

Kaleigh *Atticus Mason*

“I hate when I get a guy off but he doesn’t get me off. I *fucking hate it!*” The four of us trundle down the imprudently paved Ohio road with the gas needle lingering in the Deep South. We’re probably running on teardrops of gas; pouring a few cups of Irish whiskey in the tank would get us further than the fuel we’re running on.

By will of the universe, we’re able to sputter into the Kwik Stop up the street (after passing up the BP because of the recent disaster). I hand Danny all I have for gas—\$2.25. He walks into the modest little station’s store to pay. CJ hops out of shotgun, and Venereal Kaleigh and I stride behind.

The fruits of the trip include two beef jerky sticks, a box of Cosmic Brownies, a single condom, (ultra-thin, to Kaleigh’s demand) and 1.19 gallons of gasoline.

We’re barricaded into our parking space by three cops that had pulled a large man in a small car over. It just doesn’t seem fair that this poor guy has to deal with stuffing his Pangaea-sized gut into a Volkswagen Beetle like a football in an envelope AND be hassled by the Brimfield Captains of Fascism.

After twenty minutes of waiting for the man to be arrested or let off the hook, we are about to lose bladder control

to the excitement of speeding off into the sunset on our 1.19 gallons. The 5-0 haul off (they let the bulbous gentleman go free) and we head down to The Outpost, the hippest strip club turned music venue in the Brimfield micropolitan area. The Outpost's definition of an auspicious music club is synonymous with "smoky dive where aging metal heads go to die." So we stay in the club's parking lot.

It can be very disheartening to be part of a punk band in a scene where the ratio of heavy metal bands to non-heavy metal bands is roughly ten to one. But wondrously, the first band that played at The Outpost this particular Friday was a ska-punk band that performed before we went on our beef/gas/brownie/condom run, so of course we had hung around to skank it up to their set. A fucking third-wave ska band in 2012 northeast Ohio! How could anyone not adore that?! Alas, this show is predominantly made up of hard rock groups and we don't feel like sitting through two hours of plus-sized guys showcasing their uniquely metalized versions of "Eye of the Tiger."

As the sole punk rock band, per usual, we got stuck with an eleven o'clock slot on the smaller of the venue's two stages, despite having sold twenty tickets and telling the bastard entertainment company that we sold forty, per usual. It is typical for bars to give a band control of their time slot in proportion with their ticket sales. The Outpost is trying to establish itself as

an insubordinate club.

We occupy ourselves during this period of Limbo by listening to Kaleigh recount the time she ingested a medley of acid, psychedelic mushrooms, and amphetamines at her grandma's house.

"No, no. The head is the most sensitive part. That's why it hurts you guys sometimes." Her eyes periodically become wider as she speaks, for emphasis. She twirls her finger through her thick black locks as if her story about sucking some kid off in the girls' bathroom while drilled on a two-day coke binge is hair salon conversation. I am attracted to her.

"I really think the word 'pussy' is disgusting. I hate it. Unless I'm in a really good mood and I want some pussy. Then I'm like, "pussy, Pussy, PUSSY!"

How could I not fall in droopy-tongued lust with that? Those remarks, along with her summer cloud complexion, eyes like shards of blue ice, and hourglass figure have had me aroused most of the night. I'm getting antsy staring at her breasts in the back of Dan's van. She is playing with my ear and I am visibly starting to lose it.

CJ takes notice and speaks up, "Marc is so horny right now. You two need privacy. But first, show us your tits, Kaleigh."

She chuckles, "What? Oh my!"

Dan joins CJ's badgering for boobs. They lock the doors and I remind them what they're doing can be considered sexual harassment, to which Kaleigh retorts, "It's only harassment if I don't like it!"

After five minutes of nagging to be flashed, they leave us to ourselves in the white van parked as surreptitiously as the Hoover Dam. As the early-spring evening chill sets in, so do my nerves. I'm sitting next to a girl one year my junior who probably doubles the average woman's lifetime sex partners in two weeks, and I was starting to get soft and sweaty.

Her testosterone-sense must have tingled, because she asks at that moment, "Are you about to lose your virginity to me?"

"Um... well, yes."

I had been second-guessing this thing back when she lectured me about the *gargantuan* difference between numerous brands of contraceptives. She concluded the disquisition with, "I just fucking hate condoms."

I've always wanted my first time to be intimate, and I tell

Kaleigh that as we sit alone in the van, watching our breath become more and more visible.

“Well, I could ride you? I’m going to have to respond to my boyfriend when he texts me, though.”

That first part sounds all right, so I spread the Sex Blanket out in the back of the van. The Sex Blanket is a green comforter with Daffy Duck’s face all over it. Danny and his most recent ex would fornicate on it, and, like all things in Danny’s possession, it had never been washed.

“Lay diagonal,” she instructs. She is a burnout in the classroom but a commander on the Sex Blanket.

As she strips down to bra and panties, all I can see is her shoving that kid’s cock down her throat in the girls’ bathroom. I’m also cold, nervous, and diagonal. I am as flaccid as I’ve ever been.

It’s not that she isn’t physically attractive-- she’s honestly a knockout. That black bra pushes her chest up with tantalizing compression and her waist is curvy and sexy as high Hell but I feel as sparkless as a homeless man’s lighter when she comes down to make out with me.

She eases off. “Are you hard?”

I know it is unnecessary, but I peer down anyway.

“Not yet, babe.”

“I can give you a hand job then suck your dick.”

She rubs my dick up and down with blinding speed and unrelenting fury. She even pushes the head up with unpleasantly robust force even though she *knows* how sensitive a man’s head is. This pathetic excuse for a hand job is getting us nowhere; a man is the best person to give another man a hand job. Any other woman will always be lackluster compared to an experienced male. I really can’t bring myself to tell Kaleigh how I like to be jerked off.

Bzzz. Bzzz.

She shoots toward her phone like a lioness at an antelope. She works the thumb magic that everyone in my generation must acquire in order to survive and I think, “I wonder if she could work her fingers in a texting motion on my dick?”

This works as well as the last technique. She stares at me with frustrated exhaustion and fleeting estrogen.

“How can I get you hard?”

I feel disappointed and bored.

I ponder for a moment. “Give me a hickey.”

“Are you sure?”

“Give me a fucking hickey.”

She goes down without protest. She sucks and smacks her lips all around my neck and down my stomach, blowing on the slick lines of saliva she leaves behind.

I feel inhuman; it is like I am just a car being worked on. She is a fly-by-night mechanic doing everything the manual says to do me, following the instructions with minimal passion or creativity.

Bzzz. Tap tap tap.

“Why do you have to text him back immediately?”

“Why won’t you get hard? Most guys get an erection as soon as I take my clothes off.”

“Then take off your bra.”

I feel odd commanding her to do these things as if I'm Kim-Jong Un or something, but it just seems like the right way to speak during sex.

"Now your panties."

I sneak two fingers between her thighs and rub her vagina, which I then knew the precise location of, thanks to health class. She continues sucking my neck, but I'm infatuated with the inside of her. She is moist, and my fingers are pushing up on some sort of inner mechanism of hers. It sounds like I am digging through a pot of macaroni and cheese. More fascinating than arousing. She peers up from licking my shoulders.

"Do you. Have. An erection. Yet."

"Uhh... it's getting somewhat bigger?"

She shakes my dick violently. "Why won't you get hard??" She giggles. I doubt she's wet anymore. I'm beyond embarrassed. Sixteen years old and I can't get it up.

I ramble, "I'm sorry babe. I'm really sorry. It's not you AT ALL. You're so fucking beautiful. I mean really fucking beautiful. Gorgeous. I'm just nervous. Because you're so beautiful."

She sighs and picks her phone up again.

I interrupt her thumbs, “Hey babe, maybe if you sit on my lap we could get something going. It did earlier.”

“What? Sit on you?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright.”

She maneuvers her way across the van’s rear and plopped on my lap. She’s heavier than she was when she sat on my lap at lunch the other day.

“Am I getting paid for this?” she asks.

“No! Jesus Christ...”

“Oh. Well good. You go to my school.”

“Why the fuck would I pay you... it ‘s been that bad, huh?”

“You can tell your friends that we did it.”

“That makes me feel even more like a loser.” I pull my pants most of the way up and slip on my Che Guevara tee.

“Some things just aren’t meant to happen, Marc.”

“Might as well just castrate me...” This is the first time I’ve consciously put most of my identity in my genitals.

Bump bump bump! Bump!

The door slides open. CJ peers back at us. “Marc! Why are you not naked?”

“We’re finished. And it’s cold in here.”

Danny pushes CJ out of the way. “How was it?”

“Nice.”

“It always is. Now Kaleigh, I let you use my car and my blanket for sex. May I please see a breast?”

She shows him both.