbled through the darkness to the bathroom, where a light had been left on. She moved automatically, reacting only to bladder pressure.

Mina raised the toilet seat and relieved herself, wondering if aspirin would help her hangover and vowing never to mix cocaine and champagne ever again. Could that really have been absinthe? She was shaking the drops off her lily, when she suddenly began to awaken fully.

Mina stared.

She was still wearing the dildo and harness.

But how...?

In as much panic as confusion, she tugged at the nylon and vinyl harness, peeling it down from her hips.

There was a sharp pulling sensation as she yanked the harness toward her knees, and then the latex sheath over the dildo popped free and joined the rest of the harness about her ankles.

Mina stared at the hollow latex sheath. She gaped at the living cock and scrotum that had grown into her flesh.

Elvis's cock.

Now hers.

Eventually she went back to bed, remembering to lower the toilet seat. She lit a cigarette and contemplated Lucy.

Deep in the depths of the Acme Warehouse, Blacklight sat on a packing crate watching Kane. Blacklight had a big bucket of cold KFC Original Recipe and a large bottle of warm Ripple. He munched and chugged thoughtfully, occasionally flinging a bone to things chittering beyond their circle of light.

"Kane, even for you that was one damn dirty trick," he observed. In vino, veritas.

"Save me a slug of that Ripple," Kane said. "This is dusty work."

Kane emerged from a broken packing crate. He studied the label on the plastic bag: One Acme Action Dildo. Jim Morrison Model. Electrify Your Friends!

He tossed the package to Blacklight. "Hang onto this. Should prove useful.

"And anyway. Mina Rush needs a deeper voice if she's ever going to make it big, and the King will give her a lot of soul. If there's a problem, I've got a knife. Snick, snack, and Bob's your uncle. All is set right."

Blacklight handed the bottle to Kane. "You really think we're going to find the Janis Joplin artifact down here?"

"For sure. Probably right there in that crate you're sitting on."

"Are you really a jillion years old?" Blacklight retrieved the Ripple and washed down a couple reds. He moved off the crate.

"And I owe it all to clean living." Kane ripped off the lid of the packing crate with one hand, sending nails and wood chunks flying.

"Well," persisted Blacklight, digesting reds and KFC, "it seems like a dirty trick for a man of your mature years. What's Mina Rush gonna do when she finds out she's a father?"

Kane had dug out a series of flat packages was examining them with considerable enthusiasm. "Got it! British production. Hence the confusing label of 'fanny.' I know just the dude to lay this one on." He finished the Ripple and turned pensive. "Blacklight. If there's one lesson you can learn in a jillion years, it's this: You can't always get what you need. But if you don't watch out, you just might get what you want."