

TOXTETH ERROR LAD

I'm not entirely sure where I left off, but I'm not back to entertain. I'm still the same Victor Boulet, but I'm not that man that was running The Institute of Social Hypocrisy, things change.

I live in Liverpool, I paint. I'm white. I'm heterosexual. I vote Labour. I'm turning 50 this summer, not very comfortable with that.

Liverpool is not a place I like.

I've just had another episode with insomnia. It's not nice. I woke up last night at 01:04, twisting and turning with a very active brain. 04:07 I got up. The house was pitch black. Trying to find the door is a challenge while the floor offers all the correct noises an old Georgian house is capable of delivering.

Descending the stairs in the dark naked is not something I do very often, because I usually trap my body in bed with the hope of another minute sleep. But this time I thought a sip of water could help my hectic brain to calm down.

I entered the kitchen and the floor tiles were cold. I struggled to locate our low and small IKEA fridge, 132 litre. I dropped my arm, found the handle and opened the door.

The light from the fridge hit my face and a body shaped shadow filled the room behind me. I looked down for the water, but sadly the light had lit up my white cock, belly and tits in such a cruel manner that I felt super surprised and I could not believe how unsexy I was.

Cock, tits and a fridge, mushrooms, eggs and belly.

I quickly drank my water direct from the plastic bottle and put it back onto its shelf and again that view of my ageing body, fuck.

I shut the door, and the room went black, I closed my eyes getting ready to manoeuvre back to the stairs, but to my horror the bright light from the fridge had been imprinted onto my retina, a white silhouette against black, that of my two tits and stupid cock.

I got out of bed at my usual time 06:30

Victor Boulet
Liverpool 2019