

Marty Wagner

Blood
BAR



Blood Bar

By Marty Wagner

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Chapter 1

Open Road

Dr. Meyer watched as his young medical assistant bobbed her head up and down around his cock on the passenger seat of her car. It was dark, after work and the two had pulled over again for a late evening blow job far from the prying eyes of anyone from town. She was half his age, worked in his office and was the best sex he'd had in a long time. She always swallowed and that made him feel like some sort of king. If a girl would take his blow all the way down, it was because she looked up to him, he was in control.

As she moved up and down he felt the orgasm start to swell, he told her he was getting ready to blow and she prepared, waiting for his hot cum to shoot. With a countdown, he let her know he was coming, then blew his wad as his cock throbbed in her mouth. Once he was done, she swallowed, leaned back in her chair and turned away for a moment as if she was looking for something. A second later she produced her cell and pressed a few buttons. He was curious as to what she was doing.

"Who are you texting?" Dr. Meyer asked.

"A friend," Jackie replied.

"What's so important you have to text right now?" Dr. Meyer asked, he was a bit nervous at Jackie's timing. Then he noticed the cab of her SUV light up as a car pulled up from behind with its lights on. Once the car stopped behind them, the lights went off and the door opened.

"What's going on?" Dr. Meyer asked.

Before Jackie could answer, the back door opened and a dark figure of a man got inside and shut the door. "How's it going doc?" the man asked.

"Who the fuck are you?" Dr. Meyer asked.

"I'm Tom, I'm Jackie's husband, I already know who you are."

Shocked, Dr. Meyer pulled up his pants, zipped and buttoned them closed. He spun around to see the man sitting behind Jackie but it was too dark to make out his features.

"Don't worry doc," Tom said, "I already know what's going on, and have been for a while."

"What's going on?" Dr. Meyer asked. "This isn't funny."

"It's not supposed to be funny, it's supposed to be ironic," Tom said. "My wife's been blowing you for three months out here. I'm the one who told her to do it."

Dr. Meyer freaked for a moment, then replied, "Hey, I'm sorry, I made a mistake!"

"Yes, yes you did, and you're going to pay for it," Tom said.

“What do you mean? Pay for it?”

“How much is it worth to you to keep this all a secret? My wife giving you head twice a week out in the boonies and now with a baby on the way?”

“Baby? What the fuck are you talking about? I never fucked her once, ever!” Dr. Meyer yelled.

“Didn’t have too, she’s been saving your blow since day one.”

“Bullshit! She swallowed every time!”

“Show him Jackie,” Tom said.

Jackie pulled a plastic baggie out from between her legs, the same bag she spit Dr. Meyer’s blow in a few minutes earlier. In the bag, pooled at the bottom was a half-ounce of Dr. Meyer’s cum shining in the light reflected from the car radio.

“You’ve been saving that all this time?” Dr. Meyer asked.

Tom spoke up, “Yes, and she brings it home and I put it in her with a three mil syringe. Finally took three weeks ago. You’re going to be a daddy.”

“No fucking way, that would never work,” Dr. Meyer stated.

“I have the pregnancy test here if you want to see it, I had it run at another clinic, hope you don’t mind.”

“Is this true?” Dr. Meyer asked Jackie.

“Yes, I’m pregnant,” Jackie replied. “Still bullshit, you can’t prove it’s mine!”

“Not yet, but I have the paternity test lined up already once your kid is born. I also have an envelope with your wife’s name and another addressed to the clinic you work at. I know it’s not mine I haven’t fucked her since we hatched this plan,” Tom said.

“I suppose you want something from me?” Dr. Meyer asked.

“Yeah, we do. One grand a month, in cash to keep our mouths shut, or if you want, fifty grand and we have the baby aborted. It’s up to you,” Tom said.

“I don’t have that kind of money,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“You make over a hundred and fifty thousand a year, I think you can spare some for your kid,” Tom said.

“You don’t think my wife will be suspicious if I take that kind of money out of our account?”

“I don’t give a shit where you get the money from! You can steal it from work if you want, you can sell oxy and give me the profit. Point is, you pay or we make your life hell.”

“I can’t. I don’t have access to that kind of cash,” Dr. Meyer stated.

“You have nine months to come up with it, if you chose option A, you’ll have to pay nine grand back pay, but if you want it aborted, plan B, you need five grand before twenty weeks are up,” Tom said. “Plus the cost of the abortion.”

“I’ll tell my wife and my partners before I let you extort me!” Dr. Meyer yelled.

“You say that now, but once you have a chance to think about it, you’ll change your mind.”

Dr. Meyer looked at Jackie with horror in his eyes. “I can’t believe you set me up! I gave you a job.”

“And I gave you plenty of blow jobs in return. I think we’re even,” Jackie said.

“I thought we were friends?”

“We are, I don’t hold this against you, and we need the money.”

“There are other ways to get money than to extort your boss,” Dr. Meyer said.

“I know, I was stealing from the clinic the whole time I worked there,” Jackie said.

“What is wrong with you?”

“Nothing, times are hard, you try to make a living on ten dollars and hour,” Jackie replied.

“There has to be another way,” Dr. Meyer pleaded.

From the back seat, Tom replied, “If there is, you tell me.”

“Let me think about this. Don’t do anything rash until I contact you again,” Dr. Meyer said.

“Like I said, you have twenty weeks to decide, we want the money transferred in five thousand dollar installments so the feds won’t freak on us,” Tom said.

“I have friends, let me talk to them,” Dr. Meyer said. “I know a guy who buys babies and sells them to adoptive parents who can’t get kids through the regular channels. Maybe I can get him to pay fifty thousand for the kid.”

“That’s fine with me, as long as I get my money. I don’t really want to raise a fucking kid in the first place,” Tom said.

“Ok, as long as we have an agreement. Don’t do anything until I get back to you.”

“Don’t worry doc, we aren’t going anywhere. Jackie is still your medical assistant. She’ll be with you eight hours a day, getting fatter and fatter just to remind you of your obligations,” Tom said.

Dr. Meyer shook his head and reached for the door handle. “I knew this was too good to be true,” Dr. Meyer said as he exited the car. With the slam of the door, he walked back to his car and got inside. As Tom and Jackie watched, the doctor started the car and drove around them heading down the gravel road towards town.

“That went well,” Tom said.

“I’m scared,” Jackie replied.

“Why?”

“I don’t think this is going to work like you think it will.”

“You gotta trust me honey,” Tom said.

“You don’t know if the baby is his, we fucked at least twice in the last month. You couldn’t keep your fucking hands off me.”

“You were on your period, you can’t get pregnant then,” Tom said.

“You don’t know, I’m sure there’s a way.”

“I’m no gynecologist, but I think we’re safe at that time of the month.”

“I’ve heard of women getting pregnant then.”

“Bullshit, that’s just rumors and old wives tales,” Tom said.

“Yeah, I guess we’ll find out when the kid comes out won’t we. Won’t it be great if this backfires and we end up in jail?” Jackie asked.

“Nobody’s going to jail, stop worrying,” Tom said.

“You just blackmailed a doctor, you don’t think that’s illegal?”

“That the same doctor got his balls drained twice a week for three months by my wife, do you think I give a shit?” Tom asked.

“It’s all wrong, we never should have done this. Now we’ve involved a child. And you’re willing to put me through an abortion.”

“Everyone gets abortions these days, it’s like the new pill,” Tom said. “It’s thirty minutes in the doctor’s office and you’re clean.”

“You’re so sick and wrong,” Jackie said.

“If I’m so wrong, why did they put a new abortion clinic in with the tattoo shop and tobacco store?”

“What are you talking about?” Jackie asked.

“It’s on the same block as the Blood Bar. You know the tattoo shop that sells tobacco? They put in an abortion clinic, practically self-serve.”

“A self-serve abortion clinic?” Jackie asked with horror in her eyes.

“Yes, they have some sort of machine. You pay a fee, they hook you up and the machine does everything. Kind of like those Lasik places.”

“Do they have doctors? Or do they have some high school kids hook you up?” Jackie asked.

"I don't have any fucking idea, look it up. Everyone's doing it these days and it's in the mall for God's sake. It's like going to buy clothes or getting a tattoo." Tom said.

"You think getting an abortion is like getting a tattoo?"

"It's not the exact same thing, but close. Stop worrying, it will be all right."

Jackie hung her head and shook it slowly from side to side. She was in a bad place and felt like she was doing something horribly wrong. "I sucked his cock for you, and now you're putting me through this."

"It's for us baby, think of the money," Tom said.

"I have to see him every day."

"You saw him every day after you sucked him off, how did you do that?"

"It was awkward. I never knew how to talk to him knowing what I did."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he's a good man."

"And I suppose you feel guilty about making a good man pay for cheating on his wife and helping you cheat on your husband? He's not as good a man as you make him out to be," Tom said.

"I know, but I felt like I made him do it,"

"What? Made him do what? Made you give him head?"

"I don't think he would have done it if I hadn't pushed so hard."

"You texted him a couple naked pictures and offered him a good time. It was up to him to make the decision, you just put it out there."

"I wish you wouldn't have made me do that," Jackie said.

"You were having a fun time, don't kid me. I saw how you lit up when he replied to your pictures," Tom said.

"That was before it went too far," Jackie said.

"Yeah, it's all my fault isn't it? Well, when we have ten thousand dollars in the bank you can blame me. And when you want to spend it, you can beg me for it because if I'm taking all the blame, you can sure bet I'm getting the pay."

"But I have to carry the baby, that's worth something," Jackie pleaded.

"You're a cow, you make babies and milk, and bitch way too much. Shut the fuck up and you'll be fine."

"Be fine? I have to face him at work tomorrow, you try doing that."

"I'd love too, I'd parade around in front of him, rub my belly and point at my wallet. I'd let him know he owes me every time I saw him. Make him treat me like a queen. Don't fuck

this up, you make him pay. Act like nothing's changed and do what I say when I say it. Got me?" Tom asked.

Chapter 2

Blood Bar

Tom stood behind the bar watching CNN on the television across the room. He had started his bartending shift at noon and now it was going on three when one of the dancers walked over to the bar wearing only six inch heels and a frown. Her stage name was Krissy and she looked upset.

“Do you have the schedule?” Krissy asked.

Tom dug around under the bar and found the schedule, he tossed it on the top and pushed it towards Krissy. “What’s wrong?” Tom asked.

“I just saw Sandy walk through the door, I didn’t think she worked today.”

“Are you two not getting along again?” Tom asked.

“I hate that fucking bitch, she walks around here like she owns the place. Everyone here thinks she’s fucking Bob.”

“I don’t know, I try to stay out of the kind of shit,” Tom said. “What does the schedule say?”

Krissy scanned down the sheet and found what she was looking for. “Fuck, someone wrote her name in, and it says she traded shifts with Brenda. Now I have to work with her till close!”

“Calm down, it can’t be that bad,” Tom said.

“No, it can be. She has a fucking attitude. Sometimes I want to kill that bitch.”

“Don’t say that out loud,” Tom said with a grin. “Just avoid her. We have three stages.”

“I know, but she hangs out at the dj booth when she’s not dancing and looks down at the rest of us like she’s our boss. Just because she’s fucking Bob doesn’t give her the right to act like queen bitch.”

“Did you guys get in a fight or something?” Tom asked.

“Not exactly, she spouted off about how I needed to work on my pole routine, like I was some sort of amateur or something. I’ve been working the pole for eight years. She didn’t start dancing until last year. “

“She’s jealous, don’t let her get to you,” Tom said.

“I need this job, I can’t have that bitch running to the boss and telling him I don’t do what I’m supposed to,” Krissy said.

Tom looked at Krissy’s large ripe breasts and swallowed hard. “You have something she will never have, unless she pays for them,” Tom said with a smile.

Krissy looked down at her fine D cup breasts and smiled. "Thanks, I appreciate that," she said.

"You better get up on stage, your next dance starts in five minutes."

Krissy looked around the bar and saw one guy playing video poker in the corner. The rest of the bar was empty filled only with the sound of the music playing from the dj booth. "I hate afternoon shifts, I never make any tips."

"Sorry, that's the way Bob wants it, if I had my way we wouldn't open till seven, you think I like watching CNN all day?"

Krissy turned and walked back to the stage. She gave the dj a look and her music started. At this bar the girls didn't strip, they were nude from the moment they left the dressing room until the bar closed at four a.m. It was a shitty job, standing in heels all day while men rubbed their crotches as they watched the girls dance. But the money was outrageous and any woman with a nice body and a flirty attitude could clean up.

Tom noticed the front door open and saw a figure he instantly recognized. It was his wife Jackie walking towards the bar, she was visibly upset. He left the spot where he was standing and walked over to greet her. "What's going on? Why aren't you at work?" Tom asked.

"They fired me," Jackie replied in tears.

"What?" Who fired you?" Tom asked. He was shocked to hear the news.

"Dr. Meyer, he got rid of the baby and fired me."

"How the fuck did he do that?"

Jackie began to sob and looked away from Tom. She was too ashamed to tell him what happened.

"Tell me Jackie, what did that fucker do to you?"

"He made me have an abortion," Jackie said. Her voice not much louder than the background music.

"He made you have an abortion? How can he do that?" Tom asked. He was livid.

"After lunch, Dr. Meyer said he wanted to do a sonogram and check to see if the baby was healthy."

"And?"

"He gave me a shot and while I was out he did a D&C on me."

"What the fuck is a D&C?" Tom asked.

"He scraped the baby out of me," Jackie replied.

"No fucking way, how can he do that? That sounds like something the Nazi's would do," Tom said.

"It's a common procedure for women who have miscarriages."

"You didn't have a miscarriage," Tom said.

"I know, but it doesn't matter now, I'm not pregnant anymore and he fired me."

"How do you know he did that? Did he tell you?"

"Yes, when I came out of the anesthesia, he told me what he did and that I was fired. He said there was no way to prove that he did anything and that it would be his word against mine."

"Was there any witnesses? A nurse or another doctor?" Tom asked.

"I don't know, I was out for the whole thing. When I woke, it was just him and me in the room," Jackie replied.

"That mother fucker," Tom said. "He's not getting away with this."

"What are you going to do?" Jackie asked.

"I don't know, but I'll think of something," Tom said. "I know a few people."

"You're not going to hurt him are you?" Jackie asked.

Tom stood there shaking his head. He knew a few vampires that would gladly do him a favor if he asked. Many of them came to the bar at night for the special that only the Blood Bar offered.

"Don't worry about what I'll do, you need to find another job, we can't afford to live on what I make alone," Tom said.

"I don't know if I can, I don't have a nursing license and most places won't hire a medical assistant anymore," Jackie said. "What if I applied here?"

"What? As a dancer?"

"Maybe, I could do that in a pinch, till I find something better."

In a panic, Tom considered what Jackie had said, but then realized that she'd be showing off her naked body to all the gross men that he knew came to this bar. Most of them were perverted, drugged up or were the kinds of scum that crawled out of the alley. "I don't want you dancing, no man's going to see you naked but me."

"But you said the money is good," Jackie said.

"It is, but you're mine, you got me?"

"It's just a job, I don't plan to take anyone home and fuck them!"

"You know how many of these girls do extra tricks for tips? And I don't mean in a hotel, I mean under the tables, in the bathrooms. These guys expect a little extra on the side for the money. Hell, Brenda got an infection last month from some guy fingering her in the back room."

Frustrated, Jackie shook her head in disgust and backed away from the bar. "I don't know what to do, unemployment won't cover shit and I won't be eligible for eight weeks since I was fired. If you don't want me dancing, you pick up extra shifts to make up the difference. This was all your fault! You planned to screw over Dr. Meyer in the first place. I went along with what you wanted to do!"

"Keep it down! I don't want anyone to hear you," Tom said. He knew Jackie was right and that he was the one ultimately responsible for what happened. "Let me think about this, maybe you could do some dancing, while I'm on the schedule so I can keep an eye on you."

"That's fine with me, you talk to Bob and let me know."

"He'll want you to audition," Tom said.

"That's fine."

"He usually fucks every girl he approves before they ever hit the stage, I'll have to let him know you're off limits."

"He knows you, do you think he'd try to fuck me?" Jackie asked.

"He tries to fuck anything with tits. Trust me, I'll have to talk to him."

Then a male voice spoke up from the doorway by the bar, it was Bob. "Talk to me about what?" Bob asked.

Tom smiled and stepped over to Bob's office door. He hoped Bob didn't hear the comment about Bob fucking anything with tits. "My wife wants to apply for a dancing job," Tom said.

"Really? Have you ever worked as a dancer before?" Tom asked Jackie.

"No, but it can't be that hard," Jackie replied.

"Take off your clothes," Bob said. He was to the point.

"Right now?" Jackie asked.

"You can't be shy in this business, now take them off, Bob said. Bob was an old guy, in his seventies who had owned several strip bars in his lifetime. He knew his business and didn't put up with anyone who didn't play the way he wanted.

Jackie hesitantly slipped off her shirt, then bra, shoes, slacks and panties until she was nude standing next to the bar. Bob looked her up and down like a man buying a slave. He seemed as if he was going to check her teeth and make her call him master.

"Raise your arms," Bob said and Jackie complied. "Turn around and bend over," Bob added and Jackie did as he said.

Tom was a bit disturbed at what Bob was making his wife do and spoke up, "What does this have to do with dancing?"

“Nothing,” Bob replied. “The men that come in here don’t come to see women dance, they come to see pussy, and I need to see hers. The first thing she needs to do is shave that nasty twat. Nobody these days wants to see that. Other than that, I’ll give her a shot. She’ll need some training, but I can have Krissy show her what to do.”

“Can I get dressed?” Jackie asked.

“Yeah, when can you start?” Bob asked.

Jackie looked at Tom to see what he’d say.

“Tonight,” Tom said and Jackie shook her head in agreement.

“Let’s make it tomorrow, I want you to get that waxed first, and you’ll need some heels. What size shoe do you wear?” Bob asked.

“Eight,” Jackie replied.

“Ever walk in six inch heels?”

“No.”

“Girls say it hurts like hell, I have some in my office you can borrow and practice in,” Bob said leading Jackie along. Once in his office, Jackie saw Bob’s clean, clutter free desk and was impressed. She was sure it would be a mess of papers. On the walls were neatly framed pictures of nude girl’s pole dancing.

“Who are these girls?” Jackie asked.

“Oh, different girls I’ve hired over the years. They come and go so fast so I like to take pictures of the ones that stand out.”

Jackie stepped over and looked the pictures, picking out one that stood out from the rest. She was tall and had long black hair. She reminded herself of Bettie Page, only the picture was taken in the eighties and her costume looked dated. “Are you married?” Jackie asked Bob.

“I’m a widower, have been for fifteen years,” Bob replied. “Why do you ask?”

“Just curious what your wife would have thought about you being around all these sexy girls all day.”

“She hated it, but loved the money,” Bob replied handing Jackie a pair of black heels. “Take these home and try them out. I want to see you tomorrow at noon so Krissy can get you trained. This isn’t an easy job, and it burns a lot of girls out fast. But if you’re nice to the men who come here, you’ll leave with a lot of cash. Most times it’s not how you look that gets you paid, it’s how you act towards you customers. Don’t take shit from them, just their money.”

Chapter 3

Training day

Tom felt his cell buzz and checked it for a message. He read the screen and looked over to his wife who was humping the side stage for one customer who seemed more interested in the television mounted on the wall. It was Jackie's training day and she had been up three times doing her nude pole routine that Krissy taught her. She was terrible at it but was giving it her best. The message was important so Tom left the bar and walked over to the stage to talk to his wife.

"How many songs do you have left?" Tom asked.

Jackie looked at Tom like she was annoyed. She was trying to work and didn't need her husband bothering her. "This is the last in the set," Jackie replied.

"When you're done, meet me at the bar," Tom said. Once he finished talking to Jackie, Tom walked to the office and asked Bob if he'd watch the bar for a while. Tom had something important to do and Bob had no problem filling in for an hour.

The last song of the set finished and Jackie walked over to the bar to meet her husband. "What's so important?" Jackie asked.

"Follow me," Tom said, "And leave your shoes here."

Jackie kicked off her heels and followed Tom through a door that led to a set of stairs to the basement. The stairway was poorly lit and the steps were a mess of torn carpet.

"Watch your step," Tom said. "Use the hand rail."

Tom led Jackie down the steps and into a hall that led to a closed door. The entire basement was a mess of crumbling plaster and stored garbage that looked like it hadn't been cleaned in years. Dark and musty, and difficult to see with the few sixty watt light bulbs that hung from the ceiling.

Once at the door, Tom opened it and led Jackie inside. Standing in the corner of the room was Dr. Meyer flanked on each side by two men that looked like members of a biker gang. Each wearing leathers, wearing dark glasses and hair that hung past their shoulders.

"What's going on?" Jackie asked.

"We got a present for you," Tom replied.

"How did you get him?"

"Doesn't matter, point is he's here and he's going to make it up for what he did to you."

"Tom, I don't like this," Jackie said.

"You didn't like sucking his dick either, but we're past that now. He has to pay. Nobody fucks with my wife and takes a baby out like he did."

“What are you going to do with him?” Jackie asked.

Tom stepped over closer to the doctor and motioned for him to sit down in one of the three wooden chairs that were in the room. Dr. Meyer hesitantly stepped away from the wall and took a seat. Tom pulled up a chair, faced it towards the doctor and sat down. “Hello Dr. Meyer,” Tom said.

“I have a wife and three kids,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“That’s wonderful, how are your wife and three kids?”

“What are you going to do to me?”

“That depends on how this conversation turns out,” Tom replied. “You did drug my wife and perform an illegal abortion on her. How do you think that makes me feel?”

“And you tried to blackmail me,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“You were getting regular blow jobs from my wife.”

Dr. Meyer stopped talking when he heard that.

“I said you were getting regular blow jobs from my wife. What do you think your precious wife and kids would have thought about that?”

“I made a mistake,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“Yes you did, and you had the option to pay for it, but you decided to fuck me over instead. We had an agreement.”

“Agreement? You were going to bleed me dry!”

“That’s called payback. My wife only sucks my dick. You took that from me.”

“You told her to do it!” Dr. Meyer shouted. “This was all your plan to extort money from me! You didn’t care what she was doing as long as you got paid!”

“Touché doc,” Tom replied. “But it’s the principle that matters. You got yours, and now I want mine.”

“If you’re planning to kill me, get it over with. Either way I’m a dead man. If my wife knew what I was doing, my life would be finished. It’s probably better this way anyway,” Dr. Meyer said.

Tom leaned back in his chair realizing that his bargaining position was declining quickly. If the doctor had no reason to live, he had no leverage. “Do you know what this bar is famous for?” Tom asked.

“Why would I care about this bar?” Dr. Meyer asked.

“You will care in a minute,” Tom replied. “This bar is the first bar and the only bar in the state to serve real human blood. Remember when the state passed the law allowing the licensing of Blood Bars for vampires?” Tom asked. “They based it on the marijuana shops in Colorado.”

“Yeah, I guess I heard something about that. Are your goons vampires?”

“Yes, both of them are. This is Rick and that’s Tony, friends of mine,” Tom replied.

“What does that have to do with me?”

“Do you know how we get our blood supply?”

“No, and I bet you’re going to tell me,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“Yes I am. We buy our blood from a national supplier. They pay thirty dollars a pint to donors and we buy it from them for double that. Then we turn around and double that and sell it for one hundred and twenty dollars and a pint, served in a frosty mug.”

“I don’t see where this is going.”

“You will. See, Jackie was stealing from your clinic all while working there. She stole all sorts of medical supplies including IV needles, tubing and kits. I think I have twenty sets.”

“That explains why central supply was always complaining,” Dr. Meyer said. “They thought there was a thief but couldn’t prove it.”

“Yeah, we were planning to cut out the middleman and make our own supply. Problem is that blood products are heavily regulated by the government so we would have to do it down here in the dark and find our own donors.”

“What are you going to do when you run out of stolen IV supplies?” Dr. Meyer asked.

“I can get more, don’t worry about that. I’d worry about what we have in mind for you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Let me ask you a question doctor, how many pints of blood does the human body have? You should know this, I do,” Tom asked.

“Eight to ten pints I think,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“Close enough, and how long does it take to regenerate a pint once it’s removed from the body?”

“I don’t know,” Dr. Meyer replied.

“Really? I thought that would be an easy one. It’s three to six weeks on average,” Tom replied.

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because you just became our first supplier,” Tom replied.

“What?”

“We’re going to drain you each month and keep you here. Sell your blood and make you pay for what you did.”

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