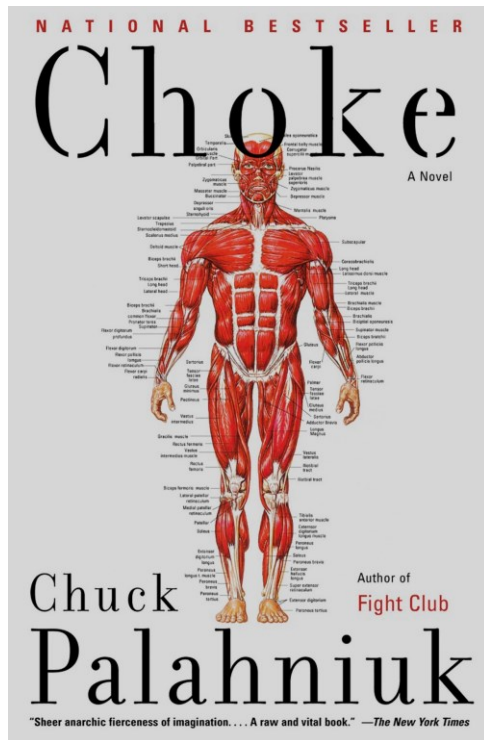


CHOKE



Book Summary:

A sex addict pretends to choke on food in restaurants to help pay for his dying mother's healthcare.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities including bestiality; obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol and drug use; self-harm; controversial social commentary; and references to abortion.

Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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CONTENT WARNING

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5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
8	<p>That stupid little boy, that cold night, all of this will just become more of the stupid shit to think about during sex, to keep from shooting your load.</p>
10	<p>In the 1950s a leading vacuum cleaner tried a little design improvement. It added a spinning propeller, a razor-sharp blade mounted a few inches inside the end of the vacuum hose. Inrushing air would spin the blade, and the blade would chop up any lint or string or pet hair that might clog the hose. At least that was the plan. What happened is a lot of these men raced to the hospital emergency room with their dicks mangled. ...That old urban legend about the surprise party for the pretty housewife, how all her friends and family hid in one room, and when they burst out and yelled "Happy birthday" they found her stretched out on the sofa with the family dog licking peanut butter from between her legs ...</p>
11	<p>The legendary woman who gives head to guys who are driving, only the guy loses control of his car and hits the brakes so hard the woman bites him in half, I know them. ...These are the people who come waddling in from the night, saying they tripped and fell on the zucchini, the lightbulb, the Barbie doll, the billiard balls, the struggling gerbil. See also: The pool cue. See also: The teddy bear hamster. They slipped in the shower and fell, bull's-eye, on a greased shampoo bottle. They're always being attacked by a person or persons unknown and assaulted with candles, with baseballs, with hard-boiled eggs, flashlights, and screwdrivers that now need removing. Here are the guys who get stuck in the water inlet port of their whirlpool hot tub. ...Among the folks in Room 234 is the bogus county health official who calls to quiz fourteen-year-old girls about the appearance of their vagina. Here's the cheerleader who gets her stomach pumped and they find a pound of sperm. ...The guy in the movie theater with his dick stuck through the bottom of a box of popcorn, you can call him Steve, and tonight his sorry ass is sitting around a paint-stained table, squeezed into a child's plastic Sunday school chair.</p>
12	<p>In the women's room, Nico pulls me down onto the cold tile and squats over my hips, digging me out of my pants. With her other hand, Nico cups the back of my neck and pulls my face, my open mouth, into hers. Her tongue wrestling against my tongue, she's wetting the head of my dog with the pad of her thumb. She's pushing my jeans down off my hips. She lifts the hem of her dress in a curtsy with her eyes closed and her head tilted a little back. She settles her pubes hard against my pubes and says something against the side of my neck. ...Nico lifts her hips a little and then drops, lifts and settles herself. Her head still back, her eyes still closed, she fishes inside the neckline of her dress and brings out a folded square of blue paper and drops it on my chest. ...A little higher each time, Nico lifts her hips and sits down hard. Grinding a little front to back. With a hand planted on the top of each thigh, she pushes herself up, then drops. "Round the world," I say. "Round the world, Nico." ..."Round the world, now," I say. "Do it for me, baby." And Nico closes her eyes</p>

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	<p>and gathers her skirt around her waist with both hands. She settles all her weight on my hips and swings one foot over my belly. She swings the other foot around so she's still on me, but facing my feet. "Good," I say and unfold the blue paper. I spread it flat against her round humped back and sign my name at the bottom, on the blank that says sponsor.</p> <p>... Right now, down the hall in Room 234 is the girlfriend of your best friend's cousin, the girl who almost died banging herself on the stick shift of a Ford Pinto after she ate Spanish fly.</p>
13	<p>There's the guy who snuck into a clinic in a white coat and gave pelvic exams.</p> <p>There's the guy who always lies in his motel room, naked on top of the covers with his morning boner, pretending to sleep until the maid walks in.</p>
14	<p>The girl hanging naked from the shower curtain rod, half dead from autoerotic asphyxiation, she's Paula and she's a sexaholic.</p> <p>...Give me your subway feelers. Your trench coat flashers.</p> <p>The men mounting cameras inside the lip of some women's room toilet bowl. The guy rubbing his semen on the flaps of deposit envelopes at automatic tellers.</p> <p>All the peeping toms. The nymphos. The dirty old men. The restroom lurkers. The handballers.</p> <p>...Anymore, he could barely make a fist, and he was worried about what all that petroleum jelly might do to him, long term.</p> <p>He'd considered changing to some lotion, but anything made to soften skin seemed to be counterproductive.</p>
15	<p>Here are prostitutes and sex criminals out on a three-hour release from their minimum-security jail, elbow to elbow with women who love gang bangs and men who give head in adult bookstores. The hooker reunites with the john here.</p> <p>...Nico brings her big white ass almost to the top of my dog and bangs herself down. Up and then down. Riding her guts tight around the length of me. Pistoning up and then slamming down. Pushing off against my thighs, the muscles in her arms get bigger and bigger. My thighs under each of her hands go numb and white.</p> <p>...I bring my hands up, each hand open against the stretched smooth underside of each thigh. To help lift her, I figure, and she twines her cool soft fingers through mine. Sleeved tight around my dog, without looking back, she says, "My friends bet me money that you're already married." I hold her smooth white ass in my hands.</p>
16	<p>Tanya always smuggles in some rubber sex toy, usually a dildo or a string of latex beads. Some sexual equivalent of the prize in a box of cereal.</p>
17	<p>It's not that I don't love these women. I love them just as much as you'd love a magazine centerfold, a fuck video, an adult website, and for sure, for a sexaholic that can be buckets of love.</p> <p>...Plus the sexaholic recovery books they sell here, it's every way you always wanted to get laid but didn't know how.</p> <p>...Their helpful hints include: Do you cut the lining out of your bathing suit so your genitals show through?</p> <p>Do you leave your fly or blouse open and pretend to hold conversations in glass telephone booths, standing so your clothes gap open with no underwear inside?</p>

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	<p>Do you jog without a bra or athletic supporter in order to attract sexual partners? My answer to all the above is, Well, I do now! ...Compulsive sexual behavior is not about always getting your dick sucked.</p>
18	<p>For a sex addict, your tits, your dick, your clit or tongue or asshole is a shot of heroin, always there, always ready to use. ...Nico bears down hard, bucking my dog against the front wall of her insides, using two wet fingers on herself. ...Her big flower-print breasts. ...The juice coming off her is scalding hot.</p>
19	<p>For sure, even the worst blow job is better than, say, sniffing the best rose ... watching the greatest sunset. ...I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a hot-gushing, butt-cramping, gut-hosing orgasm. Painting a picture, composing an opera, that's just something you do until you find the next willing piece of ass.</p>
20	<p>And Nico, her whole body clenched and jacking me with her boiling wet insides, she says, "She in prison or a loony bin or something?"</p>
28	<p>Of course, he's ripped out of his mind on ecstasy. ...Then she goes to jerk off some lucky cow all afternoon. That, and I know she lets the king's constable feel her up because one time he let me sniff his fingers. ...Even from here, even over the horse shit, you can smell the reefer coming off her in a fog. ...Milking cows, churning butter, for sure you know milkmaids must give great hand jobs.</p>
31	<p>If the Ye Old Town Council only knew Mistress Plain, the seamstress, is a needle freak. The miller is cooking crystal meth. The innkeeper deals acid to the busloads of bored teenagers who get dragged here on school field trips. These kids sit in rapt attention watching while Mistress Halloway cards wool and spins it into yarn, the whole time she's lecturing them on sheep reproduction and eating hashish johnnycake. These people, the potter on methadone, the glassblower on Percodans, and the silversmith popping Vicodins, they've found their niche. The stableboy, hiding his headphones under a tricorner hat, plugged in on Special K and twitching to his own private rave, they're all a bunch of hippie burnouts peddling their agrarian bullshit, but okay, that's just my opinion. Even Farmer Reldon has his plot of primo weed out behind the corn and the pole beans and junk.</p>
36	<p>What the little boy first loved about pornography wasn't the sex part. It wasn't the pictures of beautiful people dorking each other, their heads thrown back, making those fake orgasm faces. ...He'd found all those pictures on the Internet even before he knew what sex was. ...You could just go there, and there would be about a dozen photographs of this one dumpy guy dressed as Tarzan with a goofy orangutan trained to poke what looked like roasted chestnuts up the guy's ass. The guy's leopard-print loincloth is tossed to one side, the elastic waistband sunk</p>

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	<p>into his tubby waist. The monkey's crouched there, ready with the next chestnut.</p>
61	Jacking off.
72	<p>Make me play the big passive bottom in your guilt gang bang. I'll take everybody's load. .And after everybody's humped out their load in my face, they're all smiling and humming.</p>
73	<p>What's even weirder, I tell him, is I'm figuring how I can turn my new popularity into a fast broom closet ram session with this tall nurse, maybe get her to throat my dog. A nurse thinks you're a caring nurturing guy who's patient with hopeless old people, and you're halfway to boning her. ...So no matter who I'm boning, I have to think about big infected animals, big roadkill raccoons all swollen up with gas and getting hit by fast trucks on the highway on a blistering day in the sun. ..."It's just that my internal addict is so strong," Denny says, "that I'm afraid to not be locked up. My life needs to be about more than just not jerking off." Other women, I say, no matter who, you can imagine them getting rammed. You know, straddling the driver's seat in some car, her G-spot, the back of her urethral sponge, getting hammered on by your fat hot slider. Or you can see her bent over the edge of a hot tub getting plugged.</p>
89	<p>Paige Marshall starts undoing the buttons of her coat, and there's more and more skin showing inside. ...She opens the lab coat. She's naked inside. Naked and as pale white as the skin under her hair. Naked white and about four steps away. And very doable. And she shrugs the coat off her shoulders so it drapes behind her, still hanging from her elbows. ...Just one reach away is the curve of her waist going down along the outline of her ass. Just that far is the shelf of each breast pushing up a dark button nipple. Just my arm away is the warm hot space where her legs come together. ...Her hands come together around my top shirt button, then the next, and the next. Her hands spread the shirt back off my shoulders so it falls behind me. ...Her hands spring my belt buckle, and she says, "Then just do what comes naturally." ...She pulls my face into her ear. ...She thumbs my pants off my hips and says, "I need you to put your faith in me." And her smooth cool hands close around me.</p>
100	<p>The patient falls to her knees, her knees spread wide apart. She leans back and starts to pump herself at us in slow motion. Just by contracting her butt muscles, she tosses her shoulders, her breasts, her mons pubis. Her entire body lunges at us in waves. ...She's shaved. Tanned and oiled so smooth and perfect, she looks less like a woman than just another place to swipe your credit card. Pumping herself in our faces, the murky blend of red and black light makes her look better than she really is. ...Pumping herself in our faces, yelling against the music, she says, "What?" ...The blonde hooks her elbows behind her knees and rolls back onto her spine,</p>

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	twisting a nipple between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. Stretching her mouth wide open, she curls her tongue at us, then says, "Daiquiri." She says. "My name's Cherry Daiquiri. You can't touch me," she says, "but where's this mole you're talking about?"
102	The girl before this one, another blonde but with the kind of hard old-fashioned boob job you could chin yourself on, this last patient smoked a cigarette as part of her act, so I asked if she had any persistent back or abdominal pain. ...She gets down on her hands and knees, rotating her open butt, her puckered pink trapdoor in slow motion, and looks back over her shoulder at us and says, "What's this 'conization' scene?"
106	Then he tips the legal pad enough for me to see a naked woman with her hands over her eyes, sleek and tensing every muscle tight, none of her looks trashed by gravity or ultraviolet light or poor nutrition.
110	Another question from the sex addict checklist: Do you cut the inside out of your pants pockets so you can masturbate in public? ...The monitor shows the library, another corridor, then it shows me, a grainy black-and-white me, crouched behind the front desk, peering into the monitor. Me with one hand crabbed around the intercom control dial. My other blurry hand is jammed to the elbow inside my britches. Watching. ...My nose pressed to the monitor, I'm so close. And now the monitor shows me with my ear pressed to the speaker, one hand shaking something, fast, inside my pant leg. ...And for serious, I am so ready to trigger.
115	The way she stands puts her breasts forward. Tilts her pelvis at me. Paige Marshall runs her tongue along the inside of her bottom lip and says, "Have you thought any more about taking some action?"
116	"I know you have no issues around recreational sex. Or is it just me? Am I just not your type? Is that it?"
117	"I want to fuck you. I really want to fuck you."
118	I mean, how many times can everybody tell you that you're the oppressive, prejudiced enemy before you give up and become the enemy. I mean, a male chauvinist pig isn't born, he's made, and more and more of them are being made by women.
123	The milkmaid, Ursula, comes out of the cow shed and looks at us with her stoner eyes just about filled with blood. "If there was a girl you liked," I say to him, "if she wanted to have sex just so she could get pregnant, would you?" ..."Just supposing," I say, "she's going to scramble its little unborn fetus brain and suck the mess out with a big needle and then inject that stuff into the head of somebody you know who has brain damage, to cure them," I say.
128	She'd tell him to lie down on the couch. Close the blinds. Dim the lights. This is how she could make a pile of money. ...To the man on the couch, she'd say, "Shall we get started?" Even if a guy said he wasn't after sex, the Mommy would still tell him to bring a towel. You brought a towel. You paid in cash. ...You only get fifty minutes. Guys had to know what they wanted. This means the

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	<p>woman, the positions, the setting, the toys. Don't spring anything fancy on her at the last minute. She'd tell Mr. Jones to lie back. Close his eyes.</p> <p>...Even if guys said they were just looking to lose some weight, they wanted sex.</p> <p>...Whatever the issue, it was because they weren't getting laid. Whatever they said they wanted, they'd get sex here and the problem was solved.</p> <p>If the Mommy was a compassionate genius or a slut, you don't know.</p> <p>Sex pretty much cures everything.</p> <p>...She was the best therapist in the business, or she was a whore that fucked with your mind.</p> <p>...This kind of session, the sex kind, had first happened by accident.</p> <p>...Here you'd have the sex you'd only dreamt about.</p>
132	<p>Buried deep in his trance, a guy would lie there and twitch and hump, a dog chasing rabbits in a dream. Every few guys, she'd get a screamer or a moaner or a groaner.</p> <p>... Guys in the waiting room heard the fuss, and it would drive them wild.</p> <p>After the session, a guy would be soaked with sweat, his shirt wet and sticking to him, his pants stained.</p>
134	<p>It's not as if the Mommy started with the idea of summoning up the most powerful women in history to give hand jobs, blow jobs, half-and-half, and round-the-world.</p> <p>...Then they just wanted sex.</p>
135	<p>And no matter how much detail she put into a session, they only wanted to pork and bone, slam and bump, shaft, hole, screw, drill, pound, pile-drive, core, and ride.</p> <p>...They wanted Emily Dickinson naked in high heels with one foot on the floor and the other up on her desk, bent over and running a quill pen up the crack of her butt. They'd pay two hundred bucks to go into a trance and find Mary Cassatt wearing a push-up bra.</p>
136	<p>It wasn't sex. She was just the tour guide for a wet dream. A hypno lap dancer. Each guy kept his pants on for damage control. Containment. The mess went way beyond just peter tracks.</p> <p>...His crotch would tent up.</p> <p>...Feel yourself growing longer and thicker. Already you're harder and heavier, more purple and throbbing than you've ever felt.</p>
154	<p>Sorry I fucked her cat.</p>
156	<p>To make the fucking last forever.</p> <p>...I'm taking her in the chapel, I tell Paige.</p> <p>...I'm going to take her on the frigging altar.</p>
164	<p>Still with her stethoscope around her neck, dangling between her breasts, I pushed her back on the altar.</p> <p>...The stethoscope against her own chest, she said, "Go fast." She said, "I want you to stay in synch with my heart." It's not fair how a woman never has to think of shit to keep from coming.</p>
168	<p>Just a puss-pounding, seam-reaming, dog-driving, fucking helpless sex addict asshole, and I can't ever, ever let myself forget that.</p>

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169	<p>How tonight's supposed to work is I hide in the bedroom closet while the girl's taking a shower. Then when she comes out all shiny with sweat, the air steamy and fogged with hair spray and perfume, she comes out naked except for a lacy bathrobe. Then I jump out with some pantyhose stretched over my face and wearing sunglasses. I throw her on the bed. I put a knife to her throat. Then I rape her.</p> <p>...Only I can't rape her on the bed, she says, the spread is pale pink silk and will spot.</p> <p>...We agreed on the floor, but on a towel.</p> <p>...She told me she'd leave a ratty towel on the dresser, and I'd need to spread it on the floor ahead of time so as not to break the mood.</p> <p>...So I'm hiding in the closet, naked with all her dry cleaning sticking to me, the pantyhose over my head, wearing sunglasses and holding the dulllest knife I could find, waiting.</p> <p>... She said to rape her near the armoire, but not too near.</p> <p>..."This is way out of bounds. I said you could rape me. I did not say you could ruin my pantyhose."</p> <p>With my knife hand, I grab the front edge of her lacy bathrobe and try to tug it off her shoulder.</p> <p>...Naked now, she takes my hand and presses it around one of her wrists. Then she slips her arm behind her back, turning to press her bare back to me. My dog's nosing higher and higher, and her warm slick butt crack's gumming me, and she says, "I need you to be a faceless attacker."</p> <p>...These horny sexaholic chicks, they have such a high tolerance. They just can't not get banged. They just can't stop, no matter how degrading things get.</p> <p>...That Monday night in her bedroom, pressed into me naked, she says, "I want you to hit me." She says, "But not too hard and not too soft. Just hit me hard enough so I come."</p> <p>One of my hands is holding her arm behind her back. She's grinding her butt against me, and she's got a kick-ass tanned little bod except her face is pale and waxy with too much moisturizer. In the mirrored closet door, I can see her front with my face peeking over her shoulder. Her hair and sweat pools in the crack where my chest and her back press together. Her skin has that hot-plastic tanning-bed smell. My other hand is holding the knife, so I ask, does she want me to hit her with the knife?</p> <p>...She says, "How about if you just slap my ass."</p> <p>And I say, how about if she just shuts up and lets me rape her my way.</p> <p>...Since she's just out of the shower, her bush is soft and full, not matted down the way it is when you first take off a woman's underwear. My free hand creeps around to between her legs, and she feels fake, rubbery and plastic. Too smooth. A little greasy.</p> <p>I say, "What's with your vagina?"</p> <p>Gwen looks down at herself and says, "What?" She says, "Oh, that. It's a Femidom, a female condom. The edges stick out like that. I don't want you giving me any diseases."</p> <p>..."That shows you don't know shit about how to rape anybody," she says. "A good rapist will plan his crime meticulously. He ritualizes every little detail. This</p>

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	<p>should be almost like a religious ceremony.”</p> <p>...I ask if I get to shoot my wad.</p> <p>...These pathetic sexaholic chicks. They’re so damn dick-hungry.</p> <p>...She goes to the dresser and comes back with a pink plastic vibrator.</p> <p>...And she says, “Sorry, next time bring your own vibrator.”</p> <p>“No,” I say, “what about my penis?”</p> <p>And she says, “What about your penis?”</p> <p>And I ask, “How does it fit into all this?”</p> <p>...She says, “Just one time, I’d like to have an abusive relationship. Just once!” She says, “You can masturbate while you rape me. But only on the towel and only if you don’t slop any on me.”</p> <p>She spreads the towel out around her ass and pats a little area of terry cloth next to her. “When it’s time,” she says, “you can put your orgasm right here.”</p> <p>...Gwen sighs and sticks the vibrator in my face. “Use me!” she says. “Degrade me, you stupid idiot! Demean me, you jerk-off! Debase me!”</p> <p>...Gwen brings her knees up and they drop off to each side the way a book drops open, and I kneel on the edge of the towel and work the buzzing tip just inside the soft plastic edges of her. I work my dog with my other hand. Her calves are shaved and taper to curved feet with blue polish on the nails. She’s laid back with her eyes closed and her legs spread. Holding her hands together and stretched above her head so her breasts pull up into perfect little handfuls, she says, “No, Dennis, no. I don’t want this, Dennis. Don’t. No. You can’t have me.”</p> <p>And I say, “My name is Victor.”</p> <p>...Plus the vibrator is slippery and hard to hang on to. It’s heating up and smells acrid and smoky as if something’s burning inside.</p> <p>Gwen opens one eye just a sliver, squinting down at my flogging the dog, and says, “Me first!”</p> <p>I’m wrestling my dog. I’m snaking Gwen. I’m snaking Gwen. This feels less like I’m a rapist than I’m a plumber. The edges of the Femidom keep slipping inside, and I have to stop and pick them out with two fingers.</p> <p>Gwen says, “Dennis, no, Dennis, stop, Dennis,” her voice coming up from deep in her throat. She pulls her own hair and gasps. The Femidom slips inside again, and I just let it go. The vibrator tamps it deeper and deeper. She says to play with her nipples with my other hand.</p> <p>...And Gwen says, “Don’t you dare,” and she licks two fingers. She pins her eyes on mine and works her wet fingers between her legs, racing me.</p> <p>And all I have to do is picture Paige Marshall, my secret weapon, and the race is over.</p> <p>The second before you trigger, that feeling when your asshole starts to clench, that’s when I turn toward the little spot on the towel Gwen said. Feeling stupid and paper-trained, my white soldiers start to toss, and maybe by accident they misjudge the trajectory and toss across her pink bedspread. Her whole big soft puffy pink landscape. Arc after arc sprays out, in hot cramping gobs of all sizes, all over the spread and the pillow shams, and the pink silk bed skirt.</p> <p>...Spunk graffiti.</p> <p>...Gwen’s collapsed on the towel panting with her eyes closed, the vibrator humming inside her. Her eyes rolled back in her head, she’s gushing between her</p>

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	<p>fingers and whispering, "I beat you ..."</p> <p>She whispers, "You son of a bitch, I beat you ..."</p> <p>I'm tucking myself back in my pants and grabbing my coat. White soldier gobs are hanging all over the bed, the drapes, the wallpaper, and Gwen's still lying there, breathing hard, the vibrator angled halfway out of her. A second later, it slips free and flops around on the floor like a fleshy wet fish. It's then Gwen opens her eyes. She starts to push herself up on her elbows before she sees the damage.</p>
182	<p>How it worked was, a couple hours ago, while her class was carding wool, this teacher and me wasted some sperm in the smokehouse, and for sure she thought it would turn into something romantic, but hey. Me being face deep in her wonderful rubbery butt, it's amazing what a woman will read into it if you by accident say, I love you.</p> <p>...You wear a foofy linen shirt, a cravat, and some breeches, and the whole world wants to sit on your face. The two of you sharing ends of your fat hot slider, you could be on the cover of some paperback bodice-ripper. I tell her, "Oh, baby, cleave thy flesh unto mine. Oh yeah, cleave for me, baby."</p>
183	<p>Our special morning in the smokehouse, Miss Lacey was bobbing on my dog with a good mouthful of spit. Then we were sucking tongues, sweating hard and trading drool, and she pulled back for a good look at me. In the dim smoky light, those big fake plastic hams were hanging all around us. She's just swamped and riding my hand, hard, and breathing between each word. She wipes her mouth and asks me if I have any protection.</p> <p>...I lick her right up the middle of her chest, up her throat, and then stretch my mouth around her ear. Still jacking her with my swamped fingers, I say, "So, you have any evil afflictions I should know about?"</p> <p>She's pulling me apart behind and wets a finger in her mouth, and says, "I believe in protecting myself."</p> <p>...I say, "I could get canned for this," and roll a rubber down my dog.</p> <p>She worms her wet finger up my pucker and slaps my ass with her other hand and says, "How do you think I feel?"</p> <p>To keep from triggering, I'm thinking of dead rats and rotten cabbage and pit toilets, and I say, "What I mean is, latex won't be invented for another century."</p>
185	<p>She's bunching up her pantyhose the way women do so they can snake their legs inside, and says, "This kind of anonymous sex is a symptom of a sex addict."</p>
186	<p>The truth is, sex isn't sex unless you have a new partner every time.</p> <p>...You don't get the full anesthetic quality of good first-time anonymous sex.</p>
192	<p>Reeking of reefer. All of their eyes, red and wasted.</p> <p>..."Instead of banishing me," Denny called out, "maybe I could just get stoned?"</p>
193	<p>This meant hunting rocks instead of jacking off. Staying so busy, hungry, tired, and poor he won't have any energy left to hunt porno and wham the ham.</p>
198	<p>How porcupines get off, she said while they watched, was porcupines hump a stick of wood. The same way a witch rides a broom, porcupines rub a stick until it's stinking and gummy with their pee and juice from their glands.</p>
199	<p>"The only thing that separates us from the animals," she said, "is we have pornography."</p>

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	<p>...Elephants, the Mommy said, can use their trunks. Spider monkeys can use their tails. The little boy just wanted to see something dangerous go wrong. "Masturbation," the Mommy said, "is their only means of escape." ...The sad tranced-out animals, the cross-eyed bears and gorillas and otters all hunched over themselves, their glassy little eyes almost closed, almost not breathing. Their tired little paws were gummy. ...Dolphins and whales will rub themselves against the smooth sides of their tank, the Mommy said. Deer will rub their antlers in the grass until, she said, they orgasm. Right in front of them, a Japanese Sun Bear tossed its little mess onto the rocks. Then the bear sprawled backward with its eyes closed. Its little puddle left to die in the sunlight.</p>
200	<p>"Masturbating your way to freedom," the Mommy said. ...She said when a boy and a girl dog copulate, the head of the boy's penis swells and the vaginal muscles of the girl constrict. Even after sex, both dogs remain locked together, helpless and miserable for a brief period of time. ...In front of the monkey cage, the Mommy reached into her purse and took out a handful of pills, little round purple pills. She threw the handful through the bars, and the pills scattered and rolled. Some monkeys crawled down to look. ...The monkeys were crowding now, eating the pills. And the Mommy said, "Relax, kiddo." She dug into her purse and brought out the white tube, the trichloroethane. "This?" she said and put one of the purple pills on her tongue. "This is just plain old garden-variety LSD."</p>
203	<p>You start out with hand jobs and progress to orgies. You smoke some dope and then, the big H.</p>
204	<p>Gwen, who wouldn't even let me rape her. ...Just the life support system for an erection.</p>
205	<p>There are plenty other things in the world to have sex with, just go to a sexaholics meeting and take notes. There's microwaved watermelons. There's the vibrating handles of lawn mowers right at crotch level. There's vacuum cleaners and beanbag chairs. Internet sites. All those old chat room sex hounds pretending to be sixteen-year-old girls. For serious, old FBI guys make the sexiest cyberbabes. ...I say I could just kill the guy who invented the dildo. ...Then a new dancer struts out, glowing pink inside some sheer baby doll lingerie, her bush and breasts so almost there. ...Her other shoulder strap drops, and it's only her breasts that keep her lingerie from falling to her feet. Denny and me both watching her, the lingerie drops.</p>
209	<p>Two doors down from the sexaholics meeting, we waste some sperm in a janitor's closet with a mop next to us, left standing in a bucket of gray water. There's cases of toilet tissue for Leeza to lean over, and I'm splitting her ass so hard that with my every drive, she head-butts a shelf of folded rags. I'm licking the sweat off her back for a nicotine buzz. This is life on earth as I knew it. The kind of rough, messy sex where you first want to spread some newspapers.</p>
210	<p>Stuffing dick, stuffing feelings. ...Plugged in deep, I reach around her. Forced in tight, I reach under her to twist a</p>

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	<p>hard pointed nipple in each hand. And sweating her dark brown shadow into the light brown case of toilet paper, Leeza says, "Ease up." ...Leeza, Leeza with her three-hour release form, she grips the case of toilet paper and hacks and coughs, and with my hands I feel her abs spasm rock-hard and rippling between my fingers. The muscles of her pelvic floor, the pubococcygeus muscles, called the PC muscles for short, they spasm and the clenched drag on my dog is incredible.</p>
211	<p>Leeza spreads her hands open against the wall and shoves herself back at me. ...To keep from triggering, I picture first-year anatomy and dissecting out the two legs of the clitoris, the crura, each about as long as your index finger. ...With this cadaver stuff in mind, you can ride for hours without getting anywhere.</p>
212	<p>Naked except for whalebone corsets and crochet snoods, here are Emily and Charlotte and Anne Brontë lying around naked and bored on horsehair settees one fetid hot afternoon in the parlor. ...You fill in the rest, the props and positions, the rolltop desk, the pump organ.</p>
214	<p>All I feel anymore is horny. ...In the women's room, the padded fist of her pubic bone punching me in the nose, Nico wipes and smears herself up and down my face. For two hours, Nico laces her fingers together across the back of my head and pulls my face into her until I'm choking down pubic hair. Tonguing inside her labia minora, I'm tonguing the folds of Dr. Marshall's ear. Breathing through my nose, I'm stretching my tongue toward salvation.</p>
215	<p>Something else pops inside me. Tanya still throating my dog, she makes a fist around the dangling string and yanks. ...Tanya yanks again, and my dog triggers, the white soldiers gobbing against the bedroom wallpaper beside her face. She yanks again, and my dog's coughing dry and still coughing. ...Leaning forward with both my hands spread against the wall, my knees folding a little, I say, "Easy does it." I tell Tanya, "You're not starting a lawn mower." And Tanya kneeling under me, still looking at the greasy, stinking balls on the floor, says, "Oh boy." She lifts the string of red rubber balls for me to see, and she says, "There are supposed to be ten."</p>
231	<p>She spits in her hand and makes a fist around my dog and says, "This sure isn't like you."</p>
242	<p>My back against the wall, she slips her leg between mine and lifts her arms around my head. Her breasts wedged warm and soft between us, Nico's mouth fits over mine, and we're both breathing her perfume. Her tongue's more in my mouth than in hers. Her leg's rubbing not my erection, but my impacted bowel.</p>
245	<p>With a big hank of white spit looped between my knob and her lower lip, her whole face hot and flushed from choking, still holding my sore dog in her fist, Tracy settles back on her heels and says how in the Kama Sutra, it tells you to make your lips really red by wiping them with sweat from the testicles of a white</p>

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	<p>stallion. “For real,” she says. Now there’s a weird taste in my mouth, and I look hard at her lips, her lips and my dog the same big purple color. I say, “You don’t do that stuff, do you?”</p>
246	<p>I used to walk in on women or men riding the toilet on airplanes on trains or Greyhound buses or in those little single-seat either/ or unisex restaurant bathrooms, I’d open the door to see some stranger sitting there, some blonde all blue eyes and teeth with a ring through her navel and wearing high heels, with her g-string stretched down between her knees and the rest of her clothes and bra folded on the little counter next to the sink.</p>
247	<p>It could be, on the train somewhere between home and work, you’ll open a bathroom door to find some brunette, with her hair pinned up and only her long earrings trembling down alongside her smooth white neck, and she’s just sitting inside with the bottom half of her clothes on the floor. Her blouse open with nothing inside but her hands cupped under each breast, her fingernails, her lips, her nipples all the same cross between brown and red. Her legs as smooth white as her neck, smooth as a car you could drive two hundred miles an hour, and her hair the same brunette all over, and she licks her lips. ...Six times I opened the door on the same yoga redhead naked from the waist down with her skinny legs pulled up cross-legged on the toilet seat, filing her nails with the scratch pad of a matchbook, as if she’s trying to catch herself on fire, wearing just a silky blouse knotted over her breasts, and six times she looks down at her freckled pink self with the road crew orange rug around it, then her eyes the same gray as tin metal look up at me, slow, and every time says, “If you don’t mind,” she says, “I’m in here.”</p>
248	<p>Some other trip, maybe cruising altitude between Los Angeles and Seattle, you’ll open the door on some surfer blond with both tanned hands wrapped around the big purple dog between his legs, and Mr. Kewl shakes the stringy hair off his eyes, points his dog, squeezed shiny wet inside a glossy rubber, he points this straight at you and says, “Hey, man, make the time. ...” ...Another woman, two knuckles deep and disappearing into herself. A different man, his four inches dancing between his thumb and forefinger, primed and ready to cough up the little white soldiers. ...There’s the dried white stripes from the last pull-out moment when somebody’s dog tossed his white soldiers against the plastic wall.</p>
251	<p>Behind other doors, you’ll get some aged beef with his brown tie thrown back over one shoulder, his hairy knees spread against the wall on each side, petting his leathery dead snake and then he says, “Sorry bud, nothing personal.”</p>
252	<p>What’s not so great about that first time is, when I’m drunk and first getting bounced on by the redhead, by Tracy, what happens is we hit an air pocket. Me gripping the toilet seat, I drop with the plane, but Tracy’s blasted off, champagne popping off me with the rubber still inside, hitting the plastic ceiling with her hair. My trigger goes the same instant, and my gob’s suspended in the air, weightless hanging white soldiers in the midway between her still against the ceiling and me still on the can. Then slam, we come back together, her and the rubber, me and my gob, planted back down on me, reassembled pop-beads-style, all one-</p>

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	<p>hundred-plus pounds of her. ...And Tracy laughs and says, "I love it when that happens!" After that, just normal turbulence bounces her hair in my face, her nipples against my mouth. Bounces the pearls around her neck. The gold chain around my neck. Juggles my dice in their sack, pulled up tight over the empty bowl. Here and there, you pick up little tips to improve your performance. ...Your basic Indian tantric position works okay. Both of you standing face to face, the woman lifts one leg along the side of your thigh. You go at it the same as in "splitting the reed" or the classic flaque.</p>
253	<p>Even if you're stuck on a Boeing 757-200, even in the tiny forward toilet, you can still manage a modified Chinese position where you're sitting on the toilet and the woman settles onto you facing away. Somewhere north-northeast above Little Rock, Tracy tells me, "Pompoir would make this a snap. It's when Albanian women just milk you with their constrictor vaginae muscles." They jerk you off with just their insides? Tracy says, "Yeah." Albanian women? "Yeah." ...Something else you learn is when a flight attendant comes knocking, you can wrap things up fast with the Florentine Method, where the woman grips the man around the base and pulls his skin back, tight, to make it more sensitive. This speeds up the process considerably. To slow things down, press hard on the underside at the base of the man. Even if this doesn't stop the event, the whole mess will back up into his bladder and save you both a lot of cleanup. Experts call this "Saxonus." The redhead and me, in the big rear bathroom of a McDonnell Douglas DC-10 Series 30CF, she shows me the negresse position, where she gets her knees up on either side of the sink and I press my open hands on the back of her pale shoulders.</p>
254	<p>Somewhere south-southwest above Las Vegas, both of us our tired legs flu-shaky, she shows me what the Kama Sutra calls "browsing." Then "sucking the mango." Then "devouring."</p>
255	<p>The sweat running down the smooth muscles of her. The two of us bucking together, two perfect machines doing a job we're designed for. Some minutes we're touching with just the sliding part of me and the little edges of her getting raw and pulled out, my shoulders leaning back squared against the plastic wall, the rest of me bucking forward from the waist down. From standing on the floor, Tracy gets one foot up on the edge of the sink and leans on her raised knee. ...But if you have any ambition to manage what the Kama Sutra calls "the crow" or "cuissade" or anything where you'll need more than two inches of back-and-forth motion, you'd better hope you get a European Airbus 300/ 310 with its party-sized rear tourist-class toilets.</p>
256	<p>"No," I say and run a finger between her thighs. "I meant this. Why do you shave your bush?" "Oh, that," she says and rolls her eyes, smiling. "It's so I can wear g-string</p>

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	panties.” ...With her fingers, she rubs away the little bite marks around her nipples. What the Kama Sutra would call Scattered Clouds.
273	Ursula leads a milk cow past me, both of them smelling like dope smoke. Even the cow’s eyes are dilated and bloodshot.
274	“Hey,” I say. “She wanted me to rape her. It was her idea.”
281	Jacking off.
290	Me, the deluded little rube who thought you could ever earn enough, know enough, own enough, run fast enough, hide well enough. Fuck enough.

Profanity	Count
Ass	34
Bitch	3
Dick	9
Fuck	24
Piss	2
Shit	50
Tit	2