

# JESUS LAND: A MEMOIR

By Julia Scheeres

## Page 75

Jerome thrust a mildewed picture of a woman with blond hair over my book. She was naked, gagged, and tied to a chair. Straps were wound tightly around the base of her breasts, making them stick out like fleshy missiles, and her blue eyes were wide with pain or fear. ... "She looks like you," Jerome said. "Except you don't have these yet." He touched the woman's strangled breasts and then my flat chest. ... As I reached for it, I noticed his penis spilling from the slit of his pajama pants like a rotten banana.

## Page 112

I open my eyes, and in a boozy blur, see his penis jutting from his shorts. He grabs it by the root. "Lick it," he says in his thick voice, pressing my head toward it. I've heard of girls giggle about blow jobs at school; it's something a boyfriend requires of you. I stare at Scott's penis. There's a pearl balanced on the tan tip. It smells like liverwurst. ... He wags the penis with his hand to get my attention. ... "Open your mouth," Scott says, and I do. He puts it between my lips and grabs my hair and pulls my head up and down on it. A moment later he groans and something slimy spurts into my mouth that tastes like pool water.

## Page 131

He pushes my thighs apart with his knees and spits into his hand and wipes it between my legs before lowering himself onto me and prodding my inner thigh with his dick. I bite my bottom lip and look up into his eyes, but his face is turned to the alarm clock next to the bed.... as Scott pokes and prods at me... "Stop fighting me," he says as I scoot away from his fumbling. "You'll only make it worse."

