

ARE YOU LONELY TONIGHT?

By Chris Nieratko

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My first night in jail was the worst. I had been in a strip club just hours earlier and I still carried the sexy scents that permeate such establishments: cigarette smoke, coconut lotion, spilled beer, etc. That, coupled with the fact that I once was an international (hand) model, made me the sexiest inmate in the building and my milkshake brought all the boys to the yard. I was chum in the water and within minutes of entering general population the sharks began to circle. I was certain that I'd be sodomized before midnight. I tried to think positive thoughts but, like a passenger on a bus on the verge of pissing his pants who only thinks of the ocean, I could only think about the broomstick scene in "Shawshank Redemption."

By nothing short of a miracle my asshole was spared when, in some odd sort of mating ritual, the largest inmate in the room brushed past me and squatted in the corner, winking at me and blowing kisses, and began taking a shit. Oddly enough he didn't pull his sweatpants down to poop. The steaming load of excrement wafting up from his underwear completely masked my *eau de stripper toilette* and neutralized the sexual desires of the other inmates. The disgusting display of poor potty training gave me just enough distraction to be able to sneak away and hide in the men's room to formulate a plan.

Standing on the toilet in the locked stall so that I could see anyone that entered, I found myself unbelievably and uncontrollably horny. Perhaps it was my near pornographic prison rape scenario that I narrowly avoided or maybe it was the memory of the inexperienced cat-like busty, blonde dancer from earlier who climbed to the top of the pole knowing no other way to get down than to belly flop onto her wrist from ten feet up or it might've just been the drug cocktail I swallowed seconds before the cops could search me but something had all the blood rushing straight to my wang-doodle.

I had two options: walk around prison with a raging boner pointing straight out the front of my pants like I was well-witching or I could take a couple minutes of me-time to relieve myself. The thought of having imaginary sex with a pretty lady on some remote beach sounded like a nice escape from the white cinderblock bathroom walls and fearing for my life. As they say, "When in Rome..." so I decided to doctor up one of those prison pussies (also known as a fifi) I'd read about using the roll of toilet paper. Not having much experience in this department and being completely dehydrated from the



drugs, the only means for moistening "the pussy" I could come up with was to soak the entire roll in the rancid piss water I was hovering above. It may sound awful but I'll tell you what: I've been in actual pussies that felt and smelt far worse.

Just as I was nearing completion I heard a male voice near the door say, "Nieratko? You're free to go."

"But I've only been here an hour," I replied.

"Someone posted bail. Time to go," he answered.

"Ok...just two more minutes..."

This Fifi I was sent from Adult Empire is no wet roll of TP. This thing is fancy. It's made of soft pillow material, has a foam inside that heats up as you get cooking and uses disposable condom-like sleeves for no-mess cleanup. I imagine that these are the types of Fifis they issue white collar criminals at low security prisons. This is like a hipster Fifi; I'm surprised it doesn't smell like pine. It's a lot of fun but let's not bullshit ourselves: this Fifi wouldn't last two hours in the downtown Los Angeles jail I was in.

And thankfully I didn't have to, either.

Rating: 9 GetFifi.com