

Out of Darkness

By Ashley Hope Perez

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For the boys, pussy or the idea of pussy or the idea of the idea of pussy.

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He shifted in his pajamas, and the part of him that made him a man stuck out, reddish purple and frightening. She had never seen one before except on a baby. This was different. Then he lowered her hand down and closed it around the hardness his hand moved hers. His left hand gripped her shoulder, pressing her head tight against the hard, flat plane of his stomach. She watched her hand move back and forth like it didn't belong to her....A moment later, the thing leaped. Henry's whole body shuddered, and a hot mess lay across her palm and between her fingers.

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"Stop it!" she said, leaning back as far as she could. ..."Come on, now," he said, pressing his hips against her. Henry laughed. "Oh, honey, go on and be mad, that makes you look even more like your ma. She liked to pretend to fight, too. "You like playin' mama, don't you? I can help you play all night if you want." "God, I'd like to give it to you just like this-" He lowered his hands to her bottom and rubbed himself against her.

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"Don't do this, Henry." Naomi's lip trembled as she spoke. She dropped to her knees...."Lie back. Open your legs. Stop crying". "Henry," she protested, "I haven't- I've never-" "Beto, you come here. Watch. But don't try anything. I've got the gun right here." Beto looked long enough to see the revolver his father held near his sister's face. The shotgun lay on the far side of Naomi, out of reach. Henry's fist slamming into his sisters face once, twice, three times. ... His father's rapid breathing. An agony of waiting. His sister crying out in pain. And then the end of it. Henry's shudder.....Henry stared down at the gun in his hand. He hadn't known until the moment he fired that he was capable of shooting a woman.

