

Beautiful

by Amy Reed

The walls are dripping because I am on acid. He is not yet on acid. The tab is still on his tongue, dissolving, tasting like spit wad. I'm thirteen and I'm on acid. He's fifteen and he will be on acid soon... Then his tongue goes in my mouth and this is nothing like a first kiss is supposed to be...and James's tongue is in my mouth and it taste like something dusty, small, darting around and hitting my teeth like it's looking for a way to get inside me, a trap door, searching for something hidden and unlocked. ...my teeth open and his tongue goes inside and I try to keep up but I have no idea what I'm doing and I'm scared because it's just me and him...The sound of a zipper unzipping... And I'm wearing a white cotton bra that is not a bad-girl bra. ...He says, "Is this a training bra?"...I shrug as well as I can shrug with his body on top of mine... His fingers are inside me and I am trying to make my mouth move... I hear pants unzipping, somewhere far away, and I don't know how long this is supposed to take but I hope it is fast because I want to go home. I want this feeling to stop. I want to give him what he wants and leave.

-Page 25

He knows what it feels like to be on top of me, that I don't move, but I am small and thin and pliable, that my breasts are the perfect size for his hand. I am thinking, this is supposed to be special...I

wonder why I can hardly feel anything else, how I can know that it hurts but not even feel it, how I don't even have to be here, how I can drift away to somewhere else, float up to the ceiling and watch how ridiculous we look: him thrusting into me like his life depends on it; me lying there looking like I'm wood, something hard and unbendable, when really I'm nothing, when really I'm just skin wrapped around fog.

"Does it hurt?" He asks me.

"It's okay," I say. "Does it feel good?" he asks me.

"Yeah," I say. I am lying. It feels like nothing. I wish he would stop talking. I wish he would stop making me speak,...feel his weight on top of me, feel him hard inside me, punching my insides...."Oh, shit, I'm gonna come," he says, and I hear him and my ears bring me back to the bed just in time to feel him shutter, hear him grown. He holds his breath in the world pauses and I feel like I'm holding the whole thing up with my skinny arms and bent knees, my legs spread wide open, then everything lets go and he falls on top of me and I sink into the mattress until I am nothing... I would not be traumatized if he died on top of me, his shrinking, shriveling dick still inside of me.

-Page 82

4 /5

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