



SHORT STORIES

The Meeting

03

Elizabeth



Story: Juanito Brown




ELIZABETH SAVORED HER DRINK, WATCHING THE BAR SCENE WITH AN AIR OF SOMEONE WHO'D SEEN IT ALL. SHE LOOKED LIKE A TRUE GODDESS IN THAT BLACK DRESS, THE PLUNGING NECKLINE REVEALING HER NEARLY SPILLING BREASTS, AND HER PERT ASS PERCHED ON THE BAR STOOL WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS SIGHT IN THE PLACE. EVERYONE WHO CAME NEAR JUST WANTED TO COMPLIMENT HER BODY WITH OUTDATED AND FRIVOLOUS PICK-UP LINES. UNTIL...

LET ME GUESS... "DO YOU
HAVE A NAME, OR CAN I CALL YOU
MINE? IF BEAUTY WERE TIME, YOU'D BE AN
ETERNITY."

||

OR DID YOU JUST COME TO COMPLIMENT MY
CLEAVAGE AND TELL ME I LOOK HOT IN THAT
DRESS? WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF IT, BEFORE YOU SAY SOMETHING STUPID,
AND ASK THE BARTENDER TO BRING
ME ANOTHER ONE...




THE MOST FAMOUS LEGEND TELLS THAT COUNT CAMILLO NEGRONI ASKED THE BARTENDER AT CAFFÈ CASONI TO FORTIFY HIS FAVORITE COCKTAIL, THE AMERICANO, BY REPLACING THE SODA WATER WITH GIN. THE BARTENDER ALSO ADDED AN ORANGE GARNISH INSTEAD OF LEMON TO DIFFERENTIATE IT.

THE NEW DRINK BECAME SO POPULAR THAT THE NEGRONI FAMILY FOUNDED A DISTILLERY TO PRODUCE A READY-MADE LIQUEUR CALLED "NEGRONI," BUT THE FRESHLY MADE VERSION WITH THE THREE INGREDIENTS BECAME THE CLASSIC.


IN SHORT: AN ITALIAN COUNT
+ A BOLD REQUEST FOR
SOMETHING STRONGER = A
TIMELESS CLASSIC.

I'D PAY THE WHOLE BAR IF IT MEANT
I COULD KEEP DISCOVERING WHAT
THIS PERSONALITY HIDES....

HOLY SHIT... THAT WAS THE MOST INTELLECTUAL AND SENSUAL PICK-UP LINE I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE. AND I'VE HEARD SOME SHIT... YOU BEAT ME. YOU CAN SIT DOWN, COUNT.




RICHARD. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME RIC, OR EVEN "COUNT" IF YOU LIKE. AND IT'S NOT A FLIRTATION, IT'S APPRECIATION. LIKE WITH A DRINK... HOW A WOMAN SHOULD BE TREATED. APPRECIATED.



RIC, THEN. MY NAME IS ELIZABETH, OR LIZZIE. AND I APPRECIATE A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO USE HIS TONGUE FOR MORE THAN JUST GIBBERISH... BUT ADMIT IT, PART OF THAT SMOOTH TALKING IS JUST TO SEE ME WITHOUT THIS DRESS, RIGHT?

ELIZABETH, A WORK OF ART
LIKE YOU WAS MADE TO BE
APPRECIATED IN EVERY DETAIL. I'M
JUST AN ADMIRER WHO, IF I'M LUCKY,
WANTS THE OPPORTUNITY TO DISCOVER
WHAT YOU HIDE, AND I'M NOT JUST
TALKING ABOUT WHAT'S HIDDEN
BENEATH THAT STUNNING
DRESS.

I LIKE A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO VALUE MORE THAN JUST THE OBVIOUS. BUT WHY ALL THIS KNOWLEDGE? IS HE A BARTENDER?



I'VE NEVER BEEN, NO.
BUT A GOOD DRINK IS LIKE
A GOOD STORY: IT HAS
LAYERS, IT HAS PERSONALITY, IT
HAS A PAST... AND IT ALWAYS
LEAVES YOU WANTING MORE. I
LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I'M
ENJOYING.

LAYERS, HUH? SO YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO TAKES THINGS APART TO UNDERSTAND HOW THEY WORK... HOW CURIOUS. AND DANGEROUS.

I'M JUST CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT IT'S WORTH. AND FROM WHAT I'M SEEING... YOU MUST HAVE SOME LAYERS THAT WOULD PUT ANY NEGRONI TO SHAME.

BELIEVE ME. AND SOME OF THEM ARE QUITE STRONG... BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO MEASURE THEM SO YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR BALANCE, RIGHT? NOT EVERYONE CAN HANDLE IT. IT'S BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED,
ELIZABETH. BUT I DON'T LOSE
MY BALANCE... I JUST SHIFT MY
CENTER OF GRAVITY. AND RIGHT
NOW, IT'S RIGHT HERE. I'M
GREAT AT BREAKING CURSES
TOO; I'VE READ ALL THE
HARRY POTTER BOOKS.











YOU WON RIC, YOU
HAVE PERMISSION TO
TASTE ME HERE AND NOW,
LIKE A GOOD DRINK, BUT
I'LL ONLY CONGRATULATE
YOU AT THE END... WHO
KNOWS.

WE JUST NEED A
MORE PRIVATE
PLACE.






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A woman with blonde hair and black-rimmed glasses, wearing a dark red long-sleeved dress, is hugging a man from behind. The man is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and dark shorts. They are in a modern bathroom with dark grey tiled walls and a grey stone countertop with two sinks. The woman is looking at the man with a slight smile. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

DON'T WORRY RIC,
I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU
FULL ACCESS, NOW I
JUST NEED TO KNOW IF
YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT
OR NOT.

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO
HEAR, HOTTIE.

JUST PROMISE ME YOU
WON'T STOP EVEN WHEN I
SCREAM... I WANT ALL OF
YOU.

I CAN DO THAT FOR
YOU, YES.







NOW SIT THERE AND
STAY NICE AND STILL. THIS
DICK IS MINE NOW.

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU MOAN... I'M GOING TO SUCK THAT COCK UNTIL YOU GO CRAZY.

DAMN, LIZZIE... FEEL
FREE, YOU NAUGHTY GIRL.
I'M DYING TO FEEL THAT
BEAUTIFUL, WARM MOUTH ON
MY COCK...

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU
HOTTIE...GET REALLY
HARD FOR ME... I WANT TO
FEEL IT PULSATING IN MY
MOUTH.



DAMN, LIZZIE...
HOW WELL YOU
SUCK, DON'T STOP,
NO...

SLURP

SLURP

SLURP

SLURP



LET ME TAKE THIS
OFF, RIC. I WANT TO
FEEL YOUR SKIN ON
MINE... NOW.



DAMN, LIZZIE...
WHAT A DELICIOUS
WOMAN... YOU'RE
PERFECT.

NOW YES... THIS
DICK IS FREE FOR ME
TO SIT ON.

AND HE'S ALL
YOURS, YOU NAUGHTY
GIRL!



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FUCK

FUCK



FUCK

FUCK



FLICK

FLICK





AT THIS POINT, LIZZIE HAS NO IDEA, BUT SHE'S ABOUT TO WITNESS A SURPRISE. SHE'S IMMERSSED IN THIS FEELING OF LUST, BUT WHAT SHE DOESN'T REALIZE IS THAT RIC IS MARRIED, AND THAT THIS IS ALL PART OF A PLAN.

FUCK

FUCK

RIC? HONEY, IS
THAT YOU?

FUCK

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LOVE?! WHAT THE FUCK
IS THIS RIC?! ARE YOU
MARRIED?!

SLAP

CALM DOWN, BABE!
LISTEN... IT'S JULIA. SHE
KNOWS EVERYTHING, I
SWEAR!



YOU KNOW WHAT?
THAT YOU'RE A LIAR?
GET OUT OF ME, NOW!
YOU FUCCKER! YOU
TRICKED ME!

CALM DOWN, LIZZIE.
SHE LOVES WATCHING ME
EAT OTHER PEOPLE'S
FOOD; IT WAS HER IDEA...
AND SHE LOVES
PARTICIPATING. SHE'S
DYING TO MEET YOU.

SHE... SHE
WANTS... TO
PARTICIPATE?
NOW? REALLY?



ONLY IF YOU
WANT, HOTTIE.

RIC HAS GOOD TASTE,
HUH---
LET ME JOIN IN THE FUN,
WILL YOU, LIZZIE?!





I... I DON'T KNOW. I
DON'T THINK IT'S A
GOOD IDEA...



OH, I LOVE SEEING HIM
EATING A PRETTY PUSSY LIKE
YOURS... LET ME SEE IT UP
CLOSE, OKAY? YOU DON'T WANT
TO MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY,
DO YOU?

OH MY GOD... SO HOT... YOU TWO ARE GOING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY..



SURRENDER LIZZIE...
LET YOUR BODY TELL
YOU WHAT YOU REALLY
WANT...



END



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