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An office meeting of portent and potential....

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Someone told me once that if you sneeze too hard you could die. I believed them. From that day on sneezing became a painful menace instead of an itch with a snotty scratch. Even when i discovered the information was incorrect, the habit of fear was already deeply laid and unshakeable. The mind is a chemical roadway with deeply etched and well traveled roads. The body a puppet to its processes. The soul, the vehicle driving in and on them both. Upon that fateful exit the puppet falls and roads collapse. And the soul is only remembered by the dearest of other drivers in their own way. I reminisced about my loves, the few men who had pained my day with their affection. i carried their memories in a sweetly broken box somewhere in my chest. The lock broken and the lid always slightly ajar. A key in the attic of my mind hung on a sharp hook. Its use was holding the hook up as it had not embraced the lock since i met my first or last love. A fortune cookie once predicted my love life accurately. As i broke it in two pieces ; they separated laying empty in my expectant hands. The cookie was sweeter than most and empty inside. My mind circles the last remembered location of love, climbing endless stairs in a concrete well. Holding a flaking blue handrail. Then dives to the basement in the freight elevator. Padded grey quilted fabrics line the small space and its solidly soundproof to my cries for rescue. But today the doors opened not to the stairs but to a black hole. The air and gravity shifted, dragging me into its determined jaw but i planted my feet in the doorway until the door closed. The elevator lit up as if every floor had been called and began to rise. The box in my heart lurched and fell with the movement. It gave up its few contents, Spilled them on the floor in named trinkets. The key in the attic swung and fell off the jostling hook. Vanishing after skittering across the wooden floor. Fallen into a deep crevice against the wall. The trinkets smelled of signature aftershaves. Alone they were inviting but entangled they were suffocating. In spite of the elevators call, no stop was made until i reached the top floor. The bell sounded and doors parted to a man unfamiliar and menacing. i shrugged back in fear until i felt thickly padded fabric, he entered and proceeded to drag me out forcefully. if hell was an office building then this was the devil and he was handsome and forcefully overpowering. Dragging my struggling form out of the door and requesting or rather demanding my presence in his office suite. Where were my family, my friends, my coworkers, my pastor for Gods sake. "Welcome to your private accommodations my love." i recognized the voice as a mix of sarcasm and the sound of lost men. "Return unto me, i own your key." and it appeared in the hand that roughly grasped my arm. The metal ripped flesh, brutally materialized. He shook my arm making the pain and injury more brutal. "Is this really necessary sir?" i spoke not knowing how to address the handsome lunatic. He growled, "do you have any idea how much i despise you?" in the voices of my lovers i heard the devils truth. The man smiled in his disdain. Ice in dark eyes swimming in brimstone golden lava. The smile was George Michaels from the song Faith. "Take a seat," he shoved me into a worn leather chair, it was deceptively comfortable looking and decidedly uncomfortable. It felt too large and the seat cushion would not mold to my arrival. I couldnt move to any adjustment of comfort and the devil appeared pleased with his furnishings. " Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!" The devil misquoted a once patient man. I responded bitterly, "Neither of us were searching for you sir." He laughed scoffing my contradiction. "And yet here i am and there in my chair, are you." He stood before me and suddenly the tailored dark suit disappeared revealing perfection and a huge veiny, erect cock as thick and long as a mans forearm. At the tip a piercing that was set in a silver ring. A sharpened curved needlelike spike extended from his cockhead in a curve. It looked like a stinger. Perhaps Scorpios tail did exist to fuck the nations and here it was. A previous lovers blood still dripped from the sharp slender end. "If you were a man i would have offered you some pussy, you insolent child." he hissed and his cock seemed serpentine with its sound. "im completely out of apples and pears," he referred to the Walt Disney version warping of Edens story. "The tree of experiencing evil and good is being pruned with sacred knowlege." he chuckled at the backwards referral. "Care to visit my garden paradise where it is "planted aside the tree of death?" Here men are like gods and olympus sneezes ending them. " i understood the reference to my fear and balked. "is your next tree knowlege of me?" i retorted in disgust and fear. "Save your troubled fertile lies," my manuer pun caused a frown. His needled cock jerked

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stony at my taunt. "Lets stop fucking around shall we?" His cock contradicted him in a bobbing repeated thrust and dripped blood on the office carpet next to the perfectly manicured foot. No cloven hoof by a long shot but the perfect image of a male foundation. Did his golden muscular legs seem shorter now than when i arrived? "Yes lets end our meeting as quickly as possible, please; before i am smitten by your hospitality." i added, "if not smitten by your giant penis which is glaring at me rudely." "Get right to the point ,eh Hannah? i sooo hate that quality, especially in women." He touched his finger in a threatening manner to the sharp tip of a malicious prick. "Hope you have no problem with the first name basis Hannahhhhh," he made my name a sexual slur. "and you are??" i asked expecting Lucifer. "Saul," he stated. An employee of the worldwide conglomerate of Light incorporated which is a subsidiary of the Saturn company." "No, not the car; the planet where Lucifer manufactures vehicles." The spectacular rings came to my mind. i always thought that planet appeared pompous and vain. Presumptuously Saul indicated our meeting would end in my employment at a very insulting salary offer. "ill do you a favor and fuck you occassionlly even.," he said with a smirk. "What a lovely offer i feel i must decline as i am previously employed by another source, but thankyou just the same." His look and his cock became more engorged and i thought i saw blood veins throb in both angrily. "Look as long as you are here lets just up the anti shall we?" A blood stained benefits package appeared in his hand and he stroked his cock absently. "is that a threat sir?" i nodded to the documents apparently saturated with the leftovers of the last discussion in this office. "Charming in deed and truth," he acknowledged. "One moment please while i contact my current employer." as i pulled my small cellphone from my pocket. I gestured for silence as i heard the ringtone. Neyo, Stay with the Real thing. "Yeah, hi....can i please be transfferred to my Supervisor at this extension? ... 7738, thankyou." All the panicked bravado left me as i heard the mans voice answer my call. "j here..." ummm hi its Hannah and i have a bit of a situation here sir." explaining briefly where i was and the transpiring conversation with Sauls naked offer.. "He wants to speak with you," i handed the phone to Saul whos massive hard on went limp when it touched his hand. Saul trembled and nodded in response to the conversation. Hanging up he stated i was free to go but tossed out, "â €i got my eye on you kiddo." i was unsure if he meant the limp one in his hand or one that shot daggers at my exit. My soul was free to go but where was the exit to this building? No signs appeared as i waited for the elevator to arrive and journey me down to ground level yet again.

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