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122	Besides the easy sex thing, there's still the pot. I know they say marijuana isn't addictive, not like speed or heroin, which claw into you and won't let go. Pot is more of a sweet talker, and I'm all over that sexy voice. I went Saturday without it, but by yesterday afternoon, I was getting antsy.
123	Yeah, well, I could have screwed her Friday night too. I didn't, even though she wanted to.
126	Pinstripes, actually, on dark trousers, snug at the waist and across his hips, before falling loosely down over his thighs. And just as my disgusting brain gloms onto a sick image of what those thighs look like, his voice descends.
150	<p>Someone had closed the curtain. Kaeleigh was scared. I tried to tell her not to worry, but just then, Daddy burst through the door.</p> <p>I closed my eyes tight, made myself no more than a shadow. Something about him was different. I didn't want that something to find me.</p> <p>I cracked my eyes just a slit as he sat on Kaeleigh's bed, pulled her into his lap. He smelled of Brut and Wild Turkey. His peculiar potpourri.</p> <p>I love you so much, my little flower. Daddy needs something from my girl, my sweet rose. Will you give it to me?</p> <p>I wanted to be his little flower, would have given my Daddy anything. What did he want from Kaeleigh? She laid her head on his chest. "What?"</p> <p>I want you to see something, something that proves how much I love you. This is only for you, Kaeleigh girl.</p> <p>He lifted her gently, sat her down on the bed beside him. Then he opened the snaps on the fly of his flannel pajamas.</p> <p>It stood up, stiff as a stalagmite. See how much Daddy loves you? Show me you love me, too. Touch it. He closed her hand around it.</p> <p>I know it sounds bad, but I wanted to touch it too. I didn't know what it meant, only that it made Daddy happy. I wanted to make him happy too.</p> <p>That's right. That's right. His voice rocked in rhythm with his body. Oh, yes, my Kaeleigh loves me. My little flower...</p> <p>...when Daddy finished, he burrowed his face into Kaeleigh's hair and wept.</p> <p>Confused at his tears, and at the sticky stuff icing her hands, still Kaeleigh pleaded, "Don't cry, Daddy. What's the matter? Didn't I love you good enough?"</p> <p>...Yes, you loved me good enough. So very good! But it's our secret, okay?</p> <p>Because if anyone knew how much you love me, they'd be jealous. Now Kaeleigh was really confused. "Can I tell Mama our secret?"</p> <p>No! Especially not Mama. She'd get mad because she doesn't love me like you. She might even go away. You don't want that, do you?</p> <p>She thought it over. Again and again. But she finally agreed, "I won't tell." Daddy pulled her against him. Good. That's very good. It's okay to have secrets between Daddy and his girl. Just remember. No one likes a tattletale. Especially not Daddy.</p>
158	Weird. I always thought cutters were sick. Sicker than me, even. But with a single swipe I understand why they do it. Why they like it, even though they hate it. I let the water runs over the cut, ratchet it hotter, watch the blood slow, stutter, almost halt. I like the way the exposed flesh looks, all pinkish white. It looks new, although I know that isn't right.

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167	It takes all my willpower not to flinch, not to bloat his anger. His fingers catch my cheeks, pinch until my mouth opens. I'll decide what is or isn't trouble. You just follow orders. Understand? Drool dripping from my open mouth, all I can do is nod.
175	Once again we engage in easy sex, hardly a word exchanged between us. We are so not about conversation, and only body-to-body communication.
179	I noticed a definite odor of marijuana in your vehicle. Have you been smoking pot this afternoon?
184	I guess I'm pretty good at sex, but I don't think because the world needs more (even better) sex.
202	I do know a few other people who might have some bud. ...He gave me his number, for the next time you find your mouth watering for a red hot lollipop...
208	He pulls out a baggie, a quarter of some crumbly brown substance. When he cracks the bag, the perfume that escapes smells like heaven. Opiated hash. Ever tried it? I shake my head no, but Ty is quick to remedy that, filling a small pipe bowl with a miniature ball of opium-laced hashish. He takes the first toke, and now heaven's on fire, and smoking. Still holding his hit, Ty cautions around it, Little tokes, now. Don't want to cough this stuff out. Hold it as long as you can. Slowly inhale a taste sweeter than any before. Greedy me wants more, but I remember his warning.
210	Drinking. Smoking. Feeling the creep of the poppy, all along my spine, skull to tailbone. I know the high is mostly hash, not so different from regular cannabis (though even tastier). But the opium topper provides a whole new set of rushes. Body rushes, like little shivers. Head rushes, like turning in circles, round and round, don't fall down. Shall we move the party into the bedroom? Ty reaches over, kisses me. Hard. Harder. ...His teeth rake my bottom lip, move down over my chin, down my neck. Not too hard. Not really. But hard enough. Should I have warn garlic and a silver cross? I laugh out loud at the thought, and I realize how fucked up I am. ...He picks me up, carries me into his bedroom, half throws me onto the bed. When he starts to undress me, I burst into a new fit of giggles. My jeans are so tight, he can't wiggle me out of them. "Want some help, my macho vampire?" I shed everything and he does too, but before we do another thing, he asks, How 'bout another bowl? Something to take you real, real low. He leers like a scary circus clown. Low as a girl can go. True to his word he drops me real, real low. I'm floating on a poppy sea. Naked. Mellow. But a sudden wind rouses the breaks and low tide builds to major swells. Ty kisses me, all fang, pure vampire. "Hey. Take it easy." But somehow my body responds to the pain. And Ty responds to that, clamping one hand around both my wrists, pulling them over my head and pinning me helpless. It is then I notice the nylon cord, one end tied tight to the headboard.

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	<p>Ty's voice is almost a snarl. This is one of my favorite games. He wraps the rope around my wrists, knots it tightly. Escape-proof. I shake my head. "Don't." But he does. Should I scream? Would anyone hear? Would anyone care? The obvious answer softens my plea. "Please?" Haven't you played this game before? I guess I'll have to teach you the rules. The proper response would be, "Please, sir." Say it. My heart yells, "No fucking way." But my brain, the part that understands my daddy, makes me acquiesce. "Please, sir." He flips me onto my belly, yanks my legs apart. I don't have to see the restraints to know they're there. The ankle knots do not surprise me. I am helpless. Exposed. And, strangely, somehow I feel at home this way. Say it, he demands, like I should know he means, Please, sir. Punish me. Deliberate, controlled, he punishes me. I whisper into the pillow, "I understand." I understand why Kaeleigh like the feel of slicing her flesh, releasing bottled-up hurt. Leather snaps against my skin, and I remain still as stagnant water, afraid I might not play by his rules. This is a new game, and the sick thing is, I see quickly that I like it, might ask to play it again. The pain is fuzzy at the edges, blurring toward pleasure. Maybe it's the hash, the gentle arms of opium. And now new leather- human, Ty- falls softly over the heated welts, a soothing balm of sweat-beaded skin. But then heightened pain, forced inside me, stuffed inside me. Seared, branded, likely marked, a moan escapes me and Ty surges. After, knots loosened, a rub of cool eucalyptus oil persuades me I do want to play again. Soon.</p>
228	<p>They're about the same as straight sex and gay sex- some similarities, but different in ways that really count.</p>
232	<p>I slip into Daddy's bathroom, and this time when I "borrow" his Oxy, it's not for me. Okay, one is for me. The other three are for Daddy. I can't slip all three into a single drink or he'd taste it for sure. This will be a seduction. One I know he can't refuse. He finally roars in, and I've already mixed him a highball, long on Turkey, short on Oxy. That will change as the evening progresses. He gives me a look but takes the drink anyway. Thanks. I need this. ...I hand Daddy the Oxy-tainted highball glass as Kaeleigh answers, I didn't mean to be late, Daddy.</p>
235	<p>I watch the two of them stuff their faces, fix Daddy one last drink. Between the rich food, stiff Turkey, and three Oxycontin, he'll be fast asleep in a few minutes. Most of the evening's drama behind us, I slip off to the bathroom. Kaeleigh's disgusting food binge made me want to purge. It's more than a habit. It's a need. Experts even call it a disease. However you classify it, though, it's not about body image. At least not for me. For me, it's all about maintaining a modicum of control, especially when everything goes completely ape-shit.</p>
236	<p>But I do like the cool of the porcelain on my face, the solid of tile beneath my butt. Most of all, I like my belly emptied, even temporarily, of food. Of fat. Of pain.</p>
237	<p>Now that I've evacuated my stomach, I can swallow the Oxy I borrowed for myself. Pop the pill, chase it with whiskey, crawl into bed. Pray such seduction brings dreamless sleep. Seems to take a long time for the sleep aid to kick in.</p>

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	<p>...The gathering haze does not conceal memories of another night. Kaeleigh was ten.</p>
238	<p>Daddy had been back to Kaeleigh for "lollipop licking" (my term) a few times. She had a vague notion that it was "wrong," but she wasn't sure why, and didn't know who to ask. They'd probably just be jealous.</p> <p>That warm summer night, she slept in a thin white nightie, nothing more, nothing at all under. The moon, full, shimmered against the tan of her exposed skin, and her hair whispered over the pillow like a pale waterfall.</p> <p>As usual, the smell of Wild Turkey preceded Daddy. In the bright moonlight, you could see Kaeleigh cringe in shallow sleep. Daddy crept thought the door, to the side of the bed, stood looking down for a very long time before stirring her with a volley of kisses. Cheeks. Forehead. Lips. Oh, little girl. Do you know how beautiful you are? No one was ever as lovely as you, not even your mother when she was a child. I can't believe you're mine.</p> <p>Kaeleigh roused at his words, came into the moment, secure in the aura of Daddy's love. She tried to sit up, but Daddy pushed her gently back down against the mattress. Stay just like that for Daddy. I want to teach you something new. He lifted her nightgown, rolled it up over her belly, coaxed her Thoroughbred legs apart. She squirmed, a paltry protest.</p> <p>Don't move! Daddy's scarlet face underlined his command. I thought he might smack her.</p> <p>But as quickly as his anger flared, it dissipated, smoke. Don't be afraid. This won't hurt. You'll like it. I promise. He kissed the length of her torso, down to the small, naked V.</p> <p>It was only his mouth that night. He didn't even ask her to touch him, prove how much she loved him. Afterward, she worried. Didn't he want her love anymore? What had she done wrong? And yet, he had taught her something new. Something awful.</p> <p>Worse, something wonderful. Something every girl should know the joy of, though, of course, she shouldn't learn it from Daddy.</p> <p>At ten, it isn't exactly easy to separate good touch from bad touch, proper love from improper love, doting daddy from perv.</p>
245	<p>Mom sat on an overstuffed sofa, vacant-eyed, silently sipping vodka on the rocks. Daddy gulped whiskey, and might have passed out quickly except...</p>
259	<p>More drugs. More men. More sex. Do you think there's really such a thing as "enough"?</p>
260	<p>"Let's sneak on outta here and do the dirty."</p>
262	<p>You'll like what I've got. I assume he's talking weed. It's been a couple of days and the truth is, I'm so wanting a buzz. I could call Ty, ask for a bit steeper high (low?). Oh yeah, how low can we go? Loaded question.</p>
265	<p>Truth is, more than missing Mick, I miss catching a lunchtime buzz. I wish I could just buy a personal stash, keep it around.</p>
267	<p>Thought you kind of liked the play. Was I wrong? He reaches up, strokes my cheek gently. No encore?</p> <p>Rough play, he means and I really did like it because I'm sicker than he is.</p>

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	<p>..."An encore would be nice." I smile. "Maybe nice is not the right word, though." Nice works. So how about it? When can we get together again? He winds his fingers into my hair. Tugs gently, brings my face right down against his. Opens his mouth. We are tongue on tongue.</p>
270	<p>I triple promise I'll give him a call. Straight up, I will, because one guy will never be enough for the likes of me. Truth is, I can't believe one anything (guy, girl, whatever you happen to be into) could be enough for anyone.</p>
271	<p>I jump up into the Avalanche, scoot almost into his lap, give him an over-the-top kiss, hoping he doesn't taste guilt. Whatever he tastes, he likes it, wants another dose. I stop his tongue (not to mention his hands) with a single word. "No."</p>
272	<p>He starts to turn south but I stop him, with a hand on a spot too high on his thigh to qualify as "thigh." "Let's go to my house. It's empty." ...So Mich and I will smoke up and make out in my bedroom.</p>
280	<p>Desire strikes like a cobra sinks its fangs between my legs, injects its venom. The heady creep wanders from groin to belly. I lift Ian's hands, urge them against the throb beneath my blouse. "Touch me. Please?" He want to, does, and I love his skin on mine. And then he moans, Oh, Kaeleigh... And suddenly a different snake strikes, with lightening ferocity. Not cobra, but python, threading itself around me, squeezing. Hissing, Oh, Kaeleigh. Oh yes, that's right, little flower.</p>
288	<p>I lean forward slightly, notice his eyes fall to what almost passes as cleavage, with a good Victoria's Secret push-up bra helping out. ...The entire time, my legs rest gently between his, knees touching the inside of his, and despite my "lunch" with Mick today, I'm starting to feel incredibly, um...aroused.</p>
301	<p>It's not like the two of them do much screwing, at least not with each other.</p>
305	<p>Now I feel the need for liquid fun. Tucked away in a low cabinet is my parent's liquor stash. ...The Chopin vodka, stashed in the freezer, is a different song, and I'm so ready to drink that slushy tune. I'll never sleep without it. ...I don't really like the taste of vodka, but they say you can't smell it on the breath.</p>
315	<p>Open my skin. Right ankle. Left ankle. White flesh. Red polka dots. Ha! that's funny. Ouch. Stings. Behind right knee. Left knee. Oops. A little deep. Blood pumps. Check it out. Thump. Thump. Oh my God. Can I stop it? Who really cares? The drain runs red.</p>
319	<p>(Doing the dirty.) Shot one: missionary, Daddy on top. Shot two: doggie-style, Daddy on top. Shot three: can't even say it, let alone dwell on the picture, but Daddy's on top. (Always on top.)</p>

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320	<p>Wonder who was on TOP when they did have sex.</p> <p>Sex, sex, sex I have really got to stop thinking about it so damn much, you know? Daddy and Hannah; Daddy and Mom; Daddy and Kaeleigh; Daddy and whoever; Mom and Daddy; Mom and whoever; Lawler and whoever; Mick and whoever; Ty...</p> <p>Sex, sex, sex. I have really got to stop wanting to have it, and mor and more of it. Clumsy sex (Mick); choreographed sex (Ty); imagined sex (Lawler, assorted others).</p> <p>I've been half thought about experimenting with a girl or two. Variety is the spice of life.</p> <p>Sex, sex, sex. And what goes with that? Drugs, more drugs, and alcohol, of course.</p>
332	<p>No Mick, no bud. No Ty, no better buzz, and he's much more difficult to manipulate. Dopeless sex? That could not feel good. Could it?</p>
336	<p>I'm kind of liking this blood thing. Fetish? Fixation? Not quite an obsession yet, but I can see it growing into that. Drip. Drip.</p> <p>Steady. Slow. Drip-drip. Quicker yet. Drip-drip-drip. Drip-drip-drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>Drip.</p> <p>I'd probably just let myself drip, but I did promise to show up at work and help out with the Halloween decorations.</p>
388	<p>Oxy dessert, to chase his Wild Turkey main course.</p>
393	<p>Kaeleigh was used to Daddy's visits, but that night she, too, felt something different in the air. Rage. Lust. Sorrow. Perversion. All mingled in Daddy's sweat. There was nothing gentle about how he threw back the covers. Already naked, he pushed Kaeleigh roughly to one side, flopped beside her.</p> <p>I could tell she was afraid. This wasn't her Daddy. This was a demon, his evil hard and sharp as steel blade, ready to slice into her. It did.</p> <p>His attack was brutal, bloody, wordless except for vicious Shut the fuck up at her pitiful scream, a plea to please, please no, Daddy, no. It hurts. Oh!</p> <p>I cowered, sick at the sight, but unable to divorce myself from the horror. I felt Kaeleigh's pain. And when Daddy was done and she cried, I cried too.</p>
402	<p>Safe in the far stall I wait for the bell to ring, picking at a scab or two. The one on my ankle is recent. I open it wide, encourage the flow. It's like milking venom from my veins. Wonder how long it would take to bleed out completely.</p>
407	<p>And, are- don't get mad- are you cutting?</p>
415	<p>"This should cover what I smoked. Please take me home now."</p> <p>Don't want your money. His zipper opens, and what escapes is eager. Then he pushes my head down. Haven't you missed me?</p> <p>I could just do it. Get it over with. Pretend it never happened. But I don't think so. It has to be my idea or not at all.</p> <p>"No, Mick. Goddammit, I said no!"</p> <p>But he's all over me and I may not have a choice. He outweighs me by a hundred pounds and he's got me pinned against the door. His fingers, clumsy, work at my own zipper. I try to push him off.</p>

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	<p>What's wrong? You know you want to. "No. I really don't." But I can't stop his mouth from covering mine, leaving a wet trail of sobber all over my face. One hand tugs my shirt over my head, the other is inside my bra, twisting, pinching. I could just get it over with. See? Your nipples don't lie. You like it. He's too worked up to manage tight jeans, so he leans up over me, demanding I do him with my mouth. I could bite. But he'd probably kick my ass and finish his business anyway. I've never seen this side of Mick. Or maybe I have and ignored it. I can barely breathe, and the teeth of his zipper are biting into my chin. Atta girl. You can't say no to... Daddy. Daddy? Kaeleigh would just give in. The thought of her wide-eyed surrender gives me a sudden idea. But I have to play things right. First I go limp, pretend to acquiesce. I even give him a taste of what he wants. "Stop for a minute. You're hurting me." He hesitates, looks down into my eyes, which have teared up quite nicely. He draws back ever so slightly. I did down, beyond fear, fine Raeanne again. "If we're going to do this, you don't get to have all the fun. And can we pretty please take another hit first?"</p>
418	<p>I reach down, grab his tray, complete with maybe a half ounce of great bud. Pricey bud. I'm betting on greed. "Hang on. I need some light." I open the door wide, and send the tray sailing like a pot-covered Frisbee.</p>
421	<p>CONGRESSWOMAN'S DAUGHTER ARRESTED for theft of would-be rapist's truck. Says they were smoking pot after curfew when things got out of hand.</p>
441	<p>I'm celebrating pretty good right now, on two Oxy and enough bubbly to give me hiccups for days.</p>
447	<p>The Bad Thing About Puking Regularly is how you come to rely on it. Hungover? Go puke. Feel a bit fat? Go puke. Confused? Go puke. Frightened? Go puke. Entire world falling apart? Hurry up and go puke. All of the above? Puke. Puke. Puke. Puke. And puke some more. Totally Puked Out esophagus acid-etched, I'm ready to face the day. Not.</p>
459	<p>I am your little girl. I am not your girlfriend. I am not your whore. I am not my fucking mother! But he is on top of me and my shout is silenced. He is inside of me and my scream stays there too. He is finished.</p>