

Other men

School is so boring. And my schedule sure doesn't help, algebra, aquatic science, history, bio, CCR (ugh, don't get me started on CCR. College career readiness? I actually couldn't care less), english, and then theatre to top it off. You'd think that theatre class would be my favorite considering it's one of the only ones I actually chose myself, but I should've figured I can't have anything nice so of course I have to deal with the most annoying teacher ever. I miss the one we had two years ago, she was actually nice and liked acting and educating the youth or whatever. She made me actually like going to class and got me excited to act every day, but no she just had to leave us with this teacher whose name I can't even remember that's how little I care about her, just like how little she cares about us and our program. I can't wait to go to high school, I feel like I'm wasting my time all day every day.

You know something's wrong when my favorite subject of the day is lunch. You know how corny that is? I actually like math and science and theatre and I'm quite good at english, probably better than anyone else in that class anyways since they're some of the stupidest people you've ever met, but no my favorite subject is lunch. The lunches aren't even good, they're just the same sandwiches and weird smiley tater tots or whatever they are and I think they might have a slushy machine? Slushies are pretty awesome but I've never had any because my mom won't put any money into my account since I bring my lunch every day anyways, so I guess we'll never know. They're probably bad anyways. I just don't have fun at lunch. I go to my fifth period (oh my god, CCR is so boring, I hate even thinking about it), go to lunch, eat lunch alone and then go to english and do nothing because nothing we do in that class is meaningful in any way.

Literally all of the core classes are jokes. It's almost the end of the year and I can't tell you a single thing we've learned in history all year that I didn't already know, it's literally the same old US history we've had shoved down our throats every day of every year since our birth. Why do I have to keep learning this stuff? It's not like history changes ever, that's kind of the whole point of it, it all already happened. It's all trash, all of it. Algebra is trash, bio is trash, CCR is the dirtiest and stinkiest trash of it all. Why do I need to think about my college or my career now? I have so long to think about that stuff, why do I need a whole class dedicated to doing a whole bunch of nothing all day every day and wasting my time over and over again with my teachers who couldn't care less about making the classes actually engaging, it literally makes me not want to do it on top of my already not wanting to do it for all the normal reasons, god I can't wait to get out of here.

Lunch is over. It's time to go to english. Man I hate that class. We've been learning the same thing for years and nobody in my class has gotten better at it. My brother in christ you speak the language, how was I better at 6 than you are now? It's

ridiculous, I'm walking to a room full of imbeciles in a class I hate in a school that's wasting my time and I'm going to be wasting my time like we do every day in that class and somehow I'm still getting butterflies, *why am I getting butterflies?* I walk into the room. Oh, right. It 's because you're here.

You sit right across from me every day. I think we had a class together last year but I'm not too sure. No, we probably didn't, there's no way I wouldn't remember you. You sit with your head resting on an open palm, covered by the sleeve of your warm maroon hoodie allowing your black hair to fall and blanket over the side of your face and putting a shadow over your lightly brown tinted skin. We're free writing..I think? and your face is scrunched up in concentration, the soft red of your lips pursing and your slightly off center jaw clenching and unclenching, the pulsing of your jaw adding texture to your normally smooth face. I don't have anything written on my page, I never do. I always do the work in other classes so I can watch you in this one. Pretty romantic, I know. Sometimes, as I'm staring at you over my laptop your eyes will flicker up and meet with mine. I'll stay there for a few moments before quickly glancing back to my screen, forcing a cough to muffle the smile dancing on my face only to look back up once you resettle your focus. Oh, you love it when I do that, the attention, the thrill of knowing someone wants you, someone directly across from you every day, just waiting for me to talk to you. I haven't talked to you, yet. I don't know, maybe I'm trying to work up something to say. You probably like it better this way, though, don't you? Yeah, I see that smile on your face, you just know you love it.

I think I'm ready. I'm so nervous, I've never asked anyone out on a date before and I'm pretty sure you won't reject me but it's still scary because I've never done this before and I don't want to ruin what we have because what we have is so good. I look over, it's past midnight, I need to sleep but I can't. I roll back on my back, let out a long sigh, and cup my face in my hands before letting my right one find its way to the band of my pants and pulling them down just enough. This always helps me sleep. It's the last day of school tomorrow so if you say no at least I won't have to see you until I'm all better and you'll probably have changed your mind by then and apologize to me and I'll forgive you and we'll live happily and hold hands in the hallways and eat lunch together and go to classes together and hang out afterschool and hold hands in your bed or my bed and we'll look at eachother and I'll move your hair out of your face and it'll be so soft because I've never touched it before and I'll look into your eyes and you into mine and we'll start to kiss and it'll be slow because we're nervous but we'll get used to it and I'll get on top of you and you'll love it and we'll start to kiss more and I'll grab the back of your head and you'll get my wrists and put them up your shirt and they'll find their way to your chest while yours find their way under my own shirt and I'll have started working out by then so there'll be abs that you love to touch and you'll squirm under my own touch as your hands make their way to my pants and you slip them under the waistband and oh my god oh my god oh my god.. I sigh again, it's already over. Whatever, I think

pulling them back up. My tissues are at my desk and I'll shower in the morning anyway so I'll just make sure to clean extra good down there, I'm tired now.

Our teacher is talking about how proud she is to have been our teacher or something but I'm not even listening a little bit because of that shirt of yours. God I love that shirt, just a plain nirvana tee that you wear every other week usually wednesday or thursday probably because of your laundry cycle, but you cut it just for me in a way that lets your left shoulder free for everyone to see. Your bra strap is easily hideable when you walk around but when you sit there doing your work god you're so focused that it just slips your mind to cover it back up and then it's out there just begging me to look at it. You have a light gray pushup on today with I think some white poka dots on it but I might be mistaken and it's not like I'm going to go get a closer look. I like that you're leaving things up to my imagination, you must be able to feel that today's a special day so you wore our favorite shirt and this cute little bra that lifts your breasts nearer to your chest and I'm pretty sure you're learning over farther than usual or maybe it's the shirt mixed with the bra because I'm getting quite the view over here. It really is a special day. I get up to go to the bathroom, I just can't help myself and I need some relief after you teasing me, I swear you always love to tease me. The image of your eyes watching me as you smirk that smirk you always wear when you tease me and your thumb pulling at your shirt to give me an even better view doesn't leave my mind for an instant as you move your shirt further down your arm and put your other between your lips, biting down on your nail in that way you always do. I come back in record time. This day's really getting to me, I almost never do it three times on a weekday and I might even make it four depending on how you react later. Really not a fan of that smell, though. I wish I didn't sleep through my alarm, I could've used that shower.

Okay, moment of truth. Afterschool you always sit on one of the concrete blocks on the sidewalks by the buses. I don't know why you wait outside if you don't ride the bus since it's usually pretty humid out here but I'm not complaining since I can just barely see you from my seat if I kind of smush my face against the glass and constantly wipe away all the fogging from my breathing. I cross the two lanes of buses and once I'm past them, there you are, sitting with your phone in one hand and the other wrapped around your waist grasping your sides. You're slightly bent over and your shirt is doing that wonderful thing with your shoulders and the subtleness of your chest but what a shame, you readjust yourself just as I start to approach you.

"Hey, uhm sorry, you mind if I sit here?" "Hm?" you look up, your wrapped around the waist arm falling down to your side, "Oh. Sure." So I sit besides you. We sit in silence for a bit, neither of us speaking. You go back to your phone. My fingers are impatiently wrapping on my bouncing knees as my heart races pounding against my ribcage. "So I've uhm.. sorry I've never done this before." You lower your arm and turn your head to face me a curious look on your face. "I just thought you were really uhm.. sorry just really pretty and I really like your uhm shirt and I was wondering if you wanted

to maybe if you would sorry if I could maybe have your number and we could do something sometime?" Your eyes widen slightly and I think I see a bit of blush scampering up your cheeks, your shirt falls off your shoulder making me glance over, and you don't even care to pull it back up. The ends of your lips grow taught as they widen and raise into a surprised smile, opening to show your teeth an off white color with hints of yellow because I guess you don't brush as well as you should, it's alright we all have our flaws and your beauty more than rectifies it.

You let out a soft chuckle "yeah, okay. You're in my English, right?" oh my god you remember me "yeah I.. I sit across from you" "you're always going to the bathroom" "yeah, just part of my routine, I'm too busy to go during lunch" "busy man, I get it" "no not really, I just really like eating" that one makes you laugh, a soft song escaping you as your hand goes up to push your hair out of your face after the movement made it fall "you're stupid. Here" you hand me your phone. Oh my god It worked it really worked I knew it would work I knew you were just waiting for me to ask you oh man and you mentioned the class I knew you loved the looks we shared why else would you tease me the way you always do? You're teasing me even now I can see your shirt falling further and further down your arm as you move to take the phone back, our hands touching slightly as you grab it. I've never seen you from the side, it looks even better from here, if I could just get a little closer.. no I better not push it. Wouldn't want to make you uncomfortable, I'm not one of those guys I'm a good one, I know a lot of guys can make girls uncomfortable with their staring and touching even if they don't mean to but I'm not like that. To be honest I am kind of surprised you said yes since normally pretty girls don't like guys like me, but maybe you could just tell I'm not like that. It is a good view, though. Safe to say I'll make it four times tonight. It's okay, I'll just do two tomorrow to make up for it. Oh, but it's the beginning of summer. Okay I'll make it three tomorrow as well but keep it at three the next day even though it's a saturday.

You're walking a bit ahead of me, crossing to the cafeteria. I almost never see you anymore; we haven't shared a class since freshman year Geometry which was alright but we didn't really do anything in there so it was pretty much just a waste of time, anyways. You look good as ever, although you stopped wearing those clothes I like. I haven't seen your Nirvana shirt since we broke up, and I can't remember the last time I got a real look at your chest, which has grown quite a bit in the years since we last spoke. It's not like I'm creeping on you, trust me, I respect your boundaries and everything, I just like to look sometimes, and you used to love it, too, so it's not like you mind, either--it's how I pulled you in the first place. You have an Ozzy sweater on, I think you saw him one time, but I can't remember, I just vaguely recall you mentioning it sometime over our year together, maybe sometime near school starting? You like that

sweater, now, it's one of your favorite ones. I don't remember when you started wearing sweaters but they're basically all you have on, now, even when it's warm outside. I remember you still wore your Nirvana shirt in Geometry, every other Wednesday exclusively instead of that some-Thursdays thing, but sometime during the year you stopped. I don't think I ever asked you why; we broke up pretty soon after, anyways, so I never got the chance. I can still tell you've been growing significantly, and it's not like you don't *not* want me to look, since it's only a Medium; I know you, you would've gotten it baggier if you didn't want people looking, so it's good to know you still appreciate the attention. You dyed your hair the other week, some nice dark red streaks to go with the black. It suits you really well, they're fading just right to blend in better with the darkness around it. Sometimes you curl them a little bit, too; that's always a treat.

You're walking with two of your friends: a shorter blonde girl--who I'm pretty sure isn't a natural blond because her skin's a little too dark (and her roots desperately need some touching up)--with a decent rear but almost no chest, or at least maybe it just looks that way next to you, and a nose ring that's a little too small for her large-ish nose, she might suck it up if she's not careful; and an asian girl, decently tall and so frightfully skinny that she *has* to have some sort of eating disorder, her arms sticking like needles from her tube top, not sure why they let girls wear shirts like that here, they're supposed to have some sort of dress-code but they let girls like them walk around freely since they can just throw on a jacket and plead not guilty. She's wearing that skimpy shirt but has on baggy cargo pants, so I can tell she's probably cutting, or at least used to. They're not very pretty--the blonde's okay, but I wouldn't call her pretty--at least not next to you. You turn your head slightly and we lock eyes just for a moment before you quickly turn away, lowering your gaze and picking up the pace. I watch you walk away from behind. You really have grown. I sigh, rubbing my eyes with one hand and walk to my bench. I wish I never quit theatre; everyone there eats together. Maybe I'll start spending lunch in the physics room with some of my friends. I do like that class. I don't really like hanging out with them, though, since they're crazy sexist and stuff.

I miss when we were together. We would hold hands in the hallway in between classes sometimes and eat together during lunch. I had always eaten lunch alone, still do, so it was nice to finally spend it with someone I liked. And that meant I could always just look over and see you there, and you were very pretty--still are, that's not what I meant--so it was always a good time. Sometimes I would make you laugh and you would touch my arm a certain way and lean in towards me and your chest would brush up against me, oh God, *that* was always a good time. I got decently used to it pretty fast, but sometimes I'd be having a day and I'd have to excuse myself to the bathroom. Never three times on a weekday, though; I had a bad beginning of summer after that, especially since we would swim. Man, you looked good in your bathing suit. I can only imagine how you would look now, after you've grown. Man, I can't believe we only had sex once.

At least we *did* have sex, though, it would be a hell of a waste to go through all that and not get to enjoy you like I wanted to. You were so into it, too. It probably helped that it was at your house, since you were never as enthusiastic as I was when talking about it. I still remember how you looked beneath me, your Nirvana shirt without a bra, tight enough to leave little to the imagination but loose enough for my hands to easily fit under, touching and squeezing you as you squirmed underneath me. Oh, you looked so beautiful from above, your hair splayed onto your beige sheets (fully dark, before your dying) as we mingled like I wished we would for so long. God, you felt so good, and you were so into it, your hands weakly pushing against my chest, your soft *please's* as I pleased you. Man, we had fun. It really sucks we only did it once, especially since you're so much hotter, now. I wonder if I'll ever get another chance. Ugh, I shouldn't have been thinking about it, now I have to go to the bathroom. It's okay, I like reminiscing, and there's five minutes left in lunch, which should be enough. I don't like eating in the hallway, anyways.

I'm walking past the Chem room when I see you doing a lab: you, your anorexic friend, and a new one with a long nose and ears that are too low and blue and pink ribbons of color mixed in with her blonde, what is it with you girls and always dying your hair? She has a fuller chest than you, but I can tell she's wearing a push-up, and she's basically flat everywhere else, so I'm pretty sure she pads and stuffs it, too. I don't like that you hang around girls like that: insecure and hurting themselves. I'm not sure exactly what you're doing, but you're wearing a coat and goggles for it. Oh, you are so sexy in that coat, you'd be such a hot scientist. You fill it out so nicely, you really should've gotten a looser one, but I appreciate the view, and I know you've always loved the attention. I'm watching you bend over to take a flask out of a bottom cupboard when your friend--the one that's bulimic or something--sees me and whispers something to you, continuing to look my way, so I start to walk away. Always those types of girls never letting anyone have fun.

People are talking about her in physics, about her eating disorder (general consensus is anorexia) and how she totally used to cut. A brunette-curved boy who sits to the left of me says she refused to swim on two different occasions when they were at the beach, so she's definitely got *something* going on down there. One tall, dark-skinned boy says she might just be scared she'll swallow some salt water and then she'll have to throw it up. Everyone laughs at that and, I'll be honest, I let out a little chuckle, I'm not proud. Another shorter, light-skinned guy says she's probably anorexic, not bulimic, since she's just super skinny but hasn't heard anything about her ever throwing up, and she does eat *sometimes*--although very little--during lunch but never vomits. I don't engage in this conversation, obviously, since I'm not that kind of guy. Of course, I have some unsavory thoughts, but I would never say them to others, which is how it should be. This is what I mean, I like the guys here, but they're all sexist--or is misogynistic the right term? I'm not sure; they're *something* that's anti-woman-esque,

that's for sure, and that's just not cool. So, I'll probably keep eating lunch alone. It's nice to have some alone time anyways, I guess.

I sigh. Why did you break up with me? I'd ask you, but I've been blocked ever since it happened. I just don't understand; you never gave me a reason, just said we "didn't work," as if we didn't work for almost a year, I just don't get why you suddenly had to go and be such a--ow ow, God, I hurt myself. Okay. Slow, gentle. Jesus Christ. I just don't get it. We had fun. A lot of fun. And we could be having fun now, too. I wish I was able to be on top of you again--shoot, I'd even be fine with below--especially since you've grown so well in all the right places. Man, you look so good, now. You've always looked good, but the way you filled out your lab coat and how your hips swayed as you walked to the cafeteria... Good God, what I wouldn't give to grab those hips one last time, or your bouncing chest again as you whimper in my ear, *please... please... please.. please.. please, please, please, please, please oh, God, please...* I sigh. Four times. It doesn't even feel good, anymore. What's wrong with me?

I think I'm finally getting used to my haircut; I was using too much shampoo and blow-drying too long for about a week, but I'm getting the hang of it. I've started a facial routine, too. It's not much, just a daily cleanser and an SPF moisturizer, but it keeps me feeling clean after my morning shower. I prefer to shower in the morning, now, instead of at night, since I sweat. I'll do both if I feel too nasty when I get home, though. I also finally quit masturbation. I was on-and-off for a long time, but I rarely feel the urge now. Even when I do, it's easy to forget about it by working out--the pull-up bar was a life-saver, although now I can't close the bathroom door. I rarely have guests over, though, so it's not that bad. I feel good; I can finally focus on my classes.

I head to the library before my classes. I used to wake up at 9:00 for my 9:30, but then I had a really bad couple of tests and knew something had to change, so now I try to wake up at 7:00 or earlier every day. It feels nice waking up early; I get more done throughout the day and actually feel tired when I go to sleep, which helps mitigate the issue of roaming hands. I've been drinking coffee, too, because of the early mornings. I'm not the biggest fan, but it does help keep me going.

It's a pretty quaint place: brown walls; small, white tables lining the room; and you, making the coffee. You work most weekdays (never Friday) with the occasional Saturday, always in the morning. You're usually making the coffee, but sometimes you also take orders. I never get anything when you're at the register, out of respect. I just like to watch. Not too much--I'm not creepy, now--just a bit while I enjoy my coffee (I hate walking with a drink in my hand). I get a ham-and-cheese sandwich as well. I've been reading more, too. I take Silvie Plath's *The Bell Jar* out from my bag and flip to--let's see if I can remember--page one hundred fifty. Yeah, that's about right. I lost my

bookmark the other day, so I've just been remembering the pages I'm on. It's pretty good, so far. I hear Silvie went crazy after writing it; I can definitely see some of that in the book. I'm not really too sure what's going on, anyways; it's pretty hard to follow. You have on a white apron with surprisingly few stains--you've always been cautious, though, so I'm not particularly surprised. You really know your way around the place after working here for so long. It's almost been a year, hasn't it? A bit longer, actually, I think--you started around mid-fall, and it's almost November--yeah, a year and two or three months. You move with such a smooth and graceful flow that I can't keep my eyes off of you. I turn the page as you grab a cloth to soak up a small spill--someone else's spill, not yours. The apron looks perfect on you; the contrast against your dark shirt accentuating the small arch in your back that slightly pushes your stomach out. Your hair is tied up in a messy little bun, which I really like. You almost never wear your hair up, but it makes you look so sexy. You finish whatever drink you're working on and head to the back. My drink's not too warm, now, so I throw it away. Man, I'm such a slow reader; I only got through three pages today.

I got here pretty early today; I just couldn't go back to bed. Nobody's here but me--I don't even know if *you're* here, yet. This short, skinny Indian girl with perky little breasts made my coffee, her brunette hair in a long ponytail behind her. I wish you made it, since she's not very good at it, and I don't think she's meant to have her hair down. I can tell she brushed it too hard, because there's some stray hairs that are extra frizzy around the ponytail. She's not nearly as pretty as you; I've already read seven-and-some pages. I'm bored. I let out a long sigh and take a swig of my drink, getting ready to leave, when you walk through the back door, your hands tying up your hair and pulling your apron up slightly to reveal your midsection--*and you're wearing shorts*. A shock runs through me and I knock my drink straight into my lap. Oh, my God, you're wearing shorts. You and the Indian both look at me and I can feel a harsh blush spreading across my face. I shoot out of my chair, which falls to the ground, and run to the bathroom. I splash water on my face--look into the mirror, gasping for breath, my eyes wide and my heart racing--then on my pants, trying to get the black stain out of the khaki. Matter of fact, I just take the pants off; I can't be in them right now. I'm hyperventilating. Oh, my God. Okay. It's okay. Jesus Christ. Okay--breathe in, breathe out. In, out. In. Out. In... Out...

I'm sitting on the toilet, my pants and boxers hanging on the door. I can't go back out there--oh my God, you're wearing *shorts*. Shorts! You haven't worn shorts in years--not since we dated. I can't do it, I can't possibly do it. How can I go back out knowing they're waiting for me, just begging me to stare? They've grown so well with you; your beautiful thighs perfectly filling out the cuffs, their tan colors blending in a way that blurs the line between skin and wear. If only I could touch them once more, to grasp them and knead your soft--no, I can't. I'm not that kind of man anymore, that's not who I am... On the other hand, I *am* already here, in the bathroom. And my pants are off. As

are my boxers. Just a little bit won't--no, I haven't in three weeks; I'm *different*. But so are you; you made that very clear with your choice of attire. You're open to looks again, to the attention and admiration you used to love from across the room and hallway. Just a little bit won't hurt. Yeah. We're both different now. You make it so easy to be different. It's okay, we're different.

I walk out of the bathroom, my pants wet but not too noticeable. I was quick to wash the stain out--thank God; I like these pants. Oh, just perfect, you're at my table with a mop. I thought I surely gave enough time for it to be cleaned by now. The Indian isn't here; just you and I. I put my hands in my pockets as I approach you, taking a deep breath. Good God, I just wish your legs weren't out; I don't know if I can hold a conversation like that--with your beautiful body just begging my eyes to roam. No, it's okay. I've done this plenty of times before; why is today any different? Okay, okay, moment of truth.

"Hey, you," I keep my left hand in my pocket, my right rubbing my chin with a slight smile.

"Hey."

That's it? No, all good--I get it, we haven't spoken in a while. "Sorry, I didn't mean to leave you to clean it on your own; I just had to clean myself up."

"It's fine," but you sigh a little bit and mop slightly harder, so I don't think it's fine.

"You want some help?"

"No."

"How--uh, sorry," I need to keep my eyes up, "how have you been?"

"Good."

"Yeah... Good to hear." This is going just great. "You look good." No response from that. You dunk the mop in the bucket and go back at it. It's done now, so you start to wring it out in the bucket, "Do you... you want to get lunch sometime? Or--or a drink, maybe?"

"I'm okay."

"Come on, I'll buy."

"I'm not of age."

"You're not? October, right?"

"December."

"Right. December. December--no, yeah, I knew that... Well, I have some in my dorm--don't tattle--so... uhm, if you want, we can just hang out there? Or--or just lunch--or dinner--and no drinks; whatever you want is fine, really."

"I'm not going to your place."

"That's okay. Lunch is good. Maybe this weekend--or even today, if you're free after your shift?"

"I'm busy."

"This weekend, then?"

"Busy."

"Why are you being so short with me? We haven't talked in years; I'm just trying to--trying to have a conversation with you, maybe catch up a bit and see how you're--"

"How I'm doing? I'm doing just great, thanks for asking."

"Jesus Christ, what are you doing--"

"I don't appreciate being solicited at my workplace."

"Solicited? Come on, it's me--solicited?"

"I don't know you. I don't want to talk to you," you start to walk away, so I lightly--*lightly*--grab your arm, "Get your hands off me! I don't want to talk to you!"

"Why not? Why are you doing this? I have been nothing but nice and respectful ever since we broke up and--and since finding out we go here together, and I've never even once tried to talk to you, until today!"

"Nice? Respectful? You call staring at my ass in the halls nice? Telling all of your buddies that my best friend has anorexia is nice? Even here, I can't escape your penetrating gaze--it's like you stare right through my clothes. No matter how many layers I put on--don't you dare interrupt me; it's my turn to speak--Jesus Christ, I mean, you and every other God damn man just can't keep your eyes to yourselves--you *followed* me to uni just so you can stare at me while I make your coffee, for God's sake!"

"Why are you doing--"

"Why am I doing this? Are you seriously going to ask why I'm doing this *again*?"

"I just want to--"

"I'm doing this because I feel like I can't change safely in my own home, because I can't shake the fear that one of these days staring won't be enough for you and you'll follow me home from work, because I can't forget the feeling of your hands on my body and how you ignored my pleas for you to stop when you *raped* me, Vincent." What? I didn't... I--*What*? "Don't act so surprised, you knew what you were doing when you ignored me pushing you away and begging you to 'please, please stop.' I hate you, Vincent. I hate you, I hate you, I *hate* you. You can die and go to Hell. All of you can." You stare into my eyes for a short moment more, "and zip up your fucking fly, pervert." And you walk away, leaving the mop and the bucket behind. And I'm alone. And I think I'm going to be alone for a very long time.

That's not how it happened. That's *not* how it happened. Rape? *Rape*? I didn't--I didn't rape her. That's not who I am--I've never been that way. Sure, I've had some unsavory thoughts in my life, but *rape*? I've never even considered it! I've always--*always*--been content to watch from afar--which I've done for *years*!--just me and my eyes and my right hand. Rape? She--she liked it! She *loved* it! I can see her beautiful, tears-of-pleasure-filled eyes looking up at me as she begs me to continue,

begs me--*please, please, please.. please... please... And--and her arms, her arms that--that weakly pressed against my chest from underneath... that weakly pushed against me from underneath... The tears of pleasure that flowed from your squinted-shut eyes... please, please, please stop. It hurts.* No--no, that's not it; it hurt because it was your first time--it always hurts on your first time; that's to be expected! I just--I just pushed through it--*we* just pushed through it because we were in love and we were fifteen--I was fifteen, for God's sake! Even if I made a mistake, I was fifteen! I'm not that man anymore--I'm *not* that man anymore, I'm--I'm different. That's not me, that's *never* been me, and even if it was, I'm different, now! I'm better--I'm--I'm--I'm... I'm better. I'm not like that--that's not me. Please, you know that's not me. You know me... You know me...

You know I'm not like other men.