

Tamara
Faith
Berger



Little Cat

Tamara
Faith
Berger
Little Cat

Coach House Books, Toronto

copyright © Tamara Faith Berger, 2013

first edition



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO

Published with the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA
CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Berger, Tamara Faith

Little cat / Tamara Faith Berger. -- Rev. 2nd ed.

Reissue of revised novels, *Lie with me* and *The way of the whore*,
in one book.

Issued also in electronic format.

ISBN 978-1-55245-271-4

I. Berger, Tamara Faith *Lie with me*. II. Berger, Tamara
Faith *The way of the whore*. III. Title.

PS8553.E6743L58 2013

C813'.6

C2013-900220-0

Little Cat is available as an ebook: ISBN 978 1 77056 271 4.

Purchase of the print version of this book entitles you to a free digital copy. To claim your ebook of this title, please email sales@chbooks.com with proof of purchase or visit chbooks.com/digital. (Coach House Books reserves the right to terminate the free digital download offer at any time.)

LIE WITH ME

ONE

One time, Jupiter, happy to be idle,
Swept the cosmic mystery aside
And draining another goblet of ambrosia
Teased Juno, who drowsed in bliss beside him:
'This love of male and female's a strange business.
Fifty-fifty investment in the madness,
Yet she ends up with nine-tenths of the pleasure.'

Juno's answer was: 'A man might think so.
It needs more than a mushroom in your cup
To wake a wisdom that can fathom which
Enjoys the deeper pleasure, man or woman.
It needs the solid knowledge of a soul
Who having lived and loved in woman's body
Has also lived and loved in the body of man.'

– Ovid, *The Metamorphoses*

But if I told you everything you'd probably think I was a slut and I can't deal with that so I'm not going to tell you absolutely everything. I mean, I can't fully deal with myself if I call myself a slut. It's just that I know there's all these problems with a girl like me having sex so much. I think if a guy loves sex it comes from the pleasure he feels in his cock – which is why he's never called a slut. But because it's easier for a girl to get disconnected from all the feelings she has down there, she can get lost trying to *know* herself. Do you see what I'm saying? Being a slut kind of implies getting lost, going astray.

I think the trouble, too, is that a slut understands that there is not as much pleasure having sex as she wants there to be. Pleasure roams around her body like a runaway. I am speaking from experience on this. I used to hop from guy to guy, always looking to feel more down there, and I got so disappointed. I felt like I was missing something, as if my body were lacking the basest enjoyment that was supposed to be there. I'd seen how pleasure touched a cock and made a guy look like he was never coming back. Pleasure hurled right through him! But *my* pleasure never felt done – even when I came, there were parts stuck inside. Pleasure clung to my stomach, it swelled up my throat.

See, I used to be the kind of girl who'd walk down the street and practically call out *fuck me fuck me fuck me* to strangers. I'd get dressed really sexy and go out to clubs to pick up. In the secret pit of myself, I felt like a lunatic loose on the street, legs in the air, eyes popping wide. I wanted men to grab me and fuck me right there.

There was this time when I went out by myself and I wasn't wearing any underwear. I straddled the bar stool, toes swinging over the ground. My pussy lips were pressing on the leather. My whole body was balanced like this, legs wide, back arched, clit stampeding like a bull. Then this man got near to me and started checking me out sideways. I saw his hands grip the bar. I knew right away that this was the person who was going to fuck me.

'Can I buy you a drink?' the guy asked.

'Okay,' I said. 'Anything.'

A grin started widening all over my face. It was like it was mocking my part down below. I thought I was going to start laughing out loud. I couldn't put words to what was going on, but my stomach felt like it was going to erupt under my skirt, my body kept getting these warm continuous blows. I thought every person in that bar could see that coming off me. I mean, how much I wanted. How I could've fucked all of them from the way I felt. It's always the same, I thought, getting sex like this is always the same. It starts from this feeling of flagrancy, which expands until it flattens, until I forget where I live and I forget what I like, until I don't even recognize my face in the morning.

The man at the bar started laughing with me, as if he knew that I was holding myself back. Then he stole my hand and pressed it on his dick. We both straightened our backs, like we were bracing ourselves. All my flesh pulled toward his flesh. I gulped my drink and banged for more.

'More!' I shouted. *More! More! More!*

I started rubbing that guy with my fist up and down under the bar. His cock was a hose, all coiled up and bulging. I wanted to hold it forever. But my cunt was breathing like a small animal, begging me to do something.

'Let's go!' I pleaded.

The man looked at my eyes, as if he were confused by my need, then he opened his mouth to say something. I looked above his head. I didn't want to see how he was going to say yes. I didn't want to see if his mouth was trembling. The guy took my hand from his dick and held it tight. I slid off the bar stool. My cunt was so wet. Both my shoes hit the ground.

I followed him out the back door of the club to the parking lot. I felt air rising under my skirt. The darkness was drying all the stuff on my thighs. The man led me to the end of the lot by a fence. He leaned up against it and pulled down his zipper. I wanted to cling to his body like wind. But when I saw the glare

of his long hanging thing I went down on my knees. His cock started swelling in front of my face. I opened my mouth. I took the head of his dick between my lips. My whole neck arched up and circled round. I was sucking and sucking and I heard a car starting behind me. I couldn't stop, my heart was speeding. The car was coming closer behind my back. I couldn't stop. I felt the lights burning onto my ass, pumping as I sucked. I closed my eyes, I jacked my jaw. I kept sucking in a pulse going on and going off. I thought I heard two men laughing behind me. Then it got dark around us and I couldn't breathe right.

'Hey,' the guy moaned, lifting my head by the hair. 'Hey, come up now – easy, baby.'

My breathing got rapid, ragged, the second the head of him popped from my lips. I'd wanted it faster and harder. I didn't care who was watching.

'Don't. I want more!'

My tongue was hanging out, my palms were on his legs, I was breathing so fast.

'I wanna fuck you,' the guy said. 'Come back up.'

I saw the guy's stretched-out neck. I wanted him to fuck me too. I pressed my breasts into his legs. The sky looked so large and so black that I felt like I could fly underneath it.

The man raised my dress as I climbed him. My naked ass was exposed and I felt it clench in his hands. Then he slipped his palm through my thighs and put two of his fingers inside me. I was so wet down there, dripping. I tried to squeeze his fingers up me but I didn't have time. He was poking my cunt like a madman.

'Let me do it, just like this, let me feel you, lemme fuck you, just for a second, just for a second.'

My thighs were splitting and I started to shiver. I was rocking back and forth, my whole pelvis in his hand. My pussy was sticking to his fingers like a leech. I wanted to fuck, to feel his cock just like this, his skin on my skin. I wanted to plug up my hole, feel his whole naked part up my whole naked centre. I wanted to jolt

myself, fuck myself, make myself cum. My hands went to the guy's chest. I wanted my fists to pound until I hurt him.

It was like I was stuck. I knew where I was and I knew what I was going to do.

'Get a condom. Come on!'

The man reached down. I couldn't look at what he was doing. My face was turned up toward the sky. We were pressing back into the fence. I was swallowing hard. I couldn't stop now. I felt the man's bone pressing up in my thighs, he was bending his knees. I was trying to stop myself from moaning too loud. My lower body felt like it was going to flare open. Then he pushed up so hard that it shocked me. My legs went all locked. My mouth filled up with air. He was lifting me up, right from the ground. It was like my cunt lips were sliding out of my body, growing, and I thought I heard men laughing again. I squeezed my legs, clipped so tight, we were fucking and rocking back into the fence. I tried to shift myself more and more in his hands, move with his thrusting – god, he was in me ...

It was all going too fast, I couldn't keep up. The man was gripping my hips, his head to the sky. Still stabbing, he opened, lips unfurled, eyes jacked wide, his temples were beating all over his face. I held his shoulders, our lips almost came together, and I clamped my hands on his head: *you're beautiful you're beautiful you're beautiful*. Then he made this noise like a tied-up dog. Still pounding and thumping, his knuckles dug into the sides of my ass. I knew it was over. My breathing sounded almost like crying.

I started to stretch my legs toward the ground and his cock slipped out of me. His shoulders came down. The guy was prying me off his body too fast and I fell in front of the fence. I wasn't steady. My arms reached back to find something to hold on to. I just wanted to lie down – it was over, all over, I wanted to go home.

I saw the condom crumpled up on the gravel beside me, there was cream shimmering on the top. My skirt was still hitched at my hips. I was just sitting there, panting. I wanted to

go home. I heard the man zipping up his pants. People were coming out of the bar and starting their cars. I straightened my skirt and got up. The man looked around. I knew that he was ready to go. I could barely move my legs to walk. All I could think was over and over: *Am I safe? Am I safe? Am I safe?*

I bet you think I'd have deserved it if I got a disease that night. You'd say I was just being a dumb slut walking around all tarted up and having sex with a stranger in a parking lot. You'd say that, or you'd think it at least. But you don't really know why I do it. I'm not hooked on danger or anything like that. And of course I don't want to get a disease. It's just that there are times where I don't see what's safe before losing my footing. It's that feeling of falling, I mean, falling into someone's strangeness – there is no way around it for me. It's like I walk into someone in sex and I know: I am losing parts of my body in this, my body dissolving, my body for his ... Following, falling, fucking like that, until every split second of being open wraps around me. My flesh looms so close and so large in this light. When I can have sex with a stranger my body is filled to its ends with these kinds of murmurs:

I need your cock to touch my cunt.

I need us naked for only one second.

I need us forever to be here forever.

I have always had to feel myself like I've never felt myself before. The very first time it ever happened, I was young, maybe seven years old. It was late at night when I was put into bed with a boy. It was just the two of us, under the covers, completely awake. We stared for so long at each other, until his eyes felt like my eyes in buzzing grey light, until our breathing turned fast. The places between our legs became opening and shining.

I remember how we went toward each other, really slow, like we were moving through water. We got so close to each other's faces. Then we moved at the same time down each other, until his face was at my thighs and my face was at his. He lifted my nightgown, I pulled down his underwear. We stared

at each other down there. His mouth pressed the line that was beating between my legs. My lips touched so light on his animal skin. His penis looked like a bloom I'd never seen open. I thought I was staring at the softest, warmest thing in the world. He was putting his lips on my vagina. We stayed together like that all night.

When I remembered much later what I'd done with that boy, it felt like the worst kind of secret. I had this cold wind racing from my head to my stomach every time I saw in my head how I'd touched and kissed him, over and over, and how I'd been touched and kissed down there over and over ... I didn't want that boy to remember what we'd done. I wanted to think that it never even happened. See, I didn't understand how I could've already been touched down there. I had never even touched myself down there. I couldn't stop feeling my face stuck in that black and warm place between his thighs. The whole thing between us kept playing in my head in slow motion. I couldn't get it out. What happened between me and the boy was tying me up so tightly that I couldn't fall asleep without thinking about it.

When I was around twelve, there was a guy who started liking me. He was a few years older than me and he invited me over to his house. He took me down to his basement. We sat on the couch and we were just watching a movie when he started touching my breasts. He turned my whole body away from the tv. I didn't know why he was doing that. It felt like his hands were pawing these lumps that were attached to my front. Then the guy moved his hands up to my face and cupped my cheeks. It made my lips part open the way he pulled a little. I watched his face coming in toward mine. His eyes were closed and he pressed his lips down onto mine and all of a sudden from that cupping on my cheeks, he opened my mouth and his tongue pushed inside. He started licking around. It felt like his tongue was made of something plastic. I watched him like that, inside my face, and I knew that my tongue was licking his too. The guy's face was swelling, his eyes were flat shut. It looked like he was

having a really good dream. I slit my eyes and shifted them away. I didn't want to see how he was liking this and I was not.

When I was finally alone back in my own bed that night, I kept thinking about the way that his face looked so close to mine, his hands on my tits, his tongue moving inside me. I knew that I never wanted that to happen again! I felt like a monster. I never wanted something like that to happen again. Because I thought: *There is nothing on my body to touch.*

I mean, who was I to let that guy touch me? I never said a thing when his hands squeezed my breasts. I didn't say a word when his tongue left my throat. It felt like words gurgled up to my lips but those words disappeared when I swallowed. What would I have said? Would I have said *please*? Would I have said *stop*? Would I have said *lick, suck, cat, dog* or *dream*?

I remember how, afterward, I couldn't even tell my friends that I'd kissed or made out, that a guy had touched my breasts. It was just me with myself, every night in my bed, saying *you will never let that happen again*. After a while, I guess, I felt fine keeping it inside me. But maybe when you never say a thing, your thoughts spread like mould.

See, I kept feeling ugly. And I let it happen again even though I said it never would.

I heard someone say that once a girl opens her legs she can never close them again. In my case that's true.

I was dancing at a party in someone's basement when I was in high school. We were all drinking when it happened. I remember how my body felt thickened with juice. Only my breasts felt alive then, thrust out from my chest. They felt so good that I was jumping! I was gulping drink after drink, and all I wanted to do was move like that, feel my flesh shaking loose on my bones, my arms in the air. I started to push my tits into all those dancing people. I laugh at myself when I think of that night. See, I ended up going to the bathroom with this guy. I don't exactly remember how we got there but I think he pulled me out of the crowd. I remember he said: *I was watching you dance.*

It was dark in the bathroom and it smelled like a wet plant. The door was locked. I really had to go pee but this guy was pressing me down by the shoulders until I was on my knees. The bones in my back pressed against the slick side of the toilet. That guy was pulling down his pants and he was holding my head with one hand so I wouldn't move. He was calling my name but he was so far above me. I felt all this hair at my mouth. I didn't think *that* was what it would feel like. He held himself and his body got bigger in my face. His hips started rocking. His thing that had no hair pushed into my lips. It was there on my tongue like a water balloon. My mouth had to really open. I wanted him to stop moving, just let me feel it for a second, just let me feel what it was like. But he slid it in my mouth until it felt too deep. I had to open my jaw and it hurt. I was ready for it to stop. But he was too tight with his hand on the back of my head. He kept horsing the thing and his hips in my face.

'Please, please, please,' he moaned. He sounded like a girl.

I started moaning too. I heard myself gag.

Then this strange sour cream flew into my throat, the guy's grip went slack on the back of my head. I quickly yanked away and looked up. There was this flash where I saw his head reeling. But I knew he was happy, he kept saying my name, saying *yes* saying *yes* ...

I sprang off my knees and I ran out of the bathroom. I ran up the stairs and ran out of the house. I was running and wiping that cream off my face. Racing home so fast that what I'd just done made itself known everywhere in my body. My heart felt like a twisted muscle.

I think I kept running after that night, I mean running to and from men. I only wanted to do things with them once. See, this is what I was trying to say to you right at the beginning, I mean why you'd probably call me a slut: because I started having sex all the time, just one time. I wanted to know what would happen with another guy and another guy when I was down on my knees, with a pulsing water balloon in my mouth. I started

getting good at what I was doing too. I mean, hearing guys above me groaning, just like they were dying. I sucked everything coming through them; I sucked them to feel sex right in my mouth. Sucking their cocks for this feeling, too, but all the stuff that they were doing to me didn't ever really feel like it was happening in my body. It's what I was saying before – something was getting stuck inside me. Like the pleasure I was feeling was sticking up my throat, buzzing through my ribs. And when I swallowed, it was like there was this big pile of people at the bottom of me, all their limbs shooting out. I think I kept sucking dicks like crazy because I wanted so badly to plow through.

Something did burst for me eventually. I mean, I'd been fucking so much, always trying to feel myself more, and I think I fell in love. It's hard for me to say that. Are you surprised to hear me say it too? You probably think that sluts don't love. It's true in a way, you know, sluts don't love. But they can love flesh, so I guess they fall in love from having sex. Well, some girls can, I guess. I think I got more fucked up falling so hard for some guy through sex because I didn't know how to suck a cock that I thought I was in love with. Trying to love this one felt like I had to jump in the centre of that twisted mound of people.

If I back up for a second, I'll tell you more, because I want you to understand. See, through all my sucking and fucking, I thought that men's hearts were in their cocks. I mean, that their cocks were the way that they loved. And so I was feeling their hearts by sucking them. This is the real beginning of what I wanted to tell you about.

When I met that one guy who I fell in love with, I sucked his cock better than I'd ever sucked anyone's before. I lay my head on his stomach and I put him into me endlessly. It was simple at first, because I finally felt like what I was doing with my body was right: I had all this longing for sucking the life out of men, and now here was a life that I finally wanted.

But you know what happened? This guy didn't notice. I mean, I was sucking his heart the best that I could and he didn't

even care! It wasn't like I expected him to fall in love with me because of my sucking. I know you probably think that I think that and so you think right away I'm a fool – but all I'm really asking right now is: how do you have sex with someone you're in love with?

I couldn't look this man in the eyes. When we fucked I looked down at his cock coming in. I looked there so hard my sight blurred. His cock poked and pressed into the place where I wanted to feel myself most, but all I felt like doing was crying after sex because somehow I knew I was letting slip what I couldn't even see. I mean that the feeling I wanted was slipping away without my even feeling it. I was fucking and fucking him and nothing was staying. I always came back to this guy's body for more, to grab what I felt that I already missed.

I bet if you could've cut me in half right then, you would've been able to see what was making me cry. Do you believe me? Has this ever happened to you? The feeling that you're sprouting something so disgusting and it only comes out around the person you are in love with? I wish I could explain this even more to you but I'd have to squeeze you up and throw you back into my body when I was feeling this way. I swear you'd never have come out of me alive! It was like there were these tight, pimpled lumps in my stomach. I had flushed cheeks on the outside, but I was rotting on the inside. I was trying to love this person who didn't love me back. That man had some kind of lust for me, sure, but I knew it wasn't serious. I was just a puppet sucking his dick – one who would've split open her tongue to serve him better!

Maybe you can already see it so perfectly, how everything I thought was so wrong – how this was not love, how I was perverting the word by even calling what I was doing *that*. But I just had no experience with this kind of thing. Go ahead if you want, be disgusted with me. I know it must look bad. Having sex with this guy turned into a nightmare, it became the very worst that it had ever been for me. I couldn't stop sucking, I couldn't relax. My body was rigid. My lips didn't kiss. Sex with this guy

was like digging a hole. I was watching us do it, watching us dig. And I wanted more of it and more of it until I thought I could see our dark holes matching up. It was leg striking leg, it was cock into cunt. I was so deep in the mud with this guy that I knew: we are the same. But I thought the man didn't see that! He didn't understand. And so I couldn't do a thing. I couldn't talk, I couldn't fuck and I couldn't run away.

I guess this is why I'm telling you this story. I want you to understand. Please, stay with me right now. I will tell you everything that happened. My mouth works like a deep, deep ditch – there's always more, one inch deeper. Please trust me, please. I'll tell it all. Just stay with me here for a little while longer.

It all started with me and that guy at a club. I remember seeing him across the room. His eyebrows were thick, all in one line. He was watching me dance and it made my stomach stir. This guy looked as strong as a bull. I started moving over to him. The music was so loud that my whole body vibrated. As I got closer and closer to this guy's chest I thought I wanted to marry him. I swear I'd never felt it before like that, that I wanted to be near to a man, barely moving, forever. My head reached his chin. Our bodies were almost rubbing. I felt like a lioness under her king. I wanted to look up and lick him, clean him and stroke him. I am saying that the very first time I met this man, his body made me feel like I was near it for a reason, that I was living how I was born to be living.

Of course me and the guy got together that first night. I thought that there was a branch that was burning between his legs and it filled my mouth, every inch of me, with fury. There was practically nothing left when he was inside me. I sucked and I squeezed my throat muscles, I kissed and rubbed his flesh with my red-hot insides. I wanted his white-hot expulsion to drip down my throat. When he was inside me the very first time, I had the feeling that a real person was finally inside me.

But I didn't know how to get what I usually got from a man. I wanted to be having sex with this guy even more, all the time.

And I didn't know how to make it happen. I thought about him in my bed, on the street, it didn't matter. I stopped thinking about everybody else. I was paralyzed. What was playing so clear in my head – my face at his stomach, my mouth on his cock, sucking and staying so near to his skin – this kind of vision was swelling me up and then when I saw him I clenched like a fist.

All he wanted was sex from my mouth. Then sometimes we did it me up on top of him moving too fast, and sometimes we did it him pushing behind me, me arching my back, my face in the bed. My whole body ached like this thing that could crack. My heart was a bargain-priced dim plate of glass.

I knew for sure that things were really going to hurt me the first time we did it, sex in my ass. The guy had told me that he'd wanted to do that with me ever since he first saw me. My ass is kind of plump and it moves in circles when I fuck. I was always scared of having sex there because men usually hurt me when they put their fingers in there. I swear, I thought that if I let this guy do it to me in the ass I'd be this open-assed dog howling forever! I mean, I knew I was in for some kind of trouble that night because I'd been dancing up close to other guys at the club.

'You're a slut,' the guy said when we got back to his place.

'I'm sorry. Come on. It was nothing. Look, I'm sorry.'

'You saying sorry means nothing to me.'

I don't remember what I tried to say next. His voice was so mean. I remember him unbuckling his belt. It slithered between his palms. The guy got so livid, his eye whites turned red.

'Take off your dress and your underwear,' he said.

'Come on, don't.'

'Do it.'

'I can't.'

'Do it.'

He'd backed me up against the door. There was a lump in my throat that was going to burst. My teeth were clenched. I didn't want the guy to see me cry. So I started slowly taking off my

clothes. He was so close to me. He was looking all over. I was cradling my body with my arms trying to hide myself.

‘Please,’ I was begging. ‘Don’t.’

‘I’ve had it from you.’

For some reason we both knew what kind of thing was going on between us. He was seething and I was making these pressed-together cries. His hands took my wrists and he dragged me into the living room. Then he reached under my arms, gripped me like a child and pretty much forced me down on a chair on top of him. I was hanging like a dishrag over his thighs. I made my whole body go as limp as it could on his legs. I was shivering, afraid I was going to piss. My stomach was pressing into his knees. He tore down my underwear. My ass felt huge and cold. It was right there for him. The belt was whipping above me like a flame.

‘Don’t hurt me! Please!’ I was choking and trying to kick back or shimmy my legs. My underwear was not all the way down. My underwear made me hog-tied.

The man let the belt crack down on my ass. It was like a magician cutting through a lady’s neck. I froze. I really froze. And I heard myself cry. But it didn’t feel like I was making real noise. I wanted to tell the man to stop it. I wanted to tell him to put his tongue on my ass, to put it right where it hurt. He kept whipping my big white behind with that belt. I humped on his knee trying to get away.

‘Stop!’

I was stuck.

‘Please!’

I squeezed my eyes. My fingers, my toes were spasming like fish.

The man pushed me off him and onto the floor. I was wobbling there, a runt, on my hands and my knees. My ass cheeks were naked, all tilted up. I tried to look back at him through teary fuzzy eyes. We were in the middle of the living room. His house. His tv. His books. His rules. The guy was

looming over me. My hand went down between my thighs. I was trying so hard to hold myself in. I didn't know why I was wet.

Suddenly the guy reached down for my hair. He grabbed it and pulled me like the runt that I was down the hallway. We stopped at the mirror beside his bedroom. When I saw myself I started breathing so fast. My cheeks were bright red. My eyes were running black.

'God. God. God. Everything hurts ...'

I think the guy must've felt sorry for me right then. He sank down to his knees behind me. For one second I saw his face and he was looking at what he did to my ass. Then he moved his mouth down there. He put his lips right where he'd hit. It was making more heat burn all over my skin. The side of my face was pressed up against the mirror.

Then, without letting go of my ass, he lay on his back underneath my thighs. He brought his face up toward my pussy and he pulled me by the hips down to him. It was the first time that he'd ever done that. It felt too good, his lips kissing near my clit, his tongue coming out, his whole head moving, he was doing it so fast. I'd never felt myself move like that. I was moving so fast in time to him. I couldn't control myself. I was buzzing all over, it was leaving from my throat. Then still too fast, the guy slid out from under me. I couldn't feel his lips anymore. I wanted more. He was up there behind me. We were still in the hallway. I could smell the kitchen and his bed. The guy's hard body pushed up against my ass. He was rubbing the head of his cock on my asshole and gripping my hips. I was rocking into him and he thought that I wanted it, but I just couldn't stop it, my hot ass moving in circles and circles. Inside my throat the buzzing was just getting louder. I thought I was screaming: *No! No! No!*

'It's okay,' the guy said. 'Shhhh!'

My elbows weakened. My mouth touched the floor. My ass moved up in the air like a dog's. It felt like the buzzing mass in my throat was going to fall, smear the ground with something thick. The guy was spreading my cheeks. He wasn't going to

stop. I felt the air blow over my asshole. My cunt was getting so big underneath.

‘That’s it, shake your ass.’

A weird grunt came out of my throat. I knew he could see me.

‘Just wait! Wait! Please!’

‘Shhhhhh! Let me do it.’

I was shaking my head side to side. I felt the belt slaps on my ass spark like wires.

‘Wait!’

My ass was starting to let in his cock. It was unbearable, stinging so deep.

‘Careful, careful, careful, please!’

‘Shhhhhh!’

He leaned his face toward me, he breathed through my ears. His cock was burning the walls of my ass. I was stuffed like that to the end of all ends. My teeth on the floor. Him scraping my hole, slow in and out, my muscles were ripping, he kept pumping and pumping. I tried to move out. I was suspended like that. A rabbit stuck in a wolf’s mouth. I was hanging and I kept wanting him to fuck me, but I knew he had to stop. I thought he was going to kill me like that. I don’t know, maybe if he had said something then, like: *I know how you like it, I know that you like this ...* But the way that he fucked me, just that, in and out, all I could think of was how was I going to take pleasure?

Well, it went on like that between me and this man. All the time I kept doing it, all the time asking *how*. I was scraped out, teetering on one tiny line, loving him, sucking him. I just kept on. Having sex where I felt like I was drowning and he was floating over me with a life jacket laughing. It was like I heard him thinking every time we fucked:

I will never love you or your sex.

I will never love you or your sex.

I will never love you or your sex.

I’m embarrassed to tell you what happened next. I know I must really look like a fool now. It’s not easy for me to tell you

what I'm going to tell you, but I can't skip this part. Please wait, understand: I was trying to see if I could love a man! Just wait. Please. I want you to stay with me until it's all over.

I'd been out dancing at a club with some friends this one night and I decided to go over to the guy's place afterward. I'd never done that before. I mean, I always waited for him to call me. I guess it wasn't the best idea, because I'd been drinking a bit, and there I was, ringing his buzzer over and over. When he let me in, I remember I was hopping around in the elevator because I was so excited to see him. I felt a line of sweat around my hairline. My hips were still shaking and my throat was all hot.

The guy's door was open for me when I got up to his place. I went rushing down the hallway toward the bedroom because I heard some banging there. He was looking in one of his drawers. His back was toward me and I started dancing for him. I was just happy, you know, still reeling. I must've been dancing for at least a minute when I stopped. I stopped because I saw how his eyes were. He wasn't moving. He had the worst look on his face. I didn't know what to say. I was going to say it, I wanted to say it: *I love you I love you I love only you!* But I couldn't say a thing. The guy was pursing his lips like he was going to spit in my face. I heard saliva collecting in his mouth and all I could do was stand there. He was coming toward me like that, bull's-eye. I felt my lips opening up. I thought for a second it would turn into sex. I knew that I would've done anything for him right then. But the guy crooked his arm round the back of my neck. He widened my lips with his fingers and stuck his thumb down. I started gagging. He pushed in another finger and hooked it hard at the roof of my mouth. I tried to bite down but my teeth had lost their ridges.

'Is this what you want?' the guy finally said.

My neck got all knotted. My stomach started bubbling. I had no idea what he meant. I wanted to love him! I didn't want this. Then his knee hit my groin. I fell to the floor. The bones of my legs thudded like wood. I slumped over my breasts and coughed up his fingers.

Then the man's palms started flashing in front of my eyes. I heard myself scream but all I was doing was choking. He pushed me down more. He smacked both my cheeks. My back bones were rubbing against the floor. He pinned my wrists and he spread me. I felt his knuckles at my thighs.

I tried to lift my head up but the guy was slapping my cunt. I could barely see, I was squinting and I was trying so hard to squeeze my thighs shut. I wanted to make myself go toward the smacking because I thought it wouldn't hurt as much if I could go closer and closer. I felt my lips move. It was wet underneath me. The man didn't stop coming over me, coming closer. I didn't know if he was hitting me or fucking me or what.

But the next thing I knew the man's face was hovering over my head. He had his palms on both sides of my skull. It felt like he was scraping my forehead with a rock, digging hot pits in the bones of my face. I felt my body falling through the floor ...

'Open your eyes!' he yelled.

I tried and I tried but my sockets were filled. 'I can't, I can't ...'

Are you still there? Can you see me? Look! Please look. My legs, were they spreading? I didn't know how to move. I thought that the man was still on top of me pounding. I didn't know, I couldn't look but I thought he was still there above me, still coming ... I kept fixing on to that hook that he gave me: his finger down my throat, the hook that we were fucking, I kept fixing on it, fixing on it. I wanted to get out so bad ...

'Come on, girl! Come on, open your eyes!'

I heard my own voice in my head. It was speaking too loud: *You wouldn't be here if you hadn't wanted more. You're lying flat like a corpse on the ground. Your throat's running open from sucking the cocks of all men. Your body is ripped into so many pieces. All you can do is scavenge yourself like a crow.*

Listen to yourself, still talking! You haven't stopped saying bad words and thinking bad things ever since your first time. If you can ever suck someone without looking for his love, you'll stop running

like a slut all lost for your cunt. Look at you. Look. Your temples are burning! Stuff is pouring out of you. Look, it's coming ...

Rolling around in the darkness, my face was scraping something flat. My cheekbones were poking like knives into the floor. I was calling for my lover. I was calling, I was calling, but my flesh had no sound.

'I can't do this, I don't want to do this.' I heard the guy talking from way up above me.

'Why?' I was crying now.

'I just can't. I don't want this. I don't want to do this to you.'

What don't you want? What can't you do? I was screaming in my head. But my fucking mouth was glued shut. I was never coming up for air. I dragged myself away from him on my stomach. My face pressed against the floor. Water poured from my eyes.

'Stop.' He was still over me. 'Stop. Stop crying. I just can't do this.'

'Why, why, why?'

'I can't. I don't know. Stop crying, please stop crying.'

'You don't love me. You don't ...'

I broke open. I was gasping from the back of my throat. I couldn't stop. I heard him walking down the hallway. He was leaving me like that! He slammed a door. *Fuck you! Don't leave me!* I was crying, I kept pulling down the hall and toward the couch. *Fuck it. Fuck it.* I finally pushed my weight up. I rolled onto my back on the couch and sunk in. Pain kept coming and going in waves through my chest. Pain throbbed down the backs of my thighs, it burned my knees, it prickled all through my ribs. *I'll never be with you again.* That was pain. My body was tight and packed into a tube. Over and over in my head it was playing: *I don't want this. You don't love me.* God I wanted it to stop. I wanted to fuck. I wanted to get rid of myself, alone like a fool at his chest.