

Here I am. Dear old Abs Brenchley. The man in full.  
All seven foot of me, ready to show, tell, give all.  
One may as well begin with the adjective story.  
Rather not, but I accept that it reveals, most painfully and truthfully, what you're dealing with.  
Some time ago, years back, before the drought, I had what you might call a one-night stand. *One-night stand*... makes it sound so loveless and temporal and it weren't like that – it weren't – but a spade's a spade. And I made an early exit – *easier that way* – and she gives me her number – *yes please* – and on't bus I can't recall her name. For the life of me... holding my phone, filling her contacts, total blank. Nothing new in that, we've all been there. But thing is... don't ask me why, was probably still drunk, high, whatever, doesn't matter because and God only knows where it came from – Bloody Nora, Alexander – quit stalling! I wrote ADJECTIVE.

**2007**

That was a stiffy pressing hard – bloody hard – against my pint-sized M&S chinos.

Laugh? I could cry.

Fuck me it hurt. Men can relate. When the little fella stands to attention (no one to blame, he's his own boss) and he's push-push-pushing 'gainst insides of your trousers. I guess this weren't such a big deal few years back when tight weren't in but now...now!

Stiffening, hardening, engorging, lengthening. Tightening the tight – the impossibly tight – and when that helmet digs into the teeth of your flies – Tom Verlaine! – it's torture.

But I didn't care. Why should I? I was in love!

Love! Love! Love!

I was stood outside Gaz's and I had just – she'd walked past – we spoke – only briefly – but – hoochie mama – fuck – words ain't nothing. Know this: I've seen some beauts in my time but she... she re-wrote the rulebook.

Never felt like this before.

Love at first sight? You don't believe it – why should you? – and then it happens and badaboom – shoboy – she's the one.

I knew, I was sure of it. Stood there, jaw on't floor, I was a changed man. It was irrevocable. When Marky comes out the door and growls, "Phwoar, did you see that?"

I resented the *that*. She wasn't a *that*, she was so much more.

"Yes, yes," rubbing his hands together, "she were a bit of alright!"

"Oh, she was more than alright," I corrected him, my voice undeniably infused with lustful,

reverential longing.

Marky must have assumed that I was drunk. That I was horny. *No, no, Marky, you are wrong.* He slapped me playfully on the back, laughing, and this futile ladtalk continued until eventually he said, "What you waiting for? Get in there, Sexy Boy, show us your magic."

Magic. I had it once. I did, yes I did. Big or small, a love affair in its genesis relies always on that sprinkle of fairy dust.

Where did it all go wrong? Where had that magic gone? And would I ever get it back?

To answer these questions, we ought rewind to the start of the day which had begun, oh so predictably, with me wanking. What? Ain't nowt unusual in a man giving himself a handy wake-up call – healthy alternative to snooze alarm I say!

Just to digress for a mo'. All of us, we got ghosts in the closet, done shit we're ashamed of, but I can't hide that, can't compartmentalise, don't want no Other Side of Alex Brenchley. So whether it's a morning wank, life drawing at Prince's, blind drunk at Y+L, a family day at Hampton Court, a J with Marky in St James's or a quiet few at the Bricklayer's, this...it's all Abs. I'm just doin' me.

Wake this morning, past nine, hey ho, no school so no biggie. I'd crashed at folks' place in Teddington. Drop in there now and then to break bread and collect my washing. So's I make some brekkie. Double espresso, couple boiled eggs, toast, bacon butty, the usual – big man, big breakfast. I crash in front of telly and it's bleeding Jeremy Kyle. Thing is, he gets a lot of shit but I kind of like his show. Can relate: my kind of people, warts

and all, real talk, folks just getting through, trying to sort their shit, in need of a little guidance from the Kyle. Pulls no punches, that one, as we all know. Wish there were more like him, tell the truth.

Munching on toast – *crumbs* – there's this girl. Lovely young thing. And her husband, brother-in-law, her own sister, they're ganging up on her, saying she's been sleeping around. She hadn't, I could tell, she was true blue. And this poor girl (empathy, yes) was beside herself, crying, and there was something... *ooh Alexander*... a raw, unspoken indomitability... a stiffer began to form.

The Way of the Abs – so get used to it!

My big daddy, coming to life, stretching as it awakes.

Good morning, morning erection!

I put my espresso to one side – *trembling hand, anticipation* – and looked, bemused, at the tower in my lap, with an expression that might have read, "What's this? I've never had one of these before," before my gaze returned to my parents' 78-inch HDTV. Back to the girl.

Tears, screams, shiny skin and hair, shapeless clothing.

"Yes please," I said out loud to myself.

Why did she stimulate me so vehemently? Where to start? Can man explain the wild vagaries, abstruse fibres and stimuli which arouse, stir up, guide one's loins? *She made me hard.* Her strength, an unspoken strength, yet with a bruised fragility, it got me right off. I speculate that it was because she was out of reach for someone such as I – my life spent in the best schools and later at Oxford and Prince's, always surrounded, sometimes literally, by

queens. Queens who would never face a DNA or truth test. Well, *lick lips*, did not kings always have their mistress the maid? Was this any different? Because, slumped there on the couch, she struck me as the most beautiful creature I had ever beholden. Behold, my cock...

Before I knew it, he was out of the cage, the wild-est of creatures. And I'm rubbing myself off. Rubbing myself raw. Like a madman. Like my life depended upon reaching orgasm with immediacy.

Every word, cry, stunted blow from this girl-soul peasant drew me closer.

Pause-rewind: I had been wanking voraciously in recent months. The sleeping giant (my penis and I) had been rudely awoken and I was greasing the pole day and night, night and day. Such relief to be able to release this canned heat whenever I saw fit. Other than one lapse I had not masturbated and/or ejaculated in five years. Do you think I'm lying? Ask yourself – why would I lie about this, eh? One might suggest it impossible to not ejaculate over such a span of time and connote that I ejaculated in wet dreams but don't you get it? My mind weren't concerned with carnality. *No sex please, I'm a scholar!* As far as I was concerned I'd had my fill of sex for one lifetime – and for most people this'd be many lifetimes.

Wanking though is all well and good so long as it's short-term but all it is, really, is a stop-gap, a quick fix, one which I believe is bad for a man in the long run. If he doesn't get his passion ration he goes funny in't head. He canny live by hand-to-boner resuscitation his whole life. Which is to say, maybe I'd gone a little bit crazy...

Furiously I was tugging my loving. She was a big girl, this one, had short practical hair and was wearing drab and dowdy clothes.

Often I wondered why they don't dress up a little. I mean, they're on TV, all their friends will be watching. But no, they always look like they've just got out of bed. Can't have your cake and eat it, Abs! Oh and they're shouting, squawking more like, a dreadful, impenetrable dissonance. My girl, my girl. Giving as good as she got, I'm battering my staff. O. was on his way. Couldn't come soon enough. Frantically, I beat my hard hat. Men know what it's like...when you're *nearly* there...the edge...that precipice...the bottle shaken...on cue Jezz introduced my amore's mother-in-law.

That did it.

Mamacita, a right firebrand, big ball of ferocious anger, comes running out as fast as her fat legs will take her, screaming her head off, insanity in her eyes and *badaboom*. I came. A catastrophic orgasm. Immediately I wanted to die.

Felt sickened. Ashamed. Hollow.

Who was I? Who was this man holding my cock? How frequently it goes this way. That urge, the unquenchable thirst, it overrides all reason and pride, and in the imperceptible membrane of orgasm one's life alters irrevocably. Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. It's the tragedy of man.

Oh Alex! Enough of your philosophical back-chat! Jeremy Kyle – in your parents' home – on your parents' couch – watching your parents' TV – HDTV – 23 years old!

Well, disgraced and self-loathing though I was, such rock bottoms are usually an omen, are they not?

Spread-eagled in front of telly, PJs 'round me ankles, semi-on in my hand, juice everywhere. I already feel bad enough – how the mighty bloody fall – when I see – fuck me – it's the postie. He's looking at me through't front window. Our eyes meet, he stares blankly...confused most likely... when, bloody hell, he winks! He knew exactly what I'd just done. He moves on and I'm left feeling dirty, like a nutter, my P shrinking, wondering how this had happened to me. Me! Don't you get it? How had I, of all people, become so creepy? I asked myself, who else is at home now wanking to Jeremy Kyle? Sad truth: probably quite a few. But I didn't want to be like them. I was Abs Brenchley.

Tears. Welling up.

“You disgust me!”

It was Kyle. Staring at me, speaking from the telly.

“I can't even bear to look at you,” he spat malevolently. “Has no one ever taught you a little thing called self-respect?”

JK was right. Fuck, was he ever? O' roll down tears, roll down. Wretched, squalid, cheap, rueful shadow of my former self is what I was and laying there, my sauce cooling and drying, staining me with white shame, I knew I had to make changes in my life.

Namely, to have sex.

Roll it back to the turn of the century, I got mine. More than my fair share. Abs, the seven-footer, he was a bleeding legend, faces turned when I walked down the street.

There's something – and I ain't boasting –

but there's something about my cherubic features, flaxen hair, my scholarly spectacles and mild manner – an innocence one could say – but most of all I have (*or had...*) my indomitable height to thank for my lucky strikes. Got a name for them, see: Tall Fetishists. God bless them, take one look at the seven-footer and – shoboy – I'm in there.

Yeah sure, it were purely physical and I got my fair share of nutters, fellas too (I was victim to the most unexpected lascivious acts) but was a small price, a small price to pay. One can pick the highest fruit on the tree, if you catch my drift.

Fuck it. Fuck it all.

Alex, pourquoi est-ce que tu dois te mentir à toi-même?

Yeah, I put it about – you got a problem with that? Because – and I ain't ashamed to say it – I needed love.

Still fucking do.

All because I grew up in the eternal gulag that is the British boarding school. So yes, you can bet your arse that my escape, my voyage au paradis, was the slow-jam.

Sex, sex, sex. The *definitive* ladies' man, the bitter envy of my peers, I became known – simply, fondly and truthfully – as Sexy Boy. My ears would ring with cries of “Sexy Boy!” the moment I set foot in a club. From men and women alike. But me... I only had eyes for the birds.

Insatiable is what I was. Ah but love... the real thing... it was always missing... sex is the spark that lights the flames of love but that fire never did burn in Al B's heart.

And sex without love, all well and good, but

after a while, don't need to tell you: no different than an armful of H.

Why then, you must ask, open as I was, did I not find love? With all those years and all those ladies, was there not one who completed Abs Brenchley?

Well, yes and no.

You see. Shit. It's hard for me to say this. Put in words. But I adored and respected women, loved them. There were girls to whom I made love, I looked into their grateful eyes and saw my reflected self. My better half.

But no! Going steady, 'Alex's girlfriend', Mr and Mrs, morning chats, breakfast and dinner, heart-to-hearts, affectionate texts... *that's not Abs*, I convinced myself.

A life partner, she would wish to share my glory, share the limelight, hang on my coattails and thus hold me back. After I'd had my wicked way, when the calls came, wanting to go for coffee or have a chat, I made my excuses and blocked their numbers.

Ridiculous and suggesting issues deep-rooted pertaining women, I now readily accept.

If you're reading this and think you might be one of those women, I wish you well. I do. Now I know you're all grown up... I hope you're happy, wherever you are, and I hope you're with someone who gives to you that which I could not – the love you deserve. For what it's worth, two more words: I'm sorry.

I wonder, was I incapable of love?

Growing up, having received none, could I be expected to give love to another?

I guess these troubles – *troubles*, so euphemistic, Alexander – began at a little place called

Westminster School. Heard of it? You bet you have. AK-47, best of the best, historically one of Britain's greatest and most renowned academic institutions, it's no lie when I tell you that the salt of the earth, the very foundations of this nation have all been schooled at Minster.

So you may like to think I had it all. That we all did. The world on a silver platter.

But you'd be wrong.

Vivat Regina, my ass!

I, Alexander Brenchley, would like to go on record as saying Westminster is the drugs capital of the drugs capital of the world. Let me tell you something. You drop a nuclear bomb on Westminster, you wouldn't get a mushroom cloud, it'd be a hash-cake-coke-shroom cloud.

Is it any wonder then that when I couldn't get a woman in bed (not often) or sneak one back to dorm (more often) I turned to drink and drugs? Anything to turn the volume down on the world – to help me forget my own terrible longing and loneliness.

Why? Why for God's sake? I know what you're thinking. That we were a bunch of spoilt rich kids. It might be you who's reading this but it's me who can read you like a book. Well take your snobbery – *because that's what it is* – and shove it up your ass where the sun don't shine.

You see, you must realise – *it's integral* – this was the very worst of places, a living hell, for Little Lanky to spend his formative years. Since I was born, fending for myself, starved of companionship. Together alone, that is life in boarding school.

And this... Minster was a temple of broken men, spurned and unloved by their parents, abandoned

orphans in the harem of vice that is SW1. At heart, you see, I'm a plain old South London boy. Skin and bones, cobblestones, born in Teddington, would've been happy to stay there, I would, have a normal childhood, Teddington High Street, Woollies, local comp – sure, might have been the school of hard knocks but it'd've been normal. Straight and narrow, know what I'm saying?

I was three – *three years old, barely walking* – when my parents packed me off to prep school. Yes, as a boarder. *Unbloodybelievable*. Mother, father, I love you both dearly but what sort of a childhood did you give me? Have you any idea what it was like for me? Me! Barely saw 'em growing up. It wasn't childhood, it was one prison sentence after another – *send the boy to The Mall, send the boy to Westminster, send the boy to Oxford*.

Why didn't they just send me straight to hell and have done with it?

Is it any wonder therefore that I filled the void with those Three Wise Men, Jackie, Lily and Oedipus? Anything to numb the pain, shut out the desperate cries of torment and loneliness which sung from my heart! Sex... anonymous, dirty, grunting, passionate, don't-even-have-time-to-get-your-pants-off sex... that was my salvation. Some salvation.

Don't get me wrong.

It's with mixed emotions I reflect on my boyhood. Because I loved it. Had the time of my life. The bad bits – whatever – it's only now I reflect on them with a regret because at the time it was non-stop. Shagging or la chasse, that was the *Story of Abs 1997–2002*.

Tell you a story. After school one day, I slip over to St James's. Back then in St James's it was martial law after hours. And I'm having a sneaky 4-20, catching some Abstime when's – Bloody Nora – a couple lovelies walk by.

"A'ight, ladies," I call out. Big birds. Cackle, can't make out a word. "Fancy some of this?" I hold up my spliff and smile. Enticing...

Giggling – music to my ears – they head over and we get talking as we pass the rasta. Turns out they're from up Manchester – salt of the earth, I love people from the North, dirty mouths and dirty minds – and they're in London for Jubilee weekend. Jubilee? Nobody told Abs...

"Fuck, this is good," the brunette says of the J. Only the finest weed for Lanks, assurances.

"How tall are you?" the other asks – she was either bottle blonde or red, I can't remember.

When I answer, Brunette laughs, "Bloody hell."

Can tell where this is going – I'm like a shaman, willing the events. Easy, inevitable...

Blonde-or-redhead: "Are you all in proportion?" Bingo.

"I think so." Coyly. "Maybe I need a second – and third – opinion."

I flick the spliff-butt to the bushes. Playtime's over.

I unzip my trousers and draw out my already-responding wand. Badaboom. Just like that. We're at it.

I tug my cock a few times – Blonde-or-redhead laughs, husky – leans in, sliding her tongue into the depths of my mouth – can taste the weed – Brunette enters – the fray – us three lapping one



another's tendrils – *utterly erotic* – butterflies, light-headedness... even trepidation? – *get a grip, Sexy Boy!* – this is my first time... with two women... will I be up to the task? – *only one way to find out* – I draw the ladies closer – an arm around each – four breasts pressing against me – past the small of their backs, my wandering hands, crossing that familiar elastic border, two handfuls of ass and four breasts pressing against me – a woman's unmistakable hand takes my cock – handjob – she's gonna to tear it off if she's not careful – *be my guest* – tear down my trousers, pull off my school shoes – Blonde-or-redhead breaks from the kiss, "Let's have a suck of your cock, then," she seethes – *what a girl* – Brunette carries on lapping – Blonde-or-redhead descends – *tantalising* – lips over helmet – she bites down – *agstacy* – into the raw flesh, involuntary gasp, a moment's pause – Brunette takes my hand from her ass and places it between – *uh-oh* – her legs – instinctively pressing all the right buttons, these fingers know exactly what they're doing – I can savour what's going on down there – *don't stop, he's in a world of his own* – we collapse, roll to the grass, our bodies alloyed – lip locks, great weight – told you they were big girls and there's two of them – Blonde-or-redhead releases my cock from her mouth and straddles me, grinning bashfully as she hitches up her skirt, snow-white briefs – *yes please!* – exultant, lips quivering, trembling at the prospect of what is to come – down with drawers! down with drawers! – an imperceptible mount – nay, mount is misnomer – mound of Venus – then I glimpse my erection – it's absolutely massive – *he's hungry* – can't help

but watch it some more – a disbelieving spectator – that ferocity, that single-mindedness so feared and revered of this organ – though in its smooth, pinkish skin, one can also recognise that it is sensitive, self-effacing – has an almost virginal quality – but there's nothing virginal about the vaginae circling their prey – drawing closer, closer, ever closer – engorged, dare I say salivating – sex! sex! our sexes! wolfishly craving each other, themselves – a lust-drive asunder from the bodies attached – we are but carriers for these genital-beasts – twitching fingers find sanctuary, two hands, fingers and thumbs, all ten – plenty to go around, ladies – so far, so good – each puppet and master – these seraphic beings, writhing in the grass – what majesty – behold the pleasure they are receiving at my touch – *and I thought I'd bitten off more than I could chew* – my ever-sensible hand straddles a rubber along the man-iron – Brunette – eyes wide, eyes wild, legs wide, Abs wild – grapples my bony frame – Sputnik to Mutnik – bodies united, menage-à-three – watch that cock – look at him go – since time immemorial – in and out, up and down – I take my master (or he takes me) from one to another, sister and a brother – inside Blonde-or-redhead, to who knows where? – unknown treasures – G marks the spot, rapturous howls – we're doing it doggie-style – just look at that ass... *but no!* – my spectacles have clouded – I take them off and put them into their case and place them to the side, on top of my trousers – *what on earth!* – Brunette has a hold of my nutsack – she's juggling, tuggling, firmly extending the magic-makers and it feels... just... *it just feels* – take it in, Alexander,

take in all of them, put some savings in the wank-bank – their crevices, curves, lumps and cavities – Abs giving his best, his very best – but is it enough? – Blonde-or-redhead pushes me away, I roll, spent, to the grass, she clambers atop and starts sucking me off *again* – wish I could lie back and relax but she’s going at it like a maniac – with the action of an automatic machine-gun – inevitably she pauses to take a breather and – *you snooze, you lose* – Brunette snatches me, dragging me like a ragdoll between those all-powerful trunks, yielding my cock, way up – we gasp, each – nails dig deep – a tremulous cry – on and on, and on and on, my rapid-fire rutting – she glues her mouth to mine – complete union – whip! – free from the mouth-vice I see Blonde-or-redhead – whip! – she’s holding a big tree branch and – whip! – she is pulverising my ass – how much more can Abs take? – *give it to me!* – suddenly she lunges forward, through the air, mounting me – on my back, she’s riding me like a miniature horse – forcing me deeper into Brunette, whose O-call heightens – my cock almost snaps – I clasp a handful of the earth, our blanket – whipping my arse red-raw and giving herself a good fingering – *multi-tasking* – howling, breath is shortening, my back is giving out – can’t carry the weight, can’t carry on – I tumble over, pulling out, but it’s no use – no rest for the wicked – as if in a ballet, I traverse into the lady-luck of Blonde-or-redhead – she’s on top – riding me from the get-go, up-up-and-away, away from this world, this body – this sylvan saturnalia has pushed Al B’s being and consciousness further than ever before – to the edge – he’s gasping for breath, sweat drenches the grass

like dew – the tribal pounding of loins – darkness falls – Brunette has sat on my face! – total sensory deprivation but for feeling in one place: needless to say, my cock – the warm nest smothers me, her buttocks flank my brow, the inner thighs press to my ears – floating in sex – transcendence, never knew the meaning – now the meaning knows me and I’ve never felt so righteous, so magnificent, so...so... – I am passing out – *not a bad way to go* – with the last vestige of strength left in me, I heave Brunette off my face – I gasp, suck in the air, coming to my senses and my senses tell me: it’s time – there’s no turning, no holding back – I withdraw from the Y – it’s coming – I tear the jonny off – Blonde-or-redhead collapses, as if shot – beaming smile – having experienced petit-mort-multi of her own she’s ready for the firing squad – but Brunette reaches to Him – she wants the winning prize – “Aagh!” I bellow – for all St James’s to hear – “Aagh!” – *pssht* – “Aagh!” – semen – thick, solid, straight, hard – such pressure – I hold onto my cock – “Aagh!” – I hold onto my cock knowing that if I let go all hell will break loose – watching incredulously at the fertile shower of my white sabre – “Aagh!” I continue until finally...finally... the fall-off – shattered, stunned – ask me what my name is, I couldn’t tell you – feel as if I’d travelled time, space, seen my life, birth, death, backwards and in fast-forward – still holding my cock, holding onto my cock for dear life.

It is with a fond nostalgia I recount such stories. One of these days I’ll write them all up, I will. *Abs’ Complete Anthologised Sexcapades!* Back then I did as I pleased, when and wherever it pleased me.

But you know, now I've some years on me I  
can see that it was all self-medicating. I had a hole,  
an abyss, where true love should have been.

La douleur! La douleur! La douleur de la  
convoitise!

PHWOWAR

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