

Totally Porno

*** A Corporate Crime Satire ***

Volume 1

'Road to a Sale'

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AKA Stu Easy

AKA The Big Stu Easy

AKA Mr. Stu-Jitzu

AKA Mr. Orrsome

AKA TBSE

AKA BEST (*acronyms, baby!!*)

Free chapters.

Chapters 2, 5 and 8.

Enjoy responsibly :)

Chapter 2

‘Mirror mirror on the wall’

Approximately one week earlier...

DAY 1. Monday.

Mr. Mike Smitten was standing at the bathroom mirror, breathing slowly and heavily. He splashed his face with the water that flowed freely from the tap. There were flashes of extremely bright neon and infrared lights - seemingly exploding from everywhere - that were causing Mike's eyes and brain to hurt incredibly.

Mike looked up at his reflection in the mirror, taking in deep breaths. After exhaling a deep breath to calm himself down, he spoke out loud to his reflection.

“You can do this. They have no fucking idea. None at all,” he implored, encouraging himself the best that he could.

Mike was in obvious distress and discomfort. He reached down and picked up the large container of green pills from the sink in front of him.

“Why am I in so much fucking pain?!” he asked himself. “They never said that it would hurt like this.”

The flickering fluorescent light in the bathroom affected his eyes in such a way that he hadn't ever experienced before. He couldn't tell if all of the abnormally bright lights and exploding infrared visuals that he was experiencing were real or not. *Regrettably*, he wasn't given any instructions or advice. None.

“These things better fucking work,” he said to himself in the mirror.

Mike took out and swallowed one of the green pills, washing it down with some water from the tap. The pain and pressure that he could feel behind his eyes was excruciating. But nothing was going to hold him back from achieving his greatest-ever deception.

“Fear is sensed! Strength is contagious! Come on!!” he bellowed, trying to conjure up some internal bravery. The lights in the roof looked like extremely powerful, blinding flares to him, and - sounding like a wounded bear - he moaned an excruciatingly painful moan.

“AAAAGGGGHHHHRRRRRR!”

After centering himself, he nodded thoughtfully and slowly, taking a moment before he looked back up at his own reflection in the mirror.

“Just keep to the plan, and remember the objective: Establish identity. Clean the money. Hide in plain sight. This will just be like babysitting. Right? How hard can it be? Now, I want you to go in there... and kick some fucking ass!” he demanded of himself.

Mr. Mike Smitten reeled back and contorted - in agony - hoping that the pill he just swallowed would soon help him with his incredible discomfort.

“You’ve been gone a long time, Mike. And now?... You’re back!!”

Summoning all of the energy that he could muster, Mike aggressively pushed open the bathroom door and made his way down the corridor with great authority and purpose.

He was huffing and puffing like he was about to fight for the boxing heavyweight championship of the world! Mr. Mike Smitten was throwing jabs and uppercuts, seemingly psyching himself up for a major confrontation. After leaving the bathroom, he was joined by his two imposing henchmen - Dee and Bennett - who promptly followed him.

A long-time staff member - going by the name of Raquel Monroe - came out of her office only to see Mike, Dee, and Bennett walking aggressively down the hallway on a collision course toward her. The sight of these three menacing men - all wearing perfectly tailored suits - frightened her, and she jumped out of their way just in time.

“You wouldn’t do that if my husband was here!” she squawked at them, feeling threatened by their razor-focused and determined levels of hardcore masculinity.

Further down the hall, another staff member - Ian Compudent - holding stacks of papers, stepped out of his office only to have Mike's henchmen rush forward and thump him in the chest, therefore pushing him over, sending him and the papers flying everywhere.

Mr. Mike Smitten turned the corner and then abruptly stopped at a set of double doors as the internal sounds of swirling anxiety kept getting louder and louder in his head. The thumping pain behind his skull was making him feel like his head was going to literally crack open and explode everywhere.

There was so much pressure for him to get this right. There were no margins for error. *Zero*. To fail and not pull this off would mean that he would meet his certain death.

Mike's henchmen, Dee and Bennett, were standing right behind him, with all three of them breathing heavily. Ready for whatever onslaught lay ahead of them.

With ice in his veins, a gruff-voiced Bennett spoke up. "You can do this, Mr. Smitten," he calmly encouraged.

KA-BOOM!

Mike pushed both doors open to reveal a well-lit, crowded boardroom. Everyone in the boardroom was cheering for some good news as they all simultaneously turned to see who had aggressively opened the doors.

"AAAAGGGGHHHRRRRRR!"

Chapter 5

‘Dad & sons’

Continuing on with the tour, Larry led Mike, Dee and Bennett down the concrete steps into the dealership basement. One by one, they looked up and gave both shocked and confused faces. They were completely blown away because of the insane amount of possessions that they had down there. Cars, buggies, trucks, rod-rods, dragsters, boats, motorbikes, clothes, TVs, various foreign and domestic animals, alcohol, jewellery... and about fifteen very fit, healthy and attractive young women... and - *of course* - one big fat one.

“Oh, the lighting is way better down here. Almost no pain at all,” said a relieved Mr. Mike Smitten in a gladful manner.

Mike, Dee and Bennett started to walk amongst chaos, mesmerised by everything that they could see and that went by them. They stopped when they saw what looked like a herd of short elephants covered in long reddish-brown hair. The sign next to them read, ‘Genuine Pigmy soft-wool Woolly Mammoths - \$125,000 each, or nearest offer’.

After a moment, Mike eventually spoke up. “Wow. So, how did these guys pay for all this stuff?!” he said out loud.

Everyone in the basement froze and stopped what they were doing after Mike’s comment. The whole place went completely silent. Even the people doing live video chats on their phones halted their conversations.

A horse neighed...

Each holding a fighting stance, Mike and Dee looked around and braced themselves for trouble. Bennett launched into some incredibly cool and athletic karate moves and then immediately examined

his hands - with both confusion and wide-eyed wonderment. He then tried to shake something off of them, in disbelief at what had just happened.

“Hello? Hello? What’s going on?” asked a person on a video chat.

Mike gathered himself. “I mean, you must really work hard for all this? Heh heh heh,” he said, trying to back out from his last comment.

Dad gave a nod of his head, and everyone went back to what they were doing. Dee and Bennett relaxed, and the basement became noisy, going into full swing again.

“I am interested, though. How much does all of this cost me? Jesus!” asked Mr. Mike Smitten, assessing the surroundings. “Is that an Egyptian mummy behind that Buddha statue?”

Dad looked up to see Mike and his henchmen approaching him and motioned to two of his young workers nearby.

“Boys, come here,” he instructed.

The two young male staff members came over to join him just as Mike, Larry, Dee and Bennett arrived.

“Mike...” Larry started to say before Bennett hit him over the back of his head.

“I mean, M-Mr. Smitten. This is Dad. And this... is his operation,” announced Larry.

“Operation? Nice to meet you properly, Dad,” said Mr. Smitten warmly.

As Mike and Dad shook hands, Mike noticed large, wide scarring on Dad’s forearm. Dad covered it by pulling his sleeve back down. Mike rubbed his own arm in the same place.

“This is Dee and Bennett,” informed Mike, motioning to his muscular and athletic henchmen, looking tough-as-fuck in their tailored suits.

“And please call me Mike,” he said, to Larry’s displeasure.

“Thanks, Mike. These are my two next in charge. If you need anything, these are your guys. They’re almost like sons to me,” informed Dad.

“We are your sons, Dad,” said Dad’s sons.

Dad's two teenage sons were named Gerald and Gerry. They looked like twins but told everyone that their birthdays were six months apart. With matching clothes and 'bowl cut' hair-dos, it was extremely difficult to tell them apart. They even had acne scarring in the same place on their faces.

"What do you need?" asked Gerald, talking to Mike.

"Yeah, do you need anything? We can get you literally anything you need. Are you married?" asked Gerry.

Mike was taken aback at the line of questioning. "What? Married? No?" he replied.

"Girlfriend?" asked Gerry.

"Kids?" asked Gerald.

"Boyfriend?" asked Gerry.

"Boyfriend?" quizzed a taken-aback Mr. Smitten.

"We're not gay," retorted Dee and Bennett at the same time.

"Hey, we don't judge," said both of Dad's sons in unison.

"What?" asked Mr. Smitten, not understanding what was happening.

"Where's Bob?" asked Gerald inquisitively.

"Who?" replied Mr. Smitten.

"Bob," answered Gerry while looking Mike up and down.

"Who's Bob?" said a confused Mr. Smitten.

Realising what was going on, Dad ushered Mike away from his two interrogating sons. Dee, Bennett and Larry stayed back with Gerald and Gerry. As he was being walked off, Mike looked back over his shoulder to see Bennett performing awesome karate moves - to his own wonderment.

"Down here is where we get all the used cars ready for sale. And over there is where all of the sold 'new cars' are kept. We get them perfect and shiny the day before the customers pick them up. Then, we get 'em upstairs looking Totally Porno," Dad declared.

"Did you just say - Totally Porno?" asked a bemused Mr. Smitten.

“Yeah, it’s the most awesome level of awesomeness,” answered Dad thoughtfully.

“Totally Porno means awesomeness?” asked Mr. Smitten, looking for confirmation of what he had just heard.

“Yeah. Like the girls of porn. Decades ago, we were just shocked that we were actually watching two people having sex. Like, who on earth would share something so private and intimate? After getting acclimatised to that, we wanted it to be good sex that we were watching. Then, we would only watch it if it was *GREAT* sex. And then slowly, the physical qualities of the women involved - and the men too - became higher and higher, until now, the women are all fit, healthy, sexy, beautiful, ten-out-of-tens!

“Get a woman who’s a ten-out-of-ten visually, and have her be a ten-out-of-ten in a pleasurable sexual fashion, and that - to me - is the definition of Totally Porno,” proclaimed Dad.

Intrigued and hearing them talking about their favourite subject - sex - Dee and Bennett walked up and joined in the conversation.

“A ten-out-of-ten?” confirmed Dee.

“Being a ten-out-of-ten?” followed up Bennett.

“No greater compliment than that! Is there?” pronounced Dad.

“You mean like ten squared?” commented a now confused Dee.

Mike mulled over this information in his mind and then spoke.

“You have quite the operation down here, Dad. I don’t really know what else to say? Other than everything is so over-the-top bright, shiny and sparkling,” said Mr. Smitten, squinting his eyes while trying his best to look around.

“Are you sure that all you do down here is prepare cars? It kind of reminds me of when I...” Mr. Smitten said while drifting off, recalling memories of a past life.

Mike, Dee and Bennett all turned in a circular fashion to see shady deals being done everywhere, as well as other people working extremely hard, preparing sold cars for clients. There were also people taking videos on their phones, to sell their items to interstate customers. Staff members were getting measured up with suits. Girlfriends were trying on jewellery. Pets and large African animals were being sold at auction... and more.

“Let’s talk again later, Mike. As you can see, we’re pretty busy down here,” Dad said, referring to the chaos and calamity that surrounded them.

“What? Yes. Talk busy later,” said a distracted Mr. Smitten. “Let’s go, gents.”

Dad watched intently as Mike, Larry, Dee and Bennett left them and walked away.

“Talk busy later?” Mr. Smitten muttered and laughed to himself. “I just sounded like a frickin idiot!”

“Sons?” called out Dad.

“Yes, Dad?” Gerald and Gerry replied together.

“I want you to call in a few favours and find out as much dirt as you can on our new friend, Mr. Mike Smitten,” said Dad thoughtfully.

“Why? What is it, Dad?” Gerald asked him curiously.

“I don’t know yet. But there’s something very ‘off’ about him. I reckon we’ve met before, at *least* a couple of lifetimes ago. If I close my eyes, I can recognise his energy, but I can’t place his face just yet,” Dad said to his sons.

Dad closed his eyes and reached out his open palm towards where Mike and his crew had walked away.

“No. That’s bloody impossible,” he said to himself.

Dad opened his eyes and returned back to reality.

“Boys. I’m telling you right now. It’s best that we figure out how we know each other first. Before he does,” Dad told them cautiously.

After a moment, Dad turned back to his workers and addressed them loudly.

“OK, you dead-set legends! I want these cars looking Totally fucking Porno in ten minutes!”

“YES, DAD!” was replied by all.

Chapter 8

‘Davis’

Tentatively, Larry opened the door to Davis’s office. All of the finance department were there, standing around Davis, looking straight back at Larry with utter contempt and disgust written all over their faces.

“Get out, loser,” Davis said menacingly.

“I make my kids tell me before work - every day - that I’m *not* a loser. Anyway, I’ve got Mr. Smitten with me,” countered Larry.

“Mister? Wow, look at you. I’ll tell you what. You can stay *only* while Michael is in the room. But make sure you leave the door open on the way out. That way, your foul, loser stench can leave with you when you exit,” grinned Davis.

Mike entered the office, followed by Bennett and Dee - who was still fixing his attire after embarrassingly diving for cover - to see the odd stare-down happening between Davis, her team, and Larry.

“Mr. Smitten, it is my - *eh-hem* - pleasure to introduce you to the finance and lending department. Can’t buy a car if you can’t afford to pay for it, right?” introduced Larry.

The finance department all instantly fired up and became INSANELY angry at Larry.

“That’s not up to you, fuck head! How dare you think!” blurted out Jeff Cranktard, one of the senior members of Davis’s team.

“They can all afford to be rammed into a car. It’s just up to us to how far we bury them in debt,” belted out Westley Bright, Davis’s most trusted sidekick.

“How much of their soul can we take,” grinned Jeff Cranktard as the whole team laughed an unnerving and sinister laugh.

Larry received multiple scrunched-up pieces of paper, hitting him to the face.

“Really? Paper to the face?” Larry said, not impressed.

Larry then received one more piece of paper to the face.

SMACK!

“Oh, come on! Not even my wife is that mean to me,” whimpered Larry.

Just then, one of the finance team’s dark brown business shoes whizzed straight by Larry’s ear and smashed into the wall behind him. “Nearly got him. Don’t worry, I’ve got one more,” came a random voice.

“Ok, ok... she *is* that mean to me,” conceded Larry.

Davis was exceedingly happy with the level of evilness from her team and looked up to acknowledge Mike and his henchmen entering her office.

“Michael. I’m sure it’s an absolute pleasure to have you on board. And we trust that you’ll leave us alone to make a lot of money,” proclaimed Davis. “OK. Bye-bye.”

“I wasn’t expecting a big team like this, Davis. How much money do you all cost me?” asked Mr. Smitten while ignoring her shooing him out of her office.

Davis didn’t acknowledge Mike’s question.

“Where did you work before here, Michael? You look familiar,” asked Davis sternly.

“Familiar? Not possible, lady,” fired back Dee.

Bennett glared at Davis and did a quick karate move to intimidate her before smiling - with boyish approval - at his own hands. He could see something that no-one else could. And he was starting to like it!

Mike scanned the room, appraising the threat level, and winced in pain when one of the finance department flashed a big smile with big, fake, unnaturally white teeth.

“What’s your name?” asked Mr. Smitten, shielding his eyes.

“Westley Bright. Why?” answered Westley Bright.

“You’re gone! That’s why,” answered Mr. Smitten matter-o-factly. “Boys, get rid of him.”

Dee pulled out a knuckle duster from his pocket, quickly placed it over his knuckles and punched Westley in his left cheekbone, leaving a visible mark and a dent.

As Westley hit the floor, Bennett swiftly stood over him with his sawn-off shotgun locked and loaded in his hands.

“Why? What did I do?” asked Westley Bright, begging for his life.

“Trying to fuck with me with those teeth?!! You fucking sicko! Why would you do that to me?!” answered an obviously triggered Mr. Smitten.

“This is going to make a mess, boss. Are you sure you want me to do it?” inquired Bennett, about blowing Westley’s head off.

“He’s right. And remember the objective - hide in plain sight?” reminded Dee thoughtfully.

“Good call, boys,” responded Mr. Smitten, calling off the unnecessary execution. “Just throw the troublemaker out onto the main road.”

“Owned any dealerships before, Michael? Where did you grow up?” questioned Davis, completely unfazed by the commotion and moving on with her curious questioning.

As ordered, Dee and Bennett picked up Westley off the floor so as to remove him from the dealership.

“Mike is the one who’s meant to be asking the questions, woman. He owns you; he owns you all, as of early this morning,” said Dee, always in protection mode.

“I’ve just never heard his name before. And this is my sixth dealership that I’ve worked at. Where’s Bob?” asked Davis, continuing with her interrogation.

“Who’s Bob?” asked a confused Mr. Smitten.

Mike started to feel uneasy and woozy. The pill he took this morning was already starting to wear off. To his confusion, Westley’s teeth were insanely bright to him, and they were REALLY bothering him!

“I’m going to knock out those fucking teeth!!” yelled Mr. Smitten to the bewilderment of Westley and also to everyone else in the room.

Feeling challenged and disrespected, Mike lunged forward to physically attack Westley and was quickly pushed back by Dee and Bennett. “I’m going to punch those teeth out!!” he yelled.

Everyone was shocked and confused by the commotion. Except for Davis, who remained calm, still and poised.

“I’d keep the questioning down, little girl. It’s you who works for Mike Smitten now. Not the other way around,” suggested Bennett, who now had Westley held by the grip of his powerful hands again.

The room was held to a tense standoff. Mike looked over to Westley, who immediately covered his mouth with his hands.

“How long have you been in the industry for now, Michael?” asked Davis.

“What’s my name?” asked Mr. Smitten, who was now seeing everything in the room with a blurry, double vision.

“His name isn’t Michael, sugar-tits. It’s Mike,” directed Dee with authority.

“What’s my name?” asked a confused and disorientated Mr. Smitten.

“Your name is Mike, Mike,” confirmed Bennett.

The room was held silent and stiff, with no side backing down.

“My name is Mike-Mike?” quizzed Mr. Mike Smitten, on the verge of fainting and collapsing on the floor.

Mike and Davis held an intense stare-off with each other that held the whole room captive. Although... Mike didn’t know that. He had no idea, as he couldn’t see properly and was just staying as still and rigid as possible, trying not to lose his balance and topple over.

But he couldn’t hang on any longer and fell forward, banging onto Davis’s desk. By absolute fluke or sheer determination - *who knew?* - he landed resting perfectly on her desk, being held up on his elbows and forearms, while seemingly on purpose staring directly into Davis’s eyes, only a few inches away from her face.

Thankfully, Mike's wits began to return to him, and he became fully conscious again. After gathering his thoughts, he answered Davis's previous questions, very carefully and with purpose.

"Look, Davis, we can talk about our pasts all day long. But that's boring as fuck. I'm only interested in what happens moving forward. I need a hungry and loyal team behind me. Now, if that's going to be too hard, and we're going to have too much resistance and push-back from you, best let it be known... immediately," Mr. Smitten said as he stood up tall and took a few steps towards the door.

"Whoa, what's happening right now?" asked an intimidated and confused Larry.

"I think they're comparing cocks," said Bennett out the side of his mouth.

"You'll have no problems from us. Mr. Mike Smitten, sir," declared Davis condescendingly.

"Good. I'll be going over your numbers later tonight, in my office. If they're any good, you'll have no problems from me either," assured Mr. Smitten. "Carry on with your... meeting. Or whatever was going on in here."

Dee and Bennett let go of Westley, and he landed on the office floor with him still covering his mouth with his hands. Mike, Larry, Dee, and Bennett all left Davis's office, with Larry closing the door behind him.

"I said leave it open, loser," Davis ordered Larry.

The finance team all laughed as Larry opened the door fully back up.

"Larry?" asked Davis.

Larry looked back, only to be met by Davis's stone-cold expression.

"Say hi to your wife for me, Larry," she finished.

The finance team all bared their teeth with a sinister grin. Westley, however, covered his mouth again.

Standing down the hall, a few meters outside of Davis's office, Mike turned to Dee and Bennett.

"Make sure you put her on the list," Mr. Smitten said with serious intent.

"List? List? What list? Am I on that list?" asked Larry nervously.

“Oh, yeah. And make sure you put him on the other list,” Mr. Smitten said, motioning to Larry in a larrikin, piss-take way.

Mike, Dee and Bennett all laughed at Larry’s expense.

“There’s another list? Ohh... My wife’s not on that list, is she?” cried Larry.

The boys laughed even harder. *They were massive shit-stirrers.*

Inside Davis’s office, the evil faces and laughs dissipated.

“Something doesn’t feel right here,” said Davis. “Team, I want credit checks, police checks, and whatever else you can find on our new friend, Mr. Mike Smitten,” she declared.

“You have the number one nose in the business for smelling bullshit, Davis. What’s got up your hairless nostrils?” asked Westley Bright.

“He obviously doesn’t come from money, and he’s looking like a deer in bright headlights. For god’s sake, just look at him!” Davis said while looking out into the hall.

What she - and her team - could see was Mike destroying a hallway lamp while Bennett was next to him performing some enthusiastic karate moves. A car door was slammed shut, and Dee jumped to the ground for cover, smashing into the wall, damaging the cement plaster.

“So how does someone like *HIM* come from literally nowhere and purchase a dealership that wasn’t even for sale?”

“I’m OK,” informed Dee.

If you made it this far... you're one of us.

Head back to the main page and get the full story.

Welcome to Totally Porno.

By Stu Easy / Stuart James Orr

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