

DON'T MAKE ME LEAVE YOU

TEXT-FREE LOVER

I decided not to sleep with Daddy anymore, and I took a new lover – not a Daddy, a lover. We are both grown-ups and that's how it should be. And still, I miss Daddy's special ways and I wonder what would happen if my lover and I put on the daddy-story. That's how a lot of couples do it, right? They put on one story and then another during sex, but they stay themselves. It's fun. That's what they claim. My new lover is open to trying new things, and she's got a pervy streak, so why not?

I said to my lover, "Why don't you try this: tell me what you want to do to me in bed and then, don't wait for me to respond, just do that thing. And while you're doing it, do it zestfully, and tell me what a good girl I am. Say: 'ooh, you're such a good girl,' and 'what a good girl.'" I modeled these phrases for her, in case it was difficult to tell what I was getting at.

My lover shrugged and said, "Okay, I'll try that." And she did, but it rang hollow. And I forgot to tell her about the part afterward where she needs to hold me tight and stroke my hair and make contented noises. The part where she needs to seem deeply fulfilled. Instead, afterward, she just said, "How was that? Did it get you off?"

"You know, getting off is hardly the point," I said to her, irritated. Why was she talking to me? Why was she out of character? No, this wasn't going to work at all. And so I said, "Yeah, well, no. Never do that again." And she shrugged and said, "Okay."

It was like the time when she became fascinated with my multi-lingual abilities. She asked me to speak German to her in bed – just say everything in German that I would normally be saying in English. Then, the next night, she said, "Now do it in French. Say everything to me in French while we're doing it, okay?" I did and afterward, she propped herself on one elbow in bed to make comparisons. She said,

“I liked the German, but the French didn’t do a thing for me.” She scrunched up her face and shook her head. “No, I definitely didn’t like the French. Don’t do that one anymore, but do the German any time you want.” She never asked for multi-lingual sex again and it just seemed silly to me, so “anytime I want” was never.

I mean, what was the point in that? I couldn’t tell. And she didn’t seem to be passionately involved with the German anyway. It was a lark. Nothing was different in the way she fucked me. Everything was the same. When she likes something, she just grunts and likes the sensation of it. There doesn’t seem to be any compelling sub-text, hypertext. She’s a text-free lover.

Daddy is all about the story and I miss that sometimes. I don’t miss it all the time. Sometimes I got lost in the story and my head would spin and I’d forget who I was, my age, my name. Daddy said I was the little girl at the birthday party. Daddy said she was taking me to the world’s fair and I was wearing knee socks and black patent leather shoes and it was 1904. Daddy said she’d push me on the swing set and I always pictured 1972 in my own backyard – the swing set under the fig tree where I’d swing and swing and eat figs until I was stuffed full. Sometimes I got lost in Daddy’s stories.

Like the time when Daddy and I were in Amsterdam and all in one day we visited the red light district and the prostitution museum and the sex museum. We had a drink at the bar called Cock Ring and I took a photo of Daddy standing outside with her arms folded across her chest, looking very smug indeed. And then, that night, as she held me down and fucked me, that night as she clapped her hand across my mouth to keep me from making any noise while she fucked me, she told me a story so twisted I cannot even recall it to relay it. It was a story so woven into the ropes that have bound bodies like mine through the ages, so tanned like the leather of whips and masks and harnesses, I couldn’t contain it. Daddy gathered that fucking story – the *fucking* story – from every corner of our historical memories and my experience became fueled by the pictures at the sex museum. I couldn’t contain it. All of those pictures – ranging from naked bodies, smiling and coupling to bodies being beaten and racked, to open mouths drinking piss and licking dirty assholes and being impaled by