

Thursday Evening

I

She went to meet him at the library. As she parked her car and took a quick glance in the rearview mirror she could hear her heartbeat. The loud thudding paralyzed her for a moment until she heard the honk of another car on the other side of the parking lot. With a jolt she was up and out of her car, slamming the door behind her.

Her steps were deliberate but she couldn't avoid the puddles left from the last storm. Her dress was spared; she gripped one side to her hip. She wanted to look good for him. Doors lead to a lobby, which lead to the books. Peace overcame her as she touched the book spines. Libraries were her happy place. Phone in one hand, she texted him,

"I'm here in the library"

Secretly she wished he would take a long time to find her, but as her gaze stretched across the shelves his eyes met hers and she laughed at the irony. His smile widened as he came closer,

"Hey"

"I was hoping you'd take longer to find me"

He laughed, a short breathy laugh.

"Ready to go?"

She nodded, and followed him out the lobby, through the doors, into the muggy parking lot.

Again steps deliberate, feet wet, dress in hand she made her way to his car.

"Are you sure we want to take your car? I don't mind driving"

She asked hesitantly as she climbed into her seat.

"I don't even know what kind of driver you are. You could kill me."

Her tone was light adding humor to the situation, but truthfully she was weary of what was ahead.

"I've been driving for 4 years with no accidents, I'm a wonderful driver. Now, take this"

She was used to him trying to tell her what to do, but she normally didn't say anything and let him have his way.

He had a chocolate bar in his hand waiting for her.
"You bought me chocolate?"

Laughing she grasp the chocolate which was melted from the heat of the day.

"You said you had a bad day, chocolate makes everything better"

At this point they were out of the parking lot and on the road. She looked out the window, holding her treat and smiling.

He said the place he wanted to show her was only a few minutes away. She jokingly asked him not to murder her although she was partly sure he could if he wanted to. She was allowing him to have more power over her. He controlled the situation. She let herself be in this position.

She had reasoned that she had known him for over a year. In addition she knew he was a good guy at heart. On top of all that, she had been so lonely and here was someone she got along with, who must have liked her to some degree if he wanted to spend time with her.
He wouldn't kill her.

"Its just up here to the right"

The car turned onto a tight, small, dirt road. The girl turned to her partner and couldn't help but think this might actually be the end for her. He noticed the look on her face and smiled.

"Calm down, its not that bad"

The car tumbled down the path until it reached a small circular clearing. He placed the car into park and turned to the girl.

"So this is it?"

II

She turned towards him, mirroring his position, elbow behind his head, tilted to the side. She waited for an answer but it never came. Instead the boy leaned over and put his lips on hers.

The girl was unsure what do next, but as the boy's hand took free range over her body she weighed her options.

He was a nice person. He was her friend. She had been lonely. It was nice to be wanted. Isn't this what girls her age did? No one might ever be attracted to her again. She liked being touched by a man. She enjoyed the intimacy. It shouldn't matter that he seemed to plan the whole situation.

The boy pulled away and her lips felt cold from the absence of contact.
"Lets move to the back"

The girl felt herself nodding and found herself in the backseat and across the boy without any conscious decision being made. It was as if her mind her froze. This time there was no barriers between them, nothing separating them.

"Sit on my lap"

There he was telling her what to do again. And like a mindless dummy she listened. He pulled her dress up and placed his hands freely as if he owned the girl. He took her lips and he took hold of the rest of her body.

It was only then her mind began to race again.

Do I want this? Yes. Yes, I do want this. Haven't I been jealous my entire life of every girl I know who has a boyfriend? Haven't I watched all those movies and TV shows wishing there was someone wanting to kiss and hold me? He's my friend, and it feels nice. This is good, not bad.

The boy was like an animal, relentless and hungry. He was like a child too, unsure of his actions or what he even wanted. His hands went from her breasts to between her legs. He wanted it all at once, like a delicious meal that was his for the taking.

The girl pushed the thought of her being just meat to him the back of her mind as he took hold of her, pushing her down.

She kept waiting for him to say something; she herself seemed to have lost her ability to speak. He was silent just as she was. He began to probe her, playing with her as if she was a toy. He ducked his head between her legs doing as he wished, jabbing her and looking up expectantly for a reaction.

The girl purposefully looked up through the window at the sky to avoid his gaze. She focused on the blue and the sensation. One minute good, the next minute bad, and then after than pain.

"It hurts"

She gasped, finally looking at him.

“I’m sorry, I’ll be more careful”

The girl closed her eyes and relaxed a bit, he apologized. She was right. He was nice and kind. There was no need to worry. The boy began again and for a minute there was pleasure and then again pain, worse than before and blinding.

“Stop please”

“It will probably hurt less if I just break through this”

He held two fingers against her hymen, applying pressure.

“Lets switch it up”

The girl made the suggestion in desperation, weary at the possibility of more pain and eager to be out of that vulnerable position.

The boy smiled and sat back, but not before he took off his pants and his underwear.

III

Naked, he looked at her expectantly. She froze unsure what to do and even more conflicted about what she wanted. She sat on her knees across from her friend who was erect and eager. He must have sensed her uncertainty because he reached a hand out to her. It cupped her face before placing a lock of hair behind her ear.

Again the girl relaxed. As he drew her close and began kissing her she chided herself for being so anxious. He pulled away and brought her head to chest. His hand stroking her hair, she felt content. In retrospect this would be the only part of the whole experience she enjoyed.

Too soon, his hand stopped stroking her hair and instead guiding her head down. She knew what he wanted. The girl tried to rationalize her actions. It was nice to no longer be at the hands of this boy. Plus she liked him, shouldn’t she try to make him feel good? He tried to do the same for her, however unsuccessful.

The boy had his eyes closed and seemed to be in another world. The girl was trying her best but was also growing tired. Switching parts and positions she continued, but she had lost her focus. Instead she studied the boy.

IV

The boy had stretch marks, just like the girl. And while she half-heartedly pleased him, she became engrossed with the path of the lines across his hips and down his

legs. She noticed the discoloration in different little patches. He had a long birthmark down his calf. A mole here and a cut there, he was a whole other being. But he was just like her, imperfect but still worth caring about. All the things she hated about herself she saw in him, but she didn't hate him because of it. In fact it made her like him more, to see herself in him. Her careful study was interrupted by his heavy breaths. She leaned up to kiss him and he put an arm around her, holding her tight as she worked on him.

But he broke away and leaned down. Confused the girl worried she did something wrong, awaiting rejection.

But the boy came back up with a small plastic package.

Again without words he opened the package, placed the protection and grabbed the girl. It all happened in the span of seconds.

V

The girl cried out, not even fully aware of what had just happened. He was strong and he was having his way with her. She couldn't stop him if she wanted to. He pushed his way through her without regard or care.

The girl tried to remember that there was pleasure to be found in this. She tried to recall all the times she daydreamed about the act.

Remember he's just like you, the girl thought. You wanted this. He's a nice boy. It could be worse. It will be over soon.

He was like an animal. The boy or is it man now? The man was like an animal.

And then he was done.

Its over, she thought.

He continued to hold her, his heart next to her ear. She listened to the beat slow down and the boy recovered. When the steady beat took its course he finally looked at the girl and smiled.

"That was amazing"

She had a lovely smile; she knew how to fake one too.

"It was," she smiled back. The girl couldn't hold it for long and placed her head against the boy chest again. His arm's around her was the only comfort to the trauma and dull pain she was going through.

And then he pulled away.

VI

He moved back from her. He cleaned himself up and began to dress himself. Across from him the girl began to mirror his movements and dress herself.

Then they sat, no barriers between them now. The boy had seen to that.

The girl crawled up next to him and put his arm around her.

“What are you doing?”

She laughed.

“Its just funny going from being so close to suddenly being so far apart and I just wanted to bridge the gap.

Is there something wrong?”

The boy gave her a look she couldn't quite understand.

“I just didn't expect it”

“Oh”

The girl then realized he wanted to kiss her, but he didn't want to hold her after. He wanted to have sex with her, but he didn't want to be with her.

The girl got out of the car. She hadn't realized that it had started raining during their tryst. The rain was light, more like a drizzle, and the sun was out.

The girl's mother had told her when she was young that when the sun was out and it was raining, that meant a lion was being born. Her mother had also told her to wait until she got married to have sex.

The boy had started the car and brought it right up behind the girl.

“Ready to go?”

She nodded and carefully got back into his car. With every bump of the car down the dirt road she was faced with renewed pain. The boy didn't notice, of course.

“Do you like Frank Ocean?”

The boy inquired when they were near the library again.

“There’s a rainbow!”

The girl didn’t intentional ignore the boy’s question, but she was much more interested in the colorful rings in the sky.

“Really? I don’t see it.”

She didn’t care if he saw it. She smiled to herself. Stupid as it maybe it gave her some misguided hope and bizarre joy. It was one good thing to take away from the odd evening between her and the boy.

As they pulled into the library the girl had made her first actual decisions of the evening. She wasn’t going to hang out with him after they parked. She wasn’t going to see or talk to the boy again. She didn’t want this to happen again. She wasn’t going to take the chocolate bar he had brought her.

The car halted and the girl slipped the chocolate bar into the cup holder and swiftly got out of the car.

“I’m going to head out”

“Yeah I’ve got stuff to work on”

“Bye”

“See ya”

VII

Dirty.

In a different parking lot she sat in her car and the only thing that could come to mind was the word dirty.

Its how she felt.

Cheap too.

Dirty and cheap.

And worthless.

In the aftermath haze of what had happened with her friend of a year she fled the library and found herself at the movie theater.

She wanted to stop hurting, the pain in her heart and the pain between her thighs.

Disgust.

As the girl walked out of the car, this time she gave no care to where she stepped. She knew her feet would get wet. She didn't hold her dress either. Her hair was a mess and she knew it, but she didn't want to look nice anymore. The girl didn't care.

Entering the theater she knew what she wanted to watch. The only thing that could possibly make her feel better now was to watch the sequel to one of her favorite Disney movies.

She didn't want to be a grown woman any more; she wanted to be a little girl again.

With popcorn, candy and lemonade in hand she entered theater 16 and proceeded to forget about her life for two blissful hours.

She emerged happier than she was before and somehow worse off than when she entered.

It was time to go home.

VIII

At home she first went to her mother's room.

"I'm sorry I'm so late, I had more work than I expected."

The girl's mother smiled and took her hand.

"Did you finish everything?"

"Yes, I did. I'm really tired though, I'm going to head to bed."

"Alright. Sweet Dreams"

"I love you mama"

The girl closed the door to her mother's room knowing as much as she wanted to she couldn't talk about what had happened to her.

What she had let happen.

What had happened?

Hours later it was more of blur.

The girl went to the bathroom and took off all her clothes and starred in the mirror. The boy had left his mark on her. Underneath her right collarbone and above her breast he had bit her. The mark was red and obvious.

She could see every part of her that he had touched.

Violated.

That's how she really felt.

The girl got into the shower and ran the hot water. She began trying to scrub the memory away. She rubbed against her stretch marks, her discoloration, moles, and scratches. She wanted to forget all of her that she saw in him. She wanted to forget he even existed.

It's my fault, the girl thought.

She never wanted to be with any person ever again.

She'd rather be alone with her self-hatred for the rest of her life.

Then the girl made her last decision for the night.

That's the end of my pity party. Time to go to bed.

End.