

PENNSYLVANIA NESS

BY MAZ

Excerpt

1. Conchita

Sex with beautiful women had never been a problem for Pennsylvania Ness. From the age of sixteen the movie star handsome football hero had had his pick of beautiful girls only too delighted to permit his erotic entry. But now, at twenty-six, Pennsylvania had a beautiful problem, and the beautiful problem's name was Conchita.

'Caramba!' Conchita exclaimed, pulling Pennsylvania's hand away from her thigh. 'I am trying to have a conversation with you and all you can think about is sex.' Her dark eyes flashed angrily and she tossed her heavy brown locks over her shoulder. 'You think with your dick, Pennsylv, is there nothing more to you?'

'That's not fair,' Pennsylvania countered, eyeing and fighting the desire to caress the beautiful, bare shoulder, 'I tried to listen but you're purposely arousing me, what do you expect?'

Conchita primped. It was true, she couldn't help herself, even when she wanted more from Pennsylvania than sex, she still needed to know she drove him mad with desire. 'I don't know what you mean,' she lied, pursing her thick lips seductively, 'I thought I was having an intelligent conversation with you but your brain is ruled by your dick and you're not listening, you never listen.'

This was not entirely true. Although Pennsylvania found it difficult to listen, he'd been making a sincere effort to stay focused. But the woman he desired most in the world possessed a body that couldn't be ignored. Every inch of her was exquisite and demanded his constant attention. How could he look at her legs without running his hand up those perfect thighs; gaze at her cleavage without slipping his fingers into its silkiness; put his arm around her tiny waist without running his hand over her rounded buttocks? Aware, however, that his girlfriend wanted more from him, he'd made concerted, albeit miserable, attempts to pay attention whenever she began one of her intense, in-depth discussions on mind-numbing subjects.

But as good as his intentions were, listening had proved difficult for the footballer - it was not something he'd ever considered important. In the past, Pennsylvania had always resisted conversations with girlfriends, 'Start talking to your girlfriend,' he'd told his friends, 'and you may as well marry her.' But Conchita was different, she was the only woman he'd wanted to keep around for anything other than sex. The Latin beauty made him happy in ways other women hadn't, and he saw the danger in ignoring her. Determined to prove his worth, he'd contributed to this evening's discussion on the benefits of vegetable fats over animal fats with two carefully considered replies. But when the woman of his dreams had curled up on his lap, her hair cascading across his chest, her soft, smooth arms wrapped around his neck, all thought of fats of any kind had vanished from his mind and, without thinking, he began caressing her leg, his hand slowly creeping up under her

short skirt. This had been entirely what she'd expected, but her boyfriend's astute perception of her wily ways had angered her, and after feigning righteous indignation, 'I was not trying to seduce you, I was trying to have an intelligent conversation,' Conchita leapt from his lap, grabbed her handbag and stormed off towards the front door.

Pennsylvania quickly followed. He caught her in the hallway. 'Don't go, Chita,' he gently took her arm and turned her around, 'I was listening, I promise, I can multi task!'

'No, you can't!' she snapped angrily, leaning towards him, her face close to his. 'I have no idea how you concentrate long enough to play football.' She leaned closer, 'Football and your dick, they are your life,' her breasts rose and fell with each breath as they fought the confines of her tight midriff top. Pennsylvania's gaze journeyed south and remained glued there. Conchita couldn't believe it. 'You're doing it again,' she yelled, 'you're impossible.' She swung her handbag towards his face but Pennsylvania instinctively ducked and the bag caught a glancing blow to the top of his head. Conchita turned, raced to the door, opened it and disappeared, yelling loudly as she went, 'You see everything through your dick, Pennsylvania Ness!'

Had she waited another two seconds she'd have witnessed the disastrous result of her bag attack. Pennsylvania's body was bent to one side from dodging the handbag. In a desperate attempt to follow Conchita, he twisted his legs and launched himself forward, but his feet became entangled in the thick pile rug that bunched beneath him, and the star footballer fell headlong onto the door, smashing his head on the handle and dropping unconscious to the floor.

2. Confusion

The world was dark when Pennsylvania woke. Very, very dark. Pitch black. He groped his way up the wall, slid his hand to the light switch and flicked it on. The room remained black. 'What the hell?' He flicked the switch up and down. No difference. He spun around, looked this way, then that way. Total darkness. 'What the hell?'

Jack peered around the half open door, 'Hey, Penn, what's happening?' He pushed the door open and walked in, taken aback at his friend's blank stare. 'What's with your eyes, dude?'

'What the heck, Penn?' Riley followed Jack into the hallway, 'Stop staring like that, it's bloody creepy.'

Pennsylvania groped before him, 'Where are you guys? I can't see you, the lights are out.'

Jack grabbed the raised hands, 'It's morning, Penn, stop messing with us.'

'What?' Pennsylvania was surprised. 'Morning?'

'Yeah, dude,' Riley laughed, 'stop taking the piss.'

'But I'm not, everything's black, I can't see a damn thing.' Pennsylvania grabbed his head, 'Bloody hell, I'm blind.'

'Yeah, Penn, yeah,' Jack mocked.

'No, listen to me,' the blind man remonstrated, 'I banged my head, I just woke up - and now I can't see a damn thing.'

'That would explain the blood,' Riley pointed to a red patch above Pennsylvania's right ear. 'Must've been a bad knock, Penn.'

'Bad! I'm blind.'

'Rubbish!' Jack quickly jerked two fingers, three stooges style, at Pennsylvania's eyes. Pennsylvania didn't blink, Jack was surprised, 'Shit, man, maybe you are blind.'

'I am, I tell you,' Pennsylvania bawled, 'I'm blind!'

Riley raised his eyebrows, 'Well that sucks.' He considered the situation, 'Maybe it's just shock, maybe a cold shower will snap you out of it.'

'Of course,' Pennsylvania gasped, 'I'm suffering from shock. A cold shower will do it. Help me there.' His friends obliged, and when his feet felt the cold tiles of the bathroom floor Pennsylvania quickly stripped off his clothes - and a very strange thing happened. 'Holy shit!' he exclaimed, raising his eyebrows, 'I can see a speck of light.'

'What?' said Jack. 'Just a speck?' He stared into the blind man's eyes. 'Maybe the speck will gradually grow bigger.'

'Yes, yes, I'm sure it will.' Pennsylvania stretched his eyes to expedite the transition from dark to light. Ten minutes later, his eyes were watering and the speck remained a speck. Delight turned to dread. 'Nothing's happening, it's still just a speck!'

Jack and Riley exchanged glances. Riley circled a finger around his ear to indicate he suspected Pennsylvania had gone mad.

'A cold shower,' Pennsylvania was feeling for the shower cubicle, 'that will help. Turn it on, guys, help me in.'

It was a cold morning; the water was freezing. 'Oh, shit!' Pennsylvania shook violently, 'It's too cold, I can't take it!'

'Just a minute longer, Penn,' Riley coaxed, 'just a minute.'

Five minutes later Pennsylvania had turned blue, his teeth chattered uncontrollably and he appeared to have completely lost his senses, 'I...can't...do...this...anymore...'

Jack turned the taps off, 'Come on, dude, get out,' he pulled Pennsylvania from the cubicle, 'it's not working.'

Pennsylvania's teeth chattered in reply.

'We have to warm him up.' Riley ran a hot shower and pushed Pennsylvania back into the cubicle.

Jack decided to play detective. 'What happened, Penn? What happened before you lost consciousness? Did you have something to drink, take any medicine, do drugs?'

'Conchita,' Pennsylvania stuttered, 'Conchita.'

'Conchita was here?' Jack was excited at the lead. 'That has to be important.'

'We had sex.'

'That goes without saying, Penn,' Riley sighed, 'but did anything out of the ordinary happen?'

Still half delirious from being frozen, Pennsylvania's mind began to wander, 'Conchita has the best body in the world, you know, in the whole damn world.' He closed his eyes. 'She took her clothes off, slowly, one thing at a time, and we had sex on the kitchen bench, and then she...she...'

'Whoa there a minute, cowboy!' Jack turned away from his excited friend. 'Let's stay focused.'

'Put Excalibur back in its cover, Penn,' said Riley, unimpressed.

But Pennsylvania heard nothing. Lost in his erotic memory, the blind man leaned against the cubicle wall and let the hot water wash over him, making no attempt to hide the growing evidence of his excitement. 'Conchita, Conchita,' he sighed, 'beautiful Conchita...' and then he opened his eyes. 'Holy shit!' he screamed, standing upright, 'I can see! Bloody hell, I can see!' His two friends, who, moments before, had stood embarrassed and awkward, torn between exiting or remaining to guard their stricken friend, were violently jolted out of their indecisiveness. Riley bolted from the room, knocking Jack sideways. Jack tumbled into the cubicle, bounced off Pennsylvania and fell against the cubicle wall, slipping against the wet glass and sliding three feet towards the floor.

'Shit!' yelled Pennsylvania, his hands stumbling upon Jack's head as he regained his balance. 'Who's that?'

'Me, Penn,' Jack replied. 'You okay?'

'Yeah, I'm okay.' The blind man stood still, 'I can see your face, Jack, you look younger.'

'Huh?'

'Oh no,' Pennsylvania's voice gained a horrible edge, 'you're starting to disappear.' As the erotic memory receded, so did Pennsylvania's manhood, its protective shield resuming its normal possie. The blind man cupped his face in his hands in a pitiful manner, 'It's growing dark,' he groaned, 'I'm blind again – except...except for that speck.' He furrowed his brow, removed his hands, 'Actually,

that speck looks like a tile, one of the tiles we had on the bathroom floor when I was a kid.'

'Get dressed, Penn.' Riley had returned. He dragged Jack upright, pulled Pennsylvania from the shower cubicle and placed his clothes in his hands. 'We're taking you to a doctor.'

Pennsylvania pushed the clothes away. He turned from side to side, his unmoving eyes staring straight before him, 'I can see the tiles, but they're the old tiles...'

'I don't give a damn,' Riley cut in, 'and I don't want to know. Just put your clothes on, you have to see a doctor.' Pennsylvania didn't oblige, he took a step forward, a step back, twisted this way, then that. 'Okay, fine,' Riley snapped, 'a towel will have to do.' He wrapped a towel around Pennsylvania's waist, 'We'll take you in a towel.'

Pennsylvania suddenly screamed, startling Riley. 'Bloody hell, Penn, stop that! You're making me a nervous wreck.'

'Get rid of the towel,' Pennsylvania ordered, 'I can't see.' He dragged the cloth from Riley's grasp and it fell to the floor. 'There, I can see again, it's just a speck, like I'm looking through a telescope.'

Jack's jaw dropped as he realised the awful truth. 'Listen to me, Penn,' he said slowly, seriously, 'place your hands in front of your penis.'

Pennsylvania did as he was told and became very excited at the result, 'Yes, yes,' he exclaimed, 'I can see a fingernail, a dirty fingernail!'

This was confusing because Pennsylvania's fingernails were clean, but Riley was in no mood to be bothered about a discrepancy. 'Dude,' he said seriously, 'don't do that, I mean it, don't do that!'

A thought suddenly occurred to the blind man, 'Hang on a minute!' He grasped Excalibur, held it upright and withdrew its protective hood, 'Holy shit! Everything, I can see everything.'

Riley turned away. 'This is bloody insane,' he objected, 'I mean, what the hell, Penn?'

Jack, however, was mesmerised, and watched the proceedings with interest. 'Can you see us, Penn?' he asked when Excalibur had completed a circuit of the room.

Pennsylvania turned towards Jack, 'Yes, I can see you, Jack,' he replied softly, suddenly subdued, 'but I'm looking up at you.' Reality hit home. 'I'm looking at you through my penis. What the hell does that mean?'

'Dude,' Jack said seriously, 'I think you can only see with your dick.'

Then Pennsylvania remembered. He released his grasp on Excalibur and cried, 'Oh, no, oh, bugger - Conchita did this.'