

Milena Is a Sex Bomb

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I

“Giovà, don’t worry, somehow I’m going to find the money. You can book on my behalf, they know me. I told you, I’ll pay. I’m not like you, when I have some cash in my pockets, you know I will feed anyone.”

Here we are. A swindle, a mysterious accident – there’s always plenty of expedient methods to take care of matters. For example, take into consideration a poor devil that would sell his own ass for 50 euros. Come on, give it to him. In exchange, he will give you his name. Open a bank account, you are building a business. What kind of business? A crane operator or even some sort of construction? Why? It’s impossible to build something over here. No? So this time you could try something like a catering service. Anyway, for food, under Mount Vesuvius or in Nairobi, there’s always space. So, it’s catering services. Reasonably, you are going to need business cell phones. There’s a lot of offers and new technology. Good. Throw away the SIM card, sell the cell phone for three quarters of the list price. Net profit begins after the simple expenses of the SIM card and 20 euros to open the bank account. But, the business failed. How many of these businesses did you create and kill in the last month? 2,500 euros, 5 phantom businesses, 7 pieces of high technology sold on the black market. Oh, the invisible hand of the market! Under Vesuvius, capitalisms’ spirit is an acrobat.

“I told you, we have to find the money; on Saturday we’ll find everyone, bitches and brown noses. Yes, yes, I want to party. No way,

it’s my birthday, Antonio Ottaiano is 21 years old! Besides, the Naples football team made it to fourth place. In one month we’ll play the match to enter the Champions League. The last time you weren’t even born, asshole...!”

“The money? What do you want to do? We have to organize, fast, we don’t have the time to wait for the bank or the lawyer... this time we arrange it at home. You don’t have to worry, they robbed the shop twice this month, just one more time and... you have to understand...”

“Tell everyone, table for twenty of us in the disco... champagne. Tell Ciccio to get the magic dust from his friend. He’ll know what you mean.”

“Antò, wake up! I told you to wake up!”

“What’s the matter mom?! Come on, I was sleeping! What’s wrong? Did Vesuvius blow up?”

“I wish it had... at least it would have taken all these fucking people with it... They robbed us again Antò! But this time, not even a noise.”

“Calm down mom, when did it happen? Last night?”

“Yes, the third time in one month...”

“So, when are we going to get a serious anti-theft system? Do you think that we live in Switzerland? Anyway, don’t worry. I’m going to ask someone in the street. Giovanni always stands outside the bar in front of our house. He sees everyone who passes by. We will make them spit the money back, these motherfuckers... I’ll let you know something around midday.”

“Oh Giovà, is everything ok? Nobody saw me. Listen, now I’ll talk to my mother. If

she comes and asks you something, you have to tell her... exactly that you saw someone in a black car going to Naples... A Twingo car? Yes, and it was parked outside the building... Make up whatever you want, but do not go too far, 'cause we'll get fucked up...

See you on Saturday in Naples. Yes, everything's ok. Vincenzo booked, Ciccio did his part. We just miss the pussy, and a little bit of fish for Gennaro, 'cause he likes it like this... Vincenzo will take a look..."

The family business is a blouse shop, for the past three generations. It was about to fail, when Ciro Ottaiano took over 20 years ago. Figuring out that fashion was changing, that part of the countryside, half-urbanized, wanted to forget about being a provincial town.

The simplicity wasn't a part of him; high collars, bright colors; the letters under the pocket looking arabesque. This provincial town wants to show itself to be marvelous and of unique beauty – luxury against desert. This is how it has to be.

That's how, through the years, the name of the Ottaiano blouse shop grew up, going through the aesthetic revenges of the town.

Starting as a little warehouse and becoming an atelier situated on the ground floor of a building, where the family – Anna and Ciro, and Antonio, as an only child, has lived ever since.

When the first costumers from Naples ordered four honeycomb blouses, the biggest problem was under the shoulders. Free. And at home everyone cracks open bottles more than they work.

"Mom, are you there? Listen, I saw Giovanni..."

"Come and eat Antò. We'll think about it later... Pasta and fresh beans. Your uncle Gino just harvested them nearby. Smell them..."

"Come on mom, what's that? Cream? It's perfect... anyway... Giovanni told me that yesterday he saw someone going out the gate, in a Twingo black car. Parked about 20 meters from our house, on the sidewalk in front of us... He went towards Naples... I don't know, it could be a useful trace... Does dad know about it?"

"Sure... tomorrow he'll be back..."

"You have to tell him about this stuff... about what Giovanni said, and I'll ask someone else."

"Antò, you have to think about the university! You can't get yourself into trouble... When dad gets back, you don't have to talk. I'll tell him what happened, and then we'll see what to do. Listen, what are you going to do for your birthday?"

"Nothing special mom. Just having dinner with my close friends, on the Chiaia coast. Anyway, we just need the sea."

"Good idea. It's not the right moment to spend money..."

The money. Ciro Ottaiano earned it little by little sweating blood; being enterprising, having intuition and lots of effort.

But whoever put down roots under Vesuvius, either for experience, or for opposition, knows the meaning of abuse of power – deception and violence.

"Ciro, sit down, leave the bags where they are. I warmed up the rice and the potatoes for you."

"Thanks Annarè. What would I do without you? Sometimes... a month of hard work, and shitty money... my dad was right... the motherfuckers are concentrated within 50 square meters..."

"Wait Ciro. Don't say it. We'll find out who robbed us, and maybe we'll get a part of the cash back... This time it will be different... and Antonio..."

“Listen carefully Anna. Keep Antonio out of this issue!”

“I told him to think about the university... but Giovanni, a friend of his, saw someone coming out of the building that night...”

“What are you talking about??? This time I’ll take my right, I’ll...”

“Yes, a lot of money... tell Vincenzo that he has to take your part: Ilenia, Martina, and that brunette... yes, Milena... all of them... mine... tomorrow, understood?”

The money. For the young generation, it’s the most important thing. Not just the end of a terrible nightmare of misery, but also simple yet enlightening independence. Not just social revenge, but through depilation, touched up eyelashes, sunlamps, body and soul refinements. Dark and androgynous, that’s the Vesuvius guy: from the father’s hunger he learned to push and not to say “sorry”.

Antonio, two nights before, hands in the closet, with the keys of the strongbox, the secret code from the diary, down through the stairs and in the shop, nobody inside, the lock, the noise in the dark, the door opened. Shaking, scared to get caught, he pushed, and went out secretly.

II

Saturday. Right over there, in front of the Ottaiano family’s house, a black Twingo car, just like the one Giovanni described. Who are they?? Coming back here three days after the robbery.

The revenge is being prepared: Ciro lays in wait, takes a look, then continues to wait. No police this time; anyway, they’ve always been no use at all. Along with an old friend with experience when a thin guy gets into the dark car Ciro starts chasing after him, hoping that the car ahead, as Giovanni described, will take the direction towards Naples. Just revenge.

Antonio, slender in grey satin, “Here I am, you always have to wait for the best...”

The club is crowded with people dressed for the party atmosphere. Upstairs, on the mezzanine, the booked table in Ottaiano’s name greets the generous champions. They open the first bottle – that bubbly wine that can even get the teetotalers drunk. The invited girls start to get ready but a real man lays down the law. So, let them wait, first of all, he has to take care of good friends.

Vincenzo, sitting at the table, huge and breathing heavily, dressed in pistachio green. Ciccio, stoned since 2 hours earlier, distributing rations only to the people he chooses while the others beg. Gennaro, huge too, and horny... on his cell phone there’s a map of every transsexual in the town.

And then, too, there is Giovanni... hungry as usual; Antonio’s alter ego, the only real accomplice. The rest of the group is merely a crowd of numbers.

Then, with just a wave to the DJ, and a shout of “Guys, tonight our man is Toni Ottaiano, clap your hands for the Naples that matters”.

Towards Naples the car keeps going – there are no more doubts – Ciro right behind.

The adrenalin flows faster. Then turns right, to a bunch of council houses, and Naples is just around the corner; an architectural beauty, without services or space, but with increased pain and stealing due to the prevalent hunger. Ciro and his friend park the car a few meters from the entrance, blocking the gate – getting themselves ready for a quick and easy way out – they enter. The guy of the dark car eventually becomes aware of them, turns around, seeking help. Ciro’s friend gets closer to him, chewing threats, catches him by the jacket – “Give back the money from the robbery, or I will kill you right here.” But suddenly, some help started arriving, the

horde is moving to the rhythm of bloody rap, played at a high volume from the brand new high-tech cell phones, as if a modern version of the “Ride of the Valkyries”.

The surrounded friend wiggles, wants to run away, stumbles. *Ciro* is already in the car.

Naples, that Naples that matters. Chiaia, two steps from the dirty sea. All around, buildings to remind us of a glorious past. Over there is tuff, on the ground, basalt. Inside, the disco talks a global language; just the humanity of its inhabitants makes the place important. The smoothed faces thanks to creams and razor blades, earrings and chains are shining everywhere; red and purple make-up of the women, as ancient masks, suggesting half-naked bodies as in an imminent sacrifice.

Everyone is stoned, dancing on the dance floor. Others, fatter, sitting at the table, behave like old bosses. Anyone who wants to see them comes directly to the disco. Then, too, there are others who are shaking their heads and hands, looking around pretending to be landlords. *Antonio* has a lot of choices tonight. He wants to get everything. *Ilenia* is dressed over-sexily, but her face sucks, good for the blow jobs. And those fucking nails, come on. Butt-fuck her from behind, why not? *Martina* plays, drinks, but she doesn't offer up her pussy. But, *Milena*, the brunette, she's a sex bomb.

Two cars behind him. And they run fast, shit. Leave behind the main roads, take them into the labyrinth of little streets in the ancient downtown, go up and down, drying racks and stallholders, blocking the way. Fuck, they run. *Ciro* speeds up, and they almost crash

into his car. “Finally the crossroads. The traffic light is red. I'm going to fuck them up.” Hope, hope until the end, *Ciro*.

Milena is a sex bomb. The hardest girl to get keeps up the fever, the excitement. She knows how to play, she is a bitch; and *Antonio* can't wait. He takes her by the hand, drags her into the men's bathroom. Everyone has to hear. And piece by piece, with the mouth and the teeth, among wet tissues and puddles of pee, their clothes fall to the floor. Just bodies – *Milena*'s naked back on the cold wall shakes twice, her legs over *Antonio*'s limbs. He doesn't feel tired, he keeps going.

“Antò, it's me, *Giovanni*. Open the door!”

“What the fuck *Giovà*, do you want a piece?? You have to wait. No, screw you, go and search for another girl, she's mine...”

“Antò, your mom called you ten times, then she called me. She has to talk to you...”

“What the fuck does she want now... give me the cell phone!”

Without leaving the insides of the brunette – there's no warmer place – he talks with his mother.

“Mom?”

“*Antonio*, I told your father to forget about this issue, but he insisted... the thieves were chasing him... and he was running away... Antò, your dad died!”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Wha... what the fuck are you talking about?” he stammers. Suddenly the brunette falls to the floor. With his dick still erect, terrified – tears and blood, he coldly says:

“Mom, I'm your son, I'm going to find these motherfuckers and kill them!”