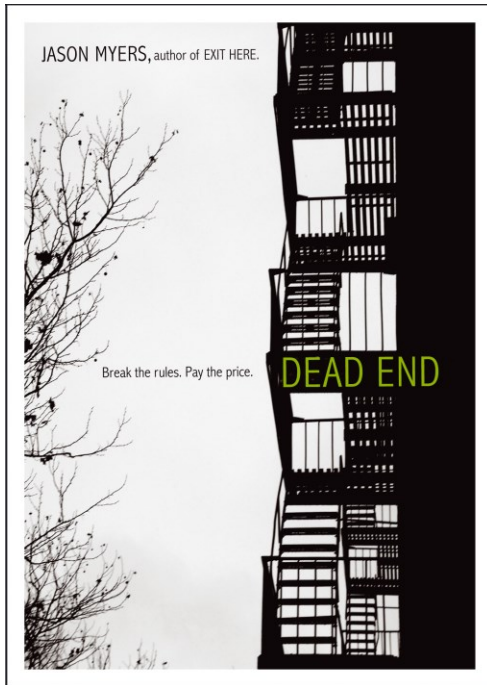


DEAD END



Book Summary:

A teenage couple run away from home together after the girl is raped and her perpetrator killed.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene and aberrant sexual activities including sexual assault; sexual nudity; profanity; drug and alcohol use; graphic violence; and self-harm including suicide.

Young Adult

By Jason Myers

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CONTENT WARNING

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5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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3	3. How he fucks me, the way he handles me and makes me come almost the moment he's inside me.
4	There are so many more things I love about him too. But those are my top three; I mean four. I look at him and my pussy gets wet.
6	Every time he saw her or was about to see her or jerked off to the movie reel of their sex that projected constantly through his head while he laid in his quiet and dying house, trying to fall asleep at night.
7	They dissolved the few inches of space between them, and their lips met. They kissed slowly and gently and their tongues slid into each other's mouths and moved in small circles until they pulled away.
8	<p>They both looked briefly at the four birds, and then they turned back to each other and resumed kissing for some time before getting into Dru's truck and driving away.</p> <p>She lay naked with her legs spread. Her skin was more dark in the winter than any of the other girls because of the Indian blood she got from her mom. Her mom, whom she hadn't seen or talked to in years, in forever, in what seemed like some other lifetime ago.</p> <p>He was naked and on top of her. He was inside her. They were in his creaky bed fucking. They were in his old house way outside of Marshall. Way off any of the main roads. Dirt roads and gravel and broken fences and dead meadows and dead fields as far as they could see from the drafty window next to his bed.</p> <p>They weren't loud, but they were intense. There was sweating and staring and pounding and pulling, and when they were done, they lay on the blankets and he slid his fingers up and down the side of her body.</p>
9	"I just wanna fuck you and hold you and kiss you till it gets late and you have to go home."
11	Before Dru ran to the middle of it, his teammate Jacob Brown slapped him in the arm and said, "Fuck that faggot up."
14	<p>She ran into his arms and kissed his lips.</p> <p>...She whispered. "I'm so glad you don't fuck me for only twenty-seven seconds."</p>
18	<p>"That's what I do when you fall asleep after we're done fucking," Dru said.</p> <p>...She scooted over to the middle of his truck, licked the inside of his ear, and whispered, "I love watching you kick ass on that mat." Then she undid his pants, pulled out his hard dick, leaned down, and put it in her mouth.</p> <p>She didn't come until he came.</p> <p>She swallowed.</p>
22	She leaned in closer and put her lips to his. She stuck her tongue in his mouth. He didn't care that those lips had just touched his dick or that her tongue had just tasted his come. It was nothing. He'd been with her for two months. He'd eaten her pussy out, made her come in his mouth, and then kissed her while he fucked her, and she never complained once about having to taste herself.
27	Beau graduated with a 3.2 GPA and fucked all the hottest girls, freshman through senior year, and when he finished high school, he went to the University of Nebraska in Lincoln.

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31	You never known someone whose dad was in and out of jail and drove himself drunk off a bridge?
33	Next to Brian was a broken-looking girl. A sick-looking one. But not sick from any kind of virus; sick from meth withdrawals.
34	"I am," the girl said, her voice raspy and full of scars from the tobacco and meth abuse.
35	She fingered an assortment of cold medicines until she came to the Sudafed. Three years ago there had been a law passed that required anyone buying Sudafed, a main ingredient in methamphetamine, to show a form of identification when buying it.
40	<p>Beau turned to the bartender and held up a finger. The bartender popped the cap off another bottle and handed it to him.</p> <p>"How many have you had?" Curtis asked.</p> <p>"Just a few."</p> <p>"Do you need a room here tonight?"</p> <p>"No, Dad."</p> <p>"So you're driving back to school tonight?"</p>
41	<p>It was time for a drink. He pulled open the bottom drawer of his desk, took a bottle of whiskey from it, and poured some into the coffee mug.</p> <p>He took a swig, finished it in the next, removed his hat, and sat back.</p>
42	Lyle pulled the bottle of whiskey back out and asked Marty if he wanted a drink.
45	<p>"You know I did dude. You got any girls in the pipeline for me?"</p> <p>"Nah."</p> <p>"What the fuck, dude? No babes at all?"</p> <p>...He reached into the front pocket of his pants and slid out a bag of cocaine. It was his favorite. The high was like nothing else. On cocaine, he really had the ambition to take over the fucking world.</p> <p>While he steered with his left hand, he dumped a small pile of coke on top of that hand, then he set the bag down next to his phone and put his right hand on the wheel.</p> <p>He held his left hand under his nose, slammed the pile against it, and sniffed back hard. He grunted and snorted and his face twitched and his throat went numb for a moment and then he sniffed back hard one more time and turned the Eminem up even louder.</p>
56	<p>It was just past five and they were already fucked-up.</p> <p>Beau called Corey a faggot as they walked back to the beer coolers and Corey bumped into a stand, knocking over a couple of newspapers.</p> <p>...Beau grabbed a case of Bud Light and the two walked up to the counter. Behind it was a cute girl with blond hair and red lipstick. Beau set the beer on the counter and eyed her up from her waist, past her tits, to her face. He winked.</p> <p>..."Let me ask you something?"</p> <p>"Okay."</p> <p>Beau leaned over the counter. "Have you ever sucked a dick and swallowed the come before?"</p> <p>She laughed nervously and tapped her pen against the counter.</p>

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	<p>"Have you?" he pressed. "Maybe I have." She grinned.</p>
58	<p>"I know. They were wasted. He's always wasted. I could smell the drunk on them," Nancy said.</p>
64	<p>He and Beau were drinking from a fifth of Jim Beam and the Bud Light they'd purchased earlier. Corey sat on one of the sofas and Beau was in the reclining chair. There was a large mirror on the coffee table with three grams of coke left on it. Baggies of Xanax sat next to the mirror. They'd both been doing drugs and drinking since middle school. It was a habit. Beau was a gram-or-two-a-day user of coke. That would make most people with a full-time job go broke, but he could afford it through the stipend he got each week from his dad. He was also a hard pill user. It started with stealing his mother's prescriptions of Valium, then progressed to Percocet and from Percocet to Xanax. Those were very useful to him. He needed them to help him pass out before the comedown from the coke became too bad, too dark, and too ugly. Beau was messing around with a Polaroid camera he'd brought into the den after the last time he went to the bathroom. Corey did a huge line. He looked over at Beau. "Where the fuck did you even get that?" ...Corey did another line, licked his lips, and wiped his nose with the back of his hand.</p>
66	<p>"We gotta get some tail over here, man. Fucking bang some babes before your mom and dad get back," Corey said. He rubbed his finger on the mirror, then rubbed the residue across his top gums. Beau shook his head, smirking. "What?" Corey asked. "You keep smashing that blast the way you are and it won't matter if there's bitches over here. You'll be too high to squeeze that baby cock into any slab of vag." "Fuck that, man. Let's just call up some babes." Beau set the camera on the table. He grabbed the whiskey and took a pull from it. He swallowed it without choking it down, and making a face like Corey always did. "Just Shut the fuck up, man, and give it rest. I wanna wait for that King girl to drop off Some package for my mom. After that, I'll call some girls." "Gina King?" Corey asked. "Yeah." "She's a fucking babe, dude. We could ask her if she wants to stay and party." "Maybe I Will," Beau said, holding the bottle to his lips. "Maybe we'll make her party." He took another drink.</p>
75	<p>"Do you drink whiskey?" he asked. "I'm driving," she answered. "One shot won't get you arrested," he said back. ...She followed Beau into the den and immediately regretted her choice when she saw Corey doing coke off a mirror. ...He picked up the whiskey and took a drink from the bottle before offering it to</p>

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	<p>Gina. "Come on," he said. "Don't be such a lady. Take a drink." "I have school tomorrow." ...He gave her the bottle. She took a very small sip and made a face while she choked it down. She handed the bottle back to Beau. "How about some blast?" he asked. "No, no, no, no," she said. "I'm leaving." "Just a tiny line," he pushed.</p>
77	<p>But right as she took her first step, Beau grabbed her hair, pulled her head back, and snapped, "You ain't going anywhere till I say so." She screamed as Beau twisted one of her arms. He smacked her in the face, leaving a red print on it. Then he shoved her to the floor and slammed a foot on her back. "What the fuck are you doing?" Corey asked, stepping toward the two of them. Beau turned and grabbed him by the shoulders. "You said you wanted to party, man," Beau snorted. "Not like this, dude. Let her go." "Shut the fuck up! Don't be a pussy!" ..."You're fucking doing this too," he snapped at Corey. He looked down at Gina and licked his lips. "Now let's fucking party, girl!" ...Beau ripped off his shirt. Gina was lying with her face to the carpet. Her nose was smashed flat. Drool spilled from her lips. It was the worst feeling ever. Her heart was smashing into her ribs. She was sobbing. Screaming wouldn't even help. She closed her eyes and braced for the intrusion. "Quit crying, whore," Beau snapped. Her turned her on her back, kicking her hard in the ribs. He knelt down beside her and tore open the buttons on her jeans and slid them down to her ankles. Her body was in a steady tremble. Even with her eyes closed, she covered her face with her hands. Corey shook his head and looked down at his feet. He wanted to stop it but didn't know how. Beau was stronger. Beau had more power. Like the sheep he'd always been, he bit his lip and kept staring at the floor. In his brain he hummed a song by Beck. It distracted him just enough to not hear Gina's sobbing. Beau slid Gina's underwear to the side and shoved two fingers into her pussy. It was dry so he slid his fingers in and out a few times over to get her crotch moist. She couldn't fight back. She'd always thought that if something like this happened, she'd fight and scratch and claw and stop the predator. Every girl thinks like that. Of course they do. But Gina wasn't fighting back. She was helpless and she knew it. There was nothing in her power to make it stop. It was like being buried alive. His fingers sliding in and out of her pussy like the dirt being thrown on her. ...Beau stood back and walked over to Corey. Smacking Corey's arm, he said, "Lighten up, this won't be your first time." "What are you talking about?" "Come on, man. I saw you finger banging that passed out girl in Lonnie's parent's bedroom at his house party last summer." Corey's jaw dropped. "You did?" "Yeah, faggot. I did. I was going to piss in the upstairs bathroom and I saw the light on in there and poked my fucking head inside. I saw it. I watched you assault</p>

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	<p>that drunk, sleeping girl, so don't act like you're better than this, 'cause you ain't, man."</p> <p>The wind left Cory's lungs. Then Beau opened his wallet and took out the condoms he always carried.</p> <p>"Gotta use these," he told Corey, then kicked Gina's leg. "No physical evidence this way. Her word against ours, and my word always wins."</p> <p>Corey didn't say anything.</p> <p>He was white as a ghost.</p> <p>"I'm smarter than the rest of them assholes," Beau said. "Now hold this bitch's arms down while I make her moan."</p> <p>"I don't want to," Corey said.</p> <p>..."Hold her arms down, dude," Beau said. He balled his hand into a fist again and Corey jumped back. "Do it or I kick your ass, then let the word out on your secret party at Lonnie's last summer."</p> <p>Corey looked into his friend's eyes. He knew Beau was serious.</p> <p>"So do what I want," Beau said, "And everything will be dandy."</p> <p>"Okay, man. Okay." He looked down at Gina. Her face was still covered. "Dude," he said. "She's not gonna fight back."</p> <p>Beau grabbed Corey by the shoulder and pushed him at Gina. "Just do what I fucking say, man."</p> <p>Corey stood over Gina's head. He knelt down, planting both knees into the carpet above Gina's shoulders. He put his hands on her arms.</p> <p>Beau unzipped his pants. His dick was already hard. Even though he'd been drinking for most of the day and had done some coke (not nearly as much as Corey had), the control and the power had given him a rush to the crotch. He put on the condom, pulled his pants to his knees, and guided his dick into Gina's pussy.</p> <p>...Beau thrust into Gina one last time. His shoulders bunched and squeezed together. He made sure to hold on to the top of the condom so that it didn't slip down when he was pulling out of her.</p> <p>He finished coming and let out a deep sigh. "Goddamn," he said as he pulled himself out of her. "Wow is all I can say." He stood up and walked to the fireplace, where he took the condom off and threw it into the flames.</p> <p>He felt no remorse, no humiliation. He felt more manly. He'd bagged the bitch who had turned him down. Never mind that it was through force. To him, he knew she'd enjoyed it. He knew she'd go home later and think about how good it had felt and sleep well.</p> <p>That's how it played out in his imagination.</p> <p>He was smiling as he opened a new beer and pounded the whole thing in three drinks.</p> <p>Gina's crotch was pink and throbbing.</p> <p>Beau zipped his pants and walked back to Gina.</p> <p>Corey's head was turned away from Gina. His eyes were closed. He knew what was coming next. It was his turn.</p> <p>Handing him a condom, Beau said, "Hop on that shit. It's ripe and ready for ya."</p>
84	<p>"I said, hop on that shit, man."</p> <p>"I don't think I should," Corey muttered.</p>

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	<p>..."Come on, Beau. You had your fun. That should be enough for you."</p> <p>Gina's hands still covered her face. Her eyes were still closed underneath them. She refused to look. To see. Her ears were full of fuzz. She couldn't hear anything but the feedback from her brain. She wasn't there anymore. She couldn't feel her own pulse.</p> <p>Beau squeezed Corey's neck even harder. "You listen here, man. You're gonna do this, 'cause if you don't, I'm gonna fucking kill you. You understand? I will fucking tell people what you did to that girl and I will bury you if you don't fucking do this. Okay?"</p> <p>Corey winced. "Fine. I'll do it."</p> <p>Once Beau let go of his neck, Corey unzipped his pants. He spit on his hand and jerked himself off. It made him nauseous. He was trying to think about anything other than where he was. He thought about the nasty porn he watched on his computer, sex he'd had with other girls, fucking some hot young actress, anything except for Gina. For a moment, he thought he was going to puke. He stopped briefly. He was sweating badly. When he began to jerk off again, he finally got hard enough to put the condom on. Beau took a drink of whiskey and then he knelt down by Gina's head to hold her down.</p> <p>...She was sick to her stomach. She held her breath and left the house. But just in her head. On her back, clothes stripped off, she had no other choice than to listen to the fuzz and go to another place in her brain.</p> <p>She couldn't even hear the words that were being said.</p> <p>"Just relax and don't fight back," Beau said. "You know you're having the time of your fucking life."</p> <p>Corey got on his hands and knees. His eyes welled up with water as he dropped another glob of spit in his hand and rubbed the condom. He put a hand on Gina's side and shoved himself into her pussy with the help of the other.</p> <p>Even though he didn't want to do it, it felt good for a moment. She felt good. The pleasure was undeniable.</p> <p>Suddenly, Beau jumped to his feet. He grabbed the Polaroid and took a photo of Corey raping Gina.</p> <p>When the camera flashed, Corey jumped off Gina.</p> <p>"What the fuck, man?"</p> <p>"I wanted to remember this moment."</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"Your second rape, man."</p> <p>"You fuck!"</p> <p>"You gonna finish?" Beau pressed.</p> <p>Corey looked down at his dick. It was limp. The condom was slipping off. He shook his head. "I can't," he said.</p> <p>"Faggot," Beau said back, and began to laugh again.</p>
86	<p>Corey took his condom off and tossed it into the fireplace. He was shaking as he zipped his pants back up.</p> <p>...Corey cut another line and snorted it.</p> <p>Gina whimpered on. Her hands still covered her face and her eyes still stayed shut and her ears still rang with the fury of a helicopter engine.</p>

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	Beau put the camera back in his face. This time, he stood directly over Gina and took another picture. Her pussy was red like a tomato.
92	Then Dru went for it. "Were you with another guy?" he pressed. "Is that it? Huh? Did you sleep with another guy tonight?" ..."Just come out and tell me, Gina. What other guy did you fuck tonight?"
93	"Don't lie, Gina. You weren't at my meet and I find you here crying. What guy's dick was inside of you tonight?" "Fuck you!" she screamed out. "I didn't sleep with anyone. Beau Alderson and Corey Rogers raped me! All right! Are you happy to hear that? They raped me one right after the other so that's why I wasn't there." ..."Are you satisfied now?" she asked. "Are you happy to know whose dicks were inside me tonight?"
94	"I was raped, Dru. They raped me at the Alderson house."
95	The tears had quit coming and the numbness had subsided. She began to really feel the soreness in her hips and her crotch. Her head was throbbing. She went backward in time. The blurriness faded and she began to remember the things they'd done to her. ...The reel played out as the physical memories flooded in. The smacking sounds. Bodies thrusting together. The breathing noises. How her pussy was wet even though she didn't feel good.
97	"You done partying like that?" "Yeah," he said. "I'm tired. I'm kinda over the buzz." "Okay," Beau said with a smirk. "Suit yourself. I was about to call some snatch over." Cory shook his head. "You're nuts." "You are too." "Not like that," he said. "You've done it before." "It was different." "Fuck you, man," Beau said. "It's never different." "How come you never told me you saw that?" Beau shrugged. "Ya know, I don't really know. I didn't care, actually. It didn't bother me. I thought it was funny, really, how you were finger banging a bitch who wasn't even conscious." Pause. "I mean, what a stupid whore," he continued. "My thing is like this: If you're gonna get fucked up like that, black out and not give a fuck, then be ready for whatever comes your way and don't complain when it happens."
99	He looked at the photo and set it back on the coffee table. He grinned and shook his head. Then he cut a huge line of coke and snorted it up.
102	But then she thought about Beau's smug face, that cocky grin and that dick he'd forced inside of her, and the hesitation and fear dropped. ..."This is self-defense, pussy. You found out I fucked your whore of a girlfriend, got pissed off, broke into my house, and tried to assault me. I thought my life was

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	<p>in jeopardy so I took action before you could kill me." ...She screamed out like warrior and Beau had barely turned his head when she swung the iron as hard as she'd done anything in her whole life. CRACK SNAP POP The sound of a nut being crushed under a shoe. Beau's head split open. The knife dropped from his hands. His head slunk to the side. He blinked once, and then blood began to gush down his face. He tried to stand up but collapsed to his knees.</p>
105	<p>"Yes. At least, I have to. You said it yourself earlier, how no one will believe us at all. They'll think you had sex with Beau and that I got jealous and came over and killed him. They won't see anything else. They'll see my brother and my dad. I'll never get a fair shake. This is Curtis Alderson's town. He has all the gold."</p>
153	<p>talked about how she fucked him sometimes after school. She would go over to his house with friends and drink beer and wine coolers and smoke cigarettes. She talked about the way he touched her, like a man. The ferocity and passion in how he fucked her, like an animal. The amount of times he made her come before he was finished, five at the least.</p>
159	<p>He was living out of his truck somewhere between Marshall and the town over, working odd jobs, beating up the girlfriends that he was cheating on my mom with, being the only thing I knew him to be. ...He was a miserable drunk. Whiskey all day and night. ...He was too drunk to fix it and too stupid and poor to pay anyone else.</p>
180	<p>He had found himself mixed up in rape and homicide.</p>
182	<p>"We were here at the house that night together, and this girl came over to drop off a package." Corey took a big breath. He said, "We'd been partying all day. Drinking and doing coke." "Go on," Curtis pressed. "So this girl, Gina, she came over and I don't know what happened to Beau. Something snapped in him. He got really aggressive with her when she tried to leave." ..."He threw that girl to the ground and raped her, sir."</p>
183	<p>Curtis took the photo from Corey and looked at Gina, pants down, face covered with her hands, the carpet the same shade as in his den.</p>
185	<p>But the second picture of the rape. Where was it?</p>
247	<p>They kissed. They put their tongues in each other's mouths and kissed hard. Teeth knocking against teeth. Bones crashing into each other. Slobber and bit lips. It was the first real kiss since they'd been on the run.</p>
249	<p>And when those fuckers raped my girl, it didn't matter how many hours I've dedicated to the mat and taking care of my mom and loving Gina and not doing anything wrong to anyone else.</p>
289	<p>Corey stopped to light a cigarette. His lighter didn't work. He kept at it but he couldn't get it lit. That's when Deputy Fehr made his move.</p>

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	<p>"Hey, man," he called out. "You need a light?"</p> <p>"Yeah, that would be fucking great," Corey slurred.</p> <p>The deputy had both hands in his jacket pockets. The one in the right gripped a gun with a silencer screwed into it.</p> <p>As the deputy stepped toward him, Corey said, "I know you. You're a cop."</p> <p>"I'm a deputy sheriff."</p> <p>He could see the drunken gloss that had turned Corey's eyes into marbles. He smiled. Easy target. Just squeeze the trigger and you win the game.</p>
295	<p>I'd fucked a few girls before Gina, most of them were older than me or from other towns or both.</p> <p>...Basically, all of them girls whose boyfriends didn't know how to fuck and whose daddies would hate a guy like me.</p>
296	<p>And then we fucked for the first time.</p> <p>It was in a barn.</p> <p>She wanted a "roll in the hay." She always talked about it, so that's what we did. She drove over to my house. It was a Saturday and my mom was medicated and asleep, away again from all the pain for few hours.</p> <p>Gina showed up. She wore these tight blue jeans with huge holes in the knees, red cowgirl boots (although not the same ones she had when she was a kid), pink and blue plaid button-down shirt with the top button left open, and a white cowboy hat.</p> <p>...I set that sandwich in a wooden picnic basket along with a bag of Doritos and a six-pack of Old Milwaukee.</p> <p>She came through the door and ran into my arms and we kissed. Her lips were glossy and sweet tasting and I remember snuggling my face against the side of her neck, the soft skin she had that smelled like vanilla and sandalwood and made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.</p> <p>...We didn't use the barn on my land because there was no hay in it. It hadn't been used for much since my dad became a drunk and let everything rot and go to fucking hell.</p> <p>...We didn't fucking eat any of that food.</p> <p>We drank the six-pack and we fucked again and again before taking a nap, naked, under the blanket, lying the same way we are now.</p>
298	<p>I wasn't a virgin when Dru and I fucked for the first time, but let me just say this: I hadn't been fucked until Dru and I fucked for the first time!</p> <p>Jezz Louise.</p> <p>It was on a pile of hay inside a barn on a patch o farmland right of a gravel road. Just like in a movie or something.</p> <p>And it was fucking amazing.</p> <p>He undressed me and kissed me all over, my tits, my neck, my stomach, then he ate me out until I pushed him onto his back and took off his white T-shirt and unbuttoned his jeans.</p> <p>Before I sucked his dick, I took a big drink of beer and he told me then that he would never let me go and that I was his girl and that I was about to have the best sex of my life.</p> <p>I believed him.</p>

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	<p>It gave me goose bumps. And he was just dead-on fucking right. I went down and he moaned and then he flipped me on my back and held my legs against his shoulders and put himself inside me. He fucked me so hard. I came right away and then I came again and again. And he went even harder. He pinned my legs above my shoulders and fucked me for maybe twenty minutes, who the fuck knows or cares, actually, and then he pulled his amazing dick out and came all over my tits and stomach. I rubbed the come around and licked my fingers and then he chugged a whole beer and started fucking me again. My first real fuck. My first real time with Dru. On hay. In a barn. On a secluded plot of land, and then we fell asleep naked, my head resting on his chest, our bodies covered by a red and black plaid blanket. It was so dreamy. So fucking delicious.</p>
314	<p>It was the best birthday of his life. Sex. Cupcakes. Tattoos.</p>
327	<p>"You're safe here. No one knows about this place. We'll drink some wine and then get you on the road." ...David grabbed one of the bottles and took a drink and then he held the bottle out to Dru. ...Dru took a couple of pulls and then tried to hand the bottle to Gina but she refused it. ...The bottle got passed around and finished.</p>
328	<p>They talked about doing some business with a meth dealer in Blairstown. Dru was buzzed. He'd never been much of a drinker. Just a few beers was all he needed. After four pulls of wine, with a stomach filled only with pieces of cupcake, his head began to get fuzzy and his words became slow. ..."Really nice," David said, as Dru took two huge drinks and passed the bottle back to Mattie.</p>
330	<p>Gina took David's hand and Mattie stood up and said, "This way, just follow him," pointing to a staircase going up. David pulled Gina to her feet and took her up the stairs while Garrett and Denny followed behind them. Once they were out of sight, Mattie sat down next to Dru and took all the money he had on him. She lit a cigarette as a bed upstairs squeaked and three guys moaned loudly.</p>
337	<p>She was dead and he was begging her to come back and say something. He was apologizing for passing out and leaving her. He was screaming for her to just wake up. "Please, baby!" he cried. "I'm sorry I fell asleep. Just wake up and say something. Come back to me!" And he was still kissing her forehead.</p>

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	<p>He kissed it a million times at least and then he tried to pull her out of the bathtub again but he slipped on the water that had spilled over and she fell from his grasp one more time.</p> <p>And so there he sat, tears streaming down his face, when he saw the knife out of the corner of his eyes.</p> <p>Wiping his face, he picked it up with one hand, grabbed Gina's hand with the other, then put the knife to his neck.</p> <p>He knew it was the right thing to do.</p> <p>...So he looked back at her one more time. Looked at her naked body sunken in a huge puddle of red and destruction.</p> <p>He didn't even question why she'd done it. He just wanted to hurry up and be back with her.</p> <p>He said, "I love you forever, baby. Forever, somewhere else, somewhere nice for you, love."</p> <p>He dug the knife deep into his neck, just enough to make it lethal.</p> <p>The knife dropped from his hand and the blood gurgled and oozed from the cut and his mouth. He tried to lean forward to keep his hand with Gina's, but he fell the other way and crashed to the floor.</p> <p>It wasn't long before he died in a bathroom next to his angel.</p>
343	<p>"I'm the girls she told everything to after she cut her wrists. I couldn't watch her die anymore. So I went downstairs and hid."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	7
Bitch	57
Cock	1
Dick	14
Faggot	5
Fuck	62
Goddamn	13
Piss	2
Prick	1
Pussy	12
Shit	31
Tits	3