Open Up

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OPEN UP

by

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B.F.A., Emerson College, 2011

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The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the signatories, and we find that both the content and the form meet acceptable presentation standards of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.
Abstract

Woods, Kathleen Jean (M.F.A. English Department)

Open Up

Thesis directed by Professor Jeffrey DeShell

This novel follows a female protagonist, “the woman,” as she wreaks havoc at a suburban backyard wedding. The narrative is nonlinear, with movements in the woman’s recent past, in addition to nested stories that she “tells” to those around here. Three of these stories focus on her time at “the mansion,” where she completes three different sexual acts that are also tied to traditionally feminine tasks: shaving, sewing, and application of make-up and jewelry. Others deal with virginity, polyamory, and sexual violence. The novel is pornographic and explores how the sexual imaginary can inform and complicate agency, power, subjectivity, and feminism. Throughout the text, the woman interacts with a teenage girl named Charlotte, who is horrified and captivated by the woman.

Judith Butler writes, “The critical promise of fantasy...is to challenge the contingent limits of what will and will not be called reality” (*Undoing Gender* 28-29). Pornography, to Butler, is a form of fantasy that “represents’ uninhabitable positions and hyperbolic ideals,” subverting power relations and gendered expectations to expose their construction (“The Body…”). bell hooks calls women to write explicitly about sex, arguing, “By conceding the turf of sexuality to the phallocentric sexist media, feminists…become complicit with the conservative repression of public discourse of sexuality,” a repression that denies a “feminist vision of the sexual imaginary” in which “sexual pleasure can be sustained and ongoing, so that female agency can exist as an inalienable right” (79-81). The tension between the literary and
pornographic – and why those distinctions exist – propel the narrative, as do the tensions between the feminine and the masculine, dominance and submission, desire and action, pain and pleasure, the experiences of the body and subjectivity, and transgression and conformity.
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Charlotte had dropped her off at a diner three miles from the wedding reception, so the woman, uninterested in the church and the vows, nursed two cups of bitter coffee and a plate of soggy toast before ducking the waitress and slipping out onto the street. The morning sun stung her eyes. She had no money, no credit cards, no more stolen diamonds. Still, she couldn’t show up looking or smelling like this.

It was a Sunday, and only one of the three clothing shops in the modest downtown opened before noon. While a cashier stuck price stickers on novelty tights, the woman packed low heels and a deep-cut black dress into a leather purse. From the Walgreens, she took a hairbrush, mascara, and rosy lipstick. She scrubbed her arms, neck, and chest in the library’s bathroom sink. The antibacterial soap made her sneeze. There were no paper towels and two strips of toilet paper, so after angling each foot under the faucet, she contorted beneath a wheezing hand dryer and watched mud crawl off her skin. She stuffed her soiled clothing through the book return slot by the back door.

The woman had memorized the address from the invitation on Charlotte’s cell phone. She asked a passing police officer for directions and walked the three miles barefoot, her new shoes hooked on her fingertips. Pebbles bit her toes, and she smelled sweat brewing in her armpits. The address matched a flat, rectangular house with stucco walls and too many square windows. The lawn was trim and neat, its corners capped by pie-quarter planters full of aster, peonies, and veronica flower. A chalkboard propped at the end of the empty driveway read “Jordan & Michaela” in purple script. Purple arrows pointed up the concrete, around the lawn. The woman recognized Charlotte’s faded Civic, parked on the street in front of the house, alone. The ceremony would end soon. She didn’t mind a head start.
The woman walked across the grass and through the front door, into a wide room, bright with white paint and polished hardwood. A mounted television played a silent, oversaturated slideshow of a couple wandering an orchard, holding hands and peeking around tree trunks and hugging baskets of peaches, though the surrounding branches showed no sign of fruit. The bride was blonde and plump next to the lanky, smirking groom. They looked young.

Three steps and a half wall – coated in glitter and purple rose petals – split the sunken living room from a dining room and kitchen. The woman clicked up the stairs and watched caterers load a buffet with bowls of melon and plates of cheese. A waxy girl sprinkled petals over three cylindrical tiers of white frosting. A wall of windows faced the backyard. On the lawn, two caterers smoothed round, white tablecloths over round, white tables. The team worked quietly. The woman could hear saran wrap peeling from the dishware.

The woman raked a hand over the half wall, brushing petals to the floor as she passed through the dining room to a windowless hallway, crowded with family photographs. On the right wall, a skinny blonde girl waved from bicycles, boats, and horses. She’d developed breasts by junior prom and grown a bit rounder every portrait since. Her neck thickened, but her face stayed smooth and pretty, photoshopped cherubic even as she graduated college.

On the left hung Charlotte’s school pictures. She wore navy uniform sweaters and white collared shirts. She smiled with her lips closed. The woman picked glitter from her fingertips and examined the photographs again.

She stopped in the middle of the hallway, at a blank, closed door. Inside, she found a teenager’s bedroom, with sullen posters taped on the walls and Christmas lights tacked to the ceiling. Plastic blinds sealed the only window. Under a slap of cotton air freshener, the woman could smell the edge of pot. She rummaged through the jewelry box on the girl’s dresser and
found her diamond earring hooked to a tangle of tarnished chain. She held it for a moment before dropping it back in the box. She would take a wedding gift later. A thick card or two, the most likely to hold cash.

Charlotte’s twin-sized bed sat low to the ground, on a curling wrought iron frame. A large stuffed fox, chin flopped between outstretched forelegs, lay in the middle of a blue quilt. The woman sat on the mattress and tossed her purse under the bed. She bounced, but the springs hardly moved.

She had not slept in a long while. She could smell something between her legs, behind her ears. Stubble nipped at her armpits. Sighing, she considered the bathroom she’d glanced at the end of the hallway, the inevitable pastel-tiled shower, pink razors and soaps in dishes. She spread her back across the bed.

“Pardon me, are you a member of the family?” A young man in a caterer’s uniform stood in the doorway, his arms crossed. “I’ve been asked to keep guests out of the bedrooms.”

“Oh, my mistake.” The woman stood and brushed her hand over the quilt. “I helped the bride get ready. She wants me on call for touch-ups, but weddings just exhaust me.”

The caterer leaned against the doorjamb. His skin was bronze, almost gold at his cheekbones. “You’re the make-up person?”

“Oh, I can do make-up, hair, all sorts of styling. Specialty work, too,” the woman said. She looked the caterer up and down. He wore a low ponytail, and his uniform bowtie was not black, like the others, but dark purple. His black vest and white dress shirt compressed his torso into a rectangle.

“I saw the bride on her way to the church. Pretty elaborate,” the caterer snorted.
“I prefer to keep things elegant, but the customers want what they want.” She wiggled her hand in the air. “Even if that means glitter.”

The caterer smiled and stepped closer. “Tell me about it. But, hey, your style isn’t bad. Do you have a portfolio? I’m getting married next year.”

The woman grabbed the caterer’s wrist. He jerked back, but the woman cooed and walked her free fingers into his upturned palm, applying firm, gentle pressure. She nestled her thumb against his wrist bone, just over a vein.

“I’m looking for your love line,” the woman said, trailing her index finger over his calluses. “But, I’m not a palm reader, it turns out.” She looked up to meet the caterer’s eyes. His tear ducts were very red and very clean.

The caterer pulled his hand away, holding her gaze. “That’s just fine.”

“If you have a moment, I can tell you more about my services,” the woman said.

“I’m the boss. I have as many moments as I like.” He shut the bedroom door. “But I don’t want my staff begging for breaks.”

The woman returned to her seat on the bed. The stuffed fox toppled against her, and she ran her fingers over its plush tail. She stepped out of her shoes, stretched her legs across the bed, and leaned back into the pillows, bringing the fox to rest on her stomach.

“I had some special clients recently,” the woman said. “Hair, clothing, make-up. I’ll take on women, men, and everyone in between.”

The caterer sat at her hip and stroked the fox’s ears. Their bodies crowded the twin bed. He smelled like garlic. The woman tucked the fox against the wall and sat up, twisting at the hips so her chest aligned with his back. She snaked her hands between his arms and his ribcage, reaching toward his vest’s plastic buttons. He jerked his elbows out of her way.
“What are you doing?”

The woman brought her lips to the back of his neck. “It’s easiest to demonstrate,” she whispered. She loosed the vest’s last button, withdrew her arms, and cupped her palms over his shoulders, fingertips buried in his clavicle. She pulled the caterer backward, forcing his spine down to the mattress. Like a reflex, he swiveled his legs up onto the bed so his whole body lay flat beside her. The woman turned on her side, hooked her top leg over his hips and wedged her heel under his knee. Her skirt tickled her naked ass, settled around her thigh. Propping herself up with one hand, she peeled his vest open with the other. A faint wine stain bled into his crisp white shirt, just over his belly button. The woman traced it with her pinkie, clucking softly.

“Hey, you’re an attractive woman, but I think we have a misunderstanding,” the caterer said, trying to turn toward the edge of the bed. The woman pressed her thigh into his belt.

“Am I?” She rocked her thigh back and forth. “I think I feel a ‘yes.’”

She walked her index and middle finger up his white shirt buttons and tugged at his bow-tie.

“It’s fake,” the caterer whispered, his voice sharp. “You have to unsnap it.” He brought his hand over hers. “Right here. But we have to be quick.”

The woman flicked the caterer’s palm and unclipped the tie. Her free hand unbuttoned his shirt without trouble.

“No undershirt. It’s my lucky day,” she said.

“Laundry,” the caterer breathed. He smiled and raised his eyebrows. Dark hair curled over his chest and formed a straight, dense line from his sternum to his belly button. He was muscular and tan, with small, brown nipples, both pierced by silver bars. The woman took the left into her mouth.
She sucked, flicking and rubbing the nipple with her tongue. Kneading his hip with her free hand, she nibbled down his sternum and lapped sweat from center of his chest to his throat. She licked his clavicle from end to end. When her tongue circled his left nipple, she reached under her thigh to find the outline of his erection through his pants. It fit nicely in her cupped hand. He moaned and fumbled with his belt, but the woman released his cock to slap him away.

“Greedy, greedy,” the woman scolded with a squeeze to his crotch. Again, he moaned, so she lifted her forearm and set it between his open lips. She lowered her mouth. She tugged his nipple and clicked the piercing against her teeth, spun it with the tip of her tongue. Her lips sealed around his areola, then her teeth, and she bit harder and harder, letting the caterer clench his jaw around her arm, gnawing until she felt his skin lift from the tissue below, the metal bar itching the roof of her mouth. She released his nipple with a pop. His erection had grown more enthusiastic, and he pumped his knees when she rubbed his crotch with her thigh, teasing her hips closer to alignment with his. Smiling, she watched his raw areola retreat back into shape.

The caterer whimpered around the woman’s forearm. He stared into the woman’s eyes, hardly blinking. His chest was flushed, his left nipple purple and swollen. Saliva, glitter, and lipstick smeared his chest, sticky in his hair. The woman floated her arm away from his bite. Spit snapped against his thin lips. With the edge of a blue pillowcase, she wiped the caterer’s chest, mouth, and chin. She dried her forearm. Then, she rubbed his calluses over the wet corners of her mouth. She licked his palm and set his hand on his chest, over his frantic heart.

“Consider this a free sample,” the woman said, straddling the caterer, letting his zipper push between her legs. She pulled the edges of his shirt and vest onto his torso. She didn’t button them. “You’ll have to let me know if you’re interested in more of my work. I love helping people enjoy their big days.” Sighing, she swung her legs to the floor and bent to retrieve her shoes. Her
skirt fluttered to her knees. “I swear I’m getting a blister. But we can’t always go barefoot on the job, I suppose.” She straightened, smoothed her dress and her hair. “I’ll see you out there. Surely everyone’s here by now. I’m suddenly starving.”

The caterer sat up. “Shit.” He clutched his shirt, grabbed his bowtie. “Shit, shit.”

The woman opened the door just wide enough to slip through, ignoring the caterer’s strings of curses. In the hallway, she could hear conversation, bursts of laughter and greetings bouncing between the ceiling and picture frames and the floor. There was no music. She reapplied her lipstick and walked toward the voices with a wide smile.
She had not lied to the caterer. During her brief stay at the mansion, she’d tended to delicate grooming with her delicate hands. Her tools had always been available to her, finely made and clean. In the mossy clutter of her suite, she had no use for clocks or windows, or any tether to the time passing outside. She knew, the moment she wished to, she could open the door and leave.

When the woman heard the first chimes, her bedroom walls were sage. She pulled a silk robe from her bedpost and draped it over her bare skin. In the washroom, a claw foot tub curled in the corner, next to an iron chair and a tray arranged with bottles and jars and small metal instruments. The woman ran a hot bath. She sprinkled the basin with salts and oils, anise and heather. As the water poured, she took a seat on the bed and waited.

Soon she heard a knock on her door. “Come in,” she said.

A tall, olive-skinned girl entered, wearing a long yellow dress and flat, suede shoes. Her hair was piled atop her head in a riotous bun. She clutched a satchel in front of her hips, her elbows locked in place.

“Put your bag down right there.” The woman walked into the washroom, listening to the girl’s breath follow. She sat in the iron chair and spun the taps shut. Steam filled the room. The girl stood in the doorway, her dress swaying at her sides.

“The water is warm,” the woman said.

The girl removed her shoes and set them by the washroom door. She pulled her dress over her head. Black hair trailed from the spout of her belly button down to her feet, thinning around her thighs. As the woman studied her, the girl cracked her toes. She wore teal toenail polish, a fresh coat.

“How long?” the woman said. She pushed her sleeves to her elbows.
“All winter.”

The woman nodded, spreading a washrag over her lap. The girl stepped into the tub with two soft splashes. She sank into the water and folded her limbs. Her shoulders remained dry.

“No bubbles?” she asked, looking down at herself. Her breasts floated, nipples pointed in opposite directions.

“I need to see you.” The woman pulled the tray to her side. She set a tin in her palm and twisted the cap in slow half-circles. It released with a pop. The girl raised her legs above the water and rested her ankles on the basin’s edge.

The woman smeared her fingers with toffee colored salve. She massaged both calves, rising centimeter by centimeter. The girl’s muscles twitched. Through the thick hair, her skin looked smooth and almost clear. A mole poked from her right inner calf. It was a perfect circle, tomato bright and raised. The salve made the mole glisten. The woman wiped her hand under a bent knee, and the girl fidgeted in the tub, cracking water over the sides. She flexed and pointed her foot.

“Okay,” she said.

The woman lifted a gold razor from the tray and flipped the blade from its handle. The blade was three inches long, its edge sharp and square.

The woman dipped the blade into the bathwater. “Keep your eyes open,” she said.

The girl nodded. The woman ran the razor down the left leg. The femur served as a starting line. Hair and dead skin gathered against the blade, a dark caterpillar of tissue. The woman dipped into the water again and again. She angled the razor up and down each ankle and twisted across the slopes of each knee, where the skin grew rough and wrinkled. She cupped the girl’s heels to reach the soft undersides of her calves. As the hair fell away, marks on the girl’s
skin emerged. She had a few freckles. A thumbprint scar pulled at her right kneecap, waxy pink alongside other pale dents and scrapes. In both legs, purple veins ran just beneath the surface of her skin. One raised itself behind the girl’s left knee, an uneven cord of blood. The woman grazed it with the razor, and the girl flinched. Her chest rose and fell. The blade hummed along the girl’s stray lines of fur, and a film of hair bobbed on the water’s surface.

“Stand up.” The woman brushed the blade against the linen in her lap as the girl uncoiled from the water. The wet hair on her upper thighs was fine and light, as though grown from a different body. The woman leaned forward and shaved the spare patches away, sloping the razor over the girl’s tense muscles. Then, she rubbed the salve across the small pouch of belly and drew the razor down, stopping where the skin had creased in the tub.

“Oh, okay.” the girl said. The muscles along her body drew inward. She leaned forward, as though to step out of the tub. “Okay.”

The woman looked up at the girl’s face. Steam had eaten at her makeup, smattering black along her eye sockets. The girl lowered her foot back into the water.

The woman clicked her razor against the tray. She hooked her fingers into the eyes of small gold scissors, finely worked to fit the central joint of a slender hand.

“Open your legs,” she said.

The girl locked her eyes on the scissors. She shuffled her feet apart, creating an isosceles between her legs. Despite the perfumed bathwater, the scent of flooded soil drifted from the girl. Wet and curled, her hair fell an inch past the lowest curve of her labia. Hair kinked over the dusky lines of faded stretch marks. The girl’s thighs dimpled in the light.

The woman pinched a tuft from the girl’s mound and stretched it long and straight, straining follicles against the surface of her skin. Setting her scissors half a centimeter from the
root, the woman snipped slowly, releasing dead curls to the bathwater before pulling another tuft
to cut with the same measured precision. Hair fell away. Strands clung to the girl’s thighs. They
wrapped around the woman’s fingertips and slid behind her fingernails.

The woman worked the scissors down until she reached the outer labia’s tender, pliant
skin. She bent and twisted for a clearer view, but the chair could not set her low enough or close
enough. Only by kneeling on the floor could she find the right position between the girl’s thighs.
The girl’s remaining hair had already dried into a tangle, and the woman parted it down the
middle. She pinched the left tuft between her index and middle fingers. As she pulled down, the
left lobe stretched after her, and at her angle, it was difficult to distinguish tissue from a dark clot
of hair. If she moved closer, she would block out her own light. The woman ticked her fingers
lower, pulling a full centimeter of hair taut, away from the girl’s labia. She aligned her scissors
over her fingers. The blades grazed her knuckles. When she let go, hair dropped freely to the
water. Then again, with meticulous attention to the bottommost curve. Then the right lobe. Hair
clotted the edges of the tub.

The woman returned to her chair and set her scissors aside. She turned on the water, just
enough for a warm drizzle. “Rinse yourself.”

The girl gathered the trickle into her palms. She tipped water over her hips and thighs,
flushing her legs clean. The woman watched and stretched her neck. Before shutting off the tap,
she collected clean water in a small ceramic bowl and arranged it on her tray. She ran the pads of
four fingers into the salve. The girl trembled, and the crust of fur rippled around her calves.

The woman rubbed the salve over the hair that could not be cut away. She drew her
middle finger into the creases where the girl’s thighs met her pelvis. When the bristles grew soft
and pliable, the woman massaged the lingering balm into the backs of her own hands. She wiped the edges of her scalp.

The next razor, with its ornate ivory handle, was smaller than the first, but no less square. The woman took the handle between her thumb and forefingers. Pressing softly, she ran the blade along the girl’s mound, following the grain of her thick hairs. She stopped at the parting of the labia and dunked the razor into the ceramic bowl, flicking it back and forth over the water. She drew the clean razor up again, now slanted against the stubble. Hair flicked against gold. The girl’s skin flushed pink. The woman shaved downward a final time, leaving the skin smooth and bare.

The woman rinsed the razor. “Sit on the edge of the bathtub.”

“Yes.” The girl’s voice was small. She settled herself on the porcelain edge, which, like the water, had grown cold. The girl exhaled through her teeth. Her shoulders curled and her breasts dropped against her belly.

“Lean back against the wall.” The woman set the razor in her lap. She flexed her hands and pinched her palms.

The girl tilted back, easing her buttocks across the gap between the tub and the wall.

“Set your feet on the edge, here,” the woman said, tapping the place in front of her knees. “Lift one leg at a time.”

The girl fit the arches of her feet against the porcelain.

“Wider.”

The girl brought her feet to the rounded corners of the tub. With her hands, she gripped the edges by her hips.
The woman pointed to the girl’s cunt, now stretched open, exposing pink, wet ridges.

“Lay your finger there.”

“I might slip.”

“You won’t.”

The girl’s left knuckles whitened as she lifted her right arm and draped it across her chest. She set her palm on the bare rise of her mound and let her index finger fall like a lever, straight across the surface of her skin.

“No,” the woman said. “Inside.”

The girl looked down. She pressed her finger between her legs until her labia swelled around it, nearly swallowing it whole.

The woman raised the razor from her lap. She pushed her chair away and sat against her heels, her calves tucked beneath. Now eye level to the girl’s cunt, she stretched her arm forward. When the razor met her lobes, the girl gasped, but did not fall. The woman started at the knot of the perineum and stroked forward. Humming, she crept her blade over the girl’s labia, watching gold corners prod newly bare skin, her wrist angled as though she were dangling a string between the girl’s thighs. A rinse and then another stroke. The woman turned the blade against the follicles’ grain and skipped it along the stubble, four even passes for each lobe. The girl’s flesh swelled dark. Her knees shook.

When she was done, the woman leaned into her chair, pressing her shoulders into the center of her back.

“Remove your hand,” she said.

Eyes half open, the girl obeyed. Translucent threads trailed after her finger, seeped from her naked cunt into the tub below. She panted through her nose.
“Stand up, on the floor. Then get dressed and go.”

The woman flexed her hands. She left the bathroom and propped herself up in bed. Her nails were packed with salve. She’d brought fingertips to fingertips and dug the mess away.
Guests crowded the house, bunched in groups of three or four, their shoes gleaming on the hardwood. The elderly, wispy hair styled close to their scalps, slumped into the couches and armchairs crammed against the living room walls. Children in tiny suits and dresses whooped out to the front yard, and guests jumped as the door slammed behind them. Every guest she’d seen appeared white, excepting one Asian groomsman and a black sister-in-law. The woman took a glass of red wine from a tray and moved to the dining room windows. In the backyard, away from vacant tables, the bridal party lined up for a photographer. All six bridesmaids seemed white as well, though a few of them looked very tan. They stood stiff and even, pressed chest to back, chest to back, clutching purple bouquets that did not quite match their satin dresses. In the center stood the bride, Michaela. Her gown billowed out over her hips, a glittering igloo melting over the lawn.

The woman sipped her wine and watched the line of bridesmaids break apart. Michaela laughed at something and threw her head far back, as though her grown too heavy for her neck. Her mother, a curvy blonde woman in a cinched magenta dress and stilettos, teetered to her side. They struck identical poses and laughed some more. Michaela shooed her mother with a spank from her bouquet.

A trim, middle-aged couple dressed in gray entered the shoot. As the man embraced Michaela, his wife waved to someone standing out of sight. Charlotte slouched forward. She stood beside her mother and stepfamily, pigeon-toed in her heels. In the daylight, with her high bun and strapless dress – a shorter, shimmering version of the bridesmaids’ – she looked emaciated. Her shoulder bones jutted from her skin.
The woman had not expected Charlotte. She had been on her way back to the mansion, and had needed a ride. She’d been walking for about an hour, perhaps two, walking away from the playground and the mess she had left there. A few blocks from the plaza, the roads huddled small and quiet, arched with manicured trees. All of the houses sat a few yards away, separated by lawns and lawn ornaments, stone angels and geysers and dolphins. When she grew tired of sweating, she lifted her skirt and let the night air rush between her legs. She covered herself when she reached the highway, four lanes between rustic restaurants and ammo shops. An hour’s steady pace brought her to the throat of the forest, marked by the end of the sidewalk and a four-pump gas station, with a log cabin convenience store advertising energy drinks and scratchcards. The lot buzzed with fluorescent lights and mosquitoes.

The woman sat at the base of one of the pumps facing the store window, slipped out of her sandals, and lifted her left foot over her right thigh. She massaged the dirty sole. A blister had begun to form where the strap of her sandal rubbed the base of her big toe.

A bell chimed. The woman listened to a male voice mutter a curse. She continued rubbing her foot as a shadow fell over her.

“Ma’am, you can’t just sit here.”

The woman looked up. “I’ve been walking for a long time, and my feet hurt.” She raised her shin and gestured toward the blister. Her skirt crumpled down her thigh.

The man shook his head, his face obscured in shadows of his baseball cap. “You can’t just sit on the ground here. No loitering.” He was a tall, broad man, wearing a t-shirt tucked into form-fitting jeans and a large silver belt buckle. “I’m getting about ready to close up anyway.”

The woman rotated her ankle, moaning softly. She set her left foot on the floor, and her skirt inched itself further into her crotch. “Fine, then. I’ll go.” Palms flat on the pavement, she
stretched her right leg into the air and pointed her toe at the man’s chest. “Can’t you help me with my other foot first? It hurts even worse.”

The man looked down the line of her leg. “Ma’am. It’s the middle of the night.”

“Is it?” She turned her foot in a tight circle. “As I said, I’ve been walking for a long time.” She tapped her big toe against his belt buckle. “And I think the gasoline is making me dizzy.” She tapped again and lingered, turning her toe like a wrench.

The man grasped her heel. Against her dirty feet, his hands looked pasty and bloated. His thumbs massaged clumsily as he stared into her lap. She hinged her left thigh open. The man swallowed.

“Look, is there someone I can call for you? Do you need a phone?”

The woman arched her back and sighed, flexing her foot against the man’s fingers. She shook her head. A car pulled into the gas station. Its headlights cut over them in a harsh sweep. With her eyes closed, the woman listened to the car stop behind her, at the pump opposite her seat. A car door opened, and the man dropped her foot.

“You still open?” A female voice said. A pale teenager, wearing a baggy hoodie and jeans.

The man walked toward her, wiping his palms on his jeans. “I’m just about closing up.”

“Can I pump, just like really quick?” the girl said. “I need to get up the mountain.”

“Yea, okay,” the man grunted, shaking his head. “Just be quick about it.” He looked over his shoulder. “And, you – come in the store for a second to settle your bill.”

The woman stood, her dress long and smooth. “No, no, that’s all fine. My sister is here to pick me up, and we don’t want to keep you.”
The teenager spun around, but the woman grabbed her elbow and stared into her face. She didn’t let go until she opened the passenger seat door and slid in.

“Christ, whatever,” the man said. The car muffled his voice. “You’ve got two minutes.”

His shadow passed over her, lumbering back to his store.

The teenager had left her cell phone in the center cup holder. The woman tucked it into her skirt, beneath her thigh. She reclined her chair and closed her eyes.

“Hey!” The teenager leaned across the driver’s seat. “What the hell is going on?”

“Just drive up the mountain.”

“Are you in trouble?” She reached into the car. “Where is my phone?”

“I need to get somewhere. Drive up the mountain, and I’ll tell you where to stop.”

“I’m not sure I’m cool with this.”

Sighing, the woman straightened and looked at the girl. Such a small girl, with thin brown hair tugged into a ponytail. Between her pink hair tie and scattered acne, she seemed hardly old enough to drive. The woman pulled the earring from her hair. “Here. It’s real. Buy something nice. Stay in school. Pump your gas. Drive me up the mountain.” She dropped the diamonds into the girl’s empty seat.

“Oh.” The girl stood for a while, filling her tank. The woman inhaled and exhaled. With her eyes closed, she felt the girl sit down, buckle her seat belt, and hesitate. She heard the diamonds chime and settle. The engine turned, and a grocery store jingle trilled from the radio. The car pulled away from the gas station. The woman opened her eyes and leaned on the window, watching the lights of the town fade into the distance. “So, what’s your name? I’m, uh, Charlotte.”

The woman leaned back. “What are you doing on the road so late, Charlotte?”
“I’m just going home.”

“From where?”

“Nowhere. What’s your name?”

“Then what will I tell your parents when we get home?”

“You can’t blackmail me with this. I’m going to my mom’s house from my dad’s house. Okay?”

“Do you always swap families at four in the morning?” The woman watched the headlights flash against a line of street signs, metallic warnings of sharp curves and wayward deer.

“What is with you? Why do you care?”

“I’m curious.” The woman shrugged.

The girl shook her head. “My stepsister is getting married tomorrow. Or today. Whatever. I have to be there, so I had to drive really early. That’s it.”

“A wedding. She must be older, then.”

“She’s twenty-three.”

“And you’re sixteen.”

“Yes.”

“How lovely. Sixteen is a hard time. Are you fucking anyone?”

The girl snorted. “You mean do I have a boyfriend? No.”

The woman clicked her tongue. “I meant what I said.”

“Still no.”
The woman pulled off her shoes and lifted her feet up on the dash. She lined up her toes under a small crack in the windshield, pressing into the cold glass. The girl’s cell phone prodded at her thigh.

“Driving all this way at this hour,” she said. “You must care about your stepsister.”

“My mother wants me there,” the girl said.

“Of course. I’ll tell you a story about stepsisters. To thank you for the ride.”

“That’s really okay. I don’t mind the quiet.”

“Then shush,” the woman said.
When Clara was twelve, he invited his best friend, Jessie, for the night. New house his father had almost finished basement with leatherette sofas and carpet and a flat-screen TV. The girls ran down the stairs in their sleeping bags and made a nest of blankets on the floor. They ate red vines and Oreo cookies and played MASH. Jessie has a cabin, but a husband celebrity and a limousine that I could live. Clara was to become a famous dancer in France. The girls laughed helplessly when they saw that he would have fifteen children with the most handsome of the second of its kind boy.

They listened crunches on the basement stairs and stopped laughing. Stepsister Clara, Aubrey, had just turned sixteen, enough to babysit while the parents were to celebrate their first anniversary age. Aubrey bleached her hair. She had a big chest and the soft abdomen, and often imagined Clara spreads her fingers and hand sinks into the roll pushing on Aubrey's lap. Sometimes imagined that drilling in slow motion. Aubrey had pierced her navel secret, and often his hand slid beneath their shirts to play with jewelry. Clara could not see this. He figured the ring from sliding too far inside, scraping against everything the human jelly. Throat was dry.

Aubrey plopped on the couch. Pajama wearing shorts and a tight blue shirt with stars across the chest. He stretched out on the cushions, reaching fingers and feet in opposite directions as his shirt up to his chest. Clara could see the cubic zirconia shining in her navel. Aubrey turned sideways and jaw remains in his palm.

"I remember this game. Let me see," she said, snatching the role of Jessie lap. "Who is Zach?"
"Only a boy in our grade," Clara said. Aubrey HAS always gone public schools and never went to mass. No Sabian same families.

Aubrey let the paper float to the ground. "He's your boyfriend?"

"No," Clara said. He turned the game in half. Jessie could Feel Mirandola.

"You can not have a boyfriend but not fifteen children," Aubrey said, twisting Knew ring of navel. "Or I have to explain of where babies come from?"

"We know," Clara said. "What are you doing here?"

"The record of you. You really know how to have fun. It's almost too much."

Jessie Clara Miró What was smiling now, and little moving. Rubber bands on Jessie SUPPORTS alternating orange and black, orange and black, only non spirit of Halloween premature. Always he had a stain white foam at the corners in the mouth. Clara looked at the carpet. His hands had turned the game not small, Bumpy square. What KNEW she was blushing.

"Does not boyfriend?" Aubrey said, waving his arm toward Jessie.

Jessie shook his head. Aubrey did not sound with the back of the throat.

"Jesus. I had boyfriends is very age," he said. It seemed evaluate one at a time, taking his hair and acne What cuts down paper bags as against the skull. Only three girls in her class had boyfriends, Clara meant. It was different in the Catholic school. However, I KNEW That in recent weeks, is the degree of them all is settled in, more and more of his classmates were disappearing at recess, returning only a few seconds before the bell, her red and swollen lips . He could not figure out exactly where they went. She thought the park was a fence.

"Does not boyfriend, Then?" Jessie asked her sticky voice.
Aubrey smiled. He sat up on the couch and crossed his legs. "I'd say I'm between the couple at the time. I broke with my ex there about a month. But that does not mean I'm not dating anyone."

Aubrey leaned forward. Clara could see that even in pajamas, Aubrey wearing a bra. It could trace the outline of the curve with the ring under the breasts. I had never seen this ex boyfriend completely, but he remembered the battered green car pick up Aubrey and maintain later. Aubrey was going to fight with parents at night. Clara cries stay awake.

"Wow, must be virgin," said Aubrey.

"Yes," said Clara.

Aubrey hit his thighs. "No way! This was definitely not a virgin when I was twelve."

"Well, we are," said Jessie. "We do not want to throw."

Aubrey slipped from the sofa to the floor. She slid into the blanket nest. Clara could feel spray still glued to your scalp.

Aubrey smiled and took the white plastic pen that the girls had used to his game. "It will work."

"What?" Clara found scratching the carpet with your legs. The pen cap disappeared.

"This is for Penetration Testing Do not be so afraid. - Do not write anything is how we can check if they are really virgins or if we lie vixens". Aubrey said the last three words in a singsong affection. His eyes were very bright.

"No Aubrey. 're lying," said Clara.

"Why not play? All you have to do is pull down his pants and sticks it crawls. If stops the pen, you are a virgin. If the pen is still increasing, which means it is a dumpster."
The two girls looked. "I do not understand," said Jessie.

"His cherry." Aubrey shook the pen back and forth. "If you have had sex, he will not be there. Maybe not taught at the school of Jesus."

Clara remembered a sketch in a brochure, the outline of a funnel marked with arrows and names. There were other plans, some with hips and thighs and flowing hair.

"You want me to put pen to us?" Clara said.

"As for us?" Echo Jessie.

"It is the only way to know for sure," said Aubrey. His right pen. "Look, it's fine. It's like a buffer, only thinner and more."

Clara Jessie and looked.

"Seriously, you've never used a tampon? Wow, okay. You just take my word for it then."

Clara blushed all the way behind the ears. He had a box of tampons in her nightstand. It was simply not necessary.

"Come," said Aubrey. She shook her pen.

"I do not know." Jessie bag on his lap twisted sleep.

"Well, this is our home," said Aubrey, patting Clara's knee. She started to push them in a wide circle. "Our house. We'll take the test. If you do not, then we know what that means."

Jessie became dark red. "Good."

Girls pillows, blankets and sleeping bags in the back have been changed. He counted to three and tore the pajama pants. Then they counted to ten and removed their underwear. Stars, hearts and animal print lay piled on the carpet. Aubrey wearing a thong. The girls sat in a triangle, and Clara felt something unexpected. Such as salt.
"Okay," Aubrey said. "I go first, so you can see what needs to be done." She leaned back, raised his legs, and opened in the air. All the girls had their hair now, but most Aubrey was flat and even prepared. With his legs in the air so Clara could see thick curls looks out from his ass.

"That way," Aubrey said. She raised her pen and floor, first base, into her vagina. Free slid, until only one inch or so remained. Aubrey took the pen and leaned back. He wiped the plastic with his shorts discarded. "Clara?"

Clara took the pen. It was hot. She mimicked the position of Aubrey, but reversed pen in his fingers and aims to point bronze.

"Hey, stop that," Aubrey said. "No ink in your cooch."

"Whoops. I have not noticed." Clara pen turned around and tried to ignore Aubrey's smile. She wonders if the base would be sufficient. I did not know exactly what I wanted. A barrier of some kind, some internal lords seal to be broken. He moved to immerse the pen, but slower once the plastic met with the sensitive tissues inside. It was dry and uncomfortable, but not unpleasant. She stroked the end of something and shuddered. The pen had traveled only two inches. Clara looked down between her legs, feeling hot and a little sick. It was set to try a new angle.

"Okay, you're a virgin, stop masturbating," Aubrey said. Clara extract pen, wiped his sleeve.

"I'm not sure I did it right."

"You can not hurt," Aubrey said. She was sitting cross-legged beneath her warm, her clenched thighs, which covers almost everything. "You're not happy? You've shown you're a good girl. Now Jessie's turn."

By pressing the tongue on the roof of the mouth, Clara held the pen. Jessie looked.
"Oh, my God, what do you expect?" Said Aubrey.

"It is serious," said Jessie.

"OK. All this will be there for about five seconds."

"Maybe I want a different pen."

Aubrey moaned. "What is the problem with you?"

"Jessie," said Clara. She put the pen in the top of the fingers of his friend. "It does not hurt or anything."

"Very good!" Jessie turned her palm and took the pen. Plastic moved in and out. Just a few inches. "He."

"No, you really do it," said Aubrey. "You're not even trying."

"I am," said Jessie.

"I saw you, and you have not presented at all."

"So I did."

"Come on, Aubrey," said Clara. Vertigo has not disappeared. "She did. Can we do now?"

"Only if you do it again," said Aubrey.

"Great. Jessie, just do it again."

With a look, Jessie leaned back and lifted his legs. He looked inside. Aubrey pushed his wrist. The pen slipped deeper.

"I knew it!" Exclaimed Aubrey. "We have an honest prostitute, a virgin, and a small dog lie."

Clara could not move. She looked at Jessie pen pull the covers and jump to their feet. Upright, with the lower half it seemed a lot for what was on the ground. Jessie bolted to the
bathroom. Clara remembered that was not finished, and the lamp was not working yet. He could hear moaning through the door.

"What should I do?"

Aubrey had one leg in his underwear. "Do not ask me, she's your friend." He straightened his belt. "I do not know. Give it a second to relax."

"I feel this is really bad," Clara said, looking around the track. But there was only bedding and underwear.

"It's not my fault that she's a liar," Aubrey said. "Or your fault. I failed the test too, right? Just ask if it's OK. Maybe she will be okay if I leave you alone."

Clara knocked on the door of the bathroom. "Hey, Jessie? Eh? The lights do not work there, do not believe?"

"I want to go home now," Jessie said.

"It's not a big problem, you know. You could have told me."

"I want to go home now."

Clara left the bathroom. Aubrey held out his palms, then bent over and threw her pajamas Clara.

"I'll call your mother. Put your pants."

Clara dressed. Jessie sleeping bag cleared and rolled on the ground. Jessie had lost a piece of his sleeping bag long ago, and she always thick ribbon gift wrapping is used to keep the roll together. Clara tied two large arches. He organized and Jessie pajama bottoms and underwear pillows. She had never touched the underwear of a friend before. While sifting through the hierarchy of coverage, the red wine was canceled, she had to clean that up too.
Pelusa joined to the ends of licorice. Jessie could hear Aubrey smell and walk on it. She said the basement was up.

Aubrey had called Jessie's mother and explained that he had an upset stomach, cramps perhaps, nothing too serious, but poor raring to go home. She and Clara were well so far, they had no luck. Hopefully nothing contagious. Maybe it was too sweet.

Jessie not climb stairs until her mother arrived. glassy eyes, his sleeping bag and a pillow pressed against her chest. "I tell the truth," he murmured. The tears had thickened mucus on the lips. Clara saw his nose was running too. Her mother patted her shoulders, murmuring guarantees, and pulled. Aubrey Clara and waved from the door.

The sisters refused. Her parents would not be home until two hours. After lights out, Aubrey sitting on the couch, and Clara was sitting next to her. It is through the channels until they find an old sitcom. They watched for a few minutes and watched the commercials.

"We do not say to parents, right?" Green spread over the face of Aubrey. Then blue. "Do not lie. Do not say anything. This is our secret, like sisters, okay? "

"Good."
"Good. Do not need anyway, right? You're a good boy." Aubrey set the remote control with him. "Here, put your head on my lap."

Clara dropped. The show came again. All the actors wore clothes that look brand new. Aubrey thighs were soft. dialogue is muffled, the laugh track. Clara turned on his back. Aubrey Shirt increased, exposing the lower curve of her belly button ring, rhinestones reflecting light flashes television. Clara pushed the hem of the shirt with the nose. He kissed jewelry with the edge of the lips and with each inhalation slow teacups full of salt imagined.
"Please stop," said the girl, drawn tight against the seat.

"I guess it's enough," she said. The inclination of the road, is diluted through many curves and corners, it was shallow, especially along its current scope. Another car later a corner turned, and dim the lights as he passed them.

"I did not brights," said the girl. "I am sorry."

"Do not apologize to me." The woman looked smooth profile of the girl. "Why do you apologize?"

"Okay, I take that back."

"At your age, you must learn to do and say what you mean."

She sniffed. "I heard that lies to the service station."

"I lied with conviction. And the intent. I did exactly what I wanted when I wanted."

"Thanks," said the girl.

They continued in silence. The car climbed a steep steep turn after turn. The girl had a tape recorder, but no tapes, and there was no sign so deep within the trees. The woman took the cell phone under the dress.

"You really should put a lock code on it," she said. The girl sighed in response, her firm hands on the wheel, with straight face towards the road.

The phone of the girl kept two hundred pictures - the faces of the other teenagers in the parks and corridors lockered, a golden retriever with a duck stuffed, sunsets and sunrises, tree branches downed by low. The woman the image of an older woman and the girl slowed, both smiling at the camera with the same dimples, the same squint, the same thinning hair.

"You look like your mother," she said.
"Great," said the girl. He leaned over the steering wheel and yawned.

The car curved in a clearing, a place where the road took the edge of the mountain and opened in a valley. Across the pond, there was another mountain, another road cut from the same dense forest. smoked zigzag over the tops of distant trees blue. It would be dawn soon. In front of the car, the road began its descent.

"Should I drop somewhere?" Said the girl.

The woman had been reduced to a few pictures of the wedding invitation, all degrees of blur or bad. She had looked curly purple font, print chrome bells on white cardboard.

The woman turned away from the window. The main catering company was in the kitchen, watching as a child was gasps of disbelief at his side. The woman smiled. A bite plate quiche was at his side, and holding the gaze of the catering company, he waved.

"What are you doing here?"

Charlotte was standing beside the woman, arms crossed over his chest.

"Well, hello," she said.

"Why the hell are you doing here?" Charlotte Bun shone with hairspray.

"I think I see what everyone is talking about," she said.

Charlotte's eyes moved around the room. She lowered her voice to a whisper.

"I'll call the police."

The woman clucked. "And make a scene on the big day of your sister?"

"Half Sister."

The woman sighed. "Half sister. Anyway, I'm just standing here quietly disturbing anyone. I brought here, after all. It would be uncomfortable to explain to your mother."
Charlotte looked up. He wore black eyeliner on the upper and lower eyelids. Ivory conical foundation acne on the chin. When she sighed, she could see the scale of the bones in his chest.

"Okay," Charlotte said, looking down, focused on the wine glass woman. "You do what you want. I just let out. Not talk to me. Do not talk to my mother. Do not talk at all."

"He approached me, I think."

"Really?"

The woman smiled. "Relax a little, dear."

A quick series of adjustments cut the air. The father of the bride is in the middle of the wall, his glass of wine and a butter knife high. The conversations of the guests went out.

"Family and friends, please, let's welcome Mr. and Mrs. Thompson!" He said, waving the knife towards the front of the house. The woman maneuvered around the buffet table to see the bride entered the room, her skirt and her husband in tow. The guests clapped and whistled. Michaela and Jordan have raised their hands together in the air.

"Before we all get too distracted by the lovely couple, I think it's time to eat," said the father of the bride. He smiled with two rows of teeth. "We have not assigned seats, so please load a plate and make new friends. Make a new family."

The woman turned, but Charlotte had disappeared. The other guests were around the buffet table with white china plate, silver trays of food while feeling black pepper and steam-moist chicken breast, broccoli wet, wet rice. The woman returned to the window, away from the crowd, and leaned against the glass.

There was Charlotte, standing with his mother at the entrance of the room, shaking his head. The woman saw Huff on one side and along the corridor, perhaps in his room. His mother
passed behind her, but stopped midway to fidget with rosebud pink purple pinned to its asymmetrical bodice. Once released, he was put aside. He tried again, pressing only the stem, green ribbon connecting leaves and baby's breath instead. The petals wither for an hour or two, but the basic rosebud was heavy, and women have seen time and time again droop.
Some time after the girl left her room, she had awakened the walls orange persimmons and a new smell - something spicy, sweet and fermented, like a freshly baked cake decaying apples. In bed, she had rubbed her feet, taking shallow breaths until the smell does not stick in the throat. She searched for stockings, garters, dark blue slip. During her neck, she had slipped a long attached to a leather string. He walked around the room with a cigarette, dragging ashes and smoke.

You chimes. A man entered the room, the use of a large square layer.

"Smells of cancer here," he said.

The woman took a breath and pulled the cigarette in a saucer on the bedside table.

"It's good. I liked it," the man said.

"A waste, then." I stood behind him and took off his jacket. Lana smelled like wet dog. Underneath, she wore a black suit and a striped dress shirt, no tie.

"Stay still". She unbuckled his belt and fired, loop the loop. When she dropped pings the ground loop.

The woman knelt at his feet. She lifted her pant leg wide open and black shoes, black socks. It was clean, hairy fingers.

"Maybe a drink -"

"Do not talk," she said, standing. His finger on his lips, the man slowly turned. He watched, but did not turn his head. His suit was clean and unwrinkled. He rubbed his thumb on his lapel. Polyester. He undressed quickly, but touch his clothes, buttons and hems only. He was taller than her, so he pulled his shirt over his head, he was forced to front the uncomfortable side, arms hanging from his shoulders. She dropped his pants around his ankles.
The man stood in his blue underpants, shivering. She told him to take a step forward, crumpled pants off, and when he did, he threw his clothes in a heap. A white man elastic waist clip fat on the pale belly covering his back. Her pink nipples puffy blond hair and good body. She told her underwear withdrew. He bent knees high, jumping from side to side while pulling the cotton on his ankles. The woman held out her hands. He handed written in a balloon. She opened against her belly like an apron.

"They reflect my underwear. I think I'll keep them." She crossed her writings in half and put them on the dresser, with a bottle of bourbon and a small sealed container of ice. "You want a drink?"

"Yes," the man said. His testicles were dark against her thighs, a muddy purple amazing. He had a conical penis, its axis of narrowing of the base to the tip, where the foreskin decreases over the head like an onion.

"I said, do not talk." Woman pours bourbon on an ice cube and put the glass. He drank slowly.

The woman squatting, with his eyes to the crotch of the man, who smelled of raw cashew nuts. He had cut his aging, pubic hair blond on the slopes. His left testicle hanging beyond the right. As he studied the man moved his hips, as if to hide this asymmetry. The neck of the woman snapped back and forth. She tickled the base of his penis with your fingers. He moved, but quickly settled. The woman in charge spit on his tongue and licked his thumb, index and membrane between. He made a ring around the tail of man and stroked up and down. His foreskin back a little, not enough to expose the head. The woman was released. He exhaled.

"Well," she said. I stood up and leaned forward. Sliding touched the skin.
The man clenched his fists. Mucus gathered in the corner of her mouth, shiny against red cheeks.

"Well," he repeated. Clicking his tongue, he turned to the dresser. The man died.

Next to the jar, three boxes of nuts on a shelf. In the first, she found a needle and a small glass vial. In the second, silver scissors and a spool of black silk. He did not open the third. Instead, she hung up his scissors in her fingers measured the cable twice over his shoulder to the wrist, and chiseled. is replaced scissors and needle box broke. It was two inches long, no thicker than a pushpin. She handed him the inspection, which rotates between the thumb and forefinger so that light shone rusty. Man's breath broke. He took his bourbon.

"Steel," she said, placing the tip of the needle between his two front teeth. She pull the thread so that he fell to the eye even two strands, he tied together, leaving two inches peppers pieces hanging from a node size.

He turned to the second box. When the glass vial, a clear bubbling liquid inside shook. Needle woman withdrew her mouth and pushed through the vial stopper.

"What is it?"

"It will relieve pain. Temporarily." The woman withdrew the needle and the bottle was in the pouch around his neck. "We have to get out of here, after all."

The discussion drifted behind her as she knelt in front of the man's legs. She pressed her hand against his right thigh. Almost backswing.

The woman clicked again tongue over her teeth. "Easy now. You do not want to break." She pressed harder, and Rose fat pads around his fingers. He fixed the soft part of his thumb. The man gasped. Swift and stable, the woman slid the needle into her leg, pulling her skin to create
an air pocket under the fabric, a thin gap that allowed him to work without piercing muscle, fat, or nerves. His skin are together, if so spaced stitches.

Woman pushes the needle an inch to the left and forced the point across the surface. Men's skin is wrinkled when the needle goes though. With one hand holding the thigh, the woman held up the point and pull the thread up by pulling the small knot against your skin. Humming, stitched a palm X on the thigh. Blood flowed from his leg.

With his free hand, he pulled the man foreskin down, pinch a small tube of tissue away from the head of his penis. It plunges the needle into the vial. He could hear the man wheezing. She drilled him the foreskin, through the needle from right to left, just below the urethra. The man shouted - a long, deep note. The base of the needle drawn, but moved through. taut wire held his foreskin on his penis.

Stabilize, women have pierced the left thigh, which he had done to his right. The wire hanging from the thigh to thigh cock, like cables of a bridge extension. The man was shaking, bending the knees. The woman sews a second X as wide and high as the first wire to spare.

She leaned back. Sang faded on his lap. She dropped the needle dangling beside her, and drifted to the dresser for his scissors and the third walnut box. Interior tears were sitting two solid steel, the size of cherry stones with holes in their beaks. She brought in her palm.

The man's eyes were closed, his face white.

"Thanks," he said. "You're doing very well." Measuring two inches or less in his leg, he cut the excess wire. Blood splattered the needle on the floor.

Tears were heated at hand. She put on her lap and a knot in the bottom left of X. Then attached, a tear on the loose wire slipped as a pendant. She tied up and leave the steel swing against her thigh. It bounced off his skin. Dragged by weight, X contracted, and the man's penis
is curved to the left. Blood flowed from his foreskin. He moved to the right leg and the second teardrop tied up. His penis straightened. Nothing started.

The woman rose to its full height. The man was pale, his little eyes. He took off his glass to his mouth and took what remained of the ice cube between his lips.

The woman put her dress with blood on his hands. He stayed close while buttoning his shirt, watching him with a coy smile. She put his balls and massaged until thick tail. The man whistled and grimaced.

"Uh, oh, be careful. A disc could rip the cable directly through their bad foreskin." She released him, smiling. "Seems like it might hurt. Do not you think?"

The man nodded. She smiled and took his pants, bending to take the belt open on the floor.

"Cover your cock," she said, crossing his legs pants feet and thighs.

The man has his fingers against his tree.

"Push down" he said. He groaned as his hidden between her legs tree, forcing the stitches his foreskin and thigh. The man winced as the belt up set. She zipper fly climbed and twisted his free hand.

The woman replaced her socks and shoes. When he finished, the man continued. His eyes were closed and he had sucked his lower lip in the mouth. His front teeth scraped chin.

She took the glass is always half full, the hand of man, which was suspended in the air, a vacuum shoe with cut fingers.

"Why, hardly she drank at all. No wonder you're so tense." She drank bourbon and glass clunked on the dresser. The man bobbed. He had thrown his lower lip, and fell swig of his jaw.
Blood oozed around the white buttons dress shirt. When she brought him his coat, he held his arms behind his back and took him up on his shoulders. Half of his neck down to his neck, but not solve it.

"Take a cigarette for the road, if you like," he said.

The man shook his head. He took a small step toward the heavy door. And another. I could barely bend his knees. If the blood had soaked shoes, she could not see.

It floated on the edge of the room, where heavy velvet curtains spilled on the floor. When he heard the door shut, pushed a band of heavy cloth aside. Below white plaster. He almost left the stuff curtains. They make it so easy to imagine a window.
The woman was standing in the yard well maintained under a window on the side of the house, a few steps from dining tables. It had a glass of wine and a cigarette, and she watched guests find open seats, balancing their cups and plates. Two women walking arm in arm, almost stumbling when her high heels pricked the grass. Free yank and she saw tiptoe their way to their seats, smiling and blushing, clearing the way their faces were tense surprise. The woman had already taken off his shoes. The grass between their toes itched.

"I do not like scolding again," said the handler, walking toward her, "I do not think that the family wants to smoke here."

"Ah. I took a walk this one of your guys." The woman leaned her head on the flyout and the young man behind her.

"Really? You should not even be in uniform."

"Do not punish the poor boy. I asked. I could not say no," she said. He took a long breath and cigarette rubbed against the house, leaving a trail of ashes.

"I do not see that," the caterer said the woman cigarette butt wrapped in a paper napkin and threw it in her purse. "Saving for later?"

"I do not like certain types of disorder."

"OK agreed."

"I am very serious."

"And I begin to firmly believe that you are not the wedding stylist."

The woman shook her feet against the grass. "Are you angry that tease you?"
"Anger is not the right word. " The view from the restaurant business to the sky. " My girlfriend has been abroad for six months."

"I can see."

"And we are very committed."

The woman sighed. "I do not doubt." She looked at the father of the bride entered the courtyard, tight folded paper in his hand. Charlotte has not left the house.

"No extracurriculars, agreed," said the caterer.

"I understand," she said. The father of the bride hit a man in the shoulder, a bridesmaid. "I do not see how I can help you. This respect for the impending union."

The catering company exhaled, shaking his head. "I do not know what I'm saying."

The window behind the head releases a small cough. Others. The woman looked up. The blinds were closed, but the glass was half open.

"Okay," she said.
Yesterday I went for a drink for myself. The waiter was a very cute black girl with short hair and long, beautiful neck. He wore a denim shirt - sleeves rolled up past his elbows - nestled in a short skirt high waist black. She clicks on a stick between the molars and flirted with all its customers. A smart move. I'm sure half of his clients had fallen in love with her.

I asked him something bitter and pulled me stick mouth. A little bit. Wood was herbal, slightly warm lips. She laughed and gave me a lemon. She sank sugar rim and said he wanted me cavities. When I handed the toothpick, he puts directly into his mouth.

Some other people gathered outside the bar. Two girls were taking shots, smiling and laughing after ingestion. The bartender raised a shaker over his head, his serious face. Sitting at the bar, I could see the muscles flex in his arms. She made a graceful loop with her dolls and drink is poured into two glasses, filling each uniform without spilling a drop. The sun was out, and the bar was getting darker and darker. The bartender took a long lightweight plastic and headed for the tables. Each had a candle in a glass jar. Everything went on.

I stood behind the counter and lowered between a plastic bath towel and ice money, which swelled with heat rather than cold. Bending his knees, he could not pass under the counter. I planted my feet against the wall. It was dark and smelled of chemicals.

The legs of the waiter walked behind the bar. Her skirt halfway grabbed her thighs. strong legs, curves with muscle. I stood in front of me, feet apart, arching one heel on the floor as she rocked in the knee to the rhythm of a rock song old. I heard a voice made an order and heard the jet soda into a glass, tubes precipitating on the back.

Registration opens and closes. I ran my hand by a sharp knee, naked. The waiter ouvert His mouth and Looked down. He bent down to me.
"I'll make you come while working," I said.

"Oh?" She smiled. "My backup gets here in twenty minutes."

"A lot of time. We can make it a bet."

"All right. I do not come, I get to-have That crazy collar." She pointed to her throat. I had a number of diamonds. "Purpose only if They Are Real."

I nodded. "And if you do, you find me His after-shift. Spend an hour or so with me. Aim really, the bet wins either way."

She winked and rose, smoothing her skirt contre her hips. Kneeling, qui Could lead to my right side de son shell. The waiter was small chest, and I Could Clearly see the level of your body to the bottom of the oval chin. I raised my hand in her lap and washed entre her smooth legs. His chin Remained motionless. She is wearing a black thong. I put my fingers under the satin and played with short hair rectangle in pussy. I put my fingers around the chain belt and pulled out de son ass.

A male voice muttered a greeting, and the waiter Moved away from the fingers before I Could get the belt beyond Their hips. I snuggled contre my wall and I Heard the hum of the ice machines in my ear. I saw the leg tendons waiter bending, twisting back and forth on the floor. Her ankles Were sharp and square. As her thighs Moved back in scope, I wrapped my thumbs around the thong and a tug. The waiter pointed toes so he Could lift His Feet off the bonds of black satin. I put the belt on the front of my dress.

I cupped my hand between her legs and rubbed his thin lips, my fingers slowly roll the crease of her slit thigh and back. I stroked two fingers into her vagina. Her clitoris was long and thick as the tip of my little finger. I turned my fingers around her, stroking the tissue surrounding
nerves and without touching the clitoris itself. The waiter pussy was hot, but unwet, and when I
looked up, I saw he was holding his jaw set as she nodded at some invisible leader. He stepped
back, forcing me to drop my hand, and stretched to get a bottle of champagne from the small
refrigerator behind her. I heard the waiter application of ten dollars in an apartment, even tone.
She heard her echo, "Leave it open," until the last word.

I cupped the back of her thighs and pulled forward, forcing her navel against the edge of
the bar. I slid my fingers under her short skirt black, on top, round ass. She was muscular and
soft even when she stiffened when I brought my face in the cave of the skirt. The fabric was
thick, but forgives, and I could tilt the head back to my mouth met with the sight above me. I
brush my lips over his dense pubic hair, which describes the strict rectangle with the tip of his
tongue. Chest and shoulders pressed against his legs. Beside me, the ice hit the ice, but rayon and
thigh muffled the sound. He could hear nothing, I could not see anything at all. Heat over my
face. Sweat collected on his upper lip, and I wiped waiter against the hair and then sucked
pulling back my own salt between the front teeth. I gnawed into tight curls. Crackle echoed in
the cave of the skirt.

I hung on her soft kisses, leading all the way to this optimum point between pussy and
ass. forgotten long hair tickled her lower lip. I stroked my fingers and down her thighs as she
kissed him, floating on the knees and back under the moon-shaped curve of his ass. I followed
my tongue out of the corner of her shell, slow and slower, opening tasting something sour. My
face and neck burned. Separate fingers that dug into his buttocks and buried my mouth before.
He leaned against my mouth and nose and leaned forward, pressing. I turned my tongue around
her clitoris, feeling grow longer and longer.
I pressed the perineum with the thumb as I licked. His legacy were shaking. They turned away. I had barely time to take your hands off your ass.

The bartender moved to the back wall and grabbed an empty pint, either ignoring or not noticing the edge of her skirt flipped. He got a handle shaped canoe and left beer pint against the ear, the goal corner was not bad, and cream-colored foam swelled into the glass before she caught his mistake and raised his wrist. Foam rose over the lip of the painting and to the floor. She shook her withered hand as she returned to her post, spraying foam on the lower door refrigerator. I heard the thud of the pint in the bar above my head. I looked at the stoic face of the waiter and saw that even his toothpick still frozen in the corner de son mouth. I smiled. He stepped forward and bent his knees, just a little. I brought my mouth to her swollen clitoris.

Her clitoris had become so full I could barely flicking the tip of the tongue is ict area without neglecting the anxious tissue. I rolled her shell. I pursed lips around her clit and sucked. Bartender legs shook, and I felt the vibration in my sternum. I grabbed her ass waiter, supporting her trembling thighs with my forearms. Moisture dripped onto my chin. Throat oozed up. With a steady hand extended through his lower back, I wiped my jaw with my index finger and free media and put 'em in the ass waiter. Her pussy lurched forward. I shushed her mouth, and a hot liquid with sharp odor fell on the face wash on the temples and jaw to the bottom of my chest. I pulled her skirt himself me, slid my fingers out of her ass. As I leaned back under the bar, I could hear something in a glass spray over my head. Was she smart. Quickly dries my face, goal stopped a movie on my cheeks, thicker than sweat, more difficulty. I broke into a sleeve of napkins and wiped the neck of my dress. I wiped my fingertips and dropped the napkin on the floor, along with puddles of beer and semen. I do not smell more chemicals.
The woman looked at the influence caterer at his side. His feet moved, her posture was expanded.

"Shit," he said. "And that?"

"Are you asking if she honored our bet?"

The caterer nodded. Across the courtyard, the father of the bride is positioned himself under a tree covered with purple ribbons. He gave them a slap in the face with a microphone.

"Of course I did," she said. She squeezed the arm of the catering company. "The tostadas are about to begin."

He sat in a half-empty table at the back of the yard. The father of the bride tapped the microphone and took a static rollover speaker. The woman leaned back in his chair. Charlotte saw dart through the back door and sit next to her mother, her face turned toward the tree and microphone. The woman took a sip of wine.

"I'm so glad you're here today, watching Jordan and Michaela join their lives," the father of the bride booming, his face puffed up by his smile. "They have been inseparable for the last two years, since the last year of college. It's hard not to be a little jealous! Not all of us find our soulmate so young. And I think we all agree that these two undoubtedly, are twin souls to the core.

"Of course, like his dad, I spent some time in test Jordan! I've seen my beautiful, talented girl has her share of boyfriends. So when she brought home for Thanksgiving Jordan, that I I was skeptical. you can not trust a patriots fan! But not long for Jordan to show what a man is standing.
"I mean a little story about my baby. Now now, look at her blush. So in Michaela time she was a child, I had all those dolls that girls have. I admit, spoiled her rotten. Of all anyway, one night, the house was quiet, except for these two voices whispering down the hall. Michaela was talking to someone in your room! But when it peaked in I saw Michaela holding her Ken and Barbie, dressed all up in a tiny suit and a tiny white dress. she said 'I love you', this deep voice Ken. on the other hand, with a sweet voice Barbie. and when he made his wrists kiss, she smiled and smiled. As his father, I am so happy to see everything come true love."

A tall woman standing, held the microphone on the chin.

"How blessed I am to see you all Gathered here on this beautiful day, for this beautiful occasion. I want to thank God for Bringing Michaela Jordan and for Giving the good sense to Realize what a gift. Father Jordan and I have been married for twenty five years, always worried about Jordan find his game, aim the time Michaela, beautiful, sweet, respectful Michaela Were puts only impressed. I Knew She Would care for my son, with love and loyalty. by joining together as a new family , I know I'm not alone in prayer so That They create a happy and healthy family de son own. for Michaela, Jordan, and this blessed day."

A groomsman, best man, reading your cell phone.

"I Knew I'd see the day When Jordan Was Established and respectable est devenu. Since high school, Jordan has-been like a brother to me. And man, I Have some stories to share. Most of 'em are not suitable for this moment, purpose I do not say it, okay?

"HOWEVER, Jordan will do anything for People Who love I will never forget this trip we made together, of Mexico, with all the kids for spring break We Were maybe doing a little drinking -.. We know how we goes - and I Decided it was a great idea to swim this trampoline
complex was floating in the ocean race of Jordan, who is the hero, was it in the first place I second cam goal .. When I Went up on the trampoline, I saw the boys --other swam to shore. the beach Seemed so far away, that's for sure. and all the trampoline shook as if to go to sea, and Both jumped into the water. Purpose I Was freaking out so hard, I couldn't swim. I just Could not. Jordan dragged me all the way to the coast. When he Pushed me up in the sand, I Could-have kissed. I mean, Obviously not I did, order that's just the kind of person Jordan He is the bravest and best of us -. the best athlete, the best conversationalist, best friend He is truly my brother, and I'm not ashamed to say That I love God bless "... The maid of honor, clutching her wine. 

"I'll never forget the first night Michaela That puts Jordan. We were at Some gold Reviews another party, When All of a sudden Michaela walks up to me and says That She just Talked to the man She Was going to marry. Of course, she'd HAD A Few drinks, so I did not quite believe her Then. Knew she goal! She Could Tell That They Were Meant to Be. "I promis Michaela I would not tell this story, aim it is really The One That comes to mind when i think of her relationship with Jordan. Do not Make That Face, I'm sorry, it's true purpose. Okay. One night, like two in the morning, Michaela cam to my apartment in tears. She and Jordan HAD Some fight, and She Was furious, and it might be over. Purpose-even so angry, she couldn't stop Saying how much she loved and needed _him_ _him_. Soon It was four in the morning, and someone started pounding on my door. Rushed in Jordan, Michaela scooped up, and Walked right back out of my apartment. He the carried her down three flights of stairs. I Was screaming, screaming She Was, There Was no stopping goal _him_. He set her on the hood de son because, pointed at the sky, and Whispered something to her. Judging by the amount of
kissing That Followed, They totally forgot about me. Later, I Michaela Asked what he said. She Told Me That he promis her every morning sunrise from That one. Two weeks later, They Were engaged. So, though my neighbors-even-have hated me ever since That Night, here's to keeping promises and starting a brand new day together. 

The guests raised Their glasses. Everyone Smiled. Everyone drank.

The bride's father returned to the microphone. Would take up dancing inside, he annoncé, partner after the new couples cut the cake. The Day Was growing too hot. The woman watched the bride and groom peck through the tables, nodding and hugging and Their Saying thanks. They Held With Their hands cupped palms, as though They Wore mittens. The woman HAD Not Heard Either of Their voices yet.

At her table, a pasty, thick-necked torque to one Whispered Reviews another. The woman Followed Their Eyes to the bride's father, Who Stood over the bride's mother, grinning. The bride's mother spoke with her hands. She clapped, and the bride's father Threw His head back in a laugh.

"So what happened next?"

Charlotte sat down beside the woman, in her brittle wooden folding chair. She picked chunks of walnut from a small, brown roll.

The woman turned her neck. "Sorry?"

"I Could hear everything. I Was finishing the party favors in my room. "

"I thought you Did not want anything to do with me."

"Well, I'm bored." Charlotte shrugged. "Talking to everyone else is not much better."

"So you liked That story. What do you think, four stars? Or three? "

"So what happened next?"
"You did not finish it." Charlotte held a walnut to her forehead and teeth nibbled. Sometime before the wedding, her fingernails painted pink had been, with white tips, like swallowing gum. Their teeth. "Did you get the bartender fired?"

"I did not," the woman said. "I won the bet."

"And Then What? Where did you bring her? "Charlotte tore into her roll. Inside, the bread looked nearly purple.

"To the park." She watched the thick-necked torque rise from the table and walk toward the house, still whispering. "What are party favors?"

"I do not know. I was just tying ribbons around the bags."

Charlotte scooted closer to the table. She ouvert her hand over the tablecloth, and a collection of walnuts dropped from her palm.

"Can I have one of those?" The woman said.

Charlotte kept her eyes on the clots of bread she was scraping to the lawn. "What are you doing here—even? What do you want? To creep around telling dirty stories?"

"I just love weddings. All the love in the air."

"All of those were toast bullshit," Charlotte said.

"Oh?"

"Like you couldn't tell. You're the master of bullshit. I think your story bar was all a lie."

The woman reaped-yard. The wedding party had huddled into two clusters, one in women, men dans l'autre. The bride's father stood with the groomsmen, rocking with laughter, holding Charlotte's mother by his side.
The woman leaned her elbow on the back of the chair. "I confess, I went on a detail. What about this goal. You tell me more about your family, and I will tell."

"The detail, and what happened in the park?"

"Clear."

Charlotte sets the shell of her lying on the table. She shook the crumbs from her lap.

"Right," he said. "OKAY".

"Let's sit in your room?"

"Everyone goes inside. Let's talk here," Charlotte said. "In silence. You tell me the detail needed first."

The woman nodded. His shoulder throbbed sun. "The waiter was about to start your period."

"That's it? How could you tell?"

"I tried."

"Ew. No wonder you left off. The boys do not want to hear about it."

"Do not you think?"

Charlotte pursed his lips and shook his head. "It's disgusting. Why is it so important?"

The woman smiled. "Your turn."

"Right. Right. My mother and Greg they got married there a year." She sniffed. "One year. Just after she divorced my father. Right after. As two months, maybe. They threw streamers in the bushes and asked a lot of people. My mother even wore a white dress."

"They had their wedding here?" Said the woman.
"They Were in too much of a rush to find anywhere else. At first, They Said They met through work. Then They Said They met at a coffee shop They Both liked. I think whos They met online. But my dad Could not prove it, I've got so screwed.

"Greg is an asshole. When my mom and I Moved into this house, Michaela was away Already in the beds. Her campus was not that far, but she only came home every once in a while. But her mom, Susan, came by a lot. Even When Michaela was not home. Even When my mom was not home. Once, I saw her leave out the back door while I was coming home from school. Of course, my mom does not believe me. Susan says she is just being friendly and helping With the house. But there's no way she and Greg are just friends."

The woman shifted in her chair. "What does all this Michaela Think About?"

"Michaela and I are not friends. I have no idea. I'm not convinced she Thinks about anything else but herself, Jordan, and esta wedding. And Then, all of the babies she's going to Have after the wedding. "Charlotte Looked at the woman. "I mean, I want to get married and Have kids too. Of course. "She leaned closer. "You know what's really messed up? Jordan and Michaela got engaged at my dad's wedding. They stopped the dancing and made a big announcement. They did not even Have a ring yet. And now here we are. Michaela even wanted the same wedding date, but Greg convinced her to move it Because of course it's His day now. And Jordan is an asshole, too, by the way. He's Already cheated on Michaela once, as far as she knows. I do not know. Maybe getting married will make him stop."

"You want to get married someday. Have a family."

"Of course I do."

"But you do not believe in Greg. Or Michaela. Or your mother."

Charlotte’s eyes flashed. “I believe in my mom.” She tapped her knees. “I don’t know. It seems easy to get wrong. I don’t want to talk about me.”

“All right.”
It was night when our bar there went to walk down the street to the park. A play structure
is a sento sand in the center square in the square, surrounded of benches and trees. At the middle
of the street lamp thrown launch in a light bulb held, there towers and bridges collapsed and
swings in the shadows.

The server was based in the slide opening height, yellow corkscrew, bouncing off his legs
the rim. He wore black skinny jeans and a shirt. His head disappeared into the tube, That
wriggled over her and drainage. I resented in the sand in Addition to feet, calves, see the press
against the slide has then to flat and round, have then to flat and round. I turned cords of the
shoes.

"In Russia a few years ago, there lived a historian," I said, pulling the strings extra Arcos.
"In spite of That lived alone ADH visitors, his house was very busy. I had his papers and books
and stories, all stacked along extra rooms. I put bags fly there paletitzacio. And I had my wrists."

The waiter is approached and grabbed the top edge of slide, as if to make outside to throw
up.

"At night, the historian went to the cemeteries. Explored more than I have of them seven.
This seven I found interesting tomb hundred and fifty. In hundred fifty serious Against twenty
girls, each being recognizable as such."

I Adjusts waiter shoes together in the sand. He wore white socks stained gray circles Fino
heels.
"The historian had a girl once. I wanted to give everyone their attention. They varied in height, hair color, and the degree of decomposition. After putting one in the back seat of this, That fill his grave and Soften of the dirt. So you take me home That girl's body."

The boy dropped his arms on his chest and grimaced. I pulled his socks and used to clean the sand from the palms. I massaged her feet, which were swollen feet for hours behind the bar.

"The girl brought` historian hidden upstairs and cleaned. I used a mild soap, water is heated, and its own delicate hands. Although the bathroom, which would start to feel over time . therefore, I worked all night to begin their mummification."

"I do not want to hear that," said the boy.

"Just listen. I had learned from his books mummification. I arrived and left the body every body. I left empty body to dry. In some, I set up a music box to the inland from the coast.

"Once we had sewn again, they wrapped in bandages and clothes. Some girls seemed appropriate dolls in lace skirts. But most were grouped as if they were about to play in the snow. I will compress in layers swollen and raised hoods. wore mittens.

"I covered the face of every child differently. A porcelain mask hit on the nose and cheeks, pink circles under irregular holes for vacuum sputtered eyes. Some had smooth low shot their heads submitted by velvet straps. some wearing hats, wearing wigs.

"For years, no one has any idea of the collection of the historian. Then, his parents made him an unexpected visit. The police came. They hit him on the way to the station, and then again in the cell. Later, the historian Demand to know what was his obsession began. Eleven years, who attended the funeral of a young girl of her age. She had been sick, and the coffin was open.
When his parents brought him forward to pay their respects, they demanded kissing the cheek of the dead girl. He protested, goal pushed forward, and others were waiting. He kissed her. And that, he said, is why, forty years later, he made his wrists.

The waiter sat and arms on the edges of the slide was covered. "That's horrible," he said. "Why do you say that?"

I shrugged. "I do not think." I walked my fingers on his knees waiter. The light flickered above us, and looked up. Something stirred into the light and back again in a loop. "Sticks".

"Great. Coyotes are probably next."

I ran my hands over his jeans. "They Do not Care About Us."

"No, probably not." The bartender dropped against the slide. "So what we will do with our evening?"

I squeezed my way up her thighs. They were softer now that he was lying, letting them on hard bottom of the slide. Her hips the scoop of the slide completely fill up call, as if someone had bent the plastic around in an attempt to lift his body from the sand. He leaned forward, I dug my thumbs on the V crumpled on top of his legs. I Atteint under his shirt and put the palm of his hand above his navel. Heat radiation from its center. I brought my other hand to button his jeans.

The waiter shook his hips, shimmying itself superior in the tube. She has been able to set up your heels at the bottom of the slide and extending in a straight line along the lower curve slope without having to shoulder along the corkscrew slide. Slide mouth swallowed just above the knees, leaving her calves and bare feet outdoors.

I hooked my fingers into his waist after his to slide.

"Stop it. That feels terrible," he said.
When Clara was twelve, he invited his best friend, Jessie, for the night. new house his father had almost finished basement with leatherette sofas and carpet and a flat-screen TV. The girls ran down the stairs in their sleeping bags and made a nest of blankets on the floor. They ate red vines and Oreo cookies and played MASH. Jessie has a cabin, but a husband celebrity and a limousine that I could live. Clara was to become a famous dancer in France. The girls laughed helplessly when they saw that he would have fifteen children with the most handsome of the second of its kind boy.

They listened crunches on the basement stairs and stopped laughing. stepsister Clara, Aubrey, had just turned sixteen, enough to babysit while the parents were to celebrate their first anniversary age. Aubrey bleached her hair. She had a big chest and the soft abdomen, and often imagined Clara spreads her fingers and hand sinks into the roll pushing on Aubrey's lap. Sometimes imagined that drilling in slow motion. Aubrey had pierced her navel secret, and often his hand slid beneath their shirts to play with jewelry. Clara could not see this. He figured the ring from sliding too far inside, scraping against everything the human jelly. throat was dry.

Aubrey plopped on the couch. Pajama wearing shorts and a tight blue shirt with stars across the chest. He stretched out on the cushions, reaching fingers and feet in opposite directions as his shirt up to his chest. Clara could see the cubic zirconia shining in her navel. Aubrey turned sideways and jaw remains in his palm.

"I remember this game. Let me see," she said, snatching the role of Jessie lap. "Who is Zach?"

"Only a boy in our grade," Clara said. Aubrey HAS always gone public schools and never went to mass. No Sabian same families.
Aubrey let the paper float to the ground. "He's your boyfriend?"

"No," Clara said. He turned the game in half. Jessie could feel Mirandola.

"You can not have a boyfriend but not fifteen children," Aubrey said, twisting Knew ring of navel. "Or I have to explain of where babies come from?"

"We know," Clara said. "What are you doing here?"

"The record of you. You really know how to have fun. It's almost too much."

Jessie Clara Miró What was smiling now, and little moving. Rubber bands on Jessie SUPPORTS alternating orange and black, orange and black, only non spirit of Halloween premature. Always he had a stain white foam at the corners in the mouth. Clara looked at the carpet. His hands had turned the game not small, Bumpy square. What KNEW she was blushing.

"Does not boyfriend?" Aubrey said, waving his arm toward Jessie.

Jessie shook his head. Aubrey did not sound with the back of the throat.

"Jesus. I had boyfriends is very age," he said. It seemed evaluate one at a time, taking his hair and acne What cuts down paper bags as against the skull. Only three girls in her class had boyfriends, Clara meant. It was different in the Catholic school. However, I KNEW That in recent weeks, is the degree of them all is settled in, more and more of his classmates were disappearing at recess, returning only a few seconds before the bell, her red and swollen lips. He could not figure out exactly where they went. She thought the park was a fence.

"Does not boyfriend, Then?" Jessie asked her sticky voice.

Aubrey smiled. He sat up on the couch and crossed his legs. "I'd say I'm between the couple at the time. I broke with my ex there about a month. But that does not mean I'm not dating anyone."
Aubrey leaned forward. Clara could see that even in pajamas, Aubrey wearing a bra. It could trace the outline of the curve with the ring under the breasts. I had never seen this ex boyfriend completely, but he remembered the battered green car pick up Aubrey and maintain later. Aubrey was going to fight with parents at night. Clara cries stay awake.

"Wow, must be virgin," said Aubrey.

"Yes," said Clara.

Aubrey hit his thighs. "No way! This was definitely not a virgin when I was twelve."

"Well, we are," said Jessie. "We do not want to throw."

Aubrey slipped from the sofa to the floor. She slid into the blanket nest. Clara could feel spray still glued to your scalp.

Aubrey smiled and took the white plastic pen that the girls had used to his game. "It will work."

"What?" Clara found scratching the carpet with your legs. The pen cap disappeared.

"This is for Penetration Testing Do not be so afraid. - Do not write anything is how we can check if they are really virgins or if we lie vixens". Aubrey said the last three words in a singsong affection. His eyes were very bright.

"No Aubrey.'re lying," said Clara.

"Why not play? All you have to do is pull down his pants and sticks it crawls. If stops the pen, you are a virgin. If the pen is still increasing, which means it is a dumpster."

The two girls looked. "I do not understand," said Jessie.

"His cherry." Aubrey shook the pen back and forth. "If you have had sex, he will not be there. Maybe not taught at the school of Jesus."
Clara remembered a sketch in a brochure, the outline of a funnel marked with arrows and names. There were other plans, some with hips and thighs and flowing hair.

"You want me to put pen to us?" Clara said.

"As for us?" Echo Jessie.

"It is the only way to know for sure," said Aubrey. His right pen. "Look, it's fine. It's like a buffer, only thinner and more."

Clara and looked.

"Seriously, you've never used a tampon? Wow, okay. You just take my word for it then."

Clara blushed all the way behind the ears. He had a box of tampons in her nightstand. It was simply not necessary.

"Come," said Aubrey. She shook her pen.

"I do not know." Jessie bag on his lap twisted sleep.

"Well, this is our home," said Aubrey, patting Clara's knee. She started to push them in a wide circle. "Our house. We'll take the test. If you do not, then we know what that means."

Jessie became dark red. "Good."

Girls pillows, blankets and sleeping bags in the back have been changed. He counted to three and tore the pajama pants. Then they counted to ten and removed their underwear. Stars, hearts and animal print lay piled on the carpet. Aubrey wearing a thong. The girls sat in a triangle, and Clara felt something unexpected. Such as salt.

"Okay," Aubrey said. "I go first, so you can see what needs to be done." She leaned back, raised his legs, and opened in the air. All the girls had their hair now, but most Aubrey was flat and even prepared. With his legs in the air so Clara could see thick curls looks out from his ass.
"That way," Aubrey said. She raised her pen and floor, first base, into her vagina. Free slid, until only one inch or so remained. Aubrey took the pen and leaned back. He wiped the plastic with his shorts discarded. "Clara?"

Clara took the pen. It was hot. She mimicked the position of Aubrey, but reversed pen in his fingers and aims to point bronze.

"Hey, stop that," Aubrey said. "No ink in your cooch."

"Whoops. I have not noticed." Clara pen turned around and tried to ignore Aubrey's smile. She wonders if the base would be sufficient. I did not know exactly what I wanted. A barrier of some kind, some internal lords seal to be broken. He moved to immerse the pen, but slower once the plastic met with the sensitive tissues inside. It was dry and uncomfortable, but not unpleasant. She stroked the end of something and shuddered. The pen had traveled only two inches. Clara looked down between her legs, feeling hot and a little sick. It was set to try a new angle.

"Okay, you're a virgin, stop masturbating," Aubrey said. Clara extract pen, wiped his sleeve.

"I'm not sure I did it right."

"You can not hurt," Aubrey said. She was sitting cross-legged beneath her warm, her clenched thighs, which covers almost everything. "You're not happy? You've shown you're a good girl. Now Jessie's turn."

By pressing the tongue on the roof of the mouth, Clara held the pen. Jessie looked.


"It is serious," said Jessie.

"OK. All this will be there for about five seconds. "
"Maybe I want a different pen."

Aubrey moaned. "What is the problem with you?"

"Jessie," said Clara. She put the pen in the top of the fingers of his friend. "It does not hurt or anything."

"Very good!" Jessie turned her palm and took the pen. Plastic moved in and out. Just a few inches. "He".

"No, you really do it," said Aubrey. "You're not even trying."

"I am," said Jessie.

"I saw you, and you have not presented at all."

"So I did."

"Come on, Aubrey," said Clara. Vertigo has not disappeared. "She did. Can we do now?"

"Only if you do it again," said Aubrey.

"Great. Jessie, just do it again."

With a look, Jessie leaned back and lifted his legs. He looked inside. Aubrey pushed his wrist. The pen slipped deeper.

"I knew it!" Exclaimed Aubrey. "We have an honest prostitute, a virgin, and a small dog lie."

Clara could not move. She looked at Jessie pen pull the covers and jump to their feet. Upright, with the lower half it seemed a lot for what was on the ground. Jessie bolted to the bathroom. Clara remembered that was not finished, and the lamp was not working yet. He could hear moaning through the door.

"What should I do?"
Aubrey had one leg in his underwear. "Do not ask me, she's your friend." He straightened his belt. "I do not know. Give it a second to relax."

"I feel this is really bad," Clara said, looking around the track. But there was only bedding and underwear.

"It's not my fault that she's a liar," Aubrey said. "Or your fault. I failed the test too, right? Just ask if it's OK. Maybe she will be okay if I leave you alone."

Clara knocked on the door of the bathroom. "Hey, Jessie? Eh? The lights do not work there, do not believe?"

"I want to go home now," Jessie said.

"It's not a big problem, you know. You could have told me."

"I want to go home now."

Clara left the bathroom. Aubrey held out his palms, then bent over and threw her pajamas Clara.

"I'll call your mother. Put your pants."

Clara dressed. Jessie sleeping bag cleared and rolled on the ground. Jessie had lost a piece of his sleeping bag long ago, and she always thick ribbon gift wrapping is used to keep the roll together. Clara tied two large arches. He organized and Jessie pajama bottoms and underwear pillows. She had never touched the underwear of a friend before. While sifting through the hierarchy of coverage, the red wine was canceled, she had to clean that up too. Pelusa joined to the ends of licorice. Jessie could hear Aubrey smell and walk on it. She said the basement was up.
Aubrey had called Jessie's mother and explained that he had an upset stomach, cramps perhaps, nothing too serious, but poor raring to go home. She and Clara were well so far, they had no luck. Hopefully nothing contagious. Maybe it was too sweet.

Jessie not climb stairs until her mother arrived. glassy eyes, his sleeping bag and a pillow pressed against her chest. "I tell the truth," he murmured. The tears had thickened mucus on the lips. Clara saw his nose was running too. Her mother patted her shoulders, murmuring guarantees, and pulled. Aubrey Clara and waved from the door.

The sisters refused. Her parents would not be home until two hours. After lights out, Aubrey sitting on the couch, and Clara was sitting next to her. It is through the channels until they find an old sitcom. They watched for a few minutes and watched the commercials.

"We do not say to parents, right?" Green spread over the face of Aubrey. Then blue. "Do not lie. Do not say anything. This is our secret, like sisters, okay?"

"Good."

"Good. Do not need anyway, right? You're a good boy." Aubrey set the remote control with him. "Here, put your head on my lap."

Clara dropped. The show came again. All the actors wore clothes that look brand new. Aubrey thighs were soft. dialogue is muffled, the laugh track. Clara turned on his back. Aubrey Shirt increased, exposing the lower curve of her belly button ring, rhinestones reflecting light flashes television. Clara pushed the hem of the shirt with the nose. He kissed jewelry with the edge of the lips and with each inhalation slow teacups full of salt imagined.
"Please stop," said the girl, drawn tight against the seat.

"I guess it's enough," she said. The inclination of the road, is diluted through many curves and corners, it was shallow, especially along its current scope. Another car later a corner turned, and dim the lights as he passed them.

"I did not brights," said the girl. "I am sorry."

"Do not apologize to me." The woman looked smooth profile of the girl. "Why do you apologize?"

"Okay, I take that back."

"At your age, you must learn to do and say what you mean."

She sniffed. "I heard that lies to the service station."

"I lied with conviction. And the intent. I did exactly what I wanted when I wanted."

"Thanks," said the girl.

They continued in silence. The car climbed a steep steep turn after turn. The girl had a tape recorder, but no tapes, and there was no sign so deep within the trees. The woman took the cell phone under the dress.

"You really should put a lock code on it," she said. The girl sighed in response, her firm hands on the wheel, with straight face towards the road.

The phone of the girl kept two hundred pictures - the faces of the other teenagers in the parks and corridors lockered, a golden retriever with a duck stuffed, sunsets and sunrises, tree branches downed by low. The woman the image of an older woman and the girl slowed, both smiling at the camera with the same dimples, the same squint, the same thinning hair.

"You look like your mother," she said.
"Great," said the girl. He leaned over the steering wheel and yawned.

The car curved in a clearing, a place where the road took the edge of the mountain and opened in a valley. Across the pond, there was another mountain, another road cut from the same dense forest. smoked zigzag over the tops of distant trees blue. It would be dawn soon. In front of the car, the road began its descent.

"Should I drop somewhere?" Said the girl.

The woman had been reduced to a few pictures of the wedding invitation, all degrees of blur or bad. She had looked curly purple font, print chrome bells on white cardboard.

The woman turned away from the window. The main catering company was in the kitchen, watching as a child was gasps of disbelief at his side. The woman smiled. A bite plate quiche was at his side, and holding the gaze of the catering company, he waved.

"What are you doing here?"

Charlotte was standing beside the woman, arms crossed over his chest.

"Well, hello," she said.

"Why the hell are you doing here?" Charlotte Bun shone with hairspray.

"I think I see what everyone is talking about," she said.

Charlotte's eyes moved around the room. She lowered her voice to a whisper.

"I'll call the police."

The woman clucked. "And make a scene on the big day of your sister?"

"Half Sister."

The woman sighed. "Half sister. Anyway, I'm just standing here quietly disturbing anyone. I brought here, after all. It would be uncomfortable to explain to your mother."
Charlotte looked up. He wore black eyeliner on the upper and lower eyelids. Ivory conical foundation acne on the chin. When she sighed, she could see the scale of the bones in his chest.

"Okay," Charlotte said, looking down, focused on the wine glass woman. "You do what you want. I just let out. Not talk to me. Do not talk to my mother. Do not talk at all."

"He approached me, I think."

"Really?"

The woman smiled. "Relax a little, dear."

A quick series of adjustments cut the air. The father of the bride is in the middle of the wall, his glass of wine and a butter knife high. The conversations of the guests went out.

"Family and friends, please, let's welcome Mr. and Mrs. Thompson!" He said, waving the knife towards the front of the house. The woman maneuvered around the buffet table to see the bride entered the room, her skirt and her husband in tow. The guests clapped and whistled. Michaela and Jordan have raised their hands together in the air.

"Before we all get too distracted by the lovely couple, I think it's time to eat," said the father of the bride. He smiled with two rows of teeth. "We have not assigned seats, so please load a plate and make new friends. Make a new family."

The woman turned, but Charlotte had disappeared. The other guests were around the buffet table with white china plate, silver trays of food while feeling black pepper and steam-moist chicken breast, broccoli wet, wet rice. The woman returned to the window, away from the crowd, and leaned against the glass.

There was Charlotte, standing with his mother at the entrance of the room, shaking his head. The woman saw Huff on one side and along the corridor, perhaps in his room. His mother
passed behind her, but stopped midway to fidget with rosebud pink purple pinned to its asymmetrical bodice. Once released, he was put aside. He tried again, pressing only the stem, green ribbon connecting leaves and baby's breath instead. The petals wither for an hour or two, but the basic rosebud was heavy, and women have seen time and time again droop.
Some time after the girl left her room, she had awakened the walls orange persimmons and a new smell - something spicy, sweet and fermented, like a freshly baked cake decaying apples. In bed, she had rubbed her feet, taking shallow breaths until the smell does not stick in the throat. She searched for stockings, garters, dark blue slip. During her neck, she had slipped a long attached to a leather string. He walked around the room with a cigarette, dragging ashes and smoke.

You chimes. A man entered the room, the use of a large square layer.

"Smells of cancer here," he said.

The woman took a breath and pulled the cigarette in a saucer on the bedside table.

"It's good. I liked it," the man said.

"A waste, then." I stood behind him and took off his jacket. Lana smelled like wet dog. Underneath, she wore a black suit and a striped dress shirt, no tie.

"Stay still". She unbuckled his belt and fired, loop the loop. When she dropped pings the ground loop.

The woman knelt at his feet. She lifted her pant leg wide open and black shoes, black socks. It was clean, hairy fingers.

"Maybe a drink -"

"Do not talk," she said, standing. His finger on his lips, the man slowly turned. He watched, but did not turn his head. His suit was clean and unwrinkled. He rubbed his thumb on his lapel. Polyester. He undressed quickly, but touch his clothes, buttons and hems only. He was taller than her, so he pulled his shirt over his head, he was forced to front the uncomfortable side, arms hanging from his shoulders. She dropped his pants around his ankles.
The man stood in his blue underpants, shivering. She told him to take a step forward, crumpled pants off, and when he did, he threw his clothes in a heap. White man elastic waist clip fat on the pale belly covering his back. Her pink nipples puffy blond hair and good body. She told her underwear withdrew. He bent knees high, jumping from side to side while pulling the cotton on his ankles. The woman held out her hands. He handed written in a balloon. She opened against her belly like an apron.

"They reflect my underwear. I think I'll keep them." She crossed her writings in half and put them on the dresser, with a bottle of bourbon and a small sealed container of ice. "You want a drink?"

"Yes," the man said. His testicles were dark against her thighs, a muddy purple amazing. He had a conical penis, its axis of narrowing of the base to the tip, where the foreskin decreases over the head like an onion.

"I said, do not talk." Woman pours bourbon on an ice cube and put the glass. He drank slowly.

The woman squatting, with his eyes to the crotch of the man, who smelled of raw cashew nuts. He had cut his aging, pubic hair blond on the slopes. His left testicle hanging beyond the right. As he studied the man moved his hips, as if to hide this asymmetry. The neck of the woman snapped back and forth. She tickled the base of his penis with your fingers. He moved, but quickly settled. The woman in charge spit on his tongue and licked his thumb, index and membrane between. He made a ring around the tail of man and stroked up and down. His foreskin back a little, not enough to expose the head. The woman was released. He exhaled.

"Well," she said. I stood up and leaned forward. Sliding touched the skin.
The man clenched his fists. Mucus gathered in the corner of her mouth, shiny against red cheeks.

"Well," he repeated. Clicking his tongue, he turned to the dresser. The man died.

Next to the jar, three boxes of nuts on a shelf. In the first, she found a needle and a small glass vial. In the second, silver scissors and a spool of black silk. He did not open the third. Instead, she hung up his scissors in her fingers measured the cable twice over his shoulder to the wrist, and chiseled. is replaced scissors and needle box broke. It was two inches long, no thicker than a pushpin. She handed him the inspection, which rotates between the thumb and forefinger so that light shone rusty. Man's breath broke. He took his bourbon.

"Steel," she said, placing the tip of the needle between his two front teeth. She pull the thread so that he fell to the eye even two strands, he tied together, leaving two inches peppers pieces hanging from a node size.

He turned to the second box. When the glass vial, a clear bubbling liquid inside shook. Needle woman withdrew her mouth and pushed through the vial stopper.

"What is it?"

"It will relieve pain. Temporarily." The woman withdrew the needle and the bottle was in the pouch around his neck. "We have to get out of here, after all."

The discussion drifted behind her as she knelt in front of the man's legs. She pressed her hand against his right thigh. Almost backswing.

The woman clicked again tongue over her teeth. "Easy now. You do not want to break." She pressed harder, and Rose fat pads around his fingers. He fixed the soft part of his thumb. The man gasped. Swift and stable, the woman slid the needle into her leg, pulling her skin to create
an air pocket under the fabric, a thin gap that allowed him to work without piercing muscle, fat, or nerves. His skin are together, if so spaced stitches.

Woman pushes the needle an inch to the left and forced the point across the surface. Men's skin is wrinkled when the needle goes though. With one hand holding the thigh, the woman held up the point and pull the thread up by pulling the small knot against your skin. Humming, stitched a palm X on the thigh. Blood flowed from his leg.

With his free hand, he pulled the man foreskin down, pinch a small tube of tissue away from the head of his penis. It plunges the needle into the vial. He could hear the man wheezing. She drilled him the foreskin, through the needle from right to left, just below the urethra. The man shouted - a long, deep note. The base of the needle drawn, but moved through. taut wire held his foreskin on his penis.

Stabilize, women have pierced the left thigh, which he had done to his right. The wire hanging from the thigh to thigh cock, like cables of a bridge extension. The man was shaking, bending the knees. The woman sews a second X as wide and high as the first wire to spare.

She leaned back. Sang faded on his lap. She dropped the needle dangling beside her, and drifted to the dresser for his scissors and the third walnut box. Interior tears were sitting two solid steel, the size of cherry stones with holes in their beaks. She brought in her palm.

The man's eyes were closed, his face white.

"Thanks," he said. "You're doing very well." Measuring two inches or less in his leg, he cut the excess wire. Blood splattered the needle on the floor.

Tears were heated at hand. She put on her lap and a knot in the bottom left of X. Then attached, a tear on the loose wire slipped as a pendant. She tied up and leave the steel swing against her thigh. It bounced off his skin. Dragged by weight, X contracted, and the man's penis
is curved to the left. Blood flowed from his foreskin. He moved to the right leg and the second teardrop tied up. His penis straightened. Nothing started.

The woman rose to its full height. The man was pale, his little eyes. He took off his glass to his mouth and took what remained of the ice cube between his lips.

The woman put her dress with blood on his hands. He stayed close while buttoning his shirt, watching him with a coy smile. She put his balls and massaged until thick tail. The man whistled and grimaced.

"Uh, oh, be careful. A disc could rip the cable directly through their bad foreskin." She released him, smiling. "Seems like it might hurt. Do not you think?"

The man nodded. She smiled and took his pants, bending to take the belt open on the floor.

"Cover your cock," she said, crossing his legs pants feet and thighs.

The man has his fingers against his tree.

"Push down" he said. He groaned as his hidden between her legs tree, forcing the stitches his foreskin and thigh. The man winced as the belt up set. She zipper fly climbed and twisted his free hand.

The woman replaced her socks and shoes. When he finished, the man continued. His eyes were closed and he had sucked his lower lip in the mouth. His front teeth scraped chin.

She took the glass is always half full, the hand of man, which was suspended in the air, a vacuum shoe with cut fingers.

"Why, hardly she drank at all. No wonder you're so tense." She drank bourbon and glass clunked on the dresser. The man bobbed. He had thrown his lower lip, and fell swig of his jaw.
Blood oozed around the white buttons dress shirt. When she brought him his coat, he held his arms behind his back and took him up on his shoulders. Half of his neck down to his neck, but not solve it.

"Take a cigarette for the road, if you like," he said.

The man shook his head. He took a small step toward the heavy door. And another. I could barely bend his knees. If the blood had soaked shoes, she could not see.

It floated on the edge of the room, where heavy velvet curtains spilled on the floor. When he heard the door shut, pushed a band of heavy cloth aside. Below white plaster. He almost left the stuff curtains. They make it so easy to imagine a window.
The woman was standing in the yard well maintained under a window on the side of the house, a few steps from dining tables. It had a glass of wine and a cigarette, and she watched guests find open seats, balancing their cups and plates. Two women walking arm in arm, almost stumbling when her high heels pricked the grass. Free yank and she saw tiptoe their way to their seats, smiling and blushing, clearing the way their faces were tense surprise. The woman had already taken off his shoes. The grass between their toes itched.

"I do not like scolding again," said the handler, walking toward her, "I do not think that the family wants to smoke here."

"Ah. I took a walk this one of your guys." The woman leaned her head on the flyout and the young man behind her.

"Really? You should not even be in uniform."

"Do not punish the poor boy. I asked. I could not say no," she said. He took a long breath and cigarette rubbed against the house, leaving a trail of ashes.

"I do not see that," the caterer said the woman cigarette butt wrapped in a paper napkin and threw it in her purse. "Saving for later?"

"I do not like certain types of disorder."

"OK agreed."

"I am very serious."

"And I begin to firmly believe that you are not the wedding stylist."

The woman shook her feet against the grass. "Are you angry that tease you?"
"Anger is not the right word. " The view from the restaurant business to the sky. "My girlfriend has been abroad for six months."

"I can see."

"And we are very committed."

The woman sighed. "I do not doubt. " She looked at the father of the bride entered the courtyard, tight folded paper in his hand. Charlotte has not left the house.

"No extracurriculars, agreed," said the caterer.

"I understand," she said. The father of the bride hit a man in the shoulder, a bridesmaid. "I do not see how I can help you. This respect for the impending union."

The catering company exhaled, shaking his head. "I do not know what I'm saying."

The window behind the head releases a small cough. Others. The woman looked up. The blinds were closed, but the glass was half open.

"Okay," she said.
Yesterday I went for a drink for myself. The waiter was a very cute black girl with short hair and long, beautiful neck. He wore a denim shirt - sleeves rolled up past his elbows - nestled in a short skirt high waist black. She clicks on a stick between the molars and flirted with all its customers. A smart move. I'm sure half of his clients had fallen in love with her.

I asked him something bitter and pulled me stick mouth. A little bit. Wood was herbal, slightly warm lips. She laughed and gave me a lemon. She sank sugar rim and said he wanted me cavities. When I handed the toothpick, he puts directly into his mouth.

Some other people gathered outside the bar. Two girls were taking shots, smiling and laughing after ingestion. The bartender raised a shaker over his head, his serious face. Sitting at the bar, I could see the muscles flex in his arms. She made a graceful loop with her dolls and drink is poured into two glasses, filling each uniform without spilling a drop. The sun was out, and the bar was getting darker and darker. The bartender took a long lightweight plastic and headed for the tables. Each had a candle in a glass jar. Everything went on.

I stood behind the counter and lowered between a plastic bath towel and ice money, which swelled with heat rather than cold. Bending his knees, he could not pass under the counter. I planted my feet against the wall. It was dark and smelled of chemicals.

The legs of the waiter walked behind the bar. Her skirt halfway grabbed her thighs. strong legs, curves with muscle. I stood in front of me, feet apart, arching one heel on the floor as she rocked in the knee to the rhythm of a rock song old. I heard a voice made an order and heard the jet soda into a glass, tubes precipitating on the back.

Registration opens and closes. I ran my hand by a sharp knee, naked. The waiter ouvert His mouth and Looked down. He bent down to me.
"I'll make you come while working," I said.

"Oh?" She smiled. "My backup gets here in twenty minutes."

"A lot of time. We can make it a bet."

"All right. I do not come, I get to have That crazy collar." She pointed to her throat. I had a number of diamonds. "Purpose only if They Are Real."

I nodded. "And if you do, you find me His after-shift. Spend an hour or so with me. Aim really, the bet wins either way."

She winked and rose, smoothing her skirt contre her hips. Kneeling, qui Could lead to my right side de son shell. The waiter was small chest, and I Could Clearly see the level of your body to the bottom of the oval chin. I raised my hand in her lap and washed entre her smooth legs. His chin Remained motionless. She is wearing a black thong. I put my fingers under the satin and played with short hair rectangle in pussy. I put my fingers around the chain belt and pulled out de son ass.

A male voice muttered a greeting, and the waiter Moved away from the fingers before I Could get the belt beyond Their hips. I snuggled contre my wall and I Heard the hum of the ice machines in my ear. I saw the leg tendons waiter bending, twisting back and forth on the floor. Her ankles Were sharp and square. As her thighs Moved back in scope, I wrapped my thumbs around the thong and a tug. The waiter pointed toes so he Could lift His Feet off the bonds of black satin. I put the belt on the front of my dress.

I cupped my hand between her legs and rubbed his thin lips, my fingers slowly roll the crease of her slit thigh and back. I stroked two fingers into her vagina. Her clitoris was long and thick as the tip of my little finger. I turned my fingers around her, stroking the tissue surrounding
nerves and without touching the clitoris itself. The waiter pussy was hot, but unwet, and when I looked up, I saw he was holding his jaw set as she nodded at some invisible leader. He stepped back, forcing me to drop my hand, and stretched to get a bottle of champagne from the small refrigerator behind her. I heard the waiter application of ten dollars in an apartment, even tone. She heard her echo, "Leave it open," until the last word.

I cupped the back of her thighs and pulled forward, forcing her navel against the edge of the bar. I slid my fingers under her short skirt black, on top, round ass. She was muscular and soft even when she stiffened when I brought my face in the cave of the skirt. The fabric was thick, but forgives, and I could tilt the head back to my mouth met with the sight above me. I brush my lips over his dense pubic hair, which describes the strict rectangle with the tip of his tongue. Chest and shoulders pressed against his legs. Beside me, the ice hit the ice, but rayon and thigh muffled the sound. He could hear nothing, I could not see anything at all. Heat over my face. Sweat collected on his upper lip, and I wiped waiter against the hair and then sucked pulling back my own salt between the front teeth. I gnawed into tight curls. Crackle echoed in the cave of the skirt.

I hung on her soft kisses, leading all the way to this optimum point between pussy and ass. forgotten long hair tickled her lower lip. I stroked my fingers and down her thighs as she kissed him, floating on the knees and back under the moon-shaped curve of his ass. I followed my tongue out of the corner of her shell, slow and slower, opening tasting something sour. My face and neck burned. Separate fingers that dug into his buttocks and buried my mouth before. He leaned against my mouth and nose and leaned forward, pressing. I turned my tongue around her clitoris, feeling grow longer and longer.
I pressed the perineum with the thumb as I licked. His legacy were shaking. They turned away. I had barely time to take your hands off your ass.

The bartender moved to the back wall and grabbed an empty pint, either ignoring or not noticing the edge of her skirt flipped. He got a handle shaped canoe and left beer pint against the ear, the goal corner was not bad, and cream-colored foam swelled into the glass before she caught his mistake and raised his wrist. Foam rose over the lip of the painting and to the floor. She shook her withered hand as she returned to her post, spraying foam on the lower door refrigerator. I heard the thud of the pint in the bar above my head. I looked at the stoic face of the waiter and saw that even his toothpick still frozen in the corner de son mouth. I smiled. He stepped forward and bent his knees, just a little. I brought my mouth to her swollen clit.

Her clitoris had become so full I could barely flicking the tip of the tongue is ict area without neglecting the anxious tissue. I rolled her shell. I pursed lips around her clit and sucked. Bartender legs shook, and I felt the vibration in my sternum. I grabbed her ass waiter, supporting her trembling thighs with my forearms. Moisture dripped onto my chin. Throat oozed up. With a steady hand extended through his lower back, I wiped my jaw with my index finger and free media and put 'em in the ass waiter. Her pussy lurch forward. I shushed her mouth, and a hot liquid with sharp odor fell on the face wash on the temples and jaw to the bottom of my chest. I pulled her skirt himself me, slid my fingers out of her ass. As I leaned back under the bar, I could hear something in a glass spray over my head. Was she smart. Quickly dries my face, goal stopped a movie on my cheeks, thicker than sweat, more difficulty. I broke into a sleeve of napkins and wiped the neck of my dress. I wiped my fingertips and dropped the napkin on the floor, along with puddles of beer and semen. I do not smell more chemicals.
The woman looked at the influence caterer at his side. His feet moved, her posture was expanded.

"Shit," he said. "And that?"

"Are you asking if she honored our bet?"

The caterer nodded. Across the courtyard, the father of the bride is positioned himself under a tree covered with purple ribbons. He gave them a slap in the face with a microphone.

"Of course I did," she said. She squeezed the arm of the catering company. "The tostadas are about to begin."

He sat in a half-empty table at the back of the yard. The father of the bride tapped the microphone and took a static rollover speaker. The woman leaned back in his chair. Charlotte saw dart through the back door and sit next to her mother, her face turned toward the tree and microphone. The woman took a sip of wine.

"I'm so glad you're here today, watching Jordan and Michaela join their lives," the father of the bride booming, his face puffed up by his smile. "They have been inseparable for the last two years, since the last year of college. It's hard not to be a little jealous! Not all of us find our soulmate so young. And I think we all agree that these two undoubtedly are twin souls to the core.

"Of course, like his dad, I spent some time in test Jordan! I've seen my beautiful, talented girl has her share of boyfriends. So when she brought home for Thanksgiving Jordan, that I I was skeptical. you can not trust a patriots fan! But not long for Jordan to show what a man is standing.
"I mean a little story about my baby. Now now, look at her blush. So in Michaela time she was a child, I had all those dolls that girls have. I admit, spoiled her rotten. Of all anyway, one night, the house was quiet, except for these two voices whispering down the hall. Michaela was talking to someone in your room! But when it peaked in I saw Michaela holding her Ken and Barbie, dressed all up in a tiny suit and a tiny white dress. she said 'I love you', this deep voice Ken. on the other hand, with a sweet voice Barbie. and when he made his wrists kiss, she smiled and smiled. As his father, I am so happy to see everything come true love."

A tall woman standing, held the microphone on the chin.

"How blessed I am to see you all Gathered here on this beautiful day, for this beautiful occasion. I want to thank God for Bringing Michaela Jordan and for Giving the good sense to Realize what a gift. Father Jordan and I have been married for twenty five years, always worried about Jordan find his game, aim the time Michaela, beautiful, sweet, respectful Michaela Were puts only impressed. I Knew She Would care for my son, with love and loyalty. by joining together as a new family, I know I'm not alone in prayer so That They create a happy and healthy family de son own. for Michaela, Jordan, and this blessed day."

A groomsman, best man, reading your cell phone.

"I Knew I'd see the day When Jordan Was Established and respectable est devenu. Since high school, Jordan has-been like a brother to me. And man, I Have some stories to share. Most of 'em are not suitable for this moment, purpose I do not say it, okay?

"HOWEVER, Jordan will do anything for People Who love I will never forget this trip we made together, of Mexico, with all the kids for spring break We Were maybe doing a little drinking - .. We know how we goes - and I Decided it was a great idea to swim this trampoline
complex was floating in the ocean race of Jordan, who is the hero, was it in the first place I second cam goal .. When I Went up on the trampoline, I saw the boys --other swam to shore. the beach Seemed so far away, that's for sure. and all the trampoline shook as if to go to sea, and Both jumped into the water. Purpose I Was freaking out so hard, I couldn't swim. I just Could not. Jordan dragged me all the way to the coast. When he Pushed me up in the sand, I Could-have kissed. I mean, Obviously not I did, order that's just the kind of person Jordan He is the bravest and best of us -. the best athlete, the best conversationalist, best friend He is truly my brother, and I'm not ashamed to say That I love God bless "...

The maid of honor, clutching her wine.

"I'll never forget the first night Michaela That puts Jordan. We were at Some gold Reviews another party, When All of a sudden Michaela walks up to me and says That She just Talked to the man She Was going to marry. Of course, she'd HAD A Few drinks, so I did not quite believe her Then. Knew she goal! She Could Tell That They Were Meant to Be.

"I promis Michaela I would not tell this story, aim it is really The One That comes to mind when i think of her relationship with Jordan. Do not Make That Face, I'm sorry, it's true purpose. Okay. One night, like two in the morning, Michaela cam to my apartment in tears. She and Jordan HAD Some fight, and She Was furious, and it might be over. Purpose-even so angry, she couldn't stop Saying how much she loved and needed _him_ _him_. Soon It was four in the morning, and someone started pounding on my door. Rushed in Jordan, Michaela scooped up, and Walked right back out of my apartment. He the carried her down three flights of stairs. I Was screaming, screaming She Was, There Was no stopping goal _him_. He set her on the hood de son because, pointed at the sky, and Whispered something to her. Judging by the amount of
kissing That Followed, They totally forgot about me. Later, I Michaela Asked what he said. She Told Me That he promis her every morning sunrise from That one. Two weeks later, They Were engaged. So, though my neighbors-even-have hated me ever since That Night, here's to keeping promises and starting a brand new day together."

The guests raised Their glasses. Everyone Smiled. Everyone drank.

The bride's father returned to the microphone. Would take up dancing inside, he annoncé, partner after the new couples cut the cake. The Day Was growing too hot. The woman watched the bride and groom peck through the tables, nodding and hugging and Their Saying thanks. They Held With Their hands cupped palms, as though They Wore mittens. The woman HAD Not Heard Either of Their voices yet.

At her table, a pasty, thick-necked torque to one Whispered Reviews another. The woman Followed Their Eyes to the bride's father, Who Stood over the bride's mother, grinning. The bride's mother spoke with her hands. She clapped, and the bride's father Threw His head back in a laugh.

"So what happened next?"

Charlotte sat down beside the woman, in her brittle wooden folding chair. She picked chunks of walnut from a small, brown roll.

The woman turned her neck. "Sorry?"

"I Could hear everything. I Was finishing the party favors in my room."

"I thought you Did not want anything to do with me."

"Well, I'm bored." Charlotte shrugged. "Talking to everyone else is not much better."

"So you liked That story. What do you think, four stars? Or three?"
"You did not finish it." Charlotte held a walnut to her forehead and teeth nibbled. Sometime before the wedding, her fingernails painted pink had been, with white tips, like swallowing gum. Their teeth. "Did you get the bartender fired?"

"I did not," the woman said. "I won the bet."

"And then what? Where did you bring her?" Charlotte tore into her roll. Inside, the bread looked nearly purple.

"To the park." She watched the thick-necked torque rise from the table and walk toward the house, still whispering. "What are party favors?"

"I do not know. I was just tying ribbons around the bags."

Charlotte scooted closer to the table. She opened her hand over the tablecloth, and a collection of walnuts dropped from her palm.

"Can I have one of those?" The woman said.

Charlotte kept her eyes on the clots of bread she was scraping to the lawn. "What are you doing here-even? What do you want? To creep around telling dirty stories?"

"I just love weddings. All the love in the air."

"All of those were toast bullshit," Charlotte said.

"Oh?"

"Like you couldn't tell. You're the master of bullshit. I think your story bar was all a lie."

The woman raped-yard. The wedding party had huddled into two clusters, one in women, men dans l'autre. The bride's father stood with the groomsmen, rocking with laughter, holding Charlotte's mother by his side.
The woman leaned her elbow on the back of the chair. "I confess, I went on a detail. What about this goal. You tell me more about your family, and I will tell."

"The detail, and what happened in the park?"

"Clear."

Charlotte sets the shell of her lying on the table. She shook the crumbs from her lap.

"Right," he said. "OKAY".

"Let's sit in your room?"

"Everyone goes inside. Let's talk here," Charlotte said. "In silence. You tell me the detail needed first."

The woman nodded. His shoulder throbbed sun. "The waiter was about to start your period."

"That's it? How could you tell?"

"I tried."

"Ew. No wonder you left off. The boys do not want to hear about it."

"Do not you think?"

Charlotte pursed his lips and shook his head. "It's disgusting. Why is it so important?"

The woman smiled. "Your turn."

"Right. Right. My mother and Greg they got married there a year." She sniffed. "One year. Just after she divorced my father. Right after. As two months, maybe. They threw streamers in the bushes and asked a lot of people. My mother even wore a white dress."

"They had their wedding here?" Said the woman.

Open in Google Translate
"They Were in too much of a rush to find anywhere else. At first, They Said They met through work. Then They Said They met at a coffee shop They Both liked. I think whos They met online. But my dad Could not prove it, I've got so screwed.

"Greg is an asshole. When my mom and I Moved into this house, Michaela was away Already in the beds. Her campus was not that far, but she only came home every once in a while. But her mom, Susan, came by a lot. Even When Michaela was not home. Even When my mom was not home. Once, I saw her leave out the back door while I was coming home from school. Of course, my mom does not believe me. Susan says she is just being friendly and helping With the house. But there's no way she and Greg are just friends. "

The woman shifted in her chair. "What does all this Michaela Think About?"

"Michaela and I are not friends. I have no idea. I'm not convinced she Thinks about anything else but herself, Jordan, and esta wedding. And Then, all of the babies she's going to Have after the wedding. "Charlotte Looked at the woman. "I mean, I want to get married and Have kids too. Of course. "She leaned closer. "You know what's really messed up? Jordan and Michaela got engaged at my dad's wedding. They stopped the dancing and made a big announcement. They did not even Have a ring yet. And now here we are. Michaela even wanted the same wedding date, but Greg convinced her to move it Because of course it's His day now. And Jordan is an asshole, too, by the way. He's Already cheated on Michaela once, as far as she knows. I do not know. Maybe getting married will make him stop. "

"You want to get married someday. Have a family. "

"Of course I do."

"But you do not believe in Greg. Or Michaela. Or your mother."
Charlotte’s eyes flashed. “I believe in my mom.” She tapped her knees. “I don’t know. It seems easy to get wrong. I don’t want to talk about me.”

“All right.”
It was night when our bar there went to walk down the street to the park. A play structure is a sento sand in the center square in the square, surrounded of benches and trees. At the middle of the street lamp thrown launch in a light bulb held, there towers and bridges collapsed and swings in the shadows.

The server was based in the slide opening height, yellow corkscrew, bouncing off his legs the rim. He wore black skinny jeans and a shirt. His head disappeared into the tube, That wriggled over her and drainage. I resented in the sand in Addition to feet, calves, see the press against the slide has then to flat and round, have then to flat and round. I turned cords of the shoes.

"In Russia a few years ago, there lived a historian," I said, pulling the strings extra Arcos. "In spite of That lived alone ADH visitors, his house was very busy. I had his papers and books and stories, all stacked along extra rooms. I put bags fly there paletitzacio. And I had my wrists."

The waiter is approached and grabbed the top edge of slide, as if to make outside to throw up.

"At night, the historian went to the cemeteries. Explored more than I have of them seven. This seven I found interesting tomb hundred and fifty. In hundred fifty serious Against twenty girls, each being recognizable as such."

I Adjusts waiter shoes together in the sand. He wore white socks stained gray circles Fino heels.
"The historian had a girl once. I wanted to give everyone their attention. They varied in height, hair color, and the degree of decomposition. After putting one in the back seat of this, That fill his grave and Soften of the dirt. So you take me home That girl's body."

The boy dropped his arms on his chest and grimaced. I pulled his socks and used to clean the sand from the palms. I massaged her feet, which were swollen feet for hours behind the bar.

"The girl brought` historian hidden upstairs and cleaned. I used a mild soap, water is heated, and its own delicate hands. Although the bathroom, which would start to feel over time . therefore, I worked all night to begin their mummification."

"I do not want to hear that," said the boy.

"Just listen. I had learned from his books mummification. I arrived and left the body every body. I left empty body to dry. In some, I set up a music box to the inland from the coast.

"Once we had sewn again, they wrapped in bandages and clothes. Some girls seemed appropriate dolls in lace skirts. But most were grouped as if they were about to play in the snow. I will compress in layers swollen and raised hoods. wore mittens.

"I covered the face of every child differently. A porcelain mask hit on the nose and cheeks, pink circles under irregular holes for vacuum sputtered eyes. Some had smooth low shot their heads submitted by velvet straps. some wearing hats, wearing wigs.

"For years, no one has any idea of the collection of the historian. Then, his parents made him an unexpected visit. The police came. They hit him on the way to the station, and then again in the cell. Later, the historian Demand to know what was his obsession began. Eleven years, who attended the funeral of a young girl of her age. She had been sick, and the coffin was open."
When his parents brought him forward to pay their respects, they demanded kissing the cheek of the dead girl. He protested, goal pushed forward, and others were waiting. He kissed her. And that, he said, is why, forty years later, he made his wrists.

The waiter sat and arms on the edges of the slide was covered. "That's horrible," he said. "Why do you say that?"

I shrugged. "I do not think." I walked my fingers on his knees waiter. The light flickered above us, and looked up. Something stirred into the light and back again in a loop. "Sticks".

"Great. Coyotes are probably next."

I ran my hands over his jeans. "They Do not Care About Us."

"No, probably not." The bartender dropped against the slide. "So what we will do with our evening?"

I squeezed my way up her thighs. They were softer now that he was lying, letting them on hard bottom of the slide. Her hips the scoop of the slide completely fill up call, as if someone had bent the plastic around in an attempt to lift his body from the sand. He leaned forward, I dug my thumbs on the V crumpled on top of his legs. I Atteint under his shirt and put the palm of his hand above his navel. Heat radiation from its center. I brought my other hand to button his jeans.

The waiter shook his hips, shimmying itself superior in the tube. She has been able to set up your heels at the bottom of the slide and extending in a straight line along the lower curve slope without having to shoulder along the corkscrew slide. Slide mouth swallowed just above the knees, leaving her calves and bare feet outdoors.

I hooked my fingers into his waist after his to slide.

"Stop it. That feels terrible," he said.
When Clara was twelve, he invited his best friend, Jessie, for the night. New house his father had almost finished basement with leatherette sofas and carpet and a flat-screen TV. The girls ran down the stairs in their sleeping bags and made a nest of blankets on the floor. They ate red vines and Oreo cookies and played MASH. Jessie has a cabin, but a husband celebrity and a limousine that I could live. Clara was to become a famous dancer in France. The girls laughed helplessly when they saw that he would have fifteen children with the most handsome of the second of its kind boy.

They listened crunches on the basement stairs and stopped laughing. Stepsister Clara, Aubrey, had just turned sixteen, enough to babysit while the parents were to celebrate their first anniversary age. Aubrey bleached her hair. She had a big chest and the soft abdomen, and often imagined Clara spreads her fingers and hand sinks into the roll pushing on Aubrey's lap. Sometimes imagined that drilling in slow motion. Aubrey had pierced her navel secret, and often his hand slid beneath their shirts to play with jewelry. Clara could not see this. He figured the ring from sliding too far inside, scraping against everything the human jelly. Throat was dry.

Aubrey plopped on the couch. Pajama wearing shorts and a tight blue shirt with stars across the chest. He stretched out on the cushions, reaching fingers and feet in opposite directions as his shirt up to his chest. Clara could see the cubic zirconia shining in her navel. Aubrey turned sideways and jaw remains in his palm.

"I remember this game. Let me see," she said, snatching the role of Jessie lap. "Who is Zach?"

"Only a boy in our grade," Clara said. Aubrey HAS always gone public schools and never went to mass. No Sabian same families.
Aubrey let the paper float to the ground. "He's your boyfriend?"

"No," Clara said. He turned the game in half. Jessie could feel Mirandola.

"You can not have a boyfriend but not fifteen children," Aubrey said, twisting knew ring of navel. "Or I have to explain of where babies come from?"

"We know," Clara said. "What are you doing here?"

"The record of you. You really know how to have fun. It's almost too much."

Jessie Clara Miró What was smiling now, and little moving. Rubber bands on Jessie supports alternating orange and black, orange and black, only non spirit of Halloween premature. Always he had a stain white foam at the corners in the mouth. Clara looked at the carpet. His hands had turned the game not small, Bumpy square. What knew she was blushing.

"Does not boyfriend?" Aubrey said, waving his arm toward Jessie.

Jessie shook his head. Aubrey did not sound with the back of the throat.

"Jesus. I had boyfriends is very age," he said. It seemed evaluate one at a time, taking his hair and acne what cuts down paper bags as against the skull. Only three girls in her class had boyfriends, Clara meant. It was different in the Catholic school. However, I knew that in recent weeks, is the degree of them all is settled in, more and more of his classmates were disappearing at recess, returning only a few seconds before the bell, her red and swollen lips. He could not figure out exactly where they went. She thought the park was a fence.

"Does not boyfriend, Then?" Jessie asked her sticky voice.

Aubrey smiled. He sat up on the couch and crossed his legs. "I'd say I'm between the couple at the time. I broke with my ex there about a month. But that does not mean I'm not dating anyone."
Aubrey leaned forward. Clara could see that even in pajamas, Aubrey wearing a bra. It could trace the outline of the curve with the ring under the breasts. I had never seen this ex boyfriend completely, but he remembered the battered green car pick up Aubrey and maintain later. Aubrey was going to fight with parents at night. Clara cries stay awake.

"Wow, must be virgin," said Aubrey.

"Yes," said Clara.

Aubrey hit his thighs. "No way! This was definitely not a virgin when I was twelve."

"Well, we are," said Jessie. "We do not want to throw."

Aubrey slipped from the sofa to the floor. She slid into the blanket nest. Clara could feel spray still glued to your scalp.

Aubrey smiled and took the white plastic pen that the girls had used to his game. "It will work."

"What?" Clara found scratching the carpet with your legs. The pen cap disappeared.

"This is for Penetration Testing Do not be so afraid. - Do not write anything is how we can check if they are really virgins or if we lie vixens". Aubrey said the last three words in a singsong affection. His eyes were very bright.

"No Aubrey I re lying," said Clara.

"Why not play? All you have to do is pull down his pants and sticks it crawls. If stops the pen, you are a virgin. If the pen is still increasing, which means it is a dumpster."

The two girls looked. "I do not understand," said Jessie.

"His cherry." Aubrey shook the pen back and forth. "If you have had sex, he will not be there. Maybe not taught at the school of Jesus."
Clara remembered a sketch in a brochure, the outline of a funnel marked with arrows and names. There were other plans, some with hips and thighs and flowing hair.

"You want me to put pen to us?" Clara said.

"As for us?" Echo Jessie.

"It is the only way to know for sure," said Aubrey. His right pen. "Look, it's fine. It's like a buffer, only thinner and more."

Clara Jessie and looked.

"Seriously, you've never used a tampon? Wow, okay. You just take my word for it then."

Clara blushed all the way behind the ears. He had a box of tampons in her nightstand. It was simply not necessary.

"Come," said Aubrey. She shook her pen.

"I do not know." Jessie bag on his lap twisted sleep.

"Well, this is our home," said Aubrey, patting Clara's knee. She started to push them in a wide circle. "Our house. We'll take the test. If you do not, then we know what that means."

Jessie became dark red. "Good."

Girls pillows, blankets and sleeping bags in the back have been changed. He counted to three and tore the pajama pants. Then they counted to ten and removed their underwear. Stars, hearts and animal print lay piled on the carpet. Aubrey wearing a thong. The girls sat in a triangle, and Clara felt something unexpected. Such as salt.

"Okay," Aubrey said. "I go first, so you can see what needs to be done." She leaned back, raised his legs, and opened in the air. All the girls had their hair now, but most Aubrey was flat and even prepared. With his legs in the air so Clara could see thick curls looks out from his ass.
"That way," Aubrey said. She raised her pen and floor, first base, into her vagina. Free slid, until only one inch or so remained. Aubrey took the pen and leaned back. He wiped the plastic with his shorts discarded. "Clara?"

Clara took the pen. It was hot. She mimicked the position of Aubrey, but reversed pen in his fingers and aims to point bronze.

"Hey, stop that," Aubrey said. "No ink in your cooch."

"Whoops. I have not noticed." Clara pen turned around and tried to ignore Aubrey's smile. She wonders if the base would be sufficient. I did not know exactly what I wanted. A barrier of some kind, some internal lords seal to be broken. He moved to immerse the pen, but slower once the plastic met with the sensitive tissues inside. It was dry and uncomfortable, but not unpleasant. She stroked the end of something and shuddered. The pen had traveled only two inches. Clara looked down between her legs, feeling hot and a little sick. It was set to try a new angle.

"Okay, you're a virgin, stop masturbating," Aubrey said. Clara extract pen, wiped his sleeve.

"I'm not sure I did it right."

"You can not hurt," Aubrey said. She was sitting cross-legged beneath her warm, her clenched thighs, which covers almost everything. "You're not happy? You've shown you're a good girl. Now Jessie's turn."

By pressing the tongue on the roof of the mouth, Clara held the pen. Jessie looked.


"It is serious," said Jessie.

"OK. All this will be there for about five seconds. " 
"Maybe I want a different pen."

Aubrey moaned. "What is the problem with you?"

"Jessie," said Clara. She put the pen in the top of the fingers of his friend. "It does not hurt or anything."

"Very good!" Jessie turned her palm and took the pen. Plastic moved in and out. Just a few inches. "He".

"No, you really do it," said Aubrey. "You're not even trying."

"I am," said Jessie.

"I saw you, and you have not presented at all."

"So I did."

"Come on, Aubrey," said Clara. Vertigo has not disappeared. "She did. Can we do now?"

"Only if you do it again," said Aubrey.

"Great. Jessie, just do it again."

With a look, Jessie leaned back and lifted his legs. He looked inside. Aubrey pushed his wrist. The pen slipped deeper.

"I knew it!" Exclaimed Aubrey. "We have an honest prostitute, a virgin, and a small dog lie."

Clara could not move. She looked at Jessie pen pull the covers and jump to their feet. Upright, with the lower half it seemed a lot for what was on the ground. Jessie bolted to the bathroom. Clara remembered that was not finished, and the lamp was not working yet. He could hear moaning through the door.

"What should I do?"
Aubrey had one leg in his underwear. "Do not ask me, she's your friend." He straightened his belt. "I do not know. Give it a second to relax."

"I feel this is really bad," Clara said, looking around the track. But there was only bedding and underwear.

"It's not my fault that she's a liar," Aubrey said. "Or your fault. I failed the test too, right? Just ask if it's OK. Maybe she will be okay if I leave you alone."

Clara knocked on the door of the bathroom. "Hey, Jessie? Eh? The lights do not work there, do not believe?"

"I want to go home now," Jessie said.

"It's not a big problem, you know. You could have told me."

"I want to go home now."

Clara left the bathroom. Aubrey held out his palms, then bent over and threw her pajamas Clara.

"I'll call your mother. Put your pants."

Clara dressed. Jessie sleeping bag cleared and rolled on the ground. Jessie had lost a piece of his sleeping bag long ago, and she always thick ribbon gift wrapping is used to keep the roll together. Clara tied two large arches. He organized and Jessie pajama bottoms and underwear pillows. She had never touched the underwear of a friend before. While sifting through the hierarchy of coverage, the red wine was canceled, she had to clean that up too. Pelusa joined to the ends of licorice. Jessie could hear Aubrey smell and walk on it. She said the basement was up.
Aubrey had called Jessie's mother and explained that he had an upset stomach, cramps perhaps, nothing too serious, but poor raring to go home. She and Clara were well so far, they had no luck. Hopefully nothing contagious. Maybe it was too sweet.

Jessie not climb stairs until her mother arrived. glassy eyes, his sleeping bag and a pillow pressed against her chest. "I tell the truth," he murmured. The tears had thickened mucus on the lips. Clara saw his nose was running too. Her mother patted her shoulders, murmuring guarantees, and pulled. Aubrey Clara and waved from the door.

The sisters refused. Her parents would not be home until two hours. After lights out, Aubrey sitting on the couch, and Clara was sitting next to her. It is through the channels until they find an old sitcom. They watched for a few minutes and watched the commercials.

"We do not say to parents, right?" Green spread over the face of Aubrey. Then blue. "Do not lie. Do not say anything. This is our secret, like sisters, okay?"

"Good."

"Good. Do not need anyway, right? You're a good boy." Aubrey set the remote control with him. "Here, put your head on my lap."

Clara dropped. The show came again. All the actors wore clothes that look brand new. Aubrey thighs were soft. dialogue is muffled, the laugh track. Clara turned on his back. Aubrey Shirt increased, exposing the lower curve of her belly button ring, rhinestones reflecting light flashes television. Clara pushed the hem of the shirt with the nose. He kissed jewelry with the edge of the lips and with each inhalation slow teacups full of salt imagined.
"Please stop," said the girl, drawn tight against the seat.

"I guess it's enough," she said. The inclination of the road, is diluted through many curves and corners, it was shallow, especially along its current scope. Another car later a corner turned, and dim the lights as he passed them.

"I did not brights," said the girl. "I am sorry."

"Do not apologize to me." The woman looked smooth profile of the girl. "Why do you apologize?"

"Okay, I take that back."

"At your age, you must learn to do and say what you mean."

She sniffed. "I heard that lies to the service station."

"I lied with conviction. And the intent. I did exactly what I wanted when I wanted."

"Thanks," said the girl.

They continued in silence. The car climbed a steep steep turn after turn. The girl had a tape recorder, but no tapes, and there was no sign so deep within the trees. The woman took the cell phone under the dress.

"You really should put a lock code on it," she said. The girl sighed in response, her firm hands on the wheel, with straight face towards the road.

The phone of the girl kept two hundred pictures - the faces of the other teenagers in the parks and corridors lockered, a golden retriever with a duck stuffed, sunsets and sunrises, tree branches downed by low. The woman the image of an older woman and the girl slowed, both smiling at the camera with the same dimples, the same squint, the same thinning hair.

"You look like your mother," she said.
"Great," said the girl. He leaned over the steering wheel and yawned.

The car curved in a clearing, a place where the road took the edge of the mountain and opened in a valley. Across the pond, there was another mountain, another road cut from the same dense forest. smoked zigzag over the tops of distant trees blue. It would be dawn soon. In front of the car, the road began its descent.

"Should I drop somewhere?" Said the girl.

The woman had been reduced to a few pictures of the wedding invitation, all degrees of blur or bad. She had looked curly purple font, print chrome bells on white cardboard.

The woman turned away from the window. The main catering company was in the kitchen, watching as a child was gasps of disbelief at his side. The woman smiled. A bite plate quiche was at his side, and holding the gaze of the catering company, he waved.

"What are you doing here?"

Charlotte was standing beside the woman, arms crossed over his chest.

"Well, hello," she said.

"Why the hell are you doing here?" Charlotte Bun shone with hairspray.

"I think I see what everyone is talking about," she said.

Charlotte's eyes moved around the room. She lowered her voice to a whisper.

"I'll call the police."

The woman clucked. "And make a scene on the big day of your sister?"

"Half Sister."

The woman sighed. "Half sister. Anyway, I'm just standing here quietly disturbing anyone. I brought here, after all. It would be uncomfortable to explain to your mother."
Charlotte looked up. He wore black eyeliner on the upper and lower eyelids. Ivory conical foundation acne on the chin. When she sighed, she could see the scale of the bones in his chest.

"Okay," Charlotte said, looking down, focused on the wine glass woman. "You do what you want. I just let out. Not talk to me. Do not talk to my mother. Do not talk at all."

"He approached me, I think."

"Really?"

The woman smiled. "Relax a little, dear."

A quick series of adjustments cut the air. The father of the bride is in the middle of the wall, his glass of wine and a butter knife high. The conversations of the guests went out.

"Family and friends, please, let's welcome Mr. and Mrs. Thompson!" He said, waving the knife towards the front of the house. The woman maneuvered around the buffet table to see the bride entered the room, her skirt and her husband in tow. The guests clapped and whistled. Michaela and Jordan have raised their hands together in the air.

"Before we all get too distracted by the lovely couple, I think it's time to eat," said the father of the bride. He smiled with two rows of teeth. "We have not assigned seats, so please load a plate and make new friends. Make a new family."

The woman turned, but Charlotte had disappeared. The other guests were around the buffet table with white china plate, silver trays of food while feeling black pepper and steam - moist chicken breast, broccoli wet, wet rice. The woman returned to the window, away from the crowd, and leaned against the glass.

There was Charlotte, standing with his mother at the entrance of the room, shaking his head. The woman saw Huff on one side and along the corridor, perhaps in his room. His mother
passed behind her, but stopped midway to fidget with rosebud pink purple pinned to its asymmetrical bodice. Once released, he was put aside. He tried again, pressing only the stem, green ribbon connecting leaves and baby’s breath instead. The petals wither for an hour or two, but the basic rosebud was heavy, and women have seen time and time again droop.
Some time after the girl left her room, she had awakened the walls orange persimmons and a new smell - something spicy, sweet and fermented, like a freshly baked cake decaying apples. In bed, she had rubbed her feet, taking shallow breaths until the smell does not stick in the throat. She searched for stockings, garters, dark blue slip. During her neck, she had slipped a long attached to a leather string. He walked around the room with a cigarette, dragging ashes and smoke.

You chimes. A man entered the room, the use of a large square layer.

"Smells of cancer here," he said.

The woman took a breath and pulled the cigarette in a saucer on the bedside table.

"It's good. I liked it," the man said.

"A waste, then." I stood behind him and took off his jacket. Lana smelled like wet dog. Underneath, she wore a black suit and a striped dress shirt, no tie.

"Stay still". She unbuckled his belt and fired, loop the loop. When she dropped pings the ground loop.

The woman knelt at his feet. She lifted her pant leg wide open and black shoes, black socks. It was clean, hairy fingers.

"Maybe a drink -"

"Do not talk," she said, standing. His finger on his lips, the man slowly turned. He watched, but did not turn his head. His suit was clean and unwrinkled. He rubbed his thumb on his lapel. Polyester. He undressed quickly, but touch his clothes, buttons and hems only. He was taller than her, so he pulled his shirt over his head, he was forced to front the uncomfortable side, arms hanging from his shoulders. She dropped his pants around his ankles.
The man stood in his blue underpants, shivering. She told him to take a step forward, crumpled pants off, and when he did, he threw his clothes in a heap. White man elastic waist clip fat on the pale belly covering his back. Her pink nipples puffy blond hair and good body. She told her underwear withdrew. He bent knees high, jumping from side to side while pulling the cotton on his ankles. The woman held out her hands. He handed written in a balloon. She opened against her belly like an apron.

"They reflect my underwear. I think I'll keep them." She crossed her writings in half and put them on the dresser, with a bottle of bourbon and a small sealed container of ice. "You want a drink?"

"Yes," the man said. His testicles were dark against her thighs, a muddy purple amazing. He had a conical penis, its axis of narrowing of the base to the tip, where the foreskin decreases over the head like an onion.

"I said, do not talk." Woman pours bourbon on an ice cube and put the glass. He drank slowly.

The woman squatting, with his eyes to the crotch of the man, who smelled of raw cashew nuts. He had cut his aging, pubic hair blond on the slopes. His left testicle hanging beyond the right. As he studied the man moved his hips, as if to hide this asymmetry. The neck of the woman snapped back and forth. She tickled the base of his penis with your fingers. He moved, but quickly settled. The woman in charge spit on his tongue and licked his thumb, index and membrane between. He made a ring around the tail of man and stroked up and down. His foreskin back a little, not enough to expose the head. The woman was released. He exhaled.

"Well," she said. I stood up and leaned forward. Sliding touched the skin.
The man clenched his fists. Mucus gathered in the corner of her mouth, shiny against red cheeks.

"Well," he repeated. Clicking his tongue, he turned to the dresser. The man died. 

Next to the jar, three boxes of nuts on a shelf. In the first, she found a needle and a small glass vial. In the second, silver scissors and a spool of black silk. He did not open the third. Instead, she hung up his scissors in her fingers measured the cable twice over his shoulder to the wrist, and chiseled. is replaced scissors and needle box broke. It was two inches long, no thicker than a pushpin. She handed him the inspection, which rotates between the thumb and forefinger so that light shone rusty. Man's breath broke. He took his bourbon.

"Steel," she said, placing the tip of the needle between his two front teeth. She pull the thread so that he fell to the eye even two strands, he tied together, leaving two inches peppers pieces hanging from a node size.

He turned to the second box. When the glass vial, a clear bubbling liquid inside shook. Needle woman withdrew her mouth and pushed through the vial stopper.

"What is it?"

"It will relieve pain. Temporarily." The woman withdrew the needle and the bottle was in the pouch around his neck. "We have to get out of here, after all."

The discussion drifted behind her as she knelt in front of the man's legs. She pressed her hand against his right thigh. Almost backswing.

The woman clicked again tongue over her teeth. "Easy now. You do not want to break." She pressed harder, and Rose fat pads around his fingers. He fixed the soft part of his thumb. The man gasped. Swift and stable, the woman slid the needle into her leg, pulling her skin to create
an air pocket under the fabric, a thin gap that allowed him to work without piercing muscle, fat, or nerves. His skin are together, if so spaced stitches.

Woman pushes the needle an inch to the left and forced the point across the surface. Men's skin is wrinkled when the needle goes though. With one hand holding the thigh, the woman held up the point and pull the thread up by pulling the small knot against your skin. Humming, stitched a palm X on the thigh. Blood flowed from his leg.

With his free hand, he pulled the man foreskin down, pinch a small tube of tissue away from the head of his penis. It plunges the needle into the vial. He could hear the man wheezing. She drilled him the foreskin, through the needle from right to left, just below the urethra. The man shouted - a long, deep note. The base of the needle drawn, but moved through. taut wire held his foreskin on his penis.

Stabilize, women have pierced the left thigh, which he had done to his right. The wire hanging from the thigh to thigh cock, like cables of a bridge extension. The man was shaking, bending the knees. The woman sews a second X as wide and high as the first wire to spare. She leaned back. Sang faded on his lap. She dropped the needle dangling beside her, and drifted to the dresser for his scissors and the third walnut box. Interior tears were sitting two solid steel, the size of cherry stones with holes in their beaks. She brought in her palm.

The man's eyes were closed, his face white.

"Thanks," he said. "You're doing very well." Measuring two inches or less in his leg, he cut the excess wire. Blood splattered the needle on the floor.

Tears were heated at hand. She put on her lap and a knot in the bottom left of X. Then attached, a tear on the loose wire slipped as a pendant. She tied up and leave the steel swing against her thigh. It bounced off his skin. Dragged by weight, X contracted, and the man's penis
is curved to the left. Blood flowed from his foreskin. He moved to the right leg and the second teardrop tied up. His penis straightened. Nothing started.

The woman rose to its full height. The man was pale, his little eyes. He took off his glass to his mouth and took what remained of the ice cube between his lips.

The woman put her dress with blood on his hands. He stayed close while buttoning his shirt, watching him with a coy smile. She put his balls and massaged until thick tail. The man whistled and grimaced.

"Uh, oh, be careful. A disc could rip the cable directly through their bad foreskin." She released him, smiling. "Seems like it might hurt. Do not you think?"

The man nodded. She smiled and took his pants, bending to take the belt open on the floor.

"Cover your cock," she said, crossing his legs pants feet and thighs.

The man has his fingers against his tree.

"Push down" he said. He groaned as his hidden between her legs tree, forcing the stitches his foreskin and thigh. The man winced as the belt up set. She zipper fly climbed and twisted his free hand.

The woman replaced her socks and shoes. When he finished, the man continued. His eyes were closed and he had sucked his lower lip in the mouth. His front teeth scraped chin.

She took the glass is always half full, the hand of man, which was suspended in the air, a vacuum shoe with cut fingers.

"Why, hardly she drank at all. No wonder you're so tense." She drank bourbon and glass clunked on the dresser. The man bobbed. He had thrown his lower lip, and fell swig of his jaw.
Blood oozed around the white buttons dress shirt. When she brought him his coat, he held his arms behind his back and took him up on his shoulders. Half of his neck down to his neck, but not solve it.

"Take a cigarette for the road, if you like," he said.

The man shook his head. He took a small step toward the heavy door. And another. I could barely bend his knees. If the blood had soaked shoes, she could not see.

It floated on the edge of the room, where heavy velvet curtains spilled on the floor. When he heard the door shut, pushed a band of heavy cloth aside. Below white plaster. He almost left the stuff curtains. They make it so easy to imagine a window.
The woman was standing in the yard well maintained under a window on the side of the house, a few steps from dining tables. It had a glass of wine and a cigarette, and she watched guests find open seats, balancing their cups and plates. Two women walking arm in arm, almost stumbling when her high heels pricked the grass. Free yank and she saw tiptoe their way to their seats, smiling and blushing, clearing the way their faces were tense surprise. The woman had already taken off his shoes. The grass between their toes itched.

"I do not like scolding again," said the handler, walking toward her, "I do not think that the family wants to smoke here."

"Ah. I took a walk this one of your guys." The woman leaned her head on the flyout and the young man behind her.

"Really? You should not even be in uniform."

"Do not punish the poor boy. I asked. I could not say no," she said. He took a long breath and cigarette rubbed against the house, leaving a trail of ashes.

"I do not see that," the caterer said the woman cigarette butt wrapped in a paper napkin and threw it in her purse. "Saving for later?"

"I do not like certain types of disorder."

"OK agreed."

"I am very serious."

"And I begin to firmly believe that you are not the wedding stylist."

The woman shook her feet against the grass. "Are you angry that tease you?"
"Anger is not the right word. " The view from the restaurant business to the sky. " My girlfriend has been abroad for six months."

"I can see."

"And we are very committed."

The woman sighed. "I do not doubt. " She looked at the father of the bride entered the courtyard, tight folded paper in his hand. Charlotte has not left the house.

"No extracurriculars, agreed," said the caterer. 

"I understand," she said. The father of the bride hit a man in the shoulder, a bridesmaid. "I do not see how I can help you. This respect for the impending union."

The catering company exhaled, shaking his head. "I do not know what I'm saying."

The window behind the head releases a small cough. Others. The woman looked up. The blinds were closed, but the glass was half open.

"Okay," she said.
Yesterday I went for a drink for myself. The waiter was a very cute black girl with short hair and long, beautiful neck. He wore a denim shirt - sleeves rolled up past his elbows - nestled in a short skirt high waist black. She clicks on a stick between the molars and flirted with all its customers. A smart move. I'm sure half of his clients had fallen in love with her.

I asked him something bitter and pulled me stick mouth. A little bit. Wood was herbal, slightly warm lips. She laughed and gave me a lemon. She sank sugar rim and said he wanted me cavities. When I handed the toothpick, he puts directly into his mouth.

Some other people gathered outside the bar. Two girls were taking shots, smiling and laughing after ingestion. The bartender raised a shaker over his head, his serious face. Sitting at the bar, I could see the muscles flex in his arms. She made a graceful loop with her dolls and drink is poured into two glasses, filling each uniform without spilling a drop. The sun was out, and the bar was getting darker and darker. The bartender took a long lightweight plastic and headed for the tables. Each had a candle in a glass jar. Everything went on.

I stood behind the counter and lowered between a plastic bath towel and ice money, which swelled with heat rather than cold. Bending his knees, he could not pass under the counter. I planted my feet against the wall. It was dark and smelled of chemicals.

The legs of the waiter walked behind the bar. Her skirt halfway grabbed her thighs. strong legs, curves with muscle. I stood in front of me, feet apart, arching one heel on the floor as she rocked in the knee to the rhythm of a rock song old. I heard a voice made an order and heard the jet soda into a glass, tubes precipitating on the back.

Registration opens and closes. I ran my hand by a sharp knee, naked. The waiter ouvert His mouth and Looked down. He bent down to me.
"I'll make you come while working, "I said.

"Oh?" She smiled. "My backup gets here in twenty minutes."

"A lot of time. We can make it a bet."

"All right. I do not come, I get to-have That crazy collar." She pointed to her throat. I had a number of diamonds. "Purpose only if They Are Real."

I nodded. "And if you do, you find me His after-shift. Spend an hour or so with me. Aim really, the bet wins either way."

She winked and rose, smoothing her skirt contre her hips. Kneeling, qui Could lead to my right side de son shell. The waiter was small chest, and I Could Clearly see the level of your body to the bottom of the oval chin. I raised my hand in her lap and washed entre her smooth legs. His chin Remained motionless. She is wearing a black thong. I put my fingers under the satin and played with short hair rectangle in pussy. I put my fingers around the chain belt and pulled out de son ass.

A male voice muttered a greeting, and the waiter Moved away from the fingers before I Could get the belt beyond Their hips. I snuggled contre my wall and I Heard the hum of the ice machines in my ear. I saw the leg tendons waiter bending, twisting back and forth on the floor. Her ankles Were sharp and square. As her thighs Moved back in scope, I wrapped my thumbs around the thong and a tug. The waiter pointed toes so he Could lift His Feet off the bonds of black satin. I put the belt on the front of my dress.

I cupped my hand between her legs and rubbed his thin lips, my fingers slowly roll the crease of her slit thigh and back. I stroked two fingers into her vagina. Her clitoris was long and thick as the tip of my little finger. I turned my fingers around her, stroking the tissue surrounding
nerves and without touching the clitoris itself. The waiter pussy was hot, but unwet, and when I
looked up, I saw he was holding his jaw set as she nodded at some invisible leader. He stepped
back, forcing me to drop my hand, and stretched to get a bottle of champagne from the small
refrigerator behind her. I heard the waiter application of ten dollars in an apartment, even tone.
She heard her echo, "Leave it open," until the last word.

I cupped the back of her thighs and pulled forward, forcing her navel against the edge of
the bar. I slid my fingers under her short skirt black, on top, round ass. She was muscular and
soft even when she stiffened when I brought my face in the cave of the skirt. The fabric was
thick, but forgives, and I could tilt the head back to my mouth met with the sight above me. I
brush my lips over his dense pubic hair, which describes the strict rectangle with the tip of his
tongue. Chest and shoulders pressed against his legs. Beside me, the ice hit the ice, but rayon and
thigh muffled the sound. He could hear nothing, I could not see anything at all. Heat over my
face. Sweat collected on his upper lip, and I wiped waiter against the hair and then sucked
pulling back my own salt between the front teeth. I gnawed into tight curls. Crackle echoed in
the cave of the skirt.

I hung on her soft kisses, leading all the way to this optimum point between pussy and
ass. forgotten long hair tickled her lower lip. I stroked my fingers and down her thighs as she
kissed him, floating on the knees and back under the moon-shaped curve of his ass. I followed
my tongue out of the corner of her shell, slow and slower, opening tasting something sour. My
face and neck burned. Separate fingers that dug into his buttocks and buried my mouth before.
He leaned against my mouth and nose and leaned forward, pressing. I turned my tongue around
her clitoris, feeling grow longer and longer.
I pressed the perineum with the thumb as I licked. His legacy were shaking. They turned away. I had barely time to take your hands off your ass.

The bartender moved to the back wall and grabbed an empty pint, either ignoring or not noticing the edge of her skirt flipped. He got a handle shaped canoe and left beer pint against the ear, the goal corner was not bad, and cream-colored foam swelled into the glass before she caught his mistake and raised his wrist. Foam rose over the lip of the painting and to the floor. She shook her withered hand as she returned to her post, spraying foam on the lower door refrigerator. I heard the thud of the pint in the bar above my head. I looked at the stoic face of the waiter and saw that even his toothpick still frozen in the corner de son mouth. I smiled. He stepped forward and bent his knees, just a little. I brought my mouth to her swollen clit.

Her clitoris had become so full I could barely flicking the tip of the tongue is ict area without neglecting the anxious tissue. I rolled her shell. I pursed lips around her clit and sucked. Bartender legs shook, and I felt the vibration in my sternum. I grabbed her ass waiter, supporting her trembling thighs with my forearms. Moisture dripped onto my chin. Throat oozed up. With a steady hand extended through his lower back, I wiped my jaw with my index finger and free media and put ‘em in the ass waiter. Her pussy lurched forward. I shushed her mouth, and a hot liquid with sharp odor fell on the face wash on the temples and jaw to the bottom of my chest. I pulled her skirt himself me, slid my fingers out of her ass. As I leaned back under the bar, I could hear something in a glass spray over my head. Was she smart. Quickly dries my face, goal stopped a movie on my cheeks, thicker than sweat, more difficulty. I broke into a sleeve of napkins and wiped the neck of my dress. I wiped my fingertips and dropped the napkin on the floor, along with puddles of beer and semen. I do not smell more chemicals.
The woman looked at the influence caterer at his side. His feet moved, her posture was expanded.

"Shit," he said. "And that?"

"Are you asking if she honored our bet?"

The caterer nodded. Across the courtyard, the father of the bride is positioned himself under a tree covered with purple ribbons. He gave them a slap in the face with a microphone.

"Of course I did," she said. She squeezed the arm of the catering company. "The tostadas are about to begin."

He sat in a half-empty table at the back of the yard. The father of the bride tapped the microphone and took a static rollover speaker. The woman leaned back in his chair. Charlotte saw dart through the back door and sit next to her mother, her face turned toward the tree and microphone. The woman took a sip of wine.

"I'm so glad you're here today, watching Jordan and Michaela join their lives," the father of the bride booming, his face puffed up by his smile. "They have been inseparable for the last two years, since the last year of college. It's hard not to be a little jealous! Not all of us find our soulmate so young. And I think we all agree that these two undoubtedly, are twin souls to the core.

"Of course, like his dad, I spent some time in test Jordan! I've seen my beautiful, talented girl has her share of boyfriends. So when she brought home for Thanksgiving Jordan, that I I was skeptical. you can not trust a patriots fan! But not long for Jordan to show what a man is standing.
"I mean a little story about my baby. Now now, look at her blush. So in Michaela time she was a child, I had all those dolls that girls have. I admit, spoiled her rotten. Of all anyway, one night, the house was quiet, except for these two voices whispering down the hall. Michaela was talking to someone in your room! But when it peaked in I saw Michaela holding her Ken and Barbie, dressed all up in a tiny suit and a tiny white dress. she said 'I love you', this deep voice Ken. on the other hand, with a sweet voice Barbie. and when he made his wrists kiss, she smiled and smiled. As his father, I am so happy to see everything come true love."

A tall woman standing, held the microphone on the chin.

"How blessed I am to see you all Gathered here on this beautiful day, for this beautiful occasion. I want to thank God for Bringing Michaela Jordan and for Giving the good sense to Realize what a gift. Father Jordan and I have been married for twenty five years, always worried about Jordan find his game, aim the time Michaela, beautiful, sweet, respectful Michaela Were puts only impressed. I Knew She Would care for my son, with love and loyalty. by joining together as a new family , I know I'm not alone in prayer so That They create a happy and healthy family de son own. for Michaela, Jordan, and this blessed day."

A groomsman, best man, reading your cell phone.

"I Knew I'd see the day When Jordan Was Established and respectable est devenu. Since high school, Jordan has-been like a brother to me. And man, I Have some stories to share. Most of 'em are not suitable for this moment, purpose I do not say it, okay?

"HOWEVER, Jordan will do anything for People Who love I will never forget this trip we made together, of Mexico, with all the kids for spring break We Were maybe doing a little drinking - .. We know how we goes - and I Decided it was a great idea to swim this trampoline
complex was floating in the ocean race of Jordan, who is the hero, was it in the first place I second cam goal .. When I Went up on the trampoline, I saw the boys --other swam to shore. the beach Seemed so far away, that's for sure. and all the trampoline shook as if to go to sea, and Both jumped into the water. Purpose I Was freaking out so hard, I couldn't swim. I just Could not. Jordan dragged me all the way to the coast. When he Pushed me up in the sand, I Could-have kissed. I mean, Obviously not I did, order that's just the kind of person Jordan He is the bravest and best of us -. the best athlete, the best conversationalist, best friend He is truly my brother, and I'm not ashamed to say That I love God bless "...

The maid of honor, clutching her wine.

"I'll never forget the first night Michaela That puts Jordan. We were at Some gold Reviews another party, When All of a sudden Michaela walks up to me and says That She just Talked to the man She Was going to marry. Of course, she'd HAD A Few drinks, so I did not quite believe her Then. Knew she goal! She Could Tell That They Were Meant to Be.

"I promis Michaela I would not tell this story, aim it is really The One That comes to mind when i think of her relationship with Jordan. Do not Make That Face, I'm sorry, it's true purpose. Okay. One night, like two in the morning, Michaela cam to my apartment in tears. She and Jordan HAD Some fight, and She Was furious, and it might be over. Purpose-even so angry, she couldn't stop Saying how much she loved and needed _him_ _him_. Soon It was four in the morning, and someone started pounding on my door. Rushed in Jordan, Michaela scooped up, and Walked right back out of my apartment. He the carried her down three flights of stairs. I Was screaming, screaming She Was, There Was no stopping goal _him_. He set her on the hood de son because, pointed at the sky, and Whispered something to her. Judging by the amount of
kissing That Followed, They totally forgot about me. Later, I Michaela Asked what he said. She told Me That he promis her every morning sunrise from That one. Two weeks later, They Were engaged. So, though my neighbors-even-have hated me ever since That Night, here's to keeping promises and starting a brand new day together."

The guests raised Their glasses. Everyone Smiled. Everyone drank.

The bride's father returned to the microphone. Would take up dancing inside, he annoncé, partner after the new couples cut the cake. The Day Was growing too hot. The woman watched the bride and groom peck through the tables, nodding and hugging and Their Saying thanks. They Held With Their hands cupped palms, as though They Wore mittens. The woman HAD Not Heard Either of Their voices yet.

At her table, a pasty, thick-necked torque to one Whispered Reviews another. The woman Followed Their Eyes to the bride's father, Who Stood over the bride's mother, grinning. The bride's mother spoke with her hands. She clapped, and the bride's father Threw His head back in a laugh.

"So what happened next?"

Charlotte sat down beside the woman, in her brittle wooden folding chair. She picked chunks of walnut from a small, brown roll.

The woman turned her neck. "Sorry?"

"I Could hear everything. I Was finishing the party favors in my room."

"I thought you Did not want anything to do with me."

"Well, I'm bored." Charlotte shrugged. "Talking to everyone else is not much better."

"So you liked That story. What do you think, four stars? Or three?"
"You did not finish it." Charlotte Held a walnut to her forehead and teeth nibbled. Sometime before the wedding, her fingernails painted pink HAD beens, with white tips, like swallowing gum Their teeth. "Did you get the bartender fired?"

"I did not," the woman said. "I won the bet."

"And Then What? Where did you bring her? "Charlotte tore into her roll. Inside, the bread Looked Nearly purple.

"To the park." She watched the thick-necked torque rise from the table and walk Toward the house, still whispering. "What are party favors?"

"I do not know. I was just tying ribbons around the bags. "

Charlotte scooted closer to the table. She ouvert her hand over the tablecloth, and a collection of walnuts dropped from her palm.

"Can I Have One of Those?" The woman said.

Charlotte Kept her eyes on the clots of bread She Was scraping to the lawn. "What are you doing here-even? What do you want? To creep around telling dirty stories? "

"I just love weddings. All the love in the air. "

"All Of Those Were toast bullshit," Charlotte said.

"Oh?"

"Like you couldn't tell. You're the master of bullshit. I think your story bar Was All a lie."

The woman Rape-yard. The wedding party HAD huddled into two clusters, one in women, men dans l'autre. The bride's father Stood with the groomsmen, rocking with laughter, holding Charlotte's mother by His side.
The woman leaned her elbow on the back of the chair. "I confess, I went on a detail. What about this goal. You tell me more about your family, and I will tell." "The detail, and what happened in the park?"

"Clear."

Charlotte sets the shell of her lying on the table. She shook the crumbs from her lap. "Right," he said. "OKAY".

"Let's sit in your room?"

"Everyone goes inside. Let's talk here," Charlotte said. "In silence. You tell me the detail needed first."

The woman nodded. His shoulder throbbed sun. "The waiter was about to start your period."

"That's it? How could you tell?"

"I tried."

"Ew. No wonder you left off. The boys do not want to hear about it."

"Do not you think?"

Charlotte pursed his lips and shook his head. "It's disgusting. Why is it so important?"

The woman smiled. "Your turn."

"Right. Right. My mother and Greg they got married there a year." She sniffed. "One year. Just after she divorced my father. Right after. As two months, maybe. They threw streamers in the bushes and asked a lot of people. My mother even wore a white dress."

"They had their wedding here?" Said the woman.
"They Were in too much of a rush to find anywhere else. At first, They Said They met through work. Then They Said They met at a coffee shop They Both liked. I think whos They met online. But my dad Could not prove it, I've got so screwed.

"Greg is an asshole. When my mom and I Moved into this house, Michaela was away Already in the beds. Her campus was not that far, but she only came home every once in a while. But her mom, Susan, came by a lot. Even When Michaela was not home. Even When my mom was not home. Once, I saw her leave out the back door while I was coming home from school. Of course, my mom does not believe me. Susan says she is just being friendly and helping With the house. But there's no way she and Greg are just friends."

The woman shifted in her chair. "What does all this Michaela Think About?"

"Michaela and I are not friends. I have no idea. I'm not convinced she Thinks about anything else but herself, Jordan, and esta wedding. And Then, all of the babies she's going to Have after the wedding. "Charlotte Looked at the woman. "I mean, I want to get married and Have kids too. Of course. "She leaned closer. "You know what's really messed up? Jordan and Michaela got engaged at my dad's wedding. They stopped the dancing and made a big announcement. They did not even Have a ring yet. And now here we are. Michaela even wanted the same wedding date, but Greg convinced her to move it Because of course it's His day now. And Jordan is an asshole, too, by the way. He's Already cheated on Michaela once, as far as she knows. I do not know. Maybe getting married will make him stop."

"You want to get married someday. Have a family."

"Of course I do."

"But you do not believe in Greg. Or Michaela. Or your mother."
Charlotte’s eyes flashed. “I believe in my mom.” She tapped her knees. “I don’t know. It seems easy to get wrong. I don’t want to talk about me.”

“All right.”
It was night when our bar there went to walk down the street to the park. A play structure is a sento sand in the center square in the square, surrounded of benches and trees. At the middle of the street lamp thrown launch in a light bulb held, there towers and bridges collapsed and swings in the shadows.

The server was based in the slide opening height, yellow corkscrew, bouncing off his legs the rim. He wore black skinny jeans and a shirt. His head disappeared into the tube, That wriggled over her and drainage. I resented in the sand in Addition to feet, calves, see the press against the slide has then to flat and round, have then to flat and round. I turned cords of the shoes.

"In Russia a few years ago, there lived a historian," I said, pulling the strings extra Arcos. "In spite of That lived alone ADH visitors, his house was very busy. I had his papers and books and stories, all stacked along extra rooms. I put bags fly there paletitzacio. And I had my wrists."

The waiter approached and grabbed the top edge of slide, as if to make outside to throw up.

"At night, the historian went to the cemeteries. Explored more than I have of them seven. This seven I found interesting tomb hundred and fifty. In hundred fifty serious Against twenty girls, each being recognizable as such."

I Adjusts waiter shoes together in the sand. He wore white socks stained gray circles Fino heels.
"The historian had a girl once. I wanted to give everyone their attention. They varied in height, hair color, and the degree of decomposition. After putting one in the back seat of this, That fill his grave and Soften of the dirt. So you take me home That girl's body.”

The boy dropped his arms on his chest and grimaced. I pulled his socks and used to clean the sand from the palms. I massaged her feet, which were swollen feet for hours behind the bar.

"The girl brought’ historian hidden upstairs and cleaned. I used a mild soap, water is heated, and its own delicate hands. Although the bathroom, which would start to feel over time . therefore, I worked all night to begin their mummification. "

"I do not want to hear that," said the boy.

"Just listen. I had learned from his books mummification. I arrived and left the body every body. I left empty body to dry. In some, I set up a music box to the inland from the coast.

"Once we had sewn again, they wrapped in bandages and clothes. Some girls seemed appropriate dolls in lace skirts. But most were grouped as if they were about to play in the snow. I will compress in layers swollen and raised hoods. wore mittens.

"I covered the face of every child differently. A porcelain mask hit on the nose and cheeks, pink circles under irregular holes for vacuum sputtered eyes. Some had smooth low shot their heads submitted by velvet straps. some wearing hats, wearing wigs.

"For years, no one has any idea of the collection of the historian. Then, his parents made him an unexpected visit. The police came. They hit him on the way to the station, and then again in the cell. Later, the historian Demand to know what was his obsession began. Eleven years, who attended the funeral of a young girl of her age. She had been sick, and the coffin was open.
When his parents brought him forward to pay their respects, they demanded kissing the cheek of the dead girl. He protested, goal pushed forward, and others were waiting. He kissed her. And that, he said, is why, forty years later, he made his wrists."

The waiter sat and arms on the edges of the slide was covered. "That's horrible," he said. "Why do you say that?"

I shrugged. "I do not think."

"Sticks".

"Great. Coyotes are probably next."

"No, probably not." The bartender dropped against the slide. "So what we will do with our evening?"

I squeezed my way up her thighs. They were softer now that he was lying, letting them on hard bottom of the slide. Her hips the scoop of the slide completely fill up call, as if someone had bent the plastic around in an attempt to lift his body from the sand. He leaned forward, I dug my thumbs on the V crumpled on top of his legs. I Atteint under his shirt and put the palm of his hand above his navel. Heat radiation from its center. I brought my other hand to button his jeans.

The waiter shook his hips, shimmying itself superior in the tube. She has been able to set up your heels at the bottom of the slide and extending in a straight line along the lower curve slope without having to shoulder along the corkscrew slide. Slide mouth swallowed just above the knees, leaving her calves and bare feet outdoors.

"Stop it. That feels terrible," he said.
Bibliography


**Literature/Art/Film**


