

Scot Sothern

LOWLIFE (Excerpt)

Cheri

Mountainous bumps and bruises up left side of her head, like a relief map. She has taken a beating. "Please be good to me," she says. "Don't hurt me, okay? I'll be good. Just please don't hurt me."

"I'm not going to hurt you, I promise." I pull into a dark parking lot and take a twenty from my wallet and explain I'm a photographer and I need a model.

She takes the money and climbs through the seats to the back. I turn on the dome light and get my camera. She peels off her shirt and I turn on my flash.

I bring the Nikon to my eye. She makes a sudden jump, presses her back into the seat and starts kicking at me. "That's a gun," she screams. "Doan shoot me! I be good for my daddy. Looky my titties. You wanna feel my titties, here, feel my titties." She is gasping air, flailing her limbs.

She's freaking me out. "It's a camera. Look, it's just a camera."

She yells, "Help me. Somebody help me." Her hands go up as if to protect her face from the blast. I aim, focus, ignite the flash and make the exposure. Her eyes burn holes through the film. She screams three times, then after a silent pause that seems stuck forever in the moment she comes out, slowly, from behind her hands. "You take my picher?"

"Yeah, I did."

"That's a camera?"

"Yes it is."

"Can you give me some more money? I be good for you, do what you want."

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AQC

Revolt of the Underdogs



Fritter

Fritter is a big girl with a pretty face. She smells like Ivory Soap and is witty, fun. I get a motel room where she gets naked and we take a bunch of pictures. We laugh a lot, and I get a boner.

I tell her I don't think she belongs on the street selling herself to lowlife creeps like me.

She asks me who does belong on the streets?

I tell her, Well, I guess nobody does.

I change the subject by offering her an additional twenty dollars for a little safe sex. She is agreeable. She settles her bulk horizontally on the bed. I get naked and straddle her stomach. Her skin is soft and sensual. I take myself in hand and wallow in the luxury of her pillowy body. I look at her pretty face. Her eyes are melancholy brown.

I can feel the wad of pressurized seed in my loins. I begin to climax when Fritter lets out a wounded cry and bucks me off her midriff and through the air like a rodeo clown. I tumble to the floor but manage to land on my feet. My ejaculate hasn't ejaculated and the mood has left me in a rush.

"Jesus," I say, "how come you did that?"

She is across the room, putting her clothes back on. "I saw something in your eyes," she says. "I thought you were going to hurt me. I have to go now."

I pick up my Levi's and step into one leg at a time.

"I wasn't going to hurt you. I'm not like that."

"I've heard that before."

"Yeah," I tell her, "I suppose you have."

Jane

Jane explains to me that she is really a model. She's going to stop the ho stuff real soon and get a job as a dancer or maybe doing television commercials. She wants my phone number, so if the pictures are good she can use them in her portfolio. We burn through two rolls of film. Afterward, I give her another fifteen bucks for a quick dip. We do it the old fashioned way with me on top, her looking up. She turns her head away, closes her eyes and curls her hands into hard fists.

Six months later Jane calls me. She says she is working as a dancer and has a boyfriend who takes care of her and can she buy the negatives from me for a hundred dollars? I tell her no but promise never to show her face. I suggest we get together to take some more pictures. She calls me a scum-bag and hangs up.

