

A Torn Mind Short Story

# Grant Sick Fuck Is 21!

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi  
2008-01-16  
2225 Words

Grant was a big boy. His flabby skin and hideous weight handicapped him throughout life. He stood at the front door of Betty's house. His legs quivered. Sweat drenched his slug-like body. He pressed the doorbell. The door opened.

A tall, strong looking man opened the door with a curious smile. Grant puckered his fat lips and swiped the drool away. He had just shaved and liked the sensation of swiping his mouth so much, he did it three more times. His saliva glistened on his chin and the rolls of his pudgy neck.

"What can I do for you?" The man beamed like a bright schoolteacher.

"B-Betty is home? I'm Grant – Grant Sichfounge."

The man's smile dropped to a worry. His eyes darted nervously.

"Betty? My Betty?" The man cringed, hunching his back. His eyes went watery. His wife came up behind him.

"What's wrong, Dear? Ah!" She shrieked, seeing Grant.

"Hoh hoh – Hi ma'am, you must be Betty's mother. Nice to meet you."

He stuck out his meat hoof of a hand. His bulged fingers had yellow bursting out the top. Red spots riddled his hand like a leper. The woman cried.

"No! – No! – No!"

"Hi Grant," Betty said, bouncing down the stairwell.

“Hello B-Betty.”

Grant blushed and swiped sweat off his forehead. He slapped his hand in the air to dry it. His sweat hit Betty’s father on his glasses. The man’s mouth twisted in disgust as if Grant had just shot his load on him. His face crinkled into a cry like a small child.

“Hoh hoh. Sorry, sir. Let me get that.” He stretched his pulsing, lobster-claw hand toward him and wiped the glasses with his sleeve. A brown speck lay on the center of the lens. Grant’s face lit up in shock and he quickly wiped it off.

“What was that?” The man whined.

He turned to his wife.

“What was that?” He exploded in tears.

Betty ran out the door, hooking Grant’s arm.

“Bye Daddy. Bye Mommy.”

“Honey, no! Please, no!”

“I’ll be back at ten.”

She closed the door.

“Gee, I’m sorry Betty. I didn’t mean to upset them.”

“Oh, it’s not your fault. They’re a little tense from us having just moved here.”

“Sorry, Betty.”

“It’s OK. Really, don’t be silly, apologizing so often.”

“Hoh hoh, OK. You look pretty, Betty.”

“Thank you, Grant.”

She looked at him, searching for a compliment. Grant’s mouth was open in joy, waiting for his treat.

“I uh – I like – Oh, hey, is this your car?”

“Yes, hoh hoh.”

“I like your car.”

“Thank you.” He rubbed his third chin on his chest. He had a sweat circle like a runner.

Grant opened the passenger door.

“Thank you.” She smiled with a glow.

Grant ran around the back of the car, stopping at the trunk. He opened it and ducked in, taking out a battery-powered hairdryer. He pushed it on ‘hot’ and giggled, drying the sweat on his shirt. He put the blower away, smiled, and walked to the driver door proudly. He stepped in with one foot, looking to Betty’s house, and waved, closing his eyes and grinning stupidly.

He threw his weight down. The car rocked on its frame like a mechanical bull. Betty’s eyes were wide with surprise. He looked at her. The car continued rocking. He held the key in front of the steering wheel.



His saliva flew out of his mouth and hit Betty's thigh.

"Heh heh. Sorry – Sorry, Betty."

"Aw! My pink dress. I just bought it." She licked her finger. Grant watched her with serious eyes. She rubbed her thigh. The brown splotch grew as she smeared it.

"Man!"

She lifted her dress up and bent down to lick it. More of her inner thigh was visible. Grant drooled, staring between her legs. Betty looked up.

"Look out!"

A body slammed into the windshield, cracking it. The body tumbled over the roof. Grant kept driving, staring forward. Betty went to turn her head, but Grant grabbed her chin and held her head straight.

"Don't look! Nothing good would come from looking."

Betty smiled. "Are you serious?"

"We have a reservation in five minutes. They won't hold your table at this place."

"Oh my fucking God, that is so cool." She laughed. "You just hit someone." Grant laughed with her.

He looked at Betty. A brown smudge lay on her face from where he grabbed her chin.

"Betty, you have a little –" He pointed.

She brought down her sun visor for the mirror. Candy bars spilled out onto her lap, along with an open bag of M&Ms.

“Oh my God.”

“Hoh hoh. Sorry. Here, look in my eye’s reflection.”

He gazed at her with his eyes wider than humanly possible. She recoiled, avoiding his obtrusive eyes.

“Grant!”

He looked to the street. The car bumped with a thud.

“Are you OK to drive?”

“Yea. Sorry, Betty.”

“Do you even know what you just hit?”

“Don’t tell me! It won’t help the situation. I’m sorry, I’m not telling you what to do. Just please don’t tell me.”

“OK.”

Betty picked the M&Ms off her and threw them in the back seat. She reached by her cleavage. Grant looked over.

“Watch the road! Please!”

“Sorry, Betty. Oh, here we are.”

“El fellatio?”

“It’s Italian for ‘the bakery’.”

“Oh, cool.”

Grant parked the car.

“B-Betty can you get out. I’ll be right there.”

All of the cars’ windows began rolling down.

“Why? What’s happening?”

“Please, Betty. Go!”

“What? Why?”

Grant’s anus echoed a ripping bang.

“Ew!”

Betty clawed her way out of the car and slammed the door shut. She folded her arms, waiting. Grant rolled the windows back up and got out. The car rocked obscenely as if several people were attempting to flip it. He jogged over to Betty.

“I am so sorry, Betty.”

“Look, Grant, it’s your birthday, so let’s just forget about it.”

“OK. Thank you, Betty.” He looked at her. “Betty?”

“Yes?”

“You look prettier than anyone I’ve ever seen – I meant it.”

“Thank you, Grant.” She smiled.

Grant held the restaurant door open for her. They entered.

“Hi,” Grant said to the host. “I have a reservation for two.”

“Your name, sir?”

“Sichfounge.”

“Sick fuck?”

“Hoh hoh. Sichfounge.”

“Sick fuck?”

“Yea, that’s me.”

He looked to Betty. She was talking on her cell phone with her back to him. She had brown chocolate on her rear. Grant bit his lip and stood behind her, trying to block anyone from seeing. He looked down and inhaled the scent of her hair. He bumped his massive chin into her head. She turned around, jumping, seeing him so close.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing! Sorry!”

“This way, sir,” the host said.

Grant motioned to Betty to go first. He trailed behind her as close as he could, covering her brown-stained rear. They sat down at a small table. Grant snatched his napkin and tucked it in like a bib.

“Do you like calamari?” he asked her.

“What’s that?”

“The little, breaded squid. Girls usually like squids since they’re related in a sense. You know the whole blot thing.”

“What?”

“You know. Whute-Whute-Blot. Whute-Whute-Blot.” He opened his hand as he said blot.

She shook her head.

“It’s just what I’ve heard.”

“OK.” She picked up her phone.

The waiter stood.

“How may I serve you?”

“Calamari, Drunken Penne, Angel Hair, a coke, and two Martinis.”

“Very good, sir.”

“Oh. Waiter! Waiter!”

“Yes, sir?”

“No wait on the food. Fast as possible. Please!”

“Yes, sir.”

Betty put her phone away.

“That was Daddy. He wants me home at nine. Says he’s worried.”

“Heh heh hoh hoh. That’s OK.”

The waiter arrived with the food. Grant handed Betty her drink. She held her glass up to him.

“Happy Birthday, Grant.”

“To my first drink and the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen.”

They drank until the glasses were empty. Grant twisted his face.

“So that’s how a drink tastes.”

“That’s not a drink. This is –” She took out a flask from her purse and poured it in their drinks.

“What is it?”

“Strong.”

Grant drank it, clenching his eyes, roaming his head side-to-side.

“Burns.”

“Yea.”

Grant placed some calamari on his plate of penne pasta. He took a few bites and sat back.

“Good food, right?” Betty asked.

“It is, but it could use – something.”

“Something?”

“I’ll be right back.”

Grant stood up with his plate.

“What about mine?” she asked.

“Are you sure?”

“Like, yea!”

Grant shrugged. “OK, you’re positive?”

“Yes!”

Betty took out her phone and started talking. Grant held the two plates. He walked to the men's room. His waiter stopped him.

"Sir, do you need anything?"

"No. No, I'm fine."

Grant pushed past him and headed his way into the bathroom. The bright, white lights greeted him. He opened a stall door with his foot, swinging it open. He bent over and placed the plates on the tile floor.

He stood up and shimmied his pants down. His dick was like a small turtle, hardly bigger than his outie bellybutton. Sitting down on the toilet, he rolled his head around and shat.

Grant hopped up and turned around to view his droppings. He nodded to the large log and bent to his knees. He rolled up his sleeves and reached through the toilet's water, grabbing the shit. It dissolved slightly in his fingers, but he had done this before.

He held his brown log in both hands. It dripped urine and toilet water back to the bowl. He waited; gently shaking it, he broke off pieces and smeared it into the pastas. He smiled, smearing with playful gestures, stroking his fingers up and down like a paintbrush, then swirling it around with his fat finger, coating it generously.

Left with another two inches of his log, he popped it in his mouth. His tongue pushed it around the roof of his mouth like peanut butter. He splashed toilet water in his mouth, and swallowed it. Pulling up his pants to his knees, he pressed a finger into his anus. He scooped out a dab of shit and placed it in the center of the heap of her pasta, then one for himself.

He adjusted his pants and walked out, bright-eyed. He made his way back to the table and stood before Betty.

“My lady, bon appétit,” he said, placing her plate down.

“Thank you, Grant,” she said singsong.

Grant sat down, grinning with closed eyes.

“Are you drunk? she asked.

“Heh. No, no, no.”

She grabbed her fork and twirled it. Steam came off the plate.

“Nice and hot too,” she said, smiling.

Grant picked up his fork, and then dropped it. He shrugged and used his hand, shoveling the food into his mouth, and slurping it up.

Betty took a large bite. She slid it around her mouth. Her neck jumped. She spewed vomit over the table. The green slime drooped on everything. She coughed, holding a hand to her mouth.

“What the fuck? What is it?”

People around them looked over.

“What the fuck is in it?”

Grant kept shoveling the pasta in his mouth, even though her vomit was on his plate.

“Huh?” he asked with a full mouth.

Grant picked up a clump of her angel hair pasta and shoved it in his mouth. She watched his brown fingernails with horror.

“Tastes fine.”

She heaved again, and ran out the front door. Grant reached in his pocket, threw down a fifty-dollar bill, and followed her.

Betty was crying in the parking lot.

“Take me home. Please!”

“OK. That’s OK.”

They hurried to the car. Grant pressed the unlock button on his keys and Betty jumped in. She sat, folding her arms. Vomit covered her torso. Noticing, she pounded her hands on the glove box and cried.

Grant got in the driver side. Betty’s face cringed as the car shook violently.

“Go! Please!”

Grant fumbled with the key. He couldn’t get it in the ignition. The alcohol felt stronger every second. He dropped the keys by his feet.

“It’s not working, Betty.”

“What the fuck was in my plate?”

Grant smiled. He lurched over the gearshift and grabbed Betty tight.

“Stop! Get off!”

Grant kissed her with brown teeth. Her arms flailed madly. Grant ripped her dress down and sucked a tit. He grabbed her waist and buried himself atop her. Betty’s arms fell limp, but Grant didn’t notice.