



A Flair For Fear

A pseudo-sexual-thriller

by

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I slept in. I didn't mean to. I had jobs to do, **important jobs**. For important people. But I slept in.

Because I'm an idiot.

I found myself scratching when I awoke and while showering I examined the rash, has it gotten bigger? Looks like it might have. Would help if i didn't scratch. Would help if I could be tied down at night. My skin is so bad. Despite my efforts to treat it I always seem to have at least one bad patch. It's embarrassing. Looks disgusting. Makes me feel disgusting.

Breakfast. Toast. Glass of water. No juice. Can't drink the coffee anymore. Makes me irritable.

Jobs today. Got recommended by a friend to a celebrity. A famous 'professional wrestler'. Guy by the name of Ric 'Nature Boy' Flair. Never heard of him. Can't stand that crap. Wanted me to come over and have a look at his system. I said I'd be over this morning. In about 20 minutes. I'll not make it. He lives in the hills. He might be OK. Sounded OK on the phone. Not like a 'nature boy' at all. I mean, what kind of name is Nature Boy? Sounds so freakin' gay.

It took me forty minutes. Big house. Looked nice. Statue in the drive-way. Michaelangelo's David, or rather a close approximation. I rang the doorbell and waited. After a minute someone came and answered. The door opened to reveal a large guy. Peroxide hair, crisp with hair spray. He grinned at me with big white teeth from a heavily tanned face with eyes that made me feel immediately uncomfortable with their glare. He was dressed in a pink dressing gown complete with ruffs and sequins and feathers. Oh lord. I wish I'd stayed in bed.

He grinned at me and then opened his mouth as if to speak. What came out was:

"Whoww!"

Which was more of a yell than a statement. He followed it with another grin.

Oh fuck.

I stood there. Rooted to the spot. Right now I'd like to have been comatose in bed. *With loved ones and a doctor wondering why I wouldn't wake. My mom would sob and worry that I was going to slip away. The doctor would talk about how it might be best to move me into specialist care until I came out of it, if I came out of it, but my mother would want me taken to her home where she would look after me.*

"You said you would be here 20 minutes ago!"

"Yeah, I know, I'm sorry. Traffic was murder."

No it wasn't.

"Yeah, ok. That's fine, C'mon in and I'll show you what I want doin'."

Despite an invisible silent audience screaming at me to *-stay where I was or run away just DON'T go inside-* I did. After an almost imperceptible pause. Large Lobby. Checked tiles. Doorways stretching off to both sides. The rear opened to a patio and stairways swept up from either side to a landing above. Low chaise longues lay scattered around as well as huge fur rugs and a ornate bar to one side. A massive Leopard skin, head attached, lay in the centre. It stared at me disapprovingly. I walked into the middle of the huge room sheepishly and looked around at all this. I considered making some sort of complimentary but noncommittal statement when I heard the click from behind as Ric Flair had closed and locked the front door...

Lying at home on my bed, sprawled under the covers. Deep in fever. Room dark, curtains drawn. Would anyone care if I lived or died here? Would they find my body in days? Or weeks?

... why did he lock the door? Why would he need to lock the door? I could come up with reasons, legitimate un-scary reasons but I doubt any would satisfy me.

"Whoww!"

I slowly turned around to face the guy. He stood against the door, hand still on the handle. Other hand on his hip. Huge fucking grin on his face. Oh. My. God.

"So what's your name again? Hey, never mind. Names are unimportant. I've got a present for you. It's under my gown. Do you want to see it?"

I tried to speak. It was proving more difficult than usual. His smile was the most frightening thing I'd ever seen.

"Heh... Only messing with ya. You ok?"

I laughed nervously. "Erm, yeah. You had me there for a minute."

"Do you wanna drink?" he gestured as he strode toward the bar. I noticed that the front door was still locked.

"Oh no... no... I'm driving."

"Oh that's no problem. I can have my man drive you home."

He poured himself a gin and tonic.

"I've er... I've got another job today. I wouldn't want to show up tipsy."

He grinned and sipped his G'n'T. "I could pay you enough to give me your exclusive attention today."

At home. Lying in bed. The world outside evaporated by the death ray that for some inexplicable reason left me alive. Alone on earth. The last human. Lying alone in his bed in the morning. Curtains drawn. Life dedicated to the act of being alone, safe, from humans and their... ways.

"Well... erm.. I wouldn't want to impose."

He just grinned again. I suddenly became aware that I needed to pee now. This was truly the worst day of my life already.

"Tell me, have you ever wrestled?"

I gulped. Visibly. Audibly. "I need to go to the bathroom."

"Don't we all?" He sipped his drink again, then smiled. "Upstairs, third door on the left. I'll fix you a drink while you are gone. What would you like?"

"Oh no, really I should get to work. See what you want done to me... I mean, see what you need doing... erm..."

"I *insist!* What will it be? Drinks! Let's be friends. I can't work with people who aren't friends."

"I erm. I'll have a whiskey if you've got it." I'd like a bottle. I'd like it now so I can take it with me to the bathroom and drink it. Then hit myself over the head with it. If that didn't take me out of the world I'm sure I could use the broken glass to slash my wrists.

"Sure. Enjoy yourself... and don't forget to wash your hands" He grinned evilly and then turned back to fixing some drinks.

I almost stumbled walking up those stairs. Thick Shag everywhere. By the time I got to the third door I was visibly shaking. I entered then closed the door behind me. No lock. Oh god. I put my back to the door. The room was pink. In the corner was a huge tub. The kind meant for multiple people. Or at least two large men. The toilet was ceramic with gold fittings. Very much typical of the motif of this place. What wasn't pink was gold. Like the rugs and the wall borders here. I nervously relieved myself. Then flushed and washed my hands. I took some water and splashed my face, and rubbed cool water on the back of my neck.

'Get a grip' I told myself. 'You'll be fine. Just do the job and get out'.

Job? What job? What the hell was it this man wanted me to do?

I left with trepidation. What would come next? He was sitting on the chaise-longues. Legs crossed, stirring what appeared to be Martini with a plastic stick. "I have Whiskey but I made you a Martini too, thought you might like it. Martinis are fun." There was another one sat on a small table at the end of the chaise longue, between it and him was an empty seat. He patted it with his hand "come. Lets sit and get to know each other."

"Erm... Mr Flair. I really should get to work. You should show me what you need."

"I need you to come sit here." His eyes flashed. This man was really scaring me. "Like I said I don't have anyone working for me who isn't my friend, so we need to become friends. I reward my friends well."

I gulped again. I walked over and sat stiffly on the seat. I lifted the Martini and sipped it. I hate Martini.

"So, how long have you been in this line of work?"

"About six years. Before that I worked for a company doing roughly the same thing. And y... you?"

He grinned again and drank some of his Martini. He lounged there. Staring at me. My eyes wanted to pop out of my head and scamper out of a crack in the wall and go home. *Home to bed where they would crawl under the covers and sit there staring at the darkness. The beautiful darkness.*

His grin continued. Then...

"Whoww!"

I jumped in my seat. He laughed. "You're nervous. You are too tense. You need to learn to relax." He stood up. C'mon and I'll give you a tour of the old Flair homestead."

I stood up. He lead the way into another room which seemed to be a lavish study. "This was designed for me by the french designer. Andre Yance. You may have heard of him. He did the design on the room for Madonnas first kid. He's got a great eye.

"Yes, it's lovely. I like er... I like the two tier book-cases."

"Yeah, but it's mostly ornamental. In my line of work I don't really have that much time to read. Come see the dining room."

The dining room turned out to be part dining room, part conservatory. A classic oak dining table and thick chairs arranged in a small contained jungle of rubber plants and small trees. In the centre was a few Bonsai trees.

"The wife loves the bonsais. Personally I think they need too much work."

Wife! Oh lord. Perhaps this is all just part of his eccentric stage routine. Wife. God. I can see her now. Older former model type, probably embittered and cynical. Seen as cold. She wears the trousers. She would arrive home any minute now and shout and say 'Why is this man just standing around? Why isn't he working? I'm sick of you hiring these bums Ric. If he's not working he can get out... and not expect no gratuity from me.'

Any minute now.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"Erm.. no, no... I used to live with someone but it didn't work out."

"You're better off. Believe me. Better to live alone and have your freedom."

He lead me into another room. Looked like a gym. Many examples of expensive exercise machinery lay about the room and in the centre, in front of a ballet bar and wall length mirror lay a huge padded mat.

"This is where I practice my 'art'"

"It's a great looking gym."

"My *friends* can come over and use this gym any-time they like. If we get on ok together it's another perk you have to look forward to." He grinned, then flicked his professionally sculpted hair toward the mat. "Ever tried it? Wrestling I mean?"

"Erm. No. No, not really my thing."

"Ah you are missing out. One of the few remaining true arts. It pre-dates acting and Shakespeare and all that crap. C'mon and I'll give you a quick lesson."

"No, no Mr Flair. That's ok. I wouldn't be any good."

"You won't know until you try it. C'mon." He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the mat. His touch caused my body to lock up.

"Get your shoes off and your jacket." he demanded.

I was starting to sweat. I could feel great big rivers of perspiration beading up on my eyelids. I wished they'd fall down and drown me. "Erm."

"C'mon," he grinned and clapped his hands. Ready for action. "Don't worry I won't hurt you." he grinned.

What could I do? Oh good god what could I do? I clumsily removed my jacket and shoes and set them to one side carefully.

He took my arm and led me onto the mats. He grabbed my other hand and twisted me around and suddenly I was on the floor.

He was grinning, leaning over me. Hair rock solid with the hair spray I could now smell. Grinning that same incessant grin. His eyes wide and excited

"Whoww!" he yelled.

I could smell his perfume and a scent of masculine body odour from his bronzed and oiled skin. "That was an easy throw. Didn't hurt you did I?"

"No" but I was very uncomfortable.

"I'll show you and you can do it on me." He drew me up with his strong arms like I was a small child. "Now, take my hand like this:" He moved me around and I took his arm "Now move your weight against me... here" I followed, his martini and gin breath mingled with a touch of halitosis washed over my face. "Now, lean here and push against my leg.. like... so" we both went over and I ended up on top of him on the ground.

"Whoww!"

He yelled it into my face and laughed. I tried to stand but found I was locked with him. "You are good" he said. "How does that make you feel?"

"Erm... a bit... erm..." I fished for words. Words that wouldn't sound either suggestive or insulting to his 'art'. I found it difficult. I was finding most intelligent thought difficult.

He laughed. "Do you know how it makes me feel?"

"Erm..." I just looked at him. He looked down. I followed his gaze. His gown had fallen open. He was naked beneath and a stubby, but thick, erection was pressed against my calf. I gulped again. More visibly and audibly than ever before in my life then my eyes flicked back up to his face. He was glaring at me with those eyes and the grin had become the grin of satan himself. And he yelled...

"Whoww!"

At home. I lay in bed. The empty bottle of pills lying on the floor where it had landed after it rolled from the bed. My face and body grey and cold. My curtains drawn. My door closed. They'd find me when the neighbours smelt my decomposing corpse in a few weeks, stuck to the sheets by spoiled bodily waste and fluids, but until then I would lie alone. MY corpse doing what corpses do when they have finally shut down. Solitude beyond that ever achievable in life. Safe at last from the harsh confusion of the world outside.

I pulled myself away from him finally; when he let go and I landed on the floor near the wall at the opposite side of the room. I got up and grabbed my jacket and stood with my back to the wall.

"What? Look, I'm not... into this... ok."

He grinned from where he was. Sitting on the mat. Legs crossed, hands on naked hips. Chubby boner pointing at me.

"Whoww!"

And I ran. Into an exercise bicycle to my right. I toppled over it clumsily onto the floor.

"Be careful." He stood up. I ran out into the dining room. He followed. Standing in the doorway, legs akimbo.

"Whoww!" he yelled.

I lifted a chair and set it between me and him.

"Mr Flair. Look. Seriously. I'm just here to do a job. That's all. I'm not into this sort of thing. Really..."

He pulled the chair to himself, reversed it and sat down pushing his exposed and excited genitals through the space in the back of the chair.

"You need to relax. We could have some fun. Loads of jobs for you I'd like you to do for me."

He grinned once more and his muscular pecker twitched of its own accord. A second later I was scrambling towards the front door. I couldn't get it open. The door was locked and locked with a key. A key that was still in Flair's pocket. The pocket of his gown. The gown he was wearing. The gown that once concealed his family jewels and I so much wished would conceal again.

"Leaving? But you haven't finished the job that I called you here for. I'd be very disappointed I'd hate to have to tell people you leave jobs unfinished... Customers left..." he gave me that horrifying smile "...unsatisfied."

Like I give a fuck??! I'd move to another town and flip burgers for the rest of my life if I can get the fuck out of here and away from this aggressively perverted fop.

I rounded on him and forcefully asserted myself "Mr Flair! I don't enjoy working in this kind of situation and under this kind of pressure. Right now I would just like to leave. Please may I have the key?"

He put his fists on his hips and sighed in an exaggerated fashion, then said "Ok, I'm disappointed but I won't hold it against you. Here is the key...." and he withdrew the key from his gown pocket "I'll just put it here for you." and hung it, by a golden chain, from the roof of his stunted but stoic manhood.

I stared at it as if it was my life blood running from my veins uncontrollably and unstopably.

"Well do you want it or not?" And he gestured toward his tanned and oiled private parts.

Something snapped inside me in that moment and the panic that had so far been warming up by the sides of the tracks, finally took off for the 400 metre hurdles. I turned and launched myself at the fullsize glass windows bordering the door that lay between me and my car outside. I bounced off them and landed on a dizzy heap on the floor.

By the time I came to my senses again that man was on top of me. He had pinned me down with his legs and his chest was over my face. "You ok? That was silly. Dear me. You've probably had some mild concussion. I think you should lie here for a while. This rug is thick and soft and comfortable. I think you could do with another drink."

My mind was about to explode. I could feel AND see his *still* undulating gender against my chest. The chain for the key still wrapped around it and disappearing below his hairless scrotum. I felt sick, but I needed to get out, I felt my very life... or more importantly; my sanity, depended on it. "Yes... yes... ok. I'll lie here. I need a drink."

"Sure." He got to rise. I reached out and grabbed his testicles in my hand and he tripped and fell. The key came away in my hand and I scrambled for the front door. He sat on the floor with a look of disbelief on his face. "Whoww! Now you have to marry me boy!".

My hand felt like it was going numb already from the feel of that warm and shaven external brain like protuberance. It had been oily to the touch. Everything about him was oily. I fumbled with the key in my numbed hand. He ran up behind me and grabbed me. I almost dropped the key on the floor. I could feel him pressing Himself against my backside. He onced more yelled his trademark:

"Whoww!"

Into my ear. I cringed and shuddered as his voice rocked my brain and left me hearing fire engines in my head. I fumbled again with the key while he was pulling at me from behind. "C'mon... just a little wrestle! I'll let you win!"

"Whoww!".

Uuuunnnnggg. I'd unlocked the door but the weight of him was pressing against me and I couldn't open it. If I pull back from the door I would fall into him and I didn't want that. I just want out. I want to leave. I want to just phase out of reality and pass through the door like I was gaseous or made of light or sound. Please let me go!

I knew I'd have to back up to get out. I pushed into him and pulled the door and it swung open. He was still holding onto me. My hand was still greasy from his scrotal oil so I lost my grip on the handle and fell over onto him. He yelped.. then followed with another:

"Whoww!".

I really didn't want to risk him getting on top again. I tried to drag myself up and he pulled one of my arms out of the jacket sleeve.

"Whoww!".

Dear god STOP it!!! He pulled himself up and we fell forward in the doorway:

"Whoww!"

He yelled into the back of my neck. I could take no more.

I screamed at the top of my voice which seemed to stun him somewhat as his grip on me loosened and I managed to pull myself out from under him. He was laughing now as I struggled away from him and ran out the door and into the driveway towards my car.

Oh lord my keys... my car keys... they are in my bag. My bag which was sitting on the floor in his lobby. Fuck it! Fuck the keys! Fuck the car! I just kept running. Down the driveway and out the open gate into the street where I kept running and running until I was spent and I collapsed, luckily enough, near a bus stop. I stumbled over and sat on the wall taking off my torn jacket. An old black woman stood there and looked at me with disgust, then to my jacket.

"What the hell is that crap over your jacket? Somebody sneeze or is that bird crap?"

I didn't even look. I knew what it was. It was the reason Flair didn't chase me any further.

When I got home perhaps I would call the police. Perhaps not. I needed to get my car but I wasn't going back there. Not ever. I'll pay some hoods to get my car back. Then I'll change my phone number and my address too. I think it's written in my log book which is in my bag I don't want him showing up at my apartment.

I'll go home and... no, I'll go home to my mothers and I'll shower or bath with the door locked and then I'm moving to another town and I'll get a new job and I'll never ever work for wrestlers again.

The bus arrived after about five minutes. I 'forgot' my jacket on the wall. I'd removed my wallet first.

After the bus had passed the road leading to Flairs house I'd relaxed a little, but I decided to take up smoking.

I lay in my room. Curtains drawn. Lights low. The world outside a distant memory. I lay naked on my bed. Clean after a shower, body still warm and slightly damp. Cigarette in my hand. Enjoying the smoke. Enjoying the way it played in the air before my face. Suddenly the door opened. It was him. Nature Boy. Standing in the door frame, his gown open to expose his oiled and toned but aged nudity. "Time for a rematch! Last you made me win, all over your lovely jacket, and then I won in your bag, and on your phone, but this time I'll make you win! "

"Whoww!"

And with that he threw himself upon me...

I woke up in a cold sweat. Alone in my room... My room no longer felt safe. The drugs the shrink gave me didn't help. Every night the same dream. It'll never stop. He haunts me now. Night after night. Every time I close my eyes. Will there never be an end to this nightmare? I've lost my job, lost my home, lost my mind. All I have is my fear of Flair and his rematches with me every night that remain undecided...

He wants me to win, but I'll never win again. I couldn't even if I wanted to.



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