

The Fantastic Wally Wanka

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There was probably nobody in the world who'd be at all surprised to discover that Wally Wanka wasn't Chester's real name. Chester Herbert wasn't the sort of name you'd choose to use on the sort of internet site he frequented. But Wally Wanka was the online name he'd used for so long and so often that he almost considered it as much his real name as the one he'd been christened with.

And Wally Wanka was the kind of jokey irreverent name that helped give Chester something of a presence on *PornBB*, *xHamster* and *PornHub* where he'd upload movies that he'd earlier downloaded from Bit Torrent; raise a laugh on sex story sites like *Literotica* and *T.S.S.A.* where he often lurked; was required on cam sites like *Jasmin* and *Streamate*; and was all he was ever known as to other members of paysites like *VideoBox*, *RealityKings* and *Digital Playground*.

Chester's online name was, of course, a very poor pun on a fictional character from Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, but it appealed to his quirky off-centre sense of humour. And this also made him famous on the many forums he contributed to, whose members were generally rather affectionate to Wally Wanka and his witty references to Oompa Loompas and the Golden Ticket he promised to reveal in a very special chocolate bar.

Although almost all his waking hours when not at work or asleep was spent surfing porn on the internet, Chester had a hidden talent he'd never revealed to anyone apart from the millions who might stumble across his Facebook page, his Tumblr site and the many forums he contributed to. And that was to come up with new ideas for porn movies, sex stories and comic books. And these he freely (and sometimes privately for no charge) made available to those who might be interested.

One such idea, for instance, was to take the scripts for television series from the 50s and 60s which he was sure were no longer bound by copyright and use them as the scripts of online sitcom streams. These would only differ from the original in that they could now be filmed in colour (and on equally unconvincing film sets) and in which all the actors and actresses were naked. This would resemble those Japanese *zenra* movies where ordinary activities such as going to school or working in the office were filmed in the nude and in which the genitals were covered by a mosaic gauze. But unlike these films, it would be a weekly serial and actually have a decent storyline. As a variation, the male roles could be played by naked women with dildos strapped to the crotch. Chester was sure this was a project that would be a hit if only someone could take him up on the idea.

Another of his ideas was to make a spanking movie based on *The Sound of Music*. All those scenes where the von Trapp family children misbehaved would earn a spanking or caning where red skin and welts would be displayed on the buttocks of the naughty (certified 18+) children. And the scene at the beginning where Maria sings the title song would feature a porn star playing the postulant entirely in the nude. Chester could imagine Nicole Aniston or Jessie Jane waltzing around those Austrian mountains with her boobs on full display. And just imagine the possibilities presented by the nuns and Mother Superior at the Nonnberg Abbey!

Chester (or Wally Wanka) was full of such great projects which with a bit of financial backing, some great porn stars and a lot of masturbation could only be huge hits in the world of porn. What about a porn version of *The Apprentice*, but for real rather than as a parody spoof? What about a nude or BDSM Sports Channel with real

leagues for competitive fucking? What about a version of *The Truman Show* that followed a porn star or prostitute wherever she went and with whoever she fucked all in real time? When Chester saw that someone had already taken up one of his ideas (such as a parody movie of *The Wizard of Oz* or the sexualised wrestling in *Ultimate Surrender* on *Kink.com*), he often wondered whether the producers had been originally inspired by a Wally Wanka post. And if they had, shouldn't he (or at least Wally Wanka) get some of the credit.

The sleeping part of his life was generally easy, though he often found it difficult to get comfortable. And that was because Chester tipped the scales at somewhat over a hundred kilos. And the reason he was so much out of shape was entirely due to a lack of exercise and a surfeit of Domino's Pizzas. The waking part of his life was dominated by porn. This consumed almost every hour he was awake, even though there was only so much time in the office he could spend surreptitiously surfing on his iPhone. Frustratingly, there were also times when he had to do the work for which he was paid. And this was as a system tester in the Council Offices for the London Borough of Waltham Forest. He'd had the same position for over ten years and could see no scope or opportunity for promotion. Especially so as he generally did as little actual work as he could get away with.

He also lived in the same one-bedroom flat on Forest Road, Walthamstow, he'd bought when his father died and left him with enough to put down a hefty deposit. He never contemplated moving anywhere else. It was within easy walking distance of the office. In fact, everywhere he could possibly want to go to, including the train to Central London (if he ever wanted to use it), could be reached on foot:

even by someone as obese as him.

Of course, nobody online knew that the witty and sparkling Wally Wanka was also the tall but also fat and flabby figure that could be seen walking along Forest Road with a fashionable beard (of an unfashionable scruffiness) and almost always munching on a sandwich or chocolate bar.

His secret was secure.

Or so he thought until he came home from work one day and encountered the woman from the downstairs flat in the shared hallway of the block of flats where he lived.

“Who’s this Wally guy whose post arrives here?” he was challenged.

She was holding a brown parcel in her hand that probably contained promotional material from one of the porn paysites to which he belonged.

“Wally?” said Chester caught totally unprepared. Just what was his cover story? “He’s just a guy I know from work who hasn’t got a permanent address. He gets his post sent here and I collect it for him.”

“Oh,” she said handing it directly to him. “Weird name though isn’t it? ‘Wanka’. Is he Polish or something?”

“Lithuanian, actually,” said Chester.

“And I’ve seen your name on some of the letters that arrive,” the neighbour continued. “Are you Chester? Or is it Herbert?”

“Chester.”

“And my name’s Cheryl,” said the woman stretching a hand out towards Chester. “Pleased to meet you.”

And then for the first time since he didn't know when (probably on the rather embarrassing and ultimately unsuccessful occasion when he ventured into a massage parlour on Hoe Street) Chester touched a woman. And in this case all he did was shake her hand.

Chester had never really noticed his neighbour before. He didn't know whether she'd only just moved in or had lived there for years. He didn't know whether she had a husband or children or a pet or anything at all. And he certainly didn't know that her name was Cheryl. She was also in her late thirties. Age had crept up on her as it had on Chester. Her skin was less elastic, her hair was almost certainly dyed and she most definitely didn't have the figure of a teenager. In fact, she probably didn't have much of a figure even when she *was* a teenager. It was difficult to know how to describe Cheryl's figure at all. The word 'shapeless' sprang to mind, but of course that ignored the fact that she did have a shape. It just didn't conform to the expectations made, for instance, of a porn model. Her breasts weren't large. Her waistline was best described as chunky, if not flabby. And her legs and ankles had a matronly aspect (although most porn matrons had rather more slender ankles).

"Well, I must be going, Cheryl," said Chester with an awkward emphasis on her name as he turned around to thunder up the stairs.

"If you ever need anything, Chester," she called up to him as he put his key into the lock of his door. "Just call. You know which one is my doorbell."

"Of course," replied Chester as he pushed open the door of his flat to enter its slightly fetid warm air (he always set the central heating up to high).

Ahead of him was the welcoming sight of the expensive 30 inch monitor he'd

attached to his high-end games-spec desktop computer. He wanted to see his porn in the best possible conditions. He wondered what it was that had been sent in brown paper to him (or, nominally, Wally Wanka) all the way from Sacramento.

Chester soon forgot his awkward encounter with Cheryl and immersed himself into his alternative life as Wally Wanka. He had movies to download from *Emporium*, others to upload to *xHamster* and *YouJizz*, an ongoing discussion on *IntPorn* and another quite different one on *PeachyForum*. It was a busy life being a presence in the world of online porn.

It was a day or so later, a Sunday night in fact, that Chester was slouched in front of his high-spec monitor with his trousers down below the knees and the cock in his hand reluctant to stiffen. It was while watching Bonnie Rotten spasm noisily and repeatedly as three or four men competed for all her available orifices that he became aware that his doorbell was ringing. Shit! Who could it be? He hadn't ordered a pizza. He'd already gorged on an All-You-Can-Eat at the local curry house, so he wasn't yet hungry again.

Chester pressed the three keys necessary to lock his screen, pulled up his trousers and tossed away the tissues he'd spunked into earlier that day. He then walked to the intercom and pressed his face to it.

"Who is it?" he called in the requisite sing-song voice.

"It's me, Cheryl," said the voice on the other hand. "I've got a bottle of wine that needs drinking. Can I come up?"

"Erm..." said Chester who was wondering how he could most politely turn her away. He was looking forward to seeing Bonnie Rotten come. And there was also that

video he wanted to watch with Stoya and her partner, the ubiquitous James Deen, doing the honours. But he couldn't think of what to say. "Yeah. Come up. It's OK."

He quickly cleared away the most obvious signs of a life spent immersed in porn, such as the butt plug he used as a paperweight and coffee-stained copies of *Penthouse* and *Swank*. And then after a quick glance around the room to check that the inflatable doll he'd once bought wasn't visible and that he didn't have a DVD cover open by his 60 inch TV, he pulled open the door to his flat to see a grinning Cheryl holding a bottle of red wine and a corkscrew in her hands.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "But I was stood up last night. By a friend of mine not a boyfriend, you understand. And I'd got this bottle of Merlot and I don't want it to go to waste. And I knew you were in by yourself..."

"No. No. That's fine," said Chester, wondering and indeed dreading whether this unexpected call was going to be a more regular event.

In actual fact, this impromptu encounter didn't turn out to be bad at all, though Chester was self-consciously aware that he was nothing like as witty, insightful or self-confident as Wally Wanka might be. He either let Cheryl do all the speaking or went on rather longer than he'd intended on subjects that he knew might bore other people: such as the quality of Waltham Forest Council's new coffee machines, the poor service at Ahmed's Fish & Chips & Kebab shop, and the complications of travelling by bus to the adjacent London borough of Enfield. But in all this, and accompanied by glasses of Chablis so much more potent than the occasional can of Carling Black Label or Foster's that was his sporadic treat, he was sufficiently relaxed to listen to what Cheryl was saying without his mind wandering to subjects related to

pornography or (worse still) to compare his neighbour with the porn stars he most fantasised about.

Cheryl was employed as some kind of admin assistant for the Waltham Forest Housing Association. She'd once been married to a salesman at Comet where he used to sell washing machines and dishwashers. She originally came from Sutton in South London where her elderly parents still lived with their aging tabby cat. And the friend who hadn't turned up was one of those girls the like of whom she was sure Chester would know whose life forever lurched from one disaster to another.

If Chester was to characterise Cheryl's life at all it would have been one of modest achievement and modest failure and whose modest ambitions were fast vanishing over an unattainable horizon. But he was unlikely to do so, because it would only make him wonder whether he could characterise his own life in a much better light.

When Cheryl finally left, which wasn't especially late as she needed to be up early in the morning, it being a Monday and all, Chester returned to Bonnie Rotten and her freakish ability to squirt on tap. But his heart wasn't really in it now. Even a direct shot of female orgasm straight at the camera lens did nothing for him on this occasion. So, instead of furiously masturbating to his most recently downloaded porn, Chester logged on as Wally Wanka to *Lush Stories* (which he'd not visited for a very long time) and engaged in a rather long and pointless discussion about Australian and Canadian English and the difference between their spelling conventions.

It was a slow and steady process by which Chester and Cheryl got to know one another better, but it very nearly plateaued at the level Chester all along expected it

would (and in a sense, preferred it should). And that was where two neighbours who were occasional drinking companions would gripe together about the general unfairness of life and retire to their separate flats well before bedtime.

But that was before Cheryl announced to Chester that she had a very good idea who Wally Wanka was and that what he wasn't was a Lithuanian of no fixed abode.

On this occasion, Chester was in Cheryl's downstairs flat which was more comfortable for Chester even though the furniture had never been chosen for a man of his bulk. Cheryl was tidier than Chester—not a difficult achievement—but this was only a comparison. Her own flat might have been hovered and dusted, but just once a month rather than once in a blue moon. Her flat may not have had towering stacks of decades old magazines; DVDs spread randomly about the floor in front of the TV; or a discarded pizza box on the table, but she wasn't so well organised that the surface of her furniture was always clear of unwashed cups and plates. And there was a pile of CDs on the floor that never found its way back onto the shelves (featuring luminaries of earlier decades such as the Pet Shop Boys, Madonna and Dido).

“What do you mean?” gasped Chester whose generally pale but plump cheeks suddenly went a deep red.

“I've got internet access too, you know,” said Cheryl. “And I don't only know about Facebook, Twitter and Flickr. I know how to Google. And I also know how to enter the name ‘Wally Wanka’ into the browser and look through the results.”

This was totally unwelcome. That supposedly impenetrable divide between his real self and his online persona had just been breached and Chester felt as if he had just been violated in a very peculiar way.

“And what did you find out?” asked Chester breathlessly.

“I discovered that Wally Wanka is a very active person on the internet,” said Cheryl. “He goes to many websites which do different things but are all related to porn. He’s a member of all sorts of porn forums, webcam sites and downloading sites. And when he’s not uploading movies about squirting, fisting or anal intercourse, he’s making loads of suggestions to whoever wants to read it of the sort of porn he’d like to see.”

“What sort of stuff is that?” asked Chester in the hope that Cheryl might still think that he and Wally Wanka were different people.

“Well,” said Cheryl with a wicked gleam in her eye. “He suggested that they make a film of mediaeval sword-wielding amazon-like woman who go on adventures just like Lara Croft only entirely in the nude. He suggested that there be an on-line competition where men would send in film of themselves masturbating and where the winner was the man who took the least amount of time to go from limp to ejaculating. He speculated that there should be a writing competition on one of the sex story sites concerned with the sex life of farmers’ daughters, although I got the feeling that this was sex with farm animals rather than farm hands. He wrote a series of spoof articles in one web site where he pretended to advertise for women to audition for a job as a fluffer for all the Spartans in an upcoming epic remake of *300*. He wrote an article in another porn site where he argued why someone called Nina Hartley would be the ideal Governor for California.”

“And what do you think about Wally Wanka?” Chester asked nervously.

“I think he’s very funny and rather too much obsessed with porn.”

“Is that all?”

“I also think that Wally Wanka might well be someone I know.”

“And who could that be?” asked Chester, who was not enjoying the direction this conversation was going at all.

“Well, who do you think?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, you, of course.”

“Erm...” said Chester, who was now genuinely at a loss of what to say.

Now this revelation was out in the open, what could he do? Well, after he’d managed to stumble out of her flat, he’d have to avoid Cheryl from now on at all costs. He’d always have to check whether she was waiting for him in the hallway. He’d have to avoid eye-contact when they passed in the street. And he also wondered whether there mightn’t be something in his online trail that was actually illegal. And that was although he didn’t visit child porn sites and never downloaded anything of such a nature to his hard drive. And anyway there was no law that he knew of that made surfing porn illegal.

“But you know, Chester,” continued Cheryl. “I don’t mind about all that at all.”

“You don’t?”

“In fact, I actually like porn.”

“You do?” said Chester, genuinely bewildered. This wasn’t something that he’d ever considered before. He knew that in the online world, whether they were classified as teen, MILF or plumper, the female webcam performers, the female porn

stars and those who just claimed to be women all professed to watch and enjoy porn as much as any man, but Chester didn't really believe them. After all, most porn was designed for men, whether straight or gay. There wasn't much on the internet that was specifically for women (not that he'd even once ever searched for it).

"And I think the stuff you put up there is pretty funny."

"You do?"

"Yes, Chester. Perhaps you don't believe me, but lots of women enjoy watching porn. Why do you think *Fifty Shades of Grey*'s so popular?"

"I don't know. Is it porn?"

Cheryl laughed. "You know all about Ron Jeremy, Linda Lovelace and Seymore Butts, but you don't know about E. L. James."

"I suppose I don't."

"So, let's cut the crap," Cheryl said with some finality. "Do you want a blowjob?"

"A blowjob?" said a truly startled Chester.

"That's what it's called, isn't it? You take your penis out of your trousers, someone sucks it and you come..."

"Well, yes."

"So what about it?"

"I don't really... I mean..."

"There doesn't have to be any love or affection, Chester. You know that. And women have needs the same as men. I'll ask you again. Do you want a blowjob?"

"I'm not exactly trim or fit..." Chester pleaded.

“No,” Cheryl admitted. “In fact, you must be clinically obese. But let’s be frank. I’m not catwalk model material myself. So, we must be suited for each other. So, what about it, Chester. I can’t wait forever.”

And so Cheryl took Chester’s penis in her mouth and pumped it into life with nothing like the skill or expertise of a porn star. And inevitably, Chester revealed his true feelings for Cheryl in dramatically less time than would any male porn star in the same situation. And this was manifest not in beautiful arcs of semen over the face and bosom, but altogether more messily.

But this was the prelude for more intimacy between Chester and Cheryl. Much more. And not just in the form of the occasional blowjob.

And also from this date on, as far as the denizens of countless porn websites were aware, Wally Wanka was nowhere near as active on the internet as he had been before.