

BEEF UP MY WHAT?

by Pastor Edwards

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INTRODUCTION

HE WAS ALWAYS THE FUNNY MAN HANGING AROUND THE TIME CLOCK exchanging jokes among all his coworkers, and yes that guy Pete. Women come into his life about once a year but never seem to hang around for anything more than a month or two. When people ask him why he has no girlfriend he conjures up stories of mental illnesses to distract them from the truth. Pink flying elephants, monkeys with wings, brass bells ringing in his head, anything to distract them from learning of his disendowment. Trolling the internet on those lonely evenings he stumbles across a Chicago doctor that promises to help him with his short comings and lead him to a more happier life. When Blake comes back from meeting this “special doctor” his coworkers know something is wrong with their funny man. Blake is no longer the big mouth of the crowd and keeps to himself. All he can do is pray nobody ever figures out his little secret.

CHAPTER 1

IT WAS THE SAME SICK FEELING ONE ALWAYS FELT RIGHT BEFORE ENTERING a courtroom. The bile rising in the throat and feeling the need to swallow while feeling your stomach tightening until it hurts. It felt like going to a sword fencing competition but only having a stiletto knife to use as a sword.

All of the advice he had culled from both his sister and Men's Health magazines reverberated in the back of his mind. Feign confidence, don't call her until after 3 days, make eye contact, all the stupid shit that deterred a man from being himself.

As Blake cruised down Rt.272 at a steady 45mph he rehearsed the upcoming blind date in his pea brain head. Should he try being unique? Perhaps he should try wearing a bright orange road guard vest similar to the vest his drill sergeants forced him to wear while marching in basic training that had been vandalized with the words "2 inch Penis" lightly scrawled in ink pen. Damn, that would be so funny. At least this blonde chick would know how to find him.

The real question was why was a 20yr old blonde chick purportedly dating a short, fat, long haired dude with no front teeth? Deep down in his lonesome heart Blake knew the answer but refused to allow himself to believe it. The short jobless fat guy that was abusive towards her was more than likely well endowed. It wouldn't take a rocket scientist to deduce that.

Within minutes these frivolous thoughts eluded Blake's mind and he was standing outside the entrance of the diner. He paused and took in the usual

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deep breath before he sauntered into the diner. This meeting for the first time shit was so nerve racking. Especially since it had been many months since he had been in a relationship. At least months were better than years because between the age of 17-20 there was no love for him at all.

As soon as Blake stepped foot into the diner he figured out who his blind date was immediately. The bulbous ass sitting on the stool at the counter almost looked as if it were smiling at him. He had never really seen anything quite like it. At least on a white chick anyway. What was it that those hoodlums from the ghetto called those big booties? A Donkey? Ah... yes indeed. Corrine definitely had a donkey. She wasn't by any means fat but her shapely ass sure was prominent. It looked exactly like it had been peeled out of a *Big Booty* magazine.

Blake definitely liked what he saw and noticed that the only unoccupied stool in the diner was the shiny red one on her left. It almost looked as if it had been spitshined and specially reserved just for him. He felt his confidence boost up immediately as if his guardian penis angel was fully prepared to guide him through whatever he needed help with. He quickly plucked both his hands out of his front jeans' pockets realizing he may already be looking slightly precarious which was the last thing he wanted. It didn't matter anyways since his date had not yet turned around to acknowledge his presence. She seemed to be making small talk with a burly old white haired man sitting on her right. The dude definitely looked to be in his fifties but his forearms the size of tire jacks suggested he could kick some ass if he had to. Perhaps maybe he was just a regular at the diner that Corrine knew, besides, she did waitress there after all.

Blake made a bee line to the empty stool and plopped himself right next to his blind date. He could almost feel her healthy butt brushing up against his. He sat up straight in his stool and stared straight ahead without ever looking at Corrine. According to his sister's description, this had to be the right girl. "*No she's not fat. She just has big hips*" he could still hear his sister saying. There was an awkward silence as he stared into space wondering how long it would take for her to smell his cologne.

One of the cute college bound waitresses recognized Blake and immediately set up his coffee.

"Hey Blake! I already know. You want an ice water with that right?"

"Yes please, thanks Jessica."

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Jessica was a good two or three years younger than Blake and took really good care of her body.

They occasionally bumped into each other at the Rec ctr. and he was always astounded how Jess could sprint 3 miles like it was nothing. She was entirely out of his league and he knew that. Jess' older sister also worked at the diner during spring break. She was hot too but a little too outspoken for him so he talked to Jess more than her.

Blake removed the winterfresh gum from his mouth then sipped his coffee. He made a point of not turning his head towards his blind date. This was his pathetic way of trying to play it cool like something he probably learned from some stupid movie. It was dinner time on a friday and business was booming as usual.

Just as Jessica set down Blake's water glass next to his coffee his sister emerged from around the corner. She didn't say a word but looked at her brother with a shitty grin as if to say

I got you set up but your on your own big guy.

Naturally of course Blake played out the dumb card. It seems to work a lot when your in a rut.

"Pssst! Yo Dana, where is she?"

The smile on her face got bigger and she directed her eyes towards the blonde chick sitting next to him. Blake knew his dicking around time was up and he'd better grow some balls before this fine donkey chick eluded him. Fortunately they turned their heads towards each other simultaneously. If it wasn't love at first site then it was some interesting chemistry developing rapidly.

Their eyes locked for a nanosecond then they both quickly became nervous and stared at each other's chin.

"Hey you must be Corrine" he said extending his hand.

Blonde girl lovingly accepted the proffered hand and gave the usual girly hand shake."Ay..." Was all she could muster up to say. She was countering his dumb card with her shy card. It seemed evident Corrine was not a loquacious person, but with a ghetto booty like hers, there was a possibility she was putting on a **front** aka a facade. Blake always theorized that the big booty ghetto chicks were notorious for being loud, obnoxious, and getting things their way. At least these chicks from the sticks shut up when you gave

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them the dick. There was just no hope for those drama queens out in the ghetto getting their *Thang On*.

“Umm... So you work here with my sister?”

He could already feel an imaginary hand smacking him in the face for opening up with a stupid question.

“Yeah, your sister’s a riot”

By the way she replied it was difficult to tell whether she was being sarcastic or sincere. Even a highly experienced psychiatrist employed by the FBOP wouldn’t have been able to discern whether Corrine was being serious or not. The lil bomber hadn’t yet realized it yet but it was his first encounter with a professional liar.

There was an eerie silence and Dana realized her brother needed some help. It would only be a matter of seconds before Blake would say something really stupid and blow it.

“Hey, Jess and I are going to the Chamelion dance club tonight so why don’t you guys come with us?”

Before either one of them could reply big sister droned on as if she already had her answer.

“I think Betsy can come too, I’ll tell ya what, we’ll all meet here in back of Slut City parking lot at 8pm tonight”

(**Slut City** was just a moniker for Silk City Diner which had derived from all the waitresses over a period of time)

Blake looked over towards his blind date to gather her insight concerning his sister’s invite. Her voice was barely audible.

“Okay sure, we can do that”

The lil man that lived deep in the back of Blakey’s head berated him immediately.

You dipshit! This chick doesn’t look too bright but she sure as hell wasn’t born yesterday. You just sat here and let your sister set up a date here instead of doing it yourself. That’s not showing signs of confidence dumbass!

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His daydream was interrupted when Corrine began talking to the old guy on her right while she poked at some breaded shrimp on her plate with a fork. The old guy mumbled something to her and she put the fork down.

“No, I’m not gonna eat this! I don’t want it!”

She said pushing the plate away. The lil bomber was perplexed. Why was she still talking to the old man and what was with the sudden attitude? Fortunately she picked up on Blake’s quizzical look.

“Oh, Blake. This is my dad Butch. He’s a regular here at the diner.”

Blake casted his fake ass *you can trust me* smile towards the old man then quickly shifted his gaze towards the pile of breaded shrimp about to go to waste.

“Hey if your not gonna eat that I’ll take care of that for you”

“Oh sure” she said politely sliding the plate towards him.

The lil bomber tried his best to keep from devouring the entire plate of breaded shrimp all at once. Sexual thoughts were already eluding his mind as he gorged into a crunchy taste of heaven.

CHAPTER 2

PERHAPS HE WAS SHOWING OFF. BUT THEN AGAIN WHO WOULDN'T ON a first date? The inside of his car was illuminated by his 5.6 inch portable DVD player. It was the newest hot commodity at Radio- Shack and he had spent damn near 350 bucks on it. It was 7:45pm and the lil bomber was looking pretty spruce for a 22yr old boy from the sticks. His dancing attire was all but brand new. The blue jeans he had on were the newer style jeans that faded in color going down the pantleg. The black skin tight sexy-man shirt matched his expensive leather brogans his sister bought him for Christmas. A man had to be comfortable with his upper body to wear a skin tight shirt from *STRUCTURE* such as Blake had on.

Other than a few vehicles belonging to Slut City employees, the back parking lot of Silk City pretty much looked desolate. Homer J Simpson came on the screen of the DVD player and Blake pretended to be captivated by the cartoon. He realized he was 15 minutes early so being the only one at the rendezvous point was okay with him.

It felt like the longest 15 minutes of his life. His sister had informed him that Corrine drove a 93 dodge shadow that was green and missing a lot of paint. It felt good knowing his date actually had a job and a car. (The crazy bitch he had once met and dated from a mental ward had neither a car nor a job and mooched all the time). He did however hear rumors that his upcoming date might have a problem with marijuana. It was just a rumor and besides he felt sure he could deviate her from this becoming ever so popular habit. If he had to walk in her shoes for one day and put up with a short, fat, ugly slob with missing teeth that tossed beer cans he'd be smoking the bud too.

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The lil bomber's daydream was interrupted by a rapping on the passenger's side window. It nearly scared the shit out of him. It was nice to have an attractive girl knocking on your car window but unfortunately the girl was not his date. It was Jess the college bound chick.

Blake's car was fully loaded so he was able to lower the passenger's side window from his own arm door control. Jess seemed very much excited.

"Oh my gosh! What is that?"

Blake turned the screen in her direction for her to see.

"It's one of those new DVD players that are portable. This is where my Christmas bonus from work went"

"Oh my gosh... Is that the Simpsons?"

"Umm... yeah"

"I love the Simpsons, hey... where is Corrine?"

Evidently the distraction of Jess had caused Blake to forget all about his lil potthead friend.

"Umm... Corrine? Oh shit! Is it 8 o'clock yet?"

Jess looked at her wristwatch while Blake snuck a glance at her dainty tits. He was always intrigued at how he could have sworn her tits somehow changed sizes. For some reason her boobs always looked really big when she wore her white and blue checkered Silk City work shirt. Now that she was all dressed up her titties were looking less prominent. It really made no sense.

"It's actually after 8 o'clock, it's 8:10pm" said Jess gawking at the DVD player.

Blake did his best to remain looking stoic. After your heart gets broken so many times it desensitizes you.

"Umm... maybe she's just running late I guess"

"You do know that she lives only two minutes away from here don't you?"

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Reality was starting to set in but the lil bomber refused to believe it. No girl in her right mind would skip out on a guy like himself.

“Well.. let’s wait another 15 minutes. Maybe she’ll show up, I dunno”

(What he did know was the better catch was standing right outside of his car.)

“Well if she doesn’t show up I can show you where she lives, it’s just her and her dad.”

“Alright I guess we can do that”

“You know she’s probably getting stoned with her friends, I heard they got some of that shit laced with wet”

“What’s wet?”

“I think it’s PCP”

Blake nodded his head as if he understood. He really didn’t understand shit. He was starting to get confused and second guessing himself.

8:30pm finally came and there were no signs of potthead Corrine. The lil bomber had been played! The stupidest thing a disendowed man could do was live in a small town where everybody knew everybody. Living in these situations provided no feasible way for a disendowed man to elude the **WORD OF MOUTH** that plagued these small towns. One of those sluts in the diner must’ve clued Corrine in on the lil bomber’s disendowment for sure. Make no mistakes there had to be a **PENIS- RAT** lurking in the diner. As Blake left the parking lot alone that night he promised himself one thing. He was going to find out who this **PENIS RAT** was.

CHAPTER 3

ONE OF THE GREATEST THINGS ABOUT WOMEN IS MOST GIRLS ARE SMART enough to realize that men aren't the only ones that lie, girls lie too. Since Corrine had not yet seen the penis, nor had any of the girls at the diner, all she had to go on was old rumors and speculation. A true slut is not going to let a piece of meat go to waste just on hearsay alone. Blake knew he had that advantage. There was no point in him playing the role of acting like a desperate lil bitch by bugging her by phone to figure out why she stood him up that night. He'd just have to suck it up and find another fish in the sea.

It was Saturday morning the very next day and he was still a little wound up from last night. Sometimes when the lil bomber's stress level got too high he would actually be too stressed out to drink. It was one of those things he never actually could explain. Brooding and alcohol just didn't mix. He had spent the whole night brooding and imagining what his future had in store for him. If he even had one at all.

Blake was pretty sure he had an idea who the **PENIS RAT** was. It had to be that red head a few years older than him named Angie. Angie had lived in Denver for a long time and probably knew all the sluts in the area. There was a good chance that at some point she may have associated with a girl whom Blake had boinked in the past. While he was compartmentalizing in his mind and guessing all the potential **PENIS RATS**, he was abruptly startled by the ringing of his cordless phone. His first instinct was to pick up the phone but the inner voice in the back of his head told him not to. After the fifth ring the answering machine picked up and a girls voice came on which surprisedly wasn't his sister's.

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“Hey it’s Corrine, sorry about last night. It’s not that I don’t like you it’s just.... uh...”

The lil bomber listened carefully with anticipation.

Yeah, it’s just uh, a lil birdy kinda whispered in your ear that I’m false advertisement you dumb cunt! Blake thought to himself. The message continued.

“It’s just uh... I’m coming out of a bad relationship and all.... but hey, if you want to still do something give me a call, okay bye”

Okay bye? What do you mean by do something? Do something like you were probably doing with your so called abusive Ex last night?

The lil bomber thought to himself. It was pretty obvious that this big booty bandit with the perfect nose was setting him up for disaster but what was the guy to do? It was as if his penis and his heart were berating him at the same time.

“I don’t care how you do it buddy but I’ve stayed dry for too damn long. It’s time to get wet” said his penis

“Stop listening to your dick dipshit! If I get broken one more time by another chicken head bitch I’ll put your ass into cardiac arrest!” Said Blake’s heart

Damn, they both sounded like threats emanating from his body. Would he listen to his dick or his heart? The answer was pretty self explanatory.

CHAPTER 4

PERHAPS 3 DAYS GRACE WAS MORE THAN JUST THE NAME OF A WELL known rock band because that's exactly what he gave her. After 3 days of pretending to have a life the lil bomber finally picked up the phone and called the one fishy that had almost got away. After a few rings Corrine actually answered her cell phone. For a 20 yr. old broad, her voice wasn't all that chirpy.

"Hey, I'm sorry about the other night"

Damn, the bitch must have caller ID he thought to himself. Blake played the dumb card.

"Well... What happened? We were worried your car broke down"

There was a slight chuckle on the other end.

"Eh-heh.. no... umm.. I was at my friend Casey's house. I had forgotten I was supposed to go to her house after work last night"

Blake used his sleuthing skills to put the pieces together. There was too much honesty in her voice, concerning her whereabouts anyways. He pictured in his mind Corrine over her friend's house getting high with her best friend. It was as if he could literally picture them getting stoned together talking about the tall skinny new guy that had pranced into Silk City smelling all fresh. He pictured Corrine's best friend's counseling.

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“You did what? A tall skinny cute guy asks you out and you turn him down because there’s rumors about the size of his cock? You better holla back at him and check that shit out. Uhh! Just look at Frankie. That fucker needs a toothbrush. Frankie’s never going to change, you know that.”

The lil bomber could vividly picture the whole conversation in his mind.

“Hello? Are you there?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m here. I was just thinking....”

“Thinking of what?”

“Oh, nothing... listen, I work 2nd shift at my job Monday through Thursday and don’t get done until 1AM. How about we do something this friday when I have off?”

“Umm.. okay like what?”

“I was thinking we should go out for a nice dinner out in Lancaster. I think you’ll like it”

“Uh.. okay.. you’re not still mad at me?”

“No, no of course not. I’ll tell you what. I’ll meet you at the back of the diner Friday night at 7PM okay?”

“Okay, do I need to dress up?”

“Nah.. just wear whatever. I’ll see you then.”

“Okay”

“Okay bye”

The lil bomber hung up the phone before she could change her mind and he could feel the lil fella congratulating him downstairs between his legs. He had listened to his pecker once again.

CHAPTER 5

BLAKE WAS AWESTRUCK WHEN A GREEN DODGE SHADOW WITH MISSING paint on the hood pulled into the Slut City parking lot 5 minutes after 7. What really got his attention was the confederate license plate on the front of her car. Was Corrine a racist? He had never in his lifetime met a woman that had negative things to say about black people. It was always the men, always. Studies from Men's Health Journal have ascertained that the average size of a black male is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch longer than the average white guy so of course a black man milling about a lil white town of Denver PA would definitely get these girls excited. So what was with the confederate flag?

Corrine whipped into the parking lot like a busy Chinese dude making a delivery. It almost seemed as if she was ashamed of her beater car devoid of paint. The lil bomber was amused at what he saw but would not allow the eyesore of her crappy lil car to infiltrate the fantasizing of the lil cutie inside it. After all, it was not the car he hoped to make love to.

Blake got out of his car when he saw his date walking up towards him. It was as though his guardian Penis angel had whispered into her ear advice on how to dress that day. Her blue jeans hugged her thighs just right making her healthy ass all the more attractive. The pink sweater she wore looked like it had been stolen from a Macy's located somewhere in heaven.

As Corrine walked precariously towards him he tried not to chuckle. It was the first time he got to check out her stride and it was very unique. With the way she waddled that healthy ass one might deduce she planned on packing on 100 pounds in the imminent future. The left leg always popped out

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