

WHAT *Girls* ARE MADE OF

BY ELANA K. ARNOLD

Instead I flick the vibrator's switch back on, I grip the black handle tightly, and I press the nose of it against the center of me. The next orgasm hits almost at once, more of a tsunami than a wave, and I'm overcome and lost in it. When the crest of it passes, I don't turn off the vibrator, I don't take it away. I shove it more firmly against me, and I squirm beneath its relentless hum. I force myself to come again and again, until the pleasure morphs into punishment, until I ache, until I lose count of how many times I've come and how many ways I've lost Seth. The orgasms are a seething ocean, each cresting atop the one before...

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Seth thrusts forward onto the bed and between my legs and against the thin barrier that separates us. The hard nose of my teddy bear pokes against my back and I twist to reach it, grab it by the arm or leg, and toss it to the ground. My thong gets twisted as Seth takes it off, and I hear it rip when he grows impatient and yanks too hard... and then Seth rises above me like a wave and smiles, and I smile back and then he pushes into me, hard and fast and it hurts and feels good all mixed together. He puts one hand on my stomach to hold me still- he likes it best, he says, when I don't move a lot, when I let him be in charge, and I know too that he likes to feel himself inside of me, under his hand, the back and forth motion of it. It's clear from his face when he's close, and I brace myself for a second, for the way he usually pulls out roughly right at the end, but then he looks into my eyes and grins, asks, "Okay?" "Okay," I answer, and then his eyes close and his mouth twists and a vein on his forehead bulges out and he thrusts again and again hard into the center of me and I want to like it but I sort of don't, and I feel him spasm, and spasm, and he makes a sound that would be funny in different circumstances before he is still. "Fuck," he says, collapsing against me.

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...and don't restart the vibrator until it's muffled underneath the blankets. ...I let my knees splay open and find my slit with my fingers, the soft hooded nub at it's apex, and I guide the red rubber ball against it....My back arches and I hiss in a breath at its first wonderful, terrible contact. A jolt of pleasure shoots through me and I yank the vibrator away before placing it back against me, this time very gently...It almost hurts, the hum, the buzz, the stroke of it, so different from the jet of warm water that pours from the showerhead, so different from the press of my own hand, so different from the wet lapping of Seth's tongue. It's remembering Seth's tongue that pushes me into the first orgasm, the sweet way he'd press it just there, right where I'm holding the rubber tip of the vibrator, the anxious, ineffective, hopeful lapping of his tongue. And I squeeze my eyes shut and my hips buck up against the vibrator, and my neck gets tight and my toes are stuck in a weird curled spasm, and I can't tell and don't care which way is up and which way is down.... I'm hearing the buzz of the tool in my hand, and every part of me vibrates in a way that makes me forget my name, and I don't care I don't care I don't care, just as long as this feeling persists...I'm lost in the vibration of my coming...and my legs spread into butterfly pose then and fold up like wings. that pleasure.

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