

Water for Elephants

By Sara Gruen

Kinko is sitting on the edge of his cot, an eight-pager in one hand and his penis in the other. He stops midstroke, its slick purple head extending beyond his fist. ... "Get out!" Kinko screams as the bottle explodes against the doorframe behind me. He leaps up, causing his erection to bounce wildly.

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It's multiple women. "Hi, honey," says Barbara, reaching out and stroking my face. ... "So young. Oh, he's cute as a button, isn't he, Nell?" ... "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me, Jacob—you ever been with a woman?" ... Her hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. ... "You think his hair is red down there, too?" she says, cupping me in her palm. Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be. Oh God. Oh God. I'm touching a breast. ... I'm pondering this change of

position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my fingers against hot, moist silk. I catch my breath. ... She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys. Oh shit. I may come right now. "Hmmmm?" she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places it back on my knee, and then gives my crotch an experimental squeeze. "Mmmmm," she says, her eyes half-closed. "He's ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age." The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the door of the stock car. ... She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I'm interested—there is no question about that. ... Someone's yanking on my pants. ... Oh God. She's touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It's limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be

stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified. The other woman—now there's only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?—lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis. I gasp. The women giggle, but it's a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response. Oh God, oh God, she's sucking it. Sucking it, for God's sake.

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Not For Minors
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