

**Record Release Date**  
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I woke up at five-twenty on a Tuesday morning and found myself seated next to Vivian on the first bus into the city. In my morning stupor, I managed to deduce that she must have been able to coax me out of my well-deserved post-finals slumber enough to get me out of bed and dressed. Actually, I noticed, I was only technically dressed. As I yawned, I unbuttoned my shirt, re-aligned it, and buttoned it up again. Vivian, clutching her pre-purchase receipt in both hands, noticed my arousal and smiled brightly. “Hey, you’re up!”

“Yeah,” I muttered while I tucked my shirt into my sweatpants. “What time is it?”

“Almost six,” she lied. I groaned and dropped my forehead onto her shoulder. “No, we’re almost there!” she protested before pushing me upright. When she let go of me, I flopped back down onto her.

We stepped off the bus just as the sun began to rise, two blocks from Roundworm Records. Roundworm Records was our favorite record store, partly due to its choice location, equidistant from the nearest bus stop and the finest crack west of the East Side, and partly due to its selective inventory—you could be sure you would never have to wade through any shitty popular releases before getting to wade through all of the shitty indie releases. I stumbled after Vivian toward the barred-up doors of Roundworm, and formed a line which at its peak would consist of me, Vivian, and a guy whose knees were engulfed in an invisible inferno.

Two hours later, the owner—a thirty-something ex-punk from New York—casually strolled up and unlocked the gate. “Morning,” he said to me with a nod. I raised my hand in acknowledgement. “Hey, Viv.”

“Good morning!” She bounced on her toes and thrust her receipt at him, still grasping it with two hands.

“Is that for the Zamfir tribute album?”

“No—”

“Yeah, yeah, I know what it’s for,” he interrupted as he pulled the door open. Vivian slid past him and hurried toward the New Releases section. I waited for the owner to kick down the doorstep and then followed him inside.

Vivian was frantically scanning the shelves. “We haven’t put them out yet,” he told her. “I’ll get you one from the back.” The moment he emerged from the storeroom, she intercepted him with the fifteen dollars and fourteen cents she had counted out two weeks earlier.

“Hi Mr. Sheehan, hi Mrs. Sheehan!” She greeted the surprised looks from my parents as she ushered me back into my house and up the stairs to my room. I sat on the edge of my bed and rubbed my eyes with the palms of my hands while Vivian put her CD in my stereo—she had unwrapped it on the bus—and rapidly tapped the “play” button. She hopped backwards onto the bed next to me, sending a small shockwave across the mattress, and wrapped her arms around me, squeezing me in anticipation. As the first power chords roared from my poor thirty-two Watt speakers, she sighed happily. I nodded my head and tapped my foot a couple times,

then grimaced, closed my eyes, and fell onto my back, with Vivian still attached to me.

I awoke for the second time that day with the overhead lamp assaulting my bloodshot eyes and Vivian's mouth assaulting my blood-engorged penis. Even though I wouldn't have gone so far as to say that I wanted her to stop, I was sincerely annoyed that she apparently thought she could just yank my pants off and summon an erection at will. Well, of course she could, but that didn't mean she should. "It was already like this when I found it," she mumbled when she noticed me stirring. I knew in my heart that erections like those didn't arise from indie rock alone, but lacking both the energy and the concrete evidence to claim otherwise, I just crossed my arms over my eyes and groaned pathetically while Vivian relentlessly fellated me.

Without opening my eyes or uncovering my face, I could see her every motion with absolute clarity; I'd seen it for real almost every day since February. Vivian's eyes would be slitted and her brows furrowed as she concentrated intensely on the activities in progress. She considered eye contact and other forms of psychological stimulation to be crutches for those lacking in tangible technique. I wasn't so sure, but at least on that day it wouldn't have mattered. With her lips sealed tightly around me, the insides of her cheeks lightly scraping the sides of my erection when she lifted her head, and her tongue wandering aimlessly about, I soon began to feel myself start to twitch. "Ah, Viv, gonna, Viv, I'm gonna ah..." I babbled incoherently. She ignored me. I scooted further back on my bed. "Viv, I'm gonna come."

"Okay." She raised an eyebrow. "Isn't that the idea?"

"Yeah, but, um... Well, can't we just fuck now?"

"We could, but what's the hurry—hey, you're not planning on falling asleep right after you get off, are you?"

"No."

"Yes, you are! You're practically falling asleep as we speak!"

"Well, come on, Viv, I've hardly slept for days," I whined.

"Oh, so I'm just an early-afternoon nightcap, I guess?"

"Alright, sorry, never mind, then." I curled up on my side. "I'll just go to sleep now." Vivian pushed me flat onto my back.

"Okay, okay, we'll fuck right now! Jesus Christ," she sighed as she hopped toward my desk, attempting to remove her panties and retrieve a condom at the same time. I noticed at that point that the CD had cycled back to the first track, maybe for the second or third time. I feebly hummed along. Even in my sleep, the band's infectious hooks had imprinted themselves on my brain.

Vivian pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it by my feet as she knelt over me and unwrapped the condom over my penis. She crawled over me and looked me in the eyes, giving me a scowl that appeared to be trying to turn into a grin. It might have completed its transformation had she not suddenly thrust herself down and started to pump me with a zealous fervor. I clutched the sheets with both hands and whimpered out loud as I incredulously gasped for air. Vivian leaned forward onto her forearms and pumped faster still, tossing her hair across her face and concealing her fierce expression. Without the advance warning I would have needed to muster my already fatigue-weakened resolve, I barely had time to comprehend my situation before letting a final squeak escape my throat, shuddering slightly, and releasing myself into the latex reservoir.

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My mind fizzled into sleep while Vivian continued her frenzy for as long as she could. When further penetration became an impossibility, she slid to the side and reclined next to me while she caught her breath. I opened my arm and she accepted the invitation, pressing herself into me as guitar feedback faded out on the mini stereo. During the two-second silence between tracks, she nudged me and whispered, "I think this next one's my favorite." I didn't hear her. Vivian sighed, shut her eyes and nuzzled her cheek against my shoulder.