

## 15. THE PURPLE LINE

“This seems like a good place to start?”

“What place is this?”

“I’m not sure. I don’t know if this is neutral. Or are things already so messed up that this only serves to get all the shit going again.”

“How can you know?”

“The minute that you do something, you are already assuming that you recognize what is really happening.”

“How can you know?”

“I want to say that the eye is trained to recognize things like this. Look at her! Do you see the way that she is?”

“I am trying to figure that out!”

“She seems perfect. She doesn’t know what is happening here.”

“Are you saying that she is naive?”

“She doesn’t want to know.”

It’s not as if she is oblivious. She refuses to get caught up in their games.

“Your mouth is so enticing. You stop my world. And you make my heart beat rapidly.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

The experiment begins with a few words or with a passionate touch.

“Is she ready for what is going to happen?”

“She is not part of any of this.”

“She’s afraid of her body.”

“Not at all. She’s aware of how some guys can take advantage of her.”

“She has to learn how to live. She can’t hide in a cloister.”

“Sometimes it is necessary to get away!”

She doesn’t want to be alone. But she wants to know a lot more about a guy before she’s ready to go along with his mischief. And she won’t settle for anything less.”

“I need to know a lot more with you before I’m going to fall for you.”

“What do you need to know?”

“I need to know what you’re like when no one is looking.”

“How can you ever know that?”

“By seeing what you’re like when I am watching you.”

“How do the two things compare?”

“That is what I am wondering!”

“It’s not that easy to make a change.”

“You are willing to change.”

“Are you telling me that something is wrong?”

He is trying to think about what he did that may have bothered her.

“I didn’t like how you touched me?”

“I like you!”

“I don’t know who you are.”

“Why are you getting weird on me.? You’re all friendly, then you get weird on me.”

“I’m not trying to be weird. I’m only protecting myself?”

“What do all these words mean?”

“Are you crazy? I really mean it. There is no way in a billion years that I would ever be interested in you. It is so wrong, wrong, wrong. Even when I am older, I can only think about you as this old guy who harassed me. You’re making me feel sick.”

“I don’t want you to feel bad about this. I sort of like you.”

“I don’t care what you feel or what you want. There is nothing that I can do for you. You need to go away.”

“I think that you’re really cute.”

“And you want to fuck me! That is gross.”

“I only want to touch you.”

“Touch me? Are you some kind of monster? My skin crawls just looking at you. Do you have any idea how this is making me feel? You are ripping up my insides.”

“I want to care for you.”

“How can you possibly care for me? What makes you think that you can get away with this kind of shit?”

“You make me feel special.”

“Why? Have I ever said anything to you? Have I ever smiled at you? Have I ever even looked your way?”

“I think that you look lovely.”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“I only want to protect you? I won’t let anyone harm you.”

“Harm me? I can’t stand you looking at me. That is the harm. You are hurting me just by looking at me!”

“I want to be your friend!”

“You can’t be anything with me. I need you to leave me alone. Stop looking at me. Stay away from me. I don’t want you thinking about me.”

“I only want all the best for you.”

“I don’t even want your wishes. There is no place in the universe that would even allow you to think about me.”

“You’re so wonderful that I can’t help how I feel.”

“You are entirely perverse! What kind of person would think that they could do this to me?”

“I haven’t done anything!”

“Done anything? What would you want to do? I’m never going to let you get even close.”

“Let me care for you.”

“Do I look suicidal? Do I look like I hate my life? What reason would I possibly have for wanting you to do anything for me?”

“I feel so warm inside about you. You are like the sun rising.”

“I don’t care about you. I will never care about you. And you freak me out just thinking about you! It’s never going to be any different. Every human on the earth could die, and I still would never give you the time of day.”

“Why do you wish such ill on me?”

“Me on you! I’m never going to forget this. You have fucked me up for all my life. You’re the bogeyman in all my nightmares. I can’t forgive this. You need to go away for good. I need peace of mind, and you need to go away for good!”

He realizes that he has made a serious mistake. But his does not stop his way of thinking. And he continues to feel the need to gratify himself. If she is not interested, he will find someone who is.

“I got to you too late.”

“What does that mean?”

“Why are you alone so much? I see you here all the time.”

“I don’t have that many friends. I’m afraid of the other kids.”

“I can protect you. Do you want me to do that for you?”

“You’re a stranger. I shouldn’t even be talking to you.”

“But you are. You didn’t feel afraid to say hello. Now we are getting along.”

“Are you my friend?”

“Do you want me to be your friend?”

“I’m not sure!”

“We won’t rush things. There’s so much that I need to tell you. I can help you. I can teach you.”

“Can you teach me astronomy? Can you tell me about the stars?”

“I can teach you mathematics.”

“I want to know how the world works. Why do I feel the way that I do?”

“I can make you feel so much better.”

“I am a little afraid of you.”

“I’m not going to hurt you.”

“You are making me feel weird. My stomach feels strange.”

“Here let me help you.”

“I’m not sure that I want that.”

“But if you let me help you, you’re not going to mind what I do for you.”

“You’re scaring me.”

“I’m not going to leave you. I’m here to make you feel good.”

“Is this something that adults do? I’m not really an adult.”

“Would you like to be?”

“I hate being yelled at. I wish that I had more control over the things in my life.”

“I can tell you a secret how to make that happen.”

“Tell me!”

“I will. But if I tell you a secret, you will have to do something for me.”

“Is this OK?”

“Sure, it is. Your parents tell you to do things because they don’t want you to know the secret. They are having all this fun. But they don’t want you to be a part of it.”

“If there is a secret, I want to be part of it. I need you to reveal it to me.”

“You’re going to have to do your part.”

Even if she resists his advances, she can have no idea what is going on. He has already

piqued her curiosity. And she is asking him too many questions. It would be in her interest to get away.

“You can really help me.”

“There are a lot of dangerous people here.”

If he starts early, he feels that he can convince her to go along with him. It will be a long process. It could take years! She doesn't know. And when she does, he have succeeded in making him part of her.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing. Why?”

“You just gave me the strangest look. I felt as if the shutter of this massive camera just opened and closed. You took my soul.”

“I didn't do anything like that.”

“You did. It was the way that you looked at me. You scanned my whole body so that you could retain this mental image of me. You are just going to dwell on that image so that you can get your jollies.”

He closes his eyes. His imagination has retained an image of every aspect of her body. He feels as if she is next to him, as if she is rubbing her body against his.

“Don't stop!”

“What?”

“Nothing!”

“How do you do that? How do you create that feeling?”

“It's nothing that I do.”

“You have no idea what you are doing, or how this makes me feel.”

“You have a beautiful body.”

“You are being perverse.”

“I like you!”

“Do you think that I'd be interested in you? You gave me the strangest look.”

“You haven't walked away yet.”

“I am walking away.”

“But your presence lingers. I know how you want to be touched.”

“Excuse me!”

“I can do things for you. I can make you feel so good about yourself.”

“Did I ask for any of this?”

“Do you just want me to leave?”

“That might be a good idea.”

Has he worked his magic. He checks to see if she is looking his way. Her likes her attitude. There is something very careless about her personality. He finds all that appealing.

“If I wait long enough, you might come around. I saw you talking to all these guys. You seemed to get turned on.”

“I want all this to happen quickly. I don't want to think about it. You are making me think about it too much.”

“You have a hot body. Your skirt shows off your legs. I like you tight butt!”

“Dream on, pervert! You're never going to have me.”

“Let me get you a drink.”

“Buy me a drink, and I’ll pretend that I like you.”

“You’d really do that?”

“I’m doing it now. Just talking to you.”

“You’d feel so good if you let me get inside you.”

“Does this kind of talk ever work with women?”

“It’s working right now. You’re interested. You’re letting me touch your back while I talk to you. You’re letting run my fingers through your hair.”

If he can’t succeed with her, there are others who will fall victim to his smooth talk. His failures help him develop his method.

“What made you this way?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You take chances. What made you this way?”

“I’m having fun. You’re ruining my party buzz.”

“You want to have little more fun.”

“I’m not talking about that with you.”

“I’m not talking either. I’m just doing what needs to get done.”

“Do it!”

“Why are you like this? One minute, you’re all open. Then you close up on me.”

“I’ve got to be like this. I don’t know you. I can’t trust you.”

“The more that you’ve got to know me, the less trusting you are.”

“You could be a creep. I’m learning that you are a weirdo.”

“That’s not it at all. You were so nice to me before. You let me kiss you. I was touching you all over. But when I start to ask questions, you go all strange on me. What is happening?”

“Things are getting out of control. I don’t like talking about myself in that way.”

“You like playing games.”

“I don’t like thinking too much about this shit.”

“You’re willing to make out with a guy that you don’t know.”

“I know you. You look cute. What’s the big deal?”

“You’re becoming the big deal.”

“If you don’t like me, then don’t be with me. Why are you giving me attitude?”

“I’m not giving you attitude. I like you. I want to get to know you.”

“I don’t want to be known in that way. Let’s just get fucked up and make out. I thought that was what you were into.”

“I’m into you. A lot.”

“You barely know me. I don’t want you in to me like that.”

“Sure you do. That’s why you said those things to me.”

“I was a little crazy. Or a little high. I don’t remember what I said. And if I said something important, it was probably a lie. I’m like that. I’m a bit of a drama queen. I just want you to like me.”

“I want to like you. But you are afraid to be yourself.”

“Do you want me to suck your cock? Then I won’t have the chance to answer your questions.”

“I’m not saying that. Slow down!”

“Don’t you like me? Am I not pretty enough for you?”

“You’re perfect. I just want to know more about you.”

“How can I be perfect if you’re asking me all these questions? You’re depressing me.”

“I only want to know who you are. I’m not trying to hurt you.”

“You’re interrogating me. What’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing’s wrong with me.”

“Why do you feel this need to make me feel so unsure about myself?”

“I only want to be your friend.”

“I don’t want that kind of friend. I don’t need a father. Do you want to be my father? I know that you’re strange, but I never thought that you were like that.”

She wants to tell her story. She is not sure if she can find the right someone to listen. Everyone seems to take advantage of their knowledge.

“Are you really concerned about her, or are you simply using her traumatic experiences as an in to her personality.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Of course, you do. You just won’t admit what you know. You’re trying to get under her skin. You’re pumping her for knowledge. You’re fucking with her. All of this helps you control her. She is reliving some of the most terrible moments in her life. And you are pretending to be her savior. You are hurting her so badly!”

“I didn’t make her this way.”

“So you are admitting that there is a problem.”

“I guess so.”

“Then you shouldn’t be taking advantage of it.”

“I am only trying to listen.”

“You’re not simply listening. You are intruding yourself into her story.”

“I am being understanding.”

“Even if you are being understanding, there is someone in her past who took advantage of her. Under the guise of helping her, you are becoming that person who messed with her life.”

“That’s not it at all.”

“Why can’t you admit it. You have been found out.”

“I never thought of it like that.”

“It’s not about your intentions. And you know that. You are refusing to acknowledge the harmful effects of you actions.”

“I am trying to be her friend.”

“You are using her vulnerability to get close to her. That is your method.”

“She seems receptive. I’m not taking advantage of that. I’m only trying to relate.”

“That’s not how she sees it.”

“I want to do what I can for her.”

“The best thing that you can do is to let her be.”

“Then she’s only going to sink deeper and deeper into that life style.”

“You can’t change her. You are only making it worse.”

“I don’t want to hear that.”

“I know that you don’t. But all along, you have been manipulating her. You are very clever. When she starts to get suspicious, you know how to back off.”

She has told him too much about herself. She feels that she has given him so much. She wants to be with him.

“Don’t you wonder why she appears to be so receptive? Or do you get off on being part of that attention. What is wrong with you?”

“I admit that I am a little lonely. What of it? That doesn’t make me a bad person.”

“You’re only thinking about your feelings. You don’t really care about the damage that you are doing.”

“I don’t intend there to be any damage.”

“It is happening whether you know it or not.”

“It’s not my fault.”

“This is not about fault. There is a real world separate from your feelings.”

He wonders why she is so free with her body. He has never been with anyone who is so unafraid to give. There is no hesitation with her. His excitement continues to grow and grow. He can hardly feel his body. The frenzy seems to take over.

He stretches out.

“I love being with you.”

“Don’t say anything! This is our little secret.”

“I want to know everything about you.”

“There is nothing to know.”

“You have lovely kissable lips.”

“You’ve demonstrated that to me quite well.”

“You drive me crazy!”

“Enough with the talking. Be quiet. Enjoy the feeling!”

She is working to piece together the moments of her life. Everything seems so jumbled. Even her moment of pleasure are intermittent. She wants to say as little as possible. This will give her the opportunity to put it all out of her mind. But she wants that feeling of completeness. Why is it being closed off from her?

“You can’t see her again.”

“Should I see you now?”

“That isn’t what I am saying.”

“But you do have an interest in all this.”

“A human interest.”

“You can’t save the world.”

“I don’t try. All that you are bringing this girl is grief.”

“She is fun to be with.”

“You are taking it to mean so much more. Simply because she is uninhibited in bed gives you the impression that something more is going on.”

“She feels it.”

“You are making all this up. Why do you think that she doesn’t want to talk.”

“She has her reasons. I’m expecting too much too soon.”

“But she has an inordinate fear of talking about herself.”

“That’s her right. She doesn’t want to think about her past. She is making her future without any reference to anything that has happened to her.”

“You really think that it’s all going to work out.”

“I know it will.”

“You have no idea what she is thinking?”

“Can we ever know?”

“We can know a lot better than you do.”

“I don’t like where this is headed.”

“I’m not here to offer you advice. I only want to talk.”

“I feel the same.”

“So you need to talk to me.”

“I’m trying to. You are making me afraid.”

“I’m only saying what makes sense.”

“Life doesn’t fit into your categories.”

She has said too much already.

“Is there something that you’re not telling me?”

“You seem so trusting?”

“Is there something wrong with that?”

“I’m this stranger. And you took me back to your place.”

“I like you. I can tell what you’re really like.”

“Can you really?”

“Yes, I can. That is what I am trying to tell you. I know who you are.”

“I don’t even know myself that well.”

“What are you telling me? That I’m too easy!”

“You just make me feel a little uncomfortable.”

“Didn’t you enjoy yourself?”

“Sure I did! I just don’t know who you are.”

“I can’t answer all your questions immediately.”

She isn’t sure what makes hers so reticent. Each time a guy gets close, she has to pull back.

“I don’t like you touching me like that.”

“We’ve hung around all this time. Don’t you like me?”

“You’re a great friend. I’m not sure that I can like you in that way.”

“What way do you want to like me?”

“We can hang around and talk. That is pretty much it.”

“I feel these things for you.”

“I can’t feel that way with you. We are just friends.”

“What are you afraid of? Are you afraid of me getting to know you?”

She wonders if he can read her mind. She is doing what she can to hide her feelings.

“Don’t ask too much of me!”

“I thought that you wanted to have some fun.”

“Not that kind of fun.”

“We were kissing in the bar.”



“That was a mistake.”

“A mistake how.”

“That was before I got to know you. You’re freaking me out with all of your questions. You’re making me feel as if there is something wrong with me.”

If he assumes that she is different, the story may have a different ending.

“Are you afraid of physical contact?”

“I’m not like the other girls that you go out with. I have to really trust someone before I become intimate.”

“Have some fun!”

“You say that no, but if I sleep with you, you may never want to see me again.”

“That probably won’t happen. You can’t live your life based on the remotest possibility.”

“It is not a possibility. It is a certainty.”

“I’m not that kind of guy.”

“Now you aren’t. But once you get what you want, you will be. It happens all the time.”

“Do you want me to leave?”

“For now. I just don’t want to do something that I will regret.”

Things are all happening too rapidly.

“I feel crazy helpless.”

She feels that her body is slipping from her. She is looking for something to grab hold of.

“I can’t catch my breath.”

She doesn’t make decision as much as fall into situations. And she is already over her head in deep water. He runs his right hand along her hips. She squirms.

He puts his finger to her lips.

“Don’t say a thing!”

“Are you telling me not to question what is happening? Why shouldn’t I question it?”

“You’re having fun. What is there to complain about?”

“I’m not sure that I really want this.”

“Come over to my place. We’ll have some drinks and chill out. Don’t worry about a thing!”

She pulls him towards her.

“Just take care of me.”

“What do you want?”

“Just do it!”

“Are you sure?”

“I need it now.”

“I hardly know. Who are you?”

“That doesn’t make much difference. I told you what I need.”

“Don’t you like me?”

“I want you to like me. But you’ll do.”

“I’m not sure.”

“I don’t want to see your face.”

“I don’t know if I can do this.”

“Don’t you like me?”

“I want to like you. I hardly know you.”

“You were touching me a few minutes ago. You were all suggestive in my face. Let’s just do it.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious. What can I do for you that will make you do what I want?”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

“Fuck me dirty.”

“How is that?”

She feels as if she is being torn apart. This is the only way to get rid of that feeling.

“Do I have to make it any clearer to you? Take that hard cock of yours and stick it inside of me. And while we’re doing it, I don’t want to see that ugly face of yours.”

“What makes you this way?”

“You. This is what you want. Do you have any idea what you look like?”

“What are you talking about.”

“Stare in a mirror.”

“What do you want?”

“I told you. How can I make it any clearer.”

He is waking up from a nightmare.

“I can’t keep doing this anymore.”

“What is bothering you?”

“Things I’ve been doing.”

“Are you ready to make a full confession?”

She works to affect her biology. She lives sexless.

“Did it affect your growth?”

“For a while, I stopped growing. I hardly looked like a girl.”

“You are very much a woman.”

“All the damage is inside!”

“Do you call it damage?”

“Of course I do. I told you what happened to me.”

She needs to regress further into her past.

“I can’t do this.”

“I can give you something that will make you feel comfortable.”

“I won’t recognize myself in the morning.”

“What if you get the right body, you will have no regrets?”

She thinks what it will be like to get the body that she needs for her adventures.

“I am changing!”

“Is that really possible?”

“You can stunt your growth by will. Maybe you can help mold the curves to make you sexier.”

“Exercise helps.”

She doesn’t want to give in to all the gossip.

“Looking at your body makes me want to be with you.”

“Be with me how?”

“I want to be inside you.”

“I don’t know you from Adam. You’re giving me the creeps.”

How can he make this right. Her body could be so unmistakably perfect that his words would resonate correctly.

“Am I getting through to you?”

“You are a little offensive.”

“Why are you smiling?”

“I want to be nice. But you are making it difficult.”

“Should we end it now?”

“It never had a chance to start.”

“I want to be your friend.”

“I have too many friends.”

“Let me call you. I can tell you things about your place in the universe.”

“I know my place.”

“I do too. But I also know so much more.”

She is afraid of reverting back to her previous state.

“Don’t ask me so many questions. Aren’t you enjoying yourself?”

“I am trying to.”

“Don’t talk so much.”

“This is a conversation. If I don’t talk, nothing is said.”

“Great!”