

Haunted

By Chuck Palahniuk

...I called it Pearl Diving. This meant whacking off underwater,... With one deep breath, I'd kick my way to the bottom and slip off my swim trunks. ...Just from jacking off, I had huge lung capacity. ...After I'd finally pump out my stuff, my sperm, it would hang there in big, fat, milky gobs. After that was more diving, to catch it all. To collect it and wipe each handful in a towel. That's why it was called Pearl Diving. ...The best part of Pearl Diving was the inlet port for the swimming-pool filter and the circulation pump. The best part was getting naked and sitting on it. As the French would say: Who doesn't like getting their butt sucked? ...The steady suck of the pool inlet hole is lapping at me, and I'm grinding my skinny white ass around on that feeling. One minute, I've got enough air, and my dick's in my hand. ...My hand brings me right to getting off, and I stop. I swim up to catch another big breath. I dive down and settle on the bottom. ...This must be why girls want to sit on your face. The suction is like taking a dump that never ends. My dick hard and getting my butt eaten out, I do not need air. ...And then I let it happen. The big white gobs start spouting. The pearls.

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...“Let's see your tits . . .” ...One of his pink hands slaps the woman away. ...Thumbing the nipple, she says, “Everybody. You've got to feel this...” ...Another hand reaches into the open blouse and grabs the second breast, rolling it,... ...And someone still groping a titty says, “Not yet.” ...And somebody else says, “Let's see your pussy.” And “Miranda” says: No. ...A little pushing, and “Miranda” is up on the table. ...his skirt slides down his skinny ass. ...Somebody rolls the pantyhose down, off his ass. ...Nobody's surprised at how “Miranda's” labia look. The skin too frilly. The wet-flower look a

stylist works hard to get in Playboy or Hustler. ...The pubic hair trimmed and waxed down to a thin stripe. ... Another member of the group says we should see how deep it goes. Whatever he is, “Miranda” is crying. ...He's almost naked with his stretched pantyhose webbed between his ankles, his feet still in gold-elegant high-heeled sandals. ...His firm, round breasts shiver with each sob. ...Somebody tells “Miranda” to shut up. Shut up and turn over. Somebody takes him by an ankle. Someone takes the other ankle, and they twist his legs until he lets out a little shriek and turns over. Now on his back, his feet are still pulled wide apart, each gold sandal gripped by a different set of hands. ...Someone gets a little flashlight out of her tote bag... ...Somebody is digging with her fingers. Someone holds the flashlight, pushing it forward. The group asks, did he expect a gang of man-hating bulldykes getting together for some hot girl-on-girl rug munching? The flashlight, the little halogen lightbulb must be hot, because he's squealing, squirming so hard it takes all of them to hold him down. To hold his legs apart and force him open for a look. ...“Miranda” thrashing on the table, the group leans over him,... ...And someone pinches one by the nipple, tweaking it and saying, “Shake 'em, sexy mama.” ...Someone else says, “We just want to see where you put your balls, bitch.” ...The two women digging between his legs, they stop. ...The one holding the little flashlight says, “Hold him still,” and she leans in, forcing the flashlight deeper. She asks him, “Is this what you wanted to happen?” “Miranda,” spread-eagled on the table, he sobs, trying to bring his knees together. To roll to one side and curl into a ball. “Miranda” is sobbing, saying: No. Saying: Please stop. Saying: It hurts.

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