

GARY'S GOT A BONER

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It wasn't a spur of the moment thing. I didn't approach the decision lightly. If I was going to sleep with someone other than my wife, I would treat the event with proper weight. Tonnage, not ounces.

I loved Linda. After thirty years she was still beautiful to me. Unfortunately that Hallmark sentiment didn't make our lives all smiley-face stickers and meringue. Maybe she had put on a few pounds, but I found her as sexy as our wedding night. The problem was, she didn't. She would look at her body in the morning, pinch her sides, slap her thigh, glare at her ass, and frown. I'd say the words. Tell her how beautiful, attractive, gorgeous she was, but it didn't matter what I thought. It mattered how she felt.

To be honest, I hadn't exactly taken care of myself. Too many special quesadillas. Too much TV. Too little drive. She wasn't attracted to herself. She wasn't attracted to me. No fight to lose.

We waded through our lives. Good morning. Here's your breakfast. What you up to today? Same routine. Might as well be roommates. Supportive, helpful, even loving. But no action down there. We didn't even have birthday sex this past year, which had become as traditional as lemon cake. Eight bucks down the shitter for the off-brand Mexican farmacia dick pill I got for the occasion. Now it sat in the Sunday box of my weekly pill dispenser, expired and unused.

Porn and a tug kept me from exploding, but I wanted to be touched, to be physically close to someone. It had been so long. I started to resent Linda. If I wanted to keep us strong, I needed to feel something real. I was doing it not just for me, but for my wife and my marriage.

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The upside of living on the Mexican border was that intimacy was four miles south, cheap and available. I could damn near walk to Mexicali, if I had the time.

I crossed the border a couple times a month. Closer and cheaper than heading into El Centro or Yuma for shopping. All those trips had been during the day. I hadn't been down that way at night in years. Couldn't remember the last time.

I had a plan. I'd done my research over the last few months. Not exactly the kind of thing you could ask people straight out. Not like finding the best taqueria. Or a good barber. On my regular Wednesday drinks with some old buddies, I listened to the young bucks at the bar. Shitkickers and campesinos loved trading stories about their Mexicali exploits.

"I got so fucked up." "Did it with her right there in the alley." "Pissed fire for a week." "I thought those sons of bitches were going to kill us." "She had hairier arms than you." "We should go back tonight."

I eavesdropped and took notes. Locations, names, places, and scenarios.

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Armed with my SENTRI card, three hundred dollars, a suspect pill, and a sex mission, I parked my truck in Calexico and crossed the border on foot.

I grabbed some dinner first. Not something I wanted to do on an empty stomach. A couple tostadas, a torta, and three beers later, I walked the streets balloon-taut.

Next stop, the Cuauhtémoc district. A setting where every story ended with a hangover, a shot of penicillin, and a knowing laugh.

Not quite Bourbon Street, but there was a good crowd wandering between the strip clubs, brothels, and sex shops. I balked and instead of testing the waters, I hit an open-air bar for a little more courage. Three more Tecates and a shot from a label-less bottle of tequila made me braver than Evel Knievel. And just as reckless.

Walking out of the bar toward the neon glow, I crashed into a drunk pissing on the wall. An inauspicious beginning. He mumbled angrily in Spanish and took a lazy swing at me. I shoved him before his punch or stream hit its mark. He stumbled a few steps, bounced off another pedestrian, and passed out on the curb.

I laughed, looking up at the man he had bumped into. A policeman. The uniformed officer looked down at his wet pants and shoes. I stopped laughing. He looked at the man on the ground. I didn't know what to do. I stood stock-still. He kicked the unconscious drunk's head hard enough to make me flinch.

I would say that the policeman smiled, but it was more a display of his teeth. A shark wasn't smiling when it was about to bite you.

He waved me toward him. I pointed at myself, nodded, and stepped around the spasming drunk. The policeman draped an arm over my shoulder. I wanted to cry.

"What brings you to Mexicali, my friend?"

"A night out. Had some dinner. A few drinks. You know."

"I do know," he said. "You are looking for a girl tonight."

I looked down at my shoes.

"Do not be ashamed. You are a man," he said. "It is no problema. Muy bueno. I know the place for you."

"That's okay," I said. "I'm not even sure—"

"I insist." He squeezed me harder. "Two girls. You could have two girls. Have you ever dreamed of it?"

"Two girls? At one time?"

That was not something I had considered. Not part of my plan. But flexibility is important. I had to be able to adapt to any situation. And I didn't want to be impolite to an officer of the law. Two girls was intriguing. When would the opportunity rise again? It might be my only chance. I hoped it was in my budget.

"Two, yeah. I would like to try that. Women, not girls though," I said. "Not too young. I couldn't do that. I want them to maybe want to be there."

"They all want to be here," he said, "or they wouldn't be here."

"Well..."

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I sat on the corner of the bed. The small room was nicer than I would have guessed. Cleaner than the worst Super 8 I've stayed at. Not much in the way of furnishing, but I didn't plan to need more than the bed.

I quickly dry-swallowed my Mexican dick pill, hoping it still worked. That it would kick in at the right time. I might not need it. Two women. One of me. I wasn't even sure what

to do with the other one. They would know. They were professionals. They would show me what went where. How to make all the parts fit together.

The door opened. Two women entered. In their late thirties, I guessed. I could see the shape of their bodies through their sheer lingerie. Dark nipples and thick pubic hair under the fabric. They said nothing. All business. They danced without music, rubbing their bodies against each other. I watched, smiling. They pressed their lips to each other's, a strange, off-putting pantomime of kissing. It reminded me they were acting. I pretended that them liking my money was the same as them liking me.

They undressed in a single motion. Clothes on the ground. Two steps to the bed. One woman on either side of me. Four hands: one running through my thinning hair, another rubbing my chest and belly through the buttons of my shirt, a third squeezing a thigh, and the final hand pressing my crotch. Two tongues, one in each ear.

I had never realized there were such things in the world. I knew they existed as ideas, but never fully believed things like this happened in real life.

The hand on my chest took my hand and placed it on a tit. It squeezed my hand over the breast. I squeezed again on my own like honking a horn.

The women made me stand. They undressed me. I let them.

Standing in front of them in all my naked glory, I didn't care how I looked. They didn't care. I started laughing. They laughed too. Three naked people laughing in a room as if men and women did this all the time.

The door kicked open. I jumped. The policeman stood there. I covered my junk.

"Of course," I said, bending down for my wallet. "How much?"

He shook his head.

"Can't I, at least?" I looked back and forth between the two naked women.

He shook his head.

"Why didn't you just rob me? Why go through all the trouble? Let me get this close?"

"Because I am not a thief."

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It was my own damn fault. I overreached. I came to Mexicali for some human contact. To fulfill a need. I got greedy. My dick flew too close to the sun.

The policeman put me in a van, drove me into the desert, and left me there. No explanation, but I think he may have blamed me for the drunk pissing on him. Maybe he didn't like gringos. Didn't matter. An explanation wouldn't have changed anything.

When the van pulled away, I found myself standing in the dark, surrounded by nothingness, and completely naked. At least it was a warm night.

In the hot environ of the desert, the animals were nocturnal. I heard the skitter of scaly beasts, the howls of coyotes, and the soft rattle of a sidewinder. They all sounded like they were circling me. Surrounding me. Getting closer.

Panic rose. My heart raced. My breathing shallow. Fingers tingling. Body shaking. The last thing I needed was a heart attack. I tried to calm down. Took deep breaths.

The extra blood flow combined with the Mexican erection chemicals I had ingested. My dick got harder than my mother-in-law's biscuits.

"You got a shit sense of humor," I said to my penis.

I assessed my options. The lights of Mexicali to the east. Mount Signal to the west. Distances were hard to gauge at night, but I had a half-moon to work with. If I walked north, I would eventually hit the border fence. If I could figure a way across, it wouldn't be more than five miles home as the crow flies.

I had never attempted a long walk with a raging erection. I wouldn't recommend it. It was awkward and painful, my dick bobbing up and down like a broken antenna. And the son of a bitch wasn't going anywhere. Whatever they put in that pill, it had given me an invincible boner.

I started to stroke it as I walked. Figured if I could rub one out, it would lose its swell. I had never masturbated outdoors. I found it difficult to feel anything but shame. I worked it until my arm was tired, but got no yield.

I thought of baseball. Football. All the balls. I did my income tax forms in my head. I even tried thinking about the day my dog Roscoe died. Up until that moment, it had been the saddest day of my life. I had hit a new low, holding my rock-hard dick while thinking about my dead dog.

I was stuck with the damn thing until it decided to surrender.

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People sneaking over the border had it hard enough. The last thing they needed in their tough lives was a naked guy with an angry erection walking out of the dark toward them. I tried to cup my shame, but Pinocchio peeked through my fingers.

It was a family. And I scared the shit out of them. All eyes north, they must not have heard or seen me coming from the south. Screams in Spanish. The man made a step to attack. I tried to say something, but my voice was dry, coming out as a growl. The man yelled, "El cucuy," grabbed his family, and ran along the fence into the darkness. They would rather face the snakes and coyotes than the Yuha Beast or whatever legend I had just created.

I sat on the ground. I had reached the fence, but I still had no plan to get across it. I looked down, my stiff penis staring back at me unblinking.

I heard the sound of water. The All-American Canal ran east of Mexicali. I was west, so it had to be the New River. I blew the snot and dirt out of my nose, which was a mistake. Because then I could smell the New River.

The unnatural creek carried all the garbage and sewage and filth from Mexicali into the US, eventually dumping it into the Salton Sea. At the border it was the size of a canal, growing wider from agricultural runoff as it went.

It smelled like a carcass left in the sun. If the carcass was made out of rancid sour cream.

I'd heard that hundred of illegals crossed via the New River every night. The thick pollution and threat of disease kept the Border Patrol at a distance. I didn't want to get in that water anymore than I wanted to punch myself in the nuts, but I knew it was my only shot to get back on American soil.

A rudimentary metal trash guard kept the large pieces of garbage from flowing north, but the grate looked wide enough to squeeze through. A thick, yellow foam floated at the surface, the color of vomit. The dirt banks were lined with garbage.

I rummaged for a plastic shopping bag. I found one that looked relatively clean with no holes. I wrapped my genitals in the bag and tied it off as best I could. I looked like a freak

with a balloon on my junk, but if I was going in that water, I wasn't going to let it touch my manhood.

I watched four men on the opposite side of the river throw the Hefty bags they had tied to their wrists in the water and slide down the dirt bank after them. Mimicking their technique, I attempted to slide down the dirt bank. I hit a rock, slipped, and Nestea-plunged into the water. For a second I thought the thick foam would catch me and I'd remain on the surface. No such luck. I sunk like a rock. The water stung my skin and eyes like acid. Warm and dense, like swimming in pudding. I got a mouthful as I came up for air. It tasted like a urinal cake smoothie. I was pretty sure I just caught typhoid.

I threw up my dinner in the water. Not that anyone would have noticed.

Once at the trash grate, I squeezed my bulk between the thick bars. I froze when the lights of a Border Patrol vehicle approached along the riverbank road. The driver ran a spotlight over the water. It caught the men that had preceded me. They swam harder, heading for the opposite bank.

Staying at the grate, I kept my body out of view. The Border Patrol officer bellowed something in Spanish over his loudspeaker. The men reached the opposite bank and pulled themselves out. The Border Patrol vehicle turned around and floored it, presumably to catch them on the other side.

I swam as quickly as I could to the side of the river where the truck had been. I felt my dick bag fall off and the warm, thick water down there, but there was nothing I could do about it. When my dick eventually fell off, at least I would know why.

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It was a long walk. But I was alive and back in the right country.

The first chance I got, I jumped into an irrigation ditch. The water was silty and sulfury, but it was better than the filth that stank off my body.

For the record, my penis remained erect through this entire endeavor. A small diving board protruding from my body. I no longer understand human physiology, but had to give the Mexican scientists some credit for their achievement.

I just wanted to get home.

Walking straight through alfalfa fields, I kept away from any farmhouses. Whenever I had to cross a road, I looked for headlights a mile in either direction.

A Border Patrol helicopter flew overhead, spotlight searching the brush, but I found cover among some hay bales stacked on a ditch bank. They scratched me up pretty good, but kept me hidden.

Hours later, I saw my house. Walking bloody, naked, and tired into my own backyard was one of the greatest victories of my life.

No clothes on the line. I'd have to sneak inside. It was late. Linda would be asleep. I might get away with my failed evening. Then I remembered that I didn't have my keys.

I wanted to sit down on the ground and weep into my hands.

The backdoor opened. Linda in her bathrobe with her arms crossed over her chest.

I felt tears run down my face. I looked for the words. A story that would make it all make sense. I found none. I stood there naked and beaten. I was caught.

"I don't know what you're up to," she said, "but I like it. We need this. Let's kink it up a bit. Get in here you filthy, filthy boy."

She dropped her robe to the ground, stood nude in the doorframe for a brief moment, and walked back into the house, leaving the door open behind her.

I walked toward the house, but something felt different. I looked down.

“Damn you, you fickle bastard.”