
THE

WIND-UP BIRD

CHRONICLE

By Haruki Murakami

As I watched, she shed her clothes as easily as opening a pea pod and stood before me naked, without warning or explanation... Then she came up to me, opened my fly, and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, took out my penis. *Lowering her eyes, with their false lashes, she enclosed my penis with her mouth. Her mouth was far larger than I had imagined. Inside, I immediately came erect.* When she moved her tongue, the curled ends of her hair trembled as in a gentle breeze, caressing my thighs. All I could see was her hair and her false eyelashes. I sat on the bed, and she went down on her knees, her face buried in my crotch. "Stop it," I said... Creta Kano took her mouth from my penis and said, "Don't worry. We have plenty of time for this, at least." *She ran the tip of her tongue over my penis.* I didn't want to come, but there was no way of stopping it. I felt as if it were being sucked out of me. Her lips and tongue held on to me like slippery life forms. I came.

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And again, as before, she unzipped my fly, took out my penis, and put it in her mouth... I felt myself growing big and hard inside her mouth... Her tongue was long and soft and seemed to wrap itself around me. Just as I was about to come, she suddenly moved away and began slowly to undress me... She sat on the bed, took my hand, and brought it under her dress. She was not wearing panties. My hand felt the warmth of her vagina. It was deep, warm, and very wet. My fingers were all but sucked inside... Then Creta Kano mounted me and used her hand to slip me inside her. Once she had me deep inside, she began a slow rotation of her hips. As she moved, the edges of the pale-blue dress caressed my

naked stomach and thighs. With the skirts of the dress spread out around her, Creta Kano, riding atop me, looked like a soft, gigantic mushroom that had silently poked its face up through the dead leaves on the ground and opened under the sheltering wings of night. Her vagina felt warm and at the same time cold. It tried to envelop me, to draw me in, and at the same time to press me out. My erection grew larger and harder... With her eyes closed and her chin lifted slightly, Creta Kano rocked quietly forward and back as if she were dreaming... All of a sudden, I noticed that the room had gone dark... There was only the faint silhouette of Creta Kano's blue dress rocking on top of me... It was the voice of the woman on the telephone. The mysterious woman on the phone was now mounted atop me and joining her body with mine... I opened my eyes wide and tried to see the face of the woman mounted on top of me, but the room was too dark. The woman said nothing more. Instead, she began to move her hips in an even more erotically stimulating way. Her soft flesh, itself almost an independent organism, enveloped my erection with a gentle pulling motion.

...But I couldn't think anymore. There was only one thing I could do: I came.

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