

CRYSTAL

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“Ring, ring, ring,” The telephone echoes throughout the room.

“Damn it!” Manuel irritably shouts.

My heart races in anticipation of something distracting this moment. ‘Thank goodness.’ I think to myself.

His lustful eyes stare at me. “We’re going to just let it ring.” Manuel instructs me.

My heart drops. ‘Just my luck’ I think.

He looks back at me and continues to tell me what he wants me to do. “I want you to dance for me. Pretend like you’re on the stage, or in front of a mirror after taking a bath. I want you to show me what you’ll do.” Manuel says.

Slowly, I squat to the floor. I feel goofy having to dance like this for him. He always has something new that I’m forced to do.

“Yea, like that.” Manuel says. “Now take your hands and slide them down the front of you.” He continues.

With bulging eyes and uncertainty I take my nervous fingers and do as I’m told. I run my hands straight down my stomach and then I quickly put them in front of me, in an attempt to hide my body. I feel embarrassed as he looks at me with those eyes. I hate the way he’s looking at me. I just want to throw up!

“NO! NO! YOU’RE DOING IT WRONG!” Manuel yells, then instantly lowers his voice as if trying not to wake a sleeping baby. “Do it like this.” He instructs me.

Taking both of my hands, he moves them over my chest very slowly. Rubbing and squeezing them hard.

“Yeeesss,” he says. “Just like this.” Like he’s having such a good time. He continues to instruct me. “Yea, I know you love doing it.” He confidently says.

I see the bulge in his pants protruding. He begins rubbing it with his hands, moaning as his eyes roll in the back of his head. I just stand there holding my head in complete and utter shame, hoping he’ll leave me alone. But of course he won’t, he never does. Not until he’s had his fun.

“Come and kiss it for me.” He says as he grabs my hand and pulls me to him, while he continues rubbing his hands over his pants.

I look at his grimy hands and wish I could cut them off. I try to resist, but it’s useless. He’s much stronger than I am and he’s going to get what he wants. I have no choice but to do as I’m told.

He sits on the edge of the bed and pushes me to my knees. Looking at his disgusting face makes me fill with anger, fear and confusion. The vomit rises and comes to the edge of my throat. “Manuel, I have to throw up.” I tell him.

The look in his eyes tells me that if I let a drop of vomit fall out of my mouth, I am going to get it. So, I swallow hard to force the vomit back down to my stomach.

Without any regard to how I’m feeling, he slides his pajama shorts off. He takes my head and sticks my head and forces it down into his lap. He takes his hand and sticks his penis into my mouth. He pushes my head up and down on his penis, forcing me to ‘kiss it’.

“Mmm, mmmm yea.” He says grabbing my hair forcing me to suck his penis faster and harder.

I hope he doesn't cum in my mouth. I hope he just lets me rub it, or cum on my legs like he usually does. "Aaaaaa." I gag from Manuel pushing his penis into my mouth.

"Stop gagging!" He yells.

I try to say something, but he won't let me. He just keeps forcing me to give this to him. I can't help gagging, it feels like he's trying to force me to swallow his penis. It's too big and it hurts the back of my throat every time he pushes my head down. Harder and faster he continues tormenting me.

"Well since you're having such a hard time I'm going to make it easier for you." Manuel says. "I have something new I want to try."

He gets off of the bed and bends me over onto my stomach. I get nervous because I'm not sure what he's about to do and that scares me. He pulls my gown up and lays his heavy body on top of me.

"MANUEL STOP!" I scream out of fear as I attempt to get from under him. It's useless because he's bigger than I am, and I can't fight him.

He pushes my face down on the bed almost suffocating me, and begins to rub his penis up and down my butt. His body scent sickens me as he continues moaning and rubbing against my fragile body.

"Ohhh, awww, yea, yea!" he screams. The faster he moves, the louder he screams. The louder he screams, the more nauseated I become.

I lay there saying nothing more as the ache of my chest being pinched and squeezed between the bed and Manuel's weight continuously torture my body.

He yells. "AWWWWW!" And then drops his disgusting scent filled body on me. The sweat from his body falls on my skin and makes me cringe. The smell of his cologne fills my nostrils and makes the vomit rise up my throat all over again.

Slowly, Manuel pulls his satisfied body off of me and head for the door. "You better hurry and get yourself together. Your mother will be home soon." He says with a violating grin as he walks out of my room. Then he sticks his head back in the door. "And don't use all of the hot water, I'm making your mother a hot bath." He slams the door behind him.

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