

The Police Pimp, by Bruno Massé

Bruno Masse is a Montreal-based author. Better known for environmental activism and research, Bruno moonlights as a wretched novelist, playwright and poet, heavily influenced, if not possessed by themes of horror, noir, cyberpunk and erotica. Author of l'Aube Noire, Valacchia, The Noxious and the Daemon Flower and The Malice Cycle trilogy, member of the Anarchist Writers Bloc and the Anarchistes Anonymes collectives and annual contributor to the International Anarchist Theatre Festival of Montreal.

“Jesus Christ, Dave,” yelled Goober from the revolving doors to the Service Office, your typical government building. “Take your old sweet time then, why don’t you?”

My cred chip fell noiselessly into the beggar’s crumpled fedora as I walked away. Something like a muffled thank-you echoed as I strode up the stairs.

“Yeah Dave,” doubled K in earnest, “got to stand in line, remember?”

Idiots. I *had* to give the poor man something. Old wino was guzzling from a bottle of White Lightning. Ever had that? Hell, I did once – and only once. Foul stuff. Stings like hell going down the pipes, but I can tell you, what it feels like coming back up, that just ain’t right.

“Quit stalling,” insisted a rather giddy Goober, “it’s gonna be fucking awesome!”

“Alright mates, we can go,” I apologized, and in we went, the three of us, right into the Service Office of the Ministry of Social Affairs.

Then we saw the crowd.

“Oh, fuck me sideways,” blurted K.

The queue, as it happened, stretched a solid hundred meters. Everyone lined up in rows like domino pieces. I could barely make out the check-in desk, but it looked an awful lot like an airport: dozens of security guards, metal detectors, full body scanners. And the rest of the office was equally foreboding: concrete floor, carpeted walls, cubicles on every side.

What a shit plan.

“All that just to get our dicks wet?” complained Goober.

“Yes, and quit whining,” argued K as he reached for three registration forms. “It’s totally worth it, mates. Besides, I’m the birthday boy. So it’s my show.”

True, that it was, and as a manufacture of bad ideas, K had just signed a masterpiece. Goober was in because he’s a few notches south of a horny goat, and doesn’t know shit for shit. And I was in, ’cause K had talked me into it.

Yeah. And I’m an idiot.

“Didn’t that used to be illegal, though?” I risked, “I mean, sex for money. If it was such a bad thing to begin with, why’d the government get into it?”

“Still *is* illegal, dumbass,” answered Goober, “outside of regulation. Not that it matters. Black market died down the second the State took it off the streets and into these Service Offices. Whole thing standardized, with the fuzz in charge. Can’t compete with that. And from what I read it used to be dangerous shit anyway, bugs and guns and smelly crap. Now it’s cleaner, healthier.”

“And taxable,” noted K, scribbling on the form. He was a regular.

“Figured,” added Goober, “if you can’t kill it, you better fucking own it’. And then there’s the whole principle of the thing.”

I didn’t get it. “What do you mean? What principle?”

K answered, looking down at the piece of paper.

“Fucking,” he said, “is a basic human right.”

I took a closer look at the form to distract myself from the conversation. The thing was five pages long. Smallest print you could imagine.

“Jesus,” I blurted out, “I don’t know, K. This is too complicated. Let’s just get a pint, man. My treat.”

“Come on,” he countered nonchalantly, yanking the form from my hands. “I’ll fill it out for you. Let’s see... right. How much did you rake in last quarter?”

“Damned if I know. Fuck man, what does that have to do with, you know...”

“Pussy?” said Goober.

“Sex, I mean.”

“Whatever,” K shrugged. “I’ll start at the bottom. Let’s see. Oh, yeah, this is a good one: ‘have you ever had unprotected anal sex with a male partner? Yes, no, not sure?’”

I cringed. This was getting personal.

“Wait,” he cut in before I could answer, “says here unprotected is defined as ‘failing to comply with T.04-B standards and/or certified 3rd 87 grade.’”

“Fuck that,” I tried unconvincingly. “Let’s just get out of here.”

“Damn,” blundered Goober, oblivious to what I suggested. “I’m hard already.”

* * *

“David Malone, age 31. Single.”

Three hours later and we’d made it through the first check-in and scanners, then parted ways. I was stuck in a private cubicle with the Assessment Officer – a crew-cut fifty-something pile of executive flair who was reading me my own life on a holoscreen. K and Goober must have been going through the same thing, somewhere else.

“Part-time window-cleaner... No insurance. No retirement plan. Prosecuted for a small misdemeanor back in 2023 – case settled out of court. Blood type A positive. High cholesterol, but otherwise no major health problems.”

Fluorescent tubes buzzed overhead and I was fighting down the urge to bail out. Too late to run, though: I’d never hear the end of it. Plus, there were security drones everywhere. Biometric scans would interpret high levels of stress with force, the kind you didn’t want to be on the receiving end of.

That, and the guy had already swiped my cred card. I was getting fucked already.

"You've been living alone at 483 Stanley Drive, unit 904, for almost six years now, own a cat named Raoul, and..." The bureaucrat's gaze suddenly lit under the folds of his eyelids. "Says here your MMI – monthly masturbation index – is at 5.5."

Now how would they...

"Can I go already?" I risked, thoroughly embarrassed.

"Mr. Malone," began the Assessment Officer as he placed both hands on the desk, "please. We must follow due procedure."

"Well, what's the problem?"

"Your MMI. The aggregate projections for a person of your type are estimated at 12.8."

"Listen, I don't know what –"

"Please," he countered paternalistically, "being subnormal is nothing to be ashamed of. Have you filed a claim of malfeasance with the Bureau of Central Health? You *could* be eligible for subsidized Services."

A tax cut?

"Maybe next time," I shrugged.

"I'm afraid you don't understand," insisted the Officer. "Any and all behavioral sexual dysfunctions must be reported to the Assessment Officer for processing. Did you not read the Transparency Clause? This is your signature here, isn't it?"

He waved the form around like some kind of magical wand.

"I don't," I started, "I'm not... dysfunctional."

The bureaucrat brushed it off. "Right. I'll just make a requisition on your file, then, Mr. Malone. You now have 48 hours to check into your nearest BCH for a psychosexual diagnostic. I don't have to tell you it's –"

"Mandatory, I know."

Damn you!

"Everything else looks in order," he concluded, satisfied. "I will direct your case to the next available Field Agent."

"Wait," I surprised myself to say, "don't you want to know stuff, like..."

"Like what?" he said.

"Like, I don't know... my, you know, preferences?"

The Assessment Officer blinked. Once. Twice. He let out a deep sigh of boredom, then produced a blue hospital gown and placed it on the desk, followed with two plastic squares – one government-approved condom and a single-use packet of lubricant.

* * *

"Fuck it's cold."

Room 47. I'd been standing here like an idiot for almost an hour, naked but for the acid-washed gown that wouldn't quite close in the back.

It was a small place, with a desk but no chairs, and a single bed with a white vinyl cover. Everything smelled of bleach. Pinned on both doors, a plasticized poster read the seventeen guidelines in bold print. But I hadn't quite paid attention. There was a bright holoprojection on the rear wall, this zoom-in of the same repeating sequence.

Cock in cunt. In and out, mechanical.

And in. And out, hypnotizing.

And in... and out...

The sudden *chlunk* of the door lock caught me off guard and I twitched back defensively. As my pulse raced madly, the Field Agent came in.

Jesus Christ, I thought. *Jesus fucking Christ*.

She was wearing a disposable one-piece plastic suit, basic blue, with a single zipper running down the front. Her stare focused on the pad in her palm, scrolling through my file with her thumb. In the same motion she started peeling off the suit, distractedly.

"Mr. Malone," she spoke in a monotone voice. "How are we today?"

In a second she was naked, the plastic in a bundle at her feet. And there I saw: kneepads. She was wearing kneepads!

"My name's Natalie," she added, "I'll be your Field Agent today."

My blood turned cold. She had the sort of body you saw on billboards, or the news, or sometimes in government leaflets. Perfectly toned, balanced, symmetrical. Something familiar, like I'd seen her a million times before.

Muscle grafts on every limb, microscopic stitch-marks barely visible after series of micro-surgeries. Gel-injected breasts hung in mid-air like twin globes of rubber, the nipples salmon-pink. Cheek-bone implants. Augmented lips. Depilated by lasers. Hair like a doll's: three different shades of blond.

"Mr. Malone?" she insisted, finally looking up.

The eyes – they couldn't work the eyes. Too expensive. And I realized she was an actual person, though her age was anyone's guess. A bead of sweat rolled down my temple, and I swallowed hard.

"Dave," I tried. "Call me Dave."

Without even responding, the Agent came towards me and went for the clasps at my sides.

Before I realized, I'd taken two steps back.

"Please," I rasped, "can't we just talk... a little?"

Natalie shrugged, no visible expression on her face.

"It's counter-indicated."

"How do you assign Agents exactly?" I went on without permission. "The Assessment Officer wouldn't let me, you know, he said I didn't need to say."

"We have algorithms," she stated, going for my gown again.

"Natalie," I yelped defensively, "please, I'd just like to talk, no one needs to know."

The Agent retreated to sit on the bed, legs crossed. Her tone hinted at concern as she waved one hand around. "Don't you see the cameras?"

Jesus, I thought, she's right. They're everywhere.

"Well ok," I chanced, "then how about something else. I don't know, just a massage maybe?"

To which she merely replied, "That's extra."

"Great," I blurted out. "Then let's do that!"

I found a way out!

"You don't understand," she said dispassionately, "you checked in the box for Regular Service. To modify your invoice, you have to go back to the Assessment Officer."

"You mean, wait in line again?"

"How else?"

I kept searching through her eyes to find something human, and there it was: pity. For herself, perhaps. Or maybe for us both.

"Listen," she started, "close your eyes, let me work."

And I tried to comply, I did. I just wanted to go home. When she came forward again, I didn't move, just stood there as she knelt down in front of me and raised the gown above my waist.

Calm down, I thought, eyes shut tight. This'll be over in a flash.

But all I could think of was how smart and convenient it would be for a Field Agent like her to be wearing kneepads, to think of putting them on in advance, and how that was something nobody would ever plan if they actually *wanted* to have sex.

"So," I heard with a hint of exasperation, "what's wrong with you exactly?"

I opened my eyes to see Natalia looking up, inches away from my very flaccid cock.

She added, somewhat bored, "There was nothing on your file about a behavioral dysfunction."

Too late I realized what she was referring to.

"I'm not dysfunctional," I argued without thinking. "It's just..."

The Agent was up and moving before I could finish that sentence. A terminal on the desk lit up and she quickly logged in.

"What are you doing?" I blurted out, straightening my gown in a vain effort to keep myself together.

"I have to report this," she stated firmly. "You'll have 48 hours to check in to your nearest —"

"I know, it's in my file already. Listen," *I can't stay here!* "I have to go, alright? I'm sorry, keep the creds, I don't care anymore."

But the Agent looked at me blankly.

"We're not done, Mr. Malone."

I wanted to scream.

"Why?"

"Well," she merely shrugged, like it was the most obvious thing in the universe. "You need to ejaculate."

"I'm going," I mumbled defiantly, reaching for the nearest door. *"I'm going."*

And the Field Agent turned back to the terminal, punching sequences on the numpad. LEDs lit up like a rainbow. Somewhere, half a dozen cameras started buzzing.

* * *

And then I was running.

Cubicles flittered by, and doors and hallways, bureaucrats in grey suits jumping in shrieks of terror, with coffee cups and sheets of papers all poised mid-air as I ran at bullet-speed, my bare butt exposed to the world.

I didn't know where I was going. There were letters on signs and neon arrows but none of that registered. My instincts were driving me through the labyrinth, hooked on the faint scent of freedom.

Fuck Goober, I thought, yes, and to hell with K, and if it means doing shit you don't want to do, then fuck birthdays too!

When I burst into the main waiting line, I thought I was in the clear. Hundreds of staring eyes welcomed me like cattle grazing in the distance.

But those security drones had clocked my case around the bend and two dozen guards were homing in quickly, boots storming out of hallways like tanks.

Then I saw the revolving doors, filled with the light of day.

It was so beautiful.

Suddenly, something hard crashed into the back of my knee and I fell in a heap of hospital blue. A searing pain went up my thigh and I recoiled in shock.

"Argh!"

Ten square faces stared down emotionless, telescopic batons raised like antennas, sunglasses reflecting back the sight of a withered wretch on the carpet floor.

"Why are you running?" one said, voice cold as iron.

"I... I don't know," I started out, in pain. "Why'd you club me?"

"You were running," he replied.

When the guard reached for his belt I knew I was done for. He pulled out a small piece of paper.

I looked up in disbelief.

"Your receipt," he said.

* * *

I managed to limp out of the revolving doors and down the stairs, the hospital gown flowing in the wind. But for all the strangeness of the thing, I couldn't care less.

"Heya, boy," croaked a familiar voice, "changed your mind there, did you?"

It was the old beggar with the fedora. He was smiling at me, a smile like the rising sun. There was a fresh bottle of White Lightning in his gnarled, grimy hands, and he held it out in my direction.

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I sat down next to him, tears running down my cheeks.

"Jesus," I mumbled, "Jesus fucking Christ."

"Eh," the old man snarled, "don't worry, son. It happens."

I raised the bottle to my lips. "Does it really?" I asked, wincing from the acrid taste, then took another swill.

"Oh," he muttered, looking away, "you'd be surprised."