

EXCERPT: **Black Balled**

Staring at my computer, I am about two mouse clicks away from giving him a piece of my mind when I'm saved by the bell. My cell is ringing atop my kitchen counter, buzzing away and doing its own little dance informing me that someone is trying to reach me. I should answer. I really should face my agent, whose name is flashing on the screen. There is no need for this conversation, because I already know what he's going to say: "Ignore him, Larson. He's an asshole, man. Quincy's Soul is a fucking masterpiece."

Luckily, my agent Brent is a die-hard fan so he easily strokes my ego the way the blonde-guy from last night stroked my dick for hours. Sighing, I pick up the cell just before it goes to voicemail answering in my typical one word greeting, "Blackburn."

"Larson. Shit, man, did you see the review?"

Little naive Brent.

Did he actually think it wouldn't be my first destination before even pouring myself a cup of coffee? What the fuck planet has he been living on?

"The hell do you think, B.? Of course I saw it, and I'm telling you right now..."

I'm ready to go off on my only friend if it ensures that I keep my sanity in check.

"Do. Not. Respond. Larson, I swear to fucking God, if you leave a comment, your career is over. Done. Don't be stupid, man. For once in your life just listen to me and not your hot-tempered need to confront every asshole who thinks he's the best thing since Hemingway went to rehab."

Jesus, someone needs to remind Brent that Hemingway wrote shit when he was sober so his little rant means nothing. Plus, I'm pretty sure that genius never went to rehab.

"Brent, he called me a pussy. No, worse, he called me a fucking woman! We'll see if he's so cocky when I stick all nine inches of my dick down his throat and pump my load all over his face."

Crude? Yeah, a little bit.

Yet, interestingly enough, my words are closer to a children's tale than his pretentious reviews. It's not even fit to be used as toilet paper. Too harsh for my pretty ass.

"Who cares, man? And please, I'm begging you, do not throw visuals of your cock in some dude's mouth at me. It makes me ...uncomfortable."

Now, Brent is just trying to make me laugh...poor sap.

"Shut the fuck up, B. You love my visuals, said so on my manuscript."

I hear him chuckle, which calms my nerves for an iota of a moment, but then my thoughts return to the review.

"Look," he says, "all I'm saying is that he didn't even finish the book. Readers know the difference between an attention whore writing a review and the honest opinion on a novel that was actually read from cover to cover. Plus, your readers love you. Don't let him get to you. Ignore him and this will blow over by tomorrow."

He's right. Of course, he's right and I should undoubtedly take his advice, close the tab on Babu's Book Talk and start writing the follow-up to Quincy's Soul...Harsh Reality. I know all of this, I really do. But fuck it, I just can't. It's one thing to attack my work, my genius, some have called it. But my personal life? Oh hell, no. That will not fly with me.

"I gotta go." I hear Brent yelling at me, begging me not to respond but it all goes silent as I press the red button to end the call.

*Alright, Babu. Game on, asshole.*