

He used to wedge his face between my legs and slip his tongue into me. He'd come up on his elbows, smacking his lips, his chin dripping,...He'd lick his lips and roll his eyes,...Rant would snort and gobble, then come up with his eyes shining,...  
From just the smell and taste of me, he'd nail my whole day: tea, whole-wheat toast without butter, plain yogurt, blueberries, a tempeh sandwich, one avocado, a glass of orange juice, and a beet salad. ...I called him "the Pussy Psychic."

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Most guys are keeping score with every lap of their tongue. Every time they come up for air, they're clocking your pleasure. And, lick for lick, you know this had better balance out with the pleasure you give them back. So, lick after lick, you never can relax and get off, not when you know that meter is always running. Every lick an investment in getting licked back. Even guys who hate bookkeeping and doing their taxes, guys who could only shrug if you asked their savings-account or credit-card balance, they'll compute the exact number of laps their tongue's done around your snatch. And the payback they have coming. The sexual equivalent of clock watchers or bean counters.

That's every guy—except Rant Casey. He'd stick his tongue into you and years could pass. ...One time, face planted between my legs, Rant surfaced for air, picked a pubic hair off his tongue, and said, "What happened today? Something bad happened..."

I told him to forget it.

He licked me and rolled his eyes, licked again, and said, "A parking ticket? No, something worse..." Rant licked me again, only slower, dragging his tongue through me from back to front, his breath hot, and he looked up, staring, until I looked down at him. Met his green eyes. ...Like, he could find out anything with his nose, and from the taste of you.

...And between orgasms, I started to cry.

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# R

I didn't want to, but when he worked my zipper down and slipped his cold thumb inside all those panties, inside me, I peed. All hot, creeping through my jeans and underwear. The hot wicking up the yarn of my sweater. The rest of me, ice cold.

In the dirt, in my Christmas sweater, with this man crushing the air out of me, calling me "the mother of the future," I couldn't picture how this'd get any worse. I remember him turning his hand in front of my face, his fingers wet and steaming in the cold, and me saying, "I'm sorry." I said, "We're safe."

His wet fingers inside me, I kept calling him "mister."

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# A

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Worse than Basin Carlyle fouling you, nailing you too hard, down there with a dodgeball in phys ed. ...That punching, pushing, shoving inside, it hurts. Gritty and grinding with dirty water, the ice, melted under me. That thin part of ice, turned to mud puddled under me. I machine.

...the man moved on top of me, faster, until he stopped, and every muscle and joint of him turned hard as stone, froze. Then all of him went loose, relaxed, but he didn't let go. His fingers kept a hold of me. ... The man pulled up his pants, his thing still steaming with pee and blood. Still dripping sperms. He pulled up the zipper and looked his head around. Looking down at me, he said, "Stay until I'm gone."

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**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK