

CHOKER

By Chuck Palahniuk

I throw her on the bed. I put a knife to her throat. Then I rape her. ...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 dullest knife I could find, waiting. ...With my knife hand, I grab the front edge of her lacy bathrobe and try to tug it off her shoulder. ...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." ...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." ...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. ...She says, "How about if you just slap my ass." And I say, how about if she just shuts up and lets me rape her my way. ...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. ..."A good rapist will plan his crime meticulously. He ritualizes every little detail. This should be almost like a religious ceremony." ...I ask if I get to shoot my wad. ...She goes to the dresser and comes back with a pink plastic vibrator. ...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." ..."When it's time," she says, "you can put your orgasm right here." ...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!" ...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. ...She's laid back with her eyes closed and her legs spread. ...Plus the vibrator is slippery and hard to hang on to. ...Gwen opens one eye just a sliver, squinting down at my flogging the dog, and says, "Me first!" 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. ...She says to play with her nipples with my other hand. ...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. ...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. ...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. ...Spunk graffiti. ...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 fingers and whispering, "I beat you ..." ...She whispers, "You son of a bitch, I beat you ..." ...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.

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