

My nakedness disturbed me. It was a shame that I could not overcome. My body seemed so much more than myself. And I seemed so much less than my body. Just hanging out, doing nothing. What was this all about.

Catcalls from a corner. Whispers that dissolved into dominant silences. Finger pointing. A general rudeness.

–I want the young one.

Where could I really be wanted? Maybe here. Maybe nowhere. This is why the streets offered me protection. They told me just what I was worth. They made me proud of my nothingness. A certain magnificence in what I was.

Identity became something entirely fluid and I slid along the moments that surrounded me.

–I’m not some kind of faggot. I’m not taking it. I’m fucking you up the ass.

It really didn’t hurt if I went through his wallet. I needed a little more money than he’d supply.

–I don’t actually come inside. I just piss a bit.

–What are you telling me?

–Like it is.

–Did you get a credit card?

–You bet I did.

–What else did you get?

–I’m not telling.

–If you don’t think about it, then you’re not really doing it are you?

–I don’t know what to say.

I hid in the shadows. I didn’t want to get sucked in that easily.

–I’ve got my pride.

–No one has any pride here.

I thought about it the first time I whipped out the credit card.

–He’s got to have cancelled it by now.

–He doesn’t even realize that it was missing.

–What if you got caught?

–That’s the best part.

–What did you get?

–I got sweater. A read one. And flowers for this girl that I met.

–Does she know what you do?

–Are you silly.

I couldn’t even imagine any of this. If I got drunk that night. If I held my breath. Thought about her all the time. Honey blond with pretty curls.

–How are you going to pay for this?

–Visa.

–Do you have another form of identification?

I handed him the license. He stared at it and then handed it back.

–I like straight boys.

We both smiled. I pulled the sweater tight as I munched on calamari.

–I’ve got a job as a designer.

-I thought that you washed hair.
-Don't be silly. I'd never last there.
-Boy, you have beautiful eyelashes.
I blushed.
-You know what a home is...a place that you can sneak in for the night.
Everyone laughed.
-Do you want to sit down?
-I loved the flowers.
-Thanks.
I imagined an innocent kiss. I looked away. Her smile glistened.
-If you were a little prettier, I might give you head.
Who was saying this to me?
-Is this about money. I'm not working right now.
-Working? What do you do for money.
-I don't like to talk about it.
-Are you ashamed?
-It's not about shame. It's just the way that things are.
-I loved the flowers.
-Your smile seems perfect.
-Who allows you to talk about such things?
-Let's go back to your car and get high.
-What do you got for me
-I'll suck you off if you get me high.
-Is that all that you can do
-What do you want?
-I want to fuck you up the ass.
-I'm not gay.
-What will you do?
-I'll come in your ass.
-Don't you have any respect for yourself?
-You're going to get me high.
-Why?
-That's really all I care about.
-I've got some coke.
-Coke makes me feel horny.
-Let's fuck.
-I'm not gay.
-don't you have a job and a place to live?
-I do layout on the computer.
-You do? Why are you sucking off guys in cars?

There are some things in life that we can't be forgiven for.
-If you want me to suck you off, pull out your dick.
-Don't you want to talk.
-Give me the blow. And then let's get this over with.

I was in this place. I felt like that before. I couldn't help myself. I just let go. I just got led somewhere, and it all happened.

-What are you talking about?

-I've done this before.

-Of course you have. That's why I give you money.

-No, I really have.

-Listen if you don't get hard, I'm going to blow your brains out.

-I don't want you kissing me.

-What do you mean?

-I don't like you that way.

-What do you want?

-I want to be pure again.

-You do.

She laughed.

-Well, what can I do.

-I'll give you a blow job.

-OK.

-That's going to be one hundred dollars.

-I thought that you like me.

-I do. But I've got to make a living.

-I've never paid before. I've got money. Not that I like it. But guys give me money.

But I've never paid before. It's sort of gross. I thought that we were special.

-We are. But I need some money.

-How much?

-I need a hundred.

-Couldn't you make an exception because you like me.

-I'd like to, but I can't. Then I'd never get money.

-I don't want you to think that I'm really like this.

The shit that I'm going to tell you is copyrighted so you just can't use it:

He slapped her on the ass. She looked back at him.

-What do you think that you're doing?

-Did you like what I did?

-I didn't think that it's OK to do that to someone that you don't know.

-What do you think is OK.

-I don't really like you.

-Do you want to have sex. I want to lick my way up your legs and just plant wet kiss on your insides.

-You're a real pig.

-Don't tell me that it wouldn't feel really good.

-Let me see your cock.

–What do you want.

–If you can get it hard. I'll do you here and now.

–I am hard.

–Let's see it.

He undid his zipper and pulled out his erect dick. She wrapped herself around it. Her hair surrounded him as she licked down the shaft.

With both his hands he pulled up her skirt and slid off her panties. He got on his knees and started to lick her from behind. He buried his face inside her, and she fell into him. After stimulating her for a while, his face all wet, he stood up and spread her wider and slammed her from behind.

While he did this another girl came in the room. She saw them fucking each other and she felt embarrassed by her surprise. The first girl pulled her over and started to go to town on her friend. While she was banged from behind, she buried her face in her friend's pussy. The man saw this and got even more excited. After he had his way with the first woman, he pulled out and let the second suck him off. Suck it all off.

He came all over her face. She licked it all up. Not to waste a drop.

Then the two women started going at it in corner, that special satisfaction. Neither held back as they ate each other out.

I never thought that I could just live by myself and just do what I want. Find a way to live and just be me. And I was doing that. People wanted to be with me. They even paid for my time.

Certainly this was the best stuff that I had ever had. It put me in a daze. Made me forget everything that had happened to me. I did not want this to end. To savor it. I felt that I had stopped time once and for all. Not only did I feel its power, I felt a power that came from me. I could recall this high. I felt so absorbed that nothing else mattered. My lethargy was total. I wanted remain here forever.

–You need to make some more money.

–I'll blow you if you get me high.

–Doesn't sex get you high any more.

–I think that I need to be in love.

–You still believe in love.

–I have to.

–Is there a story here? Something to make sense of it all.

–There's a fire here.

–I didn't have anything to do with it.

–It is your work.

–What are you saying?

–That sometimes you end up getting rewarded for what they used to punish you.

–You know that this isn't a fantasy. But it could be.

–That it could.

–What ever it is, there isn't much that you can do to stop me.

–Burt I could keep you going doing what I want.

–You could keep paying me. But it all could backfire.

- I'm not going to let that happen.**
- You're smothering me.**
- Is that some kind of joke.**
- I don't like to get too involved in my work.**

Is there anyone in this goddam city who can appreciate all the shit that I'm going through? Me now. Not someone who's going to laugh at me. Someone who appreciates me for what I am.

- Is this some kind of shit that you're trying to feed us?*
- What are you talking about.*
- I pay for you to live in this place, and you make fun of me.*
- There's no fun involved at all.*
- Are you getting bored?*
- What do you want me to say?*
- For once in your life, tell the truth!*
- That's hard as shit seeing as I'm always telling people what I'm supposed.*
- Like put that hard dick into me.*
- Do you feel like it's coming to some kind of end.*
- I want to get off the streets. I need something to get me off even if it gets me off permanently.*

I left a note for her. I thought that she might show. She had seen my drawings. But when she did, I was too shy to say anything.

- She had seen my drawings.*
- I really have nothing to say.*
- Just tell me how you feel.*
- I'd like to get to know you. To do things together.*
- Let's get a drink.*
- I really should get back home. They are waiting for me.*
- I came all the way here.*

If it could have turned out differently. I wasn't really made for this kind of thing. I need somewhere that I could understand better.

- Like the streets.*
- Like your place.*
- You like it here.*
- It's really cozy.*
- You're starting to make me want to puke.*
- What are you telling me?*
- I'm tired of paying you when you don't appreciate me. Have you brought some other boys up here.*
- What if I had?*
- Don't try to lie to me whatever you do.*
- I won't.*

-You are a piece of shit.

-I'm not lying. What do you want to know?

-Pack your stuff. I can get someone else to suck me off.

-I don't do that!

-I hate my life. I need to sleep forever just to forget my life.

I was on the beach. There was a jellyfish spread out drying in the sun.

-Don't go near that. It can still sting.

I felt myself tossed in the seaweed, twirled around and around in the current. I worked to right myself but I was pulled under. The seaweed was too difficult to overcome. I tried to float and disentangle myself. Maybe to wake up from this.

-Tell me a tale of power and humiliation.

-Just hold your breath.

I came out of the water all erect and she was waiting for me.

-You've made a little mess.

-I was a little excited.

-You can go.

-Just let me stay a little longer.

-Are you trying to blackmail me.

-I can keep it going all night if that's what you want from me.

-You really don't look like it right now.

-Let me slip down into the seaweed.

I was drawn away from her bedroom and back to the waters.

-The sun is warm today.

-Yes, it is. It is very warm.

The humidity focused on my body. An itch. An incredible burning.

-I'm ready to get inside you again.

-You didn't make it very far last time.

-I told you that I can last the night.

-So can I. But there really must be something in this for me.

-I know some tricks.

-Can you kiss me and really make me feel otherworldly?

-Do I know the technique?

-Something like that.

I fell into her like and time disappeared. Our fatigue gave way to renewal.

-Can you keep it up all night long.

-I don't know.

-You said you could.

-I liked.

-It's almost morning.

She came apart, came out of herself with the intensity of the passion, the incredible resilience.

-You can't own me.

-But you know that you want this.

I fell asleep on the beach, and I began to forget our time together.

–We can't hope to possess each other.

–Are you trying to destroy me?

I wondered if I was going to feel anything like this again. I looked down on the beach and two dogs were copulating. Raw.

–You just need to slow it down a little.

My mother leads me into the room.

–Something crazy happened in this place.

–What are you talking about?

–I feel the vibes.

–I'm losing my concentration.

–You feel it too.

–Sometimes passion makes adults do weird things.

–What are you talking about?

I noticed blood on the sheets.

–What happened in this room?

–Probably nothing.

–But you said that you felt the vibe.

–I do, I definitely do.

–I think that it's the traveling.

–But there's the blood.

I felt the cherries burst in my mouth.

–Look I'm bleeding.

–That's not funny.

–No, it really is. Look!

She covered her eyes.

–Let's get out of this place. Some things kids aren't supposed to think about.

–What are you talking about?

–I'm sick. I need to get out of this place.

–What's wrong?

–I don't know. I need to rest.

–Sit down.

–Not here. Not in this room.

–I didn't mean to do this to you.

–What are you talking about?

–What went on in this room?

–Let's get out of here.

–It gives me this monstrous feeling.

I stayed waiting on the beach while the two other boys went in with the woman.

–She put me inside her. I had trouble keeping it erect.

–What did she do?

–She massaged me. She put it in her mouth.

–No, she didn't.

–It would have cost more. She pressed me for more money.

–do you want to do this or what?

- Yes I do.
- Give me that.
- What do you mean?
- Let me help you.
- That feels great. It does. It sort of does.
- You like it?
- I don't think that I can keep this going.

The other boy waited in the hallway. He didn't have a chance to hear about his friend's exploits.

- Do you have the money?
 - I think that I brought enough.
 - Let me see.
 - What can I get for this.
 - I don't really think that I could take you inside. You know what I mean.
 - No, not really.
 - I can take you up the ass.
 - I can get more money.
 - No, that'll be fine.
 - I've never given it to anyone like that.
 - It'll be OK.
 - Really, I can get more money.
 - Why does she need all that money?
 - What do you need the money?
 - Is that your blood.
 - This is really gross.
 - Do you want a cherry.
 - Let's get out of this room. Something really ugly happened here.
- I waited on the beach.
- It was really ugly. Blood everywhere.
 - What are you talking about?
 - I think it was that time.
- A pack of dogs ran across the beach. They were street dogs. Mangy and hungry.
- Is something wrong?
 - I don't know.
 - Is something bothering.
 - The blood. I don't think that I can ever get it up again.
 - I think that she said that she was pregnant.
 - That's impossible.
 - It was an accident.
 - What happened in the room?
 - I don't like to think about such things.
 - Are you happy?
 - I was for a brief second. I couldn't keep it constant.
 - There's a skill. I think that I mastered it. On the other hand, there just doesn't seem to be much pleasure in it anymore.

-You're just a kid.
-I need something to really get me interested.
-That will change.
-Don't get me angry.
-Are you serious?
-She looked pretty good.
-And that makes it OK.
-We picked her out?
-How did you manage that?
-They were on the beach. She looked like the best one.
-Are you American?
She laughed.
-Do you have any diseases?
-What are you asking?
-Do you have any diseases?
-Are you OK?
-I just feel a little dirty.
-That's when you need to let it happen.
-I do. But I don't want to leave any clues.
-You were acting a little weird last night.
-I don't think that I can get it perfect again.
-Someone's gone missing.
-Why are you asking me?
-I feel like I'm not myself.
-Is that what you are talking about?
-You always like to hide things about yourself. It all comes out when you have sex.
-What are you saying.
-Do you want to have a little fun.
-If I do?
-It's going to cost you.
-I thought that it was raspberries and not cherries.
-Let me have some.
-Do you want something sweet?
-Would you go down on me?
-That's going to be extra.
-Do you make it a habit to take money for sex.
-I'm not a prostitute.
-What do you do for a living?
-I'm a hostess. Do you need some hospitality?
-Are you trying to be funny?
-I'm trying to be normal.
-It's hard after something so fucked up happens to you.
-What went on in this bed.
-I think that some woman died here.
-A murder.

-No, she was just sick.
-Were you ever kept in a closet.
-I was, but they let me out.
-you're joking.
-Sometimes I don't know. I have these really weird nightmares.
-You lied to me.
-What did I say?
-You said that you were pure.
-Pure? I never said that. The berries.
-What happened in the bed?
-Something really ugly.
-Do you get violent around women?
-Are you accusing me of something?
-You feel that sex is dirty.
-I like to have sex.
-But at first, you feel all that anger.
-I looked at you, and I wanted to kill you.
-What are you hiding?
-I just let it slip.
-What are you talking about?
-A story that I remember from when I was a kid.
-When he came out, what did he say.
-He joked about blood on his penis.
-It really doesn't sound so funny now.
-No, it doesn't.
-What did he do?
-He didn't mean to hurt her. he really didn't hurt her. It was just a bad time.
-Were you following me? Were you looking at me?
-What?
-You were there, weren't you? Hiding. Beating off in the shadows. And she caught you, and then you got violent.
-That's bull shit.
-You were there. There's mud on your shoes. You were watching from the outside. I don't think that we can be together again. What are you going to do?
-I was going to stop.
-You can talk to me, or you can talk to the police. You're a monster. Can't anyone stop you? Can't anyone?
-This is just your imagination.
-What did you do in there?
-Nothing!
-You had sex. You paid for it. Why didn't she try to stop you.
-I didn't pay. We enjoyed ourselves.
-But she needed money. You decided to help her.
-I did.
-But you pushed too far.

- Nothing like that happened.**
- You not ashamed.**
- I'm not.**
- Are you afraid?**
- I'm afraid of you.**
- That's how it's meant to be.**