

That Night

I wanted her so much, I let her boyfriend fuck me. There was no real reasoning behind it, no logic that wasn't completely illogical, and yet it all seemed to make sense at the time. I don't know what it was I was attempting to accomplish exactly. Perhaps I believed that they would break up as a result, as if my virgin self would be sexually captivating enough to woo him away from all of her perfection. Or perhaps I just wanted to get as close to her as I could in the only way I knew how.

That night, they fought at a party. He'd called her a stupid cunt in front of a room full of people and she left crying. Her friends flanked her immediately, casting heated glares in his direction and then at each one of their boyfriends, who apparently were deserving of the ire as well, just for being of their sex. Then the girls disappeared from the room. She was in the middle, surrounded in a cocoon of estrogen and whispered sympathies. I couldn't follow her. So I followed him.

He was an angry drunk, pacing in the upstairs bathroom. As I got to the door, I heard his bottle breaking in the marble sink. He carelessly cut his hand on the glass when he heard me and turned my direction. There was no recognition. I went to school with him everyday, had some of the same classes, passed him in the lunch line, and he had never once seen me.

He saw me now, his eyes blurry, but aware. His fury transformed to need, his pain to excitement. I didn't back away as he stalked toward me, didn't object as he left a bloody handprint on my new skirt and pulled me up against him. He wanted me. Really wanted me.

I'd forgotten. Forgotten that I was something worth wanting, forgotten that some people did. It is a difficult thing, keeping track of your desirability, when the one person you want to desire you shows no sign. I was reminded now. Even if he was drunk. Even if he had never noticed me before. Even if I was only a way to forget about her. He was my way of remembering.

His kiss I avoided, the only thing I couldn't take. His lips fell instead to my throat. I could feel each bite and bruise as they formed. Each mark felt like nothing. Each mark hurt like hell.

We stumbled sloppily down the hall and into the host parents' bedroom. By the time we made it to the bed, he'd pawed my panties down to my knees and it took only one foot to push them the rest of the way to the floor. The sole of his tennis shoe left a scratch all the way down my calf. The sting was immediate.

Then it went away, traveled upward and took up residence between my legs. Tears formed in my eyes. I didn't want them to, but I wasn't expecting so much pain. And it was too late, I realized. I couldn't squeeze my legs together without

him thinking I was pulling him closer. I couldn't tell him to stop, because he didn't know me enough to care if he was hurting me. If I had said the words, "no, please stop," I would have succeeded only in turning myself into a victim. So, instead, I continued to let him do his damage as a willing participant.

I shifted, the movement causing a new distinct swell of discomfort, the same as before, yet different and sharper. So I stopped moving, remained totally still, shut my eyes. I wondered if he had ever hurt her like this.

Then I saw her. Her face floated behind my eyelids. All around her, her hair flowed like a cloak. Somehow, I felt it brush my cheek. It reminded me of where he had been before me. The pain diminished. I heard myself moan.

He fumbled then, lost his rhythm. I took this as a sign that he was unaccustomed to causing such sounds and felt the resentment on her behalf. She deserved some measure of gratification. She'd done this far more often than I had.

Or perhaps she just didn't make noise. Maybe her pleasure poured over her in silent waves. Warm liquid shivers, but no sound. Or exhalations so soft they were barely detectable, gasps and whimpers only audible if you got close enough. As close as I would get if she let me.

The notion overwhelmed me and I wasn't nearly so silent. I buried my head back into the over-stuffed down pillow and moaned roughly. By the grace of some great universal force, he froze completely and I was able to forget him for a moment. A blessing. The last thing I wanted was to be aware of his presence.

But as the surge died away, he resumed his incessant grinding. He hadn't stopped for me. It was just outside the scope of his experience, and he wanted to be sure I wasn't going to have another spell before proceeding. His grunts were sad and frustrated. I wasn't holding up my end of the bargain. He was helping me remember. I wasn't helping him forget.

Then, as abruptly as he had recommenced, he stopped again. I forced my eyes to open, forced myself to look at him, and found him staring horrified over his shoulder.

"Shit!" He scrambled off of me.

He tugged his pants up from his hips and the sound of the zipper made me suddenly aware of the fact that I was still completely exposed. I found the presence of mind to push my skirt down before sitting up to find her standing in the doorway, back-lit from the hall light, her expression lost in shadow. I was grateful. It was the first time I didn't want to see her face.

What I expected to come next, I'm not sure. That she would run crying from her perch, hit him, yell to her friends to come see what we had done to her. The last thing I anticipated was her pushing past him and coming for me. If the thought had crossed my mind at all, I would have stood, instead of leaving myself at such a logistical disadvantage.

Her hands made hard contact with my collarbones and I fell backward without contest. Her legs felt soft and smooth as they slid along mine. The sensation disoriented me. Until she hit me. And then again, right across the face without mercy. The emotion was real. I just didn't know what emotion it was that I was on the receiving end of exactly. Whether it was really anger at me or misdirected anger at his betrayal. Or if maybe she had overheard us and was jealous of the sounds that had absolutely nothing to do with her drunken boyfriend or his complete lack of ability.

I caught her wrist, mostly on instinct, and then the other, holding her hands captive. She struggled, and ground against me. I lost myself, and one of her hands, which she used to promptly dig her nails into my neck. My inability to think of anything other than the longing was getting my ass sufficiently kicked. Needlessly. She'd had surprise working in her favor, but I had no doubts about which one of us was stronger.

Her nails took skin off as I pried her claws away and pitched forward. We fell to the side and a hand slipped free. She promptly thrust it into my hair and yanked. I threw my leg across her and grabbed a pressure point on her wrist. I knew that it would hurt, so I wasn't at all surprised when she yelped and let go immediately. I pressed her wrist down onto the bed beside her other one and hovered over her, attempting to draw breath.

Both hands trapped and useless, and still she fought, squirming and bucking beneath me. Every insignificant movement felt substantial and deliberate. A wicked person would have taken advantage of the situation, putting hands places they had no right to be in a fair fight. I wished, for a moment, that I was devoid of any kind of restraining morality.

I pressed harder into her wrists and the quiet pained sound that came with the action nearly made me let go. She finally looked up, her eyes finding mine. And then, all at once, she stopped struggling.

I released her hands, knowing that she wasn't going to use them, and let my feet slide down to the floor. She didn't move at all as I stood, not as I straightened my clothes, not as I picked up my panties and wadded them into a tiny ball I could hide in my fist.

I moved toward the door. He moved out of my way as if I were charging at him. She just laid there as I stepped past him without a word and left them alone.

I don't know what she saw. The blood on my neck and lip confirming I'd paid enough for my wrongdoings. My desire. My incapacity to hurt her back. The love. Or, maybe, how I wanted her so much, I let her boyfriend fuck me.