

Job City

By Liz Lydic

Alisa wished she could use the dad, despite his plain t-shirt, flip-flops, sunburn, and regular voice. Their conversation started ok: he laughed at Alisa's jokes, and made a reference to a TV show from their youth, which confirmed their proximity in age. He even took off his sunglasses when he asked for her daughter's name. Alisa studied his forearm and smiled. She started to answer, wanting to say something that would lead to a deeper discussion, get him to rev up and show her something more... interesting: a sensitivity about anything. But suddenly he ran to his crying kid, who got dinged in the eye by a foam football. Alisa turned back to her daughter, Iris, and decided it was time to leave the park.

She wanted to be able to use him, she really did. She abstained from pleasing herself for the last ten days, because she'd violated the terms of her last cleanse by using the Cinnamon Puffs cereal cartoon mascot, Gruff Griffin, a tiger humanoid muscular man. She was supposed to be thinking about a celebrity, or her neighbor, or her best friend's husband, but instead, she rocked herself into a frenzy focusing on Gruff's rugged enthusiasm for sugary breakfast cereal.

"Grrrrab some!" he yelled in the commercials, and then roughly pulled a spilling cartoon bowl toward his oversized necktie, milk splashing explosively. An image that worked for her every time, multiple times even; dragging her bare breasts along his yellow fur before turning to bend over in front of him to yell, "Grrrrab some!" The milk everywhere.

A general ecstasy lasted hours after that session. But, as usual, a familiar fog rolled in, one she felt thirty years ago, when her kindergarten teacher scolded her in front of the whole class because Alisa had her hand down her pants during story time. She was rubbing furiously to the thought of the colorful ghost who starred in their story time book. She imagined him floating down from her bedroom ceiling, completely unclothed, aside from his ball cap perched sideways. Pleasure tingling through her body. Followed by the humiliation of being shamed and scolded.

The habit of replacing humans with fictional characters in fantasy never really went away. Her choices were either: epic euphoria followed by the fog of shame, or lackluster, low-level orgasms. Truth be told, the night she got pregnant with Iris, her then-boyfriend, Nick, took her to see a Pixar movie starring a jacked video game character.

For ten years, Alisa found a sweet spot compromise, using Santa Claus as finger fuel; that came to an end last December when Alisa saw the Santa at East Hills Mall showing an elf a Formula 1 video on his cell phone, repeatedly stating:

"Look at this fat bitch drive, he can't even turn, the fat dumb bitch."

Since then, Alisa employed week-long pleasure cleanses, an attempt to balance out her erotic attractions, and fantasize about "normal" things. And as much as she wanted to break her cleanse right now, and use the park dad as inspiration, he just wasn't doing it for her.

Slicing apples for Iris, in preparation for their next park visit, Alisa repeated in her head: *I will use the park dad*. When she finally got a chance to talk to him again, she wished she could unhear their

discussion. Even after returning home, her mind replayed it in its entirety, him bragging about his ‘amazing’ wife who could make art projects from any shape of cardboard.

Alisa wondered, if this woman is so amazing, why is she never here? Could this woman, so unconvincingly declared amazing, run a home as a full-time working single mom on one income? Is *that* amazing to anyone?

When Alisa brought out her lunch, Iris wanted to watch a new movie, called, *Job City*. Alisa never heard of it before, but gave it a shot and started streaming it. Being a Kaleidoscope Studios production, the animation quality was top-notch. There were winks and nods in the dialogue that appealed to Alisa, and she was quickly swept into the story.

The plot was easy enough: a housing problem in Whimsy Heights had the town debating how to house all of its residents. Then, an environmentally-conscious lumberjack, named Chip Timber, was hired to build more houses. Though Chip’s toy-like design was archetypal, there was a genuine charm to him. He had an axe that popped in and out of an opening in his left hand, which he tended to misplace; a bit of symbolism not lost on Alisa. Chip’s catchphrase ‘Oh, mother of nature!’ was doled out often, as he faced dilemma after dilemma related to the Whimsy Heights job.

The voice of Chip was vaguely familiar. Alisa soon recognized that the actor playing him was Shaun Moreno, Hollywood heartthrob decades ago, when Alisa was a pre-teen, when she had time to be aware of such things. For a thrilling moment, Alisa was thrust happily back into the nostalgia of the 1980s. She remembered pretending to her friends that she found Shaun “gorgeous,” but actually focused more on the talking motorcycle he rode in his box office hit *Wave Posse*. She’d spent a large amount of babysitting money to see the movie in theaters seven times before perfecting the mental image of herself on the motorcycle, his crackling voice begging her to “Get on, kid, and work my gears.”

Alisa paused *Job City* halfway through, when Iris fell into an uncharacteristic mid-afternoon nap. This restricted her to chores that

would not rouse Iris from sleeping. She abandoned the dishes, vacuuming, and even dusting, retreating instead to her bedroom.

She soon found herself lying in bed, the tickle of the comforter sending a shiver from the back of her arms, all the way up to her forehead. She sat up and removed her workout shorts and t-shirt, then her underwear and sports bra, ignoring the gouges in her skin where the elastic had settled. She rolled onto her front, and breathed in, hard and slow.

Alisa rocked her hips until she felt a squeeze in her pelvis. Her right hand moved under her lower belly, and then down. She let her fingers tap lightly through her matted fur. Face grinding into a pillow, her body parts worked on auto-pilot.

“Park dad,” she muttered into the pillow, trying to inspire his image in her lust. A few mediocre waves rolled through her groin, as she pictured him pushing her up against a tree at the park. It was almost starting to work, when a cardboard robot helmet appeared on his head.

“My amazing wife made this,” he said, as he rammed her into the bark, the helmet jiggling and knocking into her neck.

Alisa stopped, frustrated. She closed her eyes and deemed acceptable a quick review of her mental catalogue, just to refocus her arousal.

Franco, the giant submarine sandwich mascot from Hoagie’s Heroes chain restaurant; Iris’ favorite toy, Dino Detective; the mop puppet from a children’s PSA about household chores. The warmth from her middle body spread to her thighs, and she let out a small, closed-mouth moan. *It’s time*, she thought. She closed her eyes, imagining her co-worker at the lab, Gary, with who she shared a long-term but low-level flirtation. She wiggled, thinking about his teeth, the smile she wished but didn’t believe was just for her. She began to imagine going into his office, him asking her to sit on his lap. Her groin responded, leading to a surprisingly satisfying few moments. But in the middle of her fantasy, he started talking:

“Why do you ask so many questions?” Something she remembered he said to her a couple days prior. Her eyes popped open.

Alisa breathed in and froze, self-conscious. She reclosed her eyes, drifting for a beat toward sleep, but then made a sudden visceral decision to continue rubbing. In a haze of neutrality formed by all the images she'd conjured in the last few minutes, she reached a familiar and satisfying rhythm, blood swelling to her lower half, originating from behind her cupped palm. An audible release of her breath formed the sound 'Ah.' She pushed into the snugness of pleasure.

Suddenly, Chip Timber's face was in front of her own. The same oval-shaped mouth that had protested his qualifications to reform Whimsy Heights was now indicating ecstasy. Her breathing quickened as her lower body clenched and released in tempo. Steady in the image of Chip's eyes and beard, the pulsing under Alisa's hand quickened, and she approached climax. The rush, starting mid-body, swept to her forehead and feet, and as Alisa continued to orgasm, Chip's plastic hands - one in the perpetual shape to accommodate the axe - held her waist tight. "Oh, Alisa!" Chip said in Shaun Moreno's voice. His eyebrows raised in unison. "You're an amazing woman." Alisa finished in a final electrifying push as Chip thrust his hinged pelvis into her and cried out "Oh, mother of nature!"

Alisa's right hand was stiff, and a small stream of saliva wet her cheek, but she was a blank slate, cleared of the cobwebs in her brain and body she hadn't realized were there. She blinked several times, pausing her eyes in the closed position, seeing the pleasure in Chip's face again. As her breathing steadied, she was free of any shame. The word 'possible' lived in her now-slackened body. Alisa slowly rose up and off her bed, shook out her legs, and redressed. She woke Iris and they finished watching *Job City*.

In the end, the people of Whimsy Heights learned, just like Alisa did, that Chip Timber gets the job done every time.