



Turn The Porn On

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Turn The Porn On. Xavier Leret

My father needed a check up at the hospital, so I took him. He was having his prostate looked into. We drove there silently, got lost, he lost his temper with me, we found his room and after I had made sure that he was settled I left him to it. He seemed fine, as fine as he could be knowing what it was that they were going to do to him, a Victorian clap style scrape of the penis. He didn't want me to be around for that.

I wandered back through the ward and then out past the private rooms where I heard this voice. Now, first off, I need to tell you that I hear voices like some people see dead people. I hear them pretty much everywhere, though some places seem to be more full of them than others. That's the way it is with hospitals, the chatter of minds on the edge of whatever it is these people might be facing. This voice was quite desperate, not scared, I'd say, in need. When I looked in through the door I saw this old man, all alone, lying on his back, with tubes coming out of him. He was very frail and couldn't move. He was close to death I would say.

He knew that his life force was leaving him rapidly, so he was calling for an anchor to this life. But of course, as you will understand, no-one would help him even if they could hear him. Now, I have thought about this a lot. I have thought about how I just stood there and didn't do anything, not that there was anything I could do anyway, as they don't cater for what he needed to watch in a hospital. They do in hotels, of course, and since then I have wondered whether a hospital needs to be more like a hotel, especially the private ones, or the ones in America where you have to pay a fortune for health care. It is all about choice after all. Health care for this man would have included this.

He spoke slowly, because he was having to think about his breathing too and his voice had this thick Bristolian accent.

Turn the porn on, he said... Turn the fucking porn on, for Christ's sake, I'm dying, I'm dying. I can't move my arms, this wheezy breath is dragging me down. I can't do for myself... I can't fucking move. Please, please make an old man happy, turn the porn on.

Nurse, turn the fucking porn on, please. I won't wank. Honest. Christ look at me, I can't move. I just want to remember what it was like. I want to remember that feeling of rubbing close to a body. Sliding over that

silk. I want to remember her breathing and steaming my eyes up. I want to remember.

Stop this 'you can't hear me' bullshit, stop it. There ain't nothing wrong with longing. I want to let go of this world fucking. When I can't breath no more I want to be breathless, go out on a bang. But you can't hear me. Just switch me out with soft channels and cop shows. Don't press the discovery pages I don't want to think my self to oblivion, what is the point of all that knowledge. I want to feel. I want to feel wet pussy. I want to feel pointed tits. I want to feel her little death in my arms, her heart miss a beat. I want to remember coming apart and sticking back in an instant. I want to remember pumping until it hurts. I want hair in my teeth and the back of my throat.

Please just five minutes, make an old man happy, the banter, that old banter running around until the lips meet, that first accident, that first smile with teeth touching, that first smile with eyes melting together, and then a wander around the edge of her tongue.

Don't let me die now, not just yet, five minutes more - no ten, make it a whole hour, just one more hour, just time enough to remember what flesh is like. Just a bit more time to hold on, a bit more time to hold her, to roll her, to fold her flesh, to bite it, lick it, suck it, just a bit more time before I let it go.

I can feel my spirits lift, oh, yes there is life in this old man yet. Oh yes, I can feel my heart picking up, I can feel my breath getting deeper, my chest rise, I love life, I love everyday, I love walking, I love talking, I love eating, I love reading, I love looking at people, I love jostling with crowds, I love hard rain, I love being angry, I love shouting, I love screaming, I love running, I love throwing money away, I love getting on the wrong bus, I love it when it's freezing cold, I love being a child, I love growing up, I love knowing more than I did then, I love knowing that you don't know what I am thinking, I love the moments when you do, I love staying out late, I love wine, I love drinking, I love wishing that I didn't, I love working, I love hating bits of my life, I love hating bad food and terrible films, I love not wanting to let it all go.

And now I'm in and we're down to it. Wow she's wet, I had a great time drinking her. And now we're pro's we've been here so many times and it's never without colour, even though the red rouge of her cheeks is slowly growing dull and the pitch black of her hair has long since passed grey to white. This is one land that I don't mind walking again and again and again.

Please nurse, just turn the porn on. I want to enjoy this last few breaths, because I can't let my body go. It's doesn't work like that. Each one of your tubes is holding me to the earth like a ship to the land, keeping me here with nothing to do, except remember. So turn the porn on. Please, turn the porn on. I want to remember. I want to remember it all. Before it stops. Before it stops.

New Section

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About The Author

Xavier is a writer, filmmaker and playwright.

Films include *Unarmed But Dangerous* starring Frank Harper, Mat Fraser, Terry Stone and Faye Tozer. It tells the story of a Kung Fu master who has no arms. *Unarmed But Dangerous* is currently on worldwide release through Anchor Bay Entertainment. His first film, *Mine*, was selected as a breakthrough movie for LUFF 2007.

Plays include *Renaissance* (a Millennium Award Winner), *The Fantastical Adventures of Leonardo Da Vinci* (a commission for the International Festival Of Perth), *Thirst*, *Alice*, *Caligula* and *Swing*.

He has just completed his first novel *Heaven Sent*.

He lives with his wife and three children in a quiet spot of the UK.

You can find more of his work and work in progress at www.xavierleret.com

From the same author on Feedbooks

About Fred (2009)

John learns that his young daughter is being groomed by an uncle. A very twisted tale of revenge, abuse, pornography and murder.

This is dark. Bring a torch.

Xavier is reading 'Turn The Porn On' for the Bordello Blush event - THE BOOK CLUB BOUTIQUE - Sat 13th Feb. Location: BLACKS. 67 DEAN ST. SOHO. London W1D 4QH

Doors open at 8. Great club, big open fires, live music and sizzling, tingling, writings.

Pictures (2009)

A woman in a guesthouse by the sea shows a man photographs of her son from the moment that he was born. As the night continues she discovers why her guest is running.

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Old Bull (2009)

Harry wakes up with a prostitute called Helena.

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Abort (2009)

An account of an abortion.

Old Bull 2 Janet (2009)

Harry gets his wife Janet some sexy underwear. It doesn't work out.

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Heaven Sent (2011)

Sixteen year old Carlo has no experience of the world. He desperately wants eternity to provide an alternative to the strict moral imperative of his Catholic parents. When Daizee Byatt, a girl from the other side of the tracks, crashes into Carlo's life, the course of his future veers off the road. This is the story of what Heaven Sent. Heaven Sent is dark, so bring a torch – but at its heart it is a beautiful and moving love story that somehow retains an innocence against some unfathomable and unsavory odds. An astonishing, breathtaking and romantic tale that is unlike anything you will have read before.

This is the first eight chapters of Heaven Sent by Xavier Leret. You can purchase an all gadget friendly ebook of the full novel for the smash down price of \$3.99 from Smashwords. <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/46970>



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