

BONUS SCENE.

WHAT THE FUCK IS A CHANNING?

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Note to self: When Alexis says ‘Google it’, don’t fucking listen. But more importantly, don’t fucking ‘Google’ it.

“You’ve got to be shittin’ me” I said to myself as I raked my hand through my hair and gripped it tightly with incredulity.

The moment I lost our bet and she conceitedly asked me to do a ‘Channing’ and then suggested I Google Magic Mike after giving her a What-The-Fuck? look, I knew I would not like the outcome. And while sitting at my desk, staring at the search results before me, that presumption has become a reality.

“Bunch of shirtless penguins,” I groaned, rolling my eyes at the pictures on Wikipedia. “And who’s this wannabe dickhead cowboy? That better not be Channing.”

Narrowing my eyes and leaning forward, I scrolled down the screen until I found the official movie trailer. I clicked on the link then leaned back in my chair, shaking my head as I realised what she wanted.

“A fucking striptease,” I murmured into my hand, cupping my chin in thought and chuckling. Oh course she’d want a striptease. This was retribution for the one I asked her for in Uluru. “Okay, sure, I can do that. How hard can it be? Undress to music while eye-fucking her. Too bloody easy.”

I continued to search until a succession of Youtube hits titled *Magic Mike dancing to Pony* filled my screen. Curious — yet not really wanting to witness the pending clip — I clicked on a link and screwed up my face in anticipation.

The sound of screaming sheilas blasted through the speakers of my laptop, followed by the sight of some knob in a hoodie and tracksuit pants standing patiently on a stage. What then transpired was two and half minutes that could never be erased from brain and a reluctant yet determined notion that I was going to perform a Channing for Alexis. But like anything I did for Alexis, it required perfection.

Calculating her birthday to be just under one and a half months away, I realised I’d not much time to learn the routine for her. But first things first, I obviously needed the get-up,

which unfortunately included a red piece of arse flossing candy. In my opinion, men shouldn't wear things that have the ability to get wedged up their arse. *Ah fuck!*

Hitting speaker on my phone, I dialled Clarissa.

"Versace City Towers, Clarissa speaking. How may I assist you today?" she answered, her tone the utmost fluent professionalism.

"Good morning, Clarissa, it's Bryce. I'm going to need your help with something," I explained while closing my eyes and exhaling. "Can you meet me in my office just briefly before you head home this afternoon?"

"Of course. Is everything all right?"

I let out a sarcastic chuckle. "Yes, but I have a feeling you are going to love this."

Holding the red G-string — that Clarissa eagerly provided me — in front of my face and stretching it, I cringed at the thought of actually putting it on. It had been exactly forty-seven days since googling Channing fuckin' Tatum — worst decision of my life — and I had been putting-off wearing the horrid and clearly uncomfortable garment that I now fiddled with in my hands. *Do I really need it? She likes it when I go commando. Maybe I should do that instead.*

Knowing that I was feeding myself a bullshit pretence, I cursed under my breath and kicked off my shoes. I'd left Alexis waiting downstairs, blindfolded and sitting on the sofa in nervous anticipation. We'd been out to dinner for her birthday at one of my favourite restaurants and treated to top-notch service by my mate, Chef Daniels, and his staff. The food was exceptional as per usual but now threatened to show itself after fermenting in my nervous gut for little over an hour. *Man the fuck up, Bryce. You've got this. It's what you do.* It was what I fucking did. I took charge, owned a situation and never shied away from a challenge. And that's exactly what this was, a god damn challenge of my testament and just how far I would go to make Alexis happy. That said, if I didn't know for a fact that she would love what I was about to do for her, then I wouldn't be bloody doing it. I wouldn't be doing it if my life depended on it.

After changing into the ill-fitting arse floss, hoodie and tracksuit pants, I slowly made my way downstairs, finding Alexis sat where I'd left her, hands rested on her lap and legs bouncing with expectancy.

"Finally. What took you so long?" she asked when she heard my entrance into the

room.

“If I’m going to do this, I’m going to do it right,” I answered, placing the portable iPod dock down at the bottom of the stairs. “And trust me ... I don’t think I’ll be doing it again. My arse is very fucking uncomfortable right now. I have a new-found respect for you, honey.”

“What?’ she laughed. “What are you talking about?”

Making my way toward her as if I were a moving particle in her electromagnetic field, I dipped down and brushed my lips across hers. “Shh,” I whispered, my sudden proximity startling her. “You’re about to find out. When you hear the music, take your blindfold off.”

Taking backward steps, I smiled at the sight of her craning her neck for another kiss. And normally, I wouldn’t hesitate in obliging her request, forever aspiring to give her what she wants... what I want, but I had to get this Magic Mike shit over and done with. It had plagued my mind for forty-seven days too long. It was now time to pay my dues.

Pressing play on the iPod and taking my position on the platform at the base of the staircase, the deep drum and bass sounds of ‘Pony’ by Ginuwine filled the room. Resistance to look up in that moment and see her shocked face was incredibly difficult, but I couldn’t. If I was going to do this like I had practised, I needed to focus and stay in the zone.

Dropping my head forward, I closed my eyes and rolled my neck around slowly before taking two attitude-fuelled steps toward her. Comprehension of what I was doing blared from her face like a beacon when my eyes met hers, followed by a loud excited squeal and the frantic running of her feet against the floor.

“Oh! My! God! Bryce!” she shrieked.

I unzipped my jacket while sliding to the beat, throwing in a little robot with a pop of my shoulder. She let out another squeal as I inched closer to her yet again, and I couldn’t help but smile. *Fuck me, she’s going to throw me off. I can’t fuck this up.*

Alexis was now bouncing up and down on the sofa as if it were one of those kiddy jumping castles. She was more excited than kid on Christmas morning.

Dropping my jacket to the floor, I fired an I’ve-fuckin’-got-this grin before thrashing my cock enticingly for her.

She stopped bouncing.

She stopped squealing.

And her jaw all but hit the floor. *Perfect!*

Alexis’ now stunned expression had me upping the ante, so I slid my hands down my singlet-covered chest — the narcissistic self-exploration causing the reddening of her cheeks.

Damn, I loved seeing her bathed in a pink blush of embarrassment, and it was the mere sight of this sexual shyness which stirred my cock to life and prompted me to continue in the hope I would elicit so much more.

I must admit that dancing had never been an issue for me, music having always been a major part of life. Therefore, moving to sound was like a second nature, accept the style of movement I was currently displaying was not one I had a habit of breaking into on a daily basis.

Knowing that a particular move which resembled a fucking caterpillar was fast approaching, I sunk down to the floor and crawled towards her. You would have to be blind — or gay — to miss the now tense posture she'd developed, coupled with the clenching of her thighs. And seeing her struggle for the composure she was desperately clinging to was akin to a shot of adrenaline through my entire body — her attempts to hide her obvious desire futile.

Smiling artfully at her, I slid backward in a dry-hump of the floor kind of way. She threw her head back and laughed, which made my heart pound rapidly within my chest. *Jesus fucking Christ, that laugh has the capacity to render me useless.*

I smiled once again and gave her a conceited raise of an eyebrow before springing upward and performing a backflip with ease. She screamed, unprepared for my bold acrobatics, and more or less in fear that I would land on my head — that scenario nearly a reality during an impromptu practice just the other night. But I didn't land on my head, instead landing perfectly on my feet like a god damn cat.

Stripping off my singlet triumphantly, I revealed the part of my body that I knew she had an immense vulnerability toward, my knowledge having been proven when she gripped the edge of the couch in what appeared to be her desperation for restraint, something I too was now losing control over.

Just as I was about to throw her over my shoulder and carry her upstairs, Ginuwine began to sing the chorus, mentioning the need to have his pony ridden. I could sympathise with the guy, my pony now wanting the equivalent of an Alexis-rodeo-performance. The mere thought of her pussy riding my cock had me thrusting toward her eagerly and pointing at it, empathising it was all hers.

Her jaw fell open once more, but this time she slid to her knees in front of the couch, sitting back on her heels. The sight of her at a loss for words — at a loss of functionality — filled me with satisfaction. It was I all needed to confirm that the last month and half of listening, watching, and practising Magic fucking Mike was worth it.

I performed a 360° spin and stopped, standing over her, only centimetres away. I then

pulled my tracksuit pants down at the front, only slightly, rewarding her with a sneak peek of the arse floss. *Oh yeah, honey, that shit right there is for you.* Her eyes widened and she knelt up higher to gain a better viewpoint, also reaching out to touch my cock.

Grabbing her hand, I twitched my finger at her, as if to say ‘nuh-uh’, then gently pulled her up so that she was once again sitting on the edge of the couch.

Eye-fucking her heatedly, I slowly crouched down on my knees and happily placed my head between her legs, the scent of her desire nearly knocking me for six. I practically shuddered. *Jesus fucking Christ.* Then, almost instantly, for fear that if I did not hurry and continue I might just ditch the rest of the performance, move her underwear aside and plunge my tongue inside her pussy, I lifted her and stood up.

She squealed and clenched my head in a vicelike grip of her thighs. And the fact that her pelvis was now covering my face as I walked her over to the step before gently placing her down, only increased the hardening of my cock from within my pants. *How god damn long does this song go for?*

“You’re crazy!” she shouted over the sound of the music.

I didn’t say anything, deciding that I would keep as quiet as possible during the performance for the sole reason as to heighten her need. So instead, I pretended to dry-hump her as Ginuwine sang about being horny. *Fuck me, I can sympathise with the bastard yet again.* My dick was now uncomfortably hard and packed snugly into a piece of underwear that I wanted nothing more than to remove and toss over the balustrade of my penthouse apartment. And her continuous laughter and excessive attempts to kiss me had me all but ready to relent and fuck her senseless.

Growling with a mixture of frustration and amorous intent, I slowly crept down her body, eyeing her devilishly during my descent before stopping momentarily to nip at the damp spot between her legs. Her thighs closed around my head yet again, holding me tightly, but her strength paled in comparison to mine as I opened them with ease, releasing myself to stand above her once more.

“You’re insane,” she giggled as I removed my shoes and socks while waggling my eyebrows in response.

Propping herself up on her elbows, she licked her lips and watched closely as I pulled down my tracksuit pants. The sight of her astonishment and over-fucking-joyed elation at the sight of me standing there in nothing but the red G-string of death, all but made the horror of my position worth it. Her eyes widened, and she fell back, putting her hands over her mouth to subdue the laughter she obviously wanted to burst with.

“Happy Birthday, honey,” I said with conviction.

Alexis continued to giggle, peeking through her fingers and kicking her legs up and down with excitement. It was as if she knew what was coming. *How many fucking times has she watched this shithole movie?*

Crouching down over her — facing her feet — I hovered my cock just above her face and pumped to the beat of the music. She squealed, but little did she know that my pretence would soon become a god damned reality. My plan was to be balls deep in that pretty little mouth of hers before the night was out.

Alexis tried to playfully bite at my cock, snapping me out of the visions of her lips pressed against my length. “Hey, easy,” I laughed.

She fucking ignored me — obviously reaching her brink — and gripped my arse, pushing my package into her face just as the music began to die down. Grateful that this entire fiasco was now over, I rolled off of her, all the while trying to pluck the irritating material from between my arse in an awkward fashion.

Alexis burst into hysterics. “I can’t believe you,” she said in between laughs and gasps for air.

Chuckling, I finally gave her a reply, “Believe it, honey, because I ain’t wearing this fucking arse-flossing red piece of shit ever again.”

