

*A Short Story*

# AN AMERICAN TALE

---

DOMINIC LYNE





**AN  
AMERICAN  
TALE**



Published by **Degraded Discord**  
an imprint of **DPL Publishing**, 2022

Text copyright © Dominic Lyne, 2013

The Author asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

**[www.dominiclyne.com](http://www.dominiclyne.com)**

Cover design and layout by Dominic Lyne © 2022

**All Rights Reserved.**

**Third Edition.**

'An American Tale' is an outtake from Dominic Lyne's short story collection **And Mother's Eyes Will Bleed**

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

# AN AMERICAN TALE

DOMINIC LYNE



What happens when you go on a crazed night out in New York with a barmaid you only met an hour previously? Well, the next day your boyfriend dumps you, and that's exactly what Mark did. Six months ended over a pint in a bar. What do you do after that? Go to a gay club of course.

So there you are, in probably the coolest, seediest place you've ever been. \$10 entry, free drinks all night, porn playing on a screen, floors sticky with God knows what. *The Hole* lives up to its name and you get totally wasted and bored listening to your now ex telling everyone you've just broken up.

You decide to leave early, outside a guy who's been hitting on you all night grabs your arm. 'Fancy going back to mine?'

You look, grin. 'Yeah, okay. One thing though.'

'What's that?'

'I charge.'

'Ok.' He thinks for a minute. 'How much?'

'\$300 dollars.'

'What does that get me?'

'Me, until I cum.'

'Deal.'

'Half up front.'

With \$150 shoved down your pants, he hails a cab, a yellow one. Sat there with a shit kissing paying client, whose finger is working his way up your ass, you think to yourself, *Great first memory of being in a yellow NY cab.*

'You like cock, yeah?' he whispers into your ear. 'Well, I hope you like fat cock.'

'Fat yeah?'

'Thick.'

'I'm sure I can accommodate for that,' you whisper into his ear like a slut. Anything for \$300.

Back at his posh million dollar looking apartment, you realise how hasty you were in agreeing, and your specific terms. He pulls out his cock and you go crossed eyed looking at it. It'll be like sticking a jam jar up your asshole. You grin; you bear it. He rims your ass, spreads your legs and tells you how amazing you are at relaxing your hole as he works four fingers into it up to their knuckles.

Flipped onto your back, he wraps a condom onto his cock and pushes it in. You groan in all the right places, focusing your attention on something interesting. Yes sir, you might have an elephant's dick but you're shit with it.



Your eyes land on the digital display of the bedside clock. You start clock watching, the start of a new habit you will end up adopting in these bad sex situations.

The minutes tick away. He pulls out and jacks a load off over your back. Done. Ended. Survived.

Not quite.

'I'll go clean up and then we'll be good to go again, yeah?'

You frown. *What?*

'Well, you said until you cum. You haven't cum yet.' He smiles.

'Oh, of course.' You smile back at him. *Shit.*

You hear him lock the bathroom door. You slip off the bed and bend for your stuff, his dog licks your asshole and you contemplate stealing it. With your belongings in your hand you leave his apartment, taking all the cash out of your client's wallet. Naked you run down the corridor in the wrong direction, turn, run back and slip into the lift. You dress and walk casually out of the lobby.

Outside you have no idea where you are and just walk in a random direction until you find a place you recognise.

You count your payment. \$400 in total. You smile. You arrive back at the hotel room. As you look out of the window, you see your ex crossing the road. You pretend to be asleep when he enters the room.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**The great Dom Lyne, spinner of masterful words, sounds, and imagery.** – *Dennis Cooper*

Dominic Lyne is a London based writer and artist. Influenced by authors such as Dennis Cooper, Bret Easton Ellis, and William S. Burroughs, he writes works of transgressive fiction that aim to shine a light upon the darker sides of humanity and society.

Diagnosed on the schizophrenia spectrum, this bleeds into his work and offers readers an insight into his world, the world he has created and mutated into his physical reality.

# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

## ***PROSE***

In Dreams We Sleep

And There An End, But Now They Rise Again

The Heart of Darkness

And Mother's Eyes Will Bleed

Transmissions

Thoughts of Discord

Cycle-2: Screams of Silence

Ink Spills and Five Notes of Suicide

The Mushroom Diaries

## ***POETRY***

The Voice that Betrayed

Lullabies for Salvation

Visions of Wormwood