

Defloration

THOUGH HER GIVEN name is Celeste, everyone called her “Les”. She hadn’t yet shed her baby fat, so she was chubby during her childhood; her awareness that she was pudgy bothered her. She had the impression that her father, Brent, and mother, Alice, were convinced that this ugly duckling of theirs would never amount to much; in response, she played in her make-believe world with a rag doll, that became her bosom friend. When her brother Michael was born sixteen months after her birth, she felt that her parents shifted their hopes on him. Les was a content but lonely child who quickly learned to cater to her brother’s wishes and needs to obtain some parcel of her parents’ favors. It appeared to her that everyone was satisfied by the order of things, where she remained subservient to her family; after all, it relieved the parents of some tasks, while her brother was the prince; as he grew up, Michael displayed his sloppiness with impunity, to her disgust. It seemed to Les that, throughout his life, Michael found this normal.

Things became different after she started school, and kids started teasing her and she was the object of their taunts: “Mom there’s a boy in school that calls me ‘fatty’.”

“Just ignore him he’ll eventually get tired of it,” Alice reassured her.

Celeste followed her mother’s advice by not reacting to being insulted the kids stopped harassing her, as her mother predicted.

In third grade, Les met Trish, who became her best friend for life; unfortunately, nature did not endow Trish with grace and beauty; Trish was very slim while Les was plump. The pair became easy target for bullies: “There goes the witch and her

broom.”, “Chubby and her toothpick.”

By this time, the tormentors realized that the pair couldn't sustain looking indifferent and their lack of spunk amplified their vulnerability. The pair was a permanent target for the mockers' contempt. Les sought comfort from her parents who had little sympathy and reminded her to feign indifference. At least, Celeste could share her misfortune with Trish, on the phone or during slumber parties. The pair's only recourse was to be as discreet as best they could and to exchange their concerns among themselves.

At the onset of puberty, Les was afflicted with pimples that worsened the bullying: “There's pizza face.”

That led malicious classmates to call her “Jumbo pizza”.

Her dread increased in frequency and intensity. She became reclusive, refusing to go out of her room, except when strictly necessary.

Then Leisha came around with her band of bullies who made it a point to pester Les and Trish whenever they could, preferably in front of others. They felt good intimidating the weak and helpless; it was their quest for domination. Nature had seemingly rejected the pair that did not deserve to survive, much less thrive. In school halls, Leisha liked to shove Celeste until she was had her back to the wall. Celeste felt paralyzed, like an animal that had been snared in a trap.

Les cried, whenever she was alone. Her nights filled with tears and terror, so she became tired and discouraged at life.

Alice knocked on Celeste's room, “Sweetheart, I'd like to talk to you.”

“What about?”

“Please let me in.”

“Leave me alone.”

“You seem unhappy dear.”

“So what?”

“Your father and I would like you to have fun. You sulkiness isn't good for you. You could have hobbies and go out like other girls of your age.”

“I’m not like everyone else.”

“Your father and I have agreed that you should talk to someone else who can better understand you. “

“That won’t solve anything.”

“Talking to a professional would be good for you. He’ll know what to do.”

“I don’t want to. I’m not crazy.”

“Of course not dear, but it might help.”

“Go away.”

“Sleep over it dear. We’ll discuss it later.”

She did comply.

Alice went with Celeste to plead her case to the school principal who, with a sympathetic face apologized, “I understand Celeste, Ms. McCawley. You are not alone in your situation; however, we have limited resources. I wish we had teachers patrolling the corridors to watch for these incidents, unfortunately we don’t. My feelings go with you. We will do what we can to avoid these incidents.”

Then Alice and Celeste asked the psychologist for a diagnosis, “Your daughter is the victim of bullying. She’s intimidated and terrorized to the degree that she has become fearful of appearing in public. We call it agoraphobia. Concurrently, she feels persecuted and I believe that it is a mild case of paranoia. These causes have made her depressed, so I prescribed some medicine. I strongly recommend that she follow her treatments to overcome these problems. Have you talked to the school authorities about this hazing?”

“Yes. They told me that they are doing all they can.”

“With time perhaps things will subside!”

“Perhaps, in the meanwhile Les is hurting.”

“Celeste, you must continue her treatments. They’ll help.”

Alice and Celeste sought the guidance of her pastor, “What are we to do? The poor child is in a crisis. I went to talk to the school principal, who will do what he can for her. I even have her followed by a psychologist, who prescribed some medication that doesn’t seem to help very much, except making her groggy and apathetic.”

“God has inscrutable ways that will eventually resolve the problem. You must have faith, that the most important thing. She can take all kinds of pills, but they won’t do any good if she wavers in her faith in God. I would recommend that you pray with her. I will pray for the child and I will also pray that she remains steady in her faith.”

Les attended school regularly and her life did not improve much. Eventually, nature took its course and her puberty progressed. Much like a flower that blooms from a tightly wrapped bud, she started to reveal her hidden beauty to the world. Her baby appearance mellowed, her body developed feminine curves, her voice became more authoritative, men scrutinized her breasts, glanced at her buttocks, her skin cleared and she lost her excess fat. Now she became sexually attractive and she unwittingly drove young men half-crazy. As young studs approached her, Leisha and her bullies sensed that a force much stronger than their own was opposing them.

Trish confided to Celeste that she wasn’t much interested in boys, though one or two asked her out. She was more interested in sports, particularly gymnastics. She went out with one boy called Darryl, who never uttered a word, so Trish claimed.

Matt was a studious classmate. He approached Celeste but she rebuked him by responding that she was busy, but in reality she refused because nobody had been remotely interested in her previously and she was surprised at his advance. She talked about it to Trish who agreed that Celeste should play hard to get. Matt asked Les out again and, though she was tempted, she refused because she didn’t want to be known as an easy girl, as Trish had coaxed her to do. The third time she accepted; they went out on her first date, at the end of which he gave her a friendly kiss she could not avoid, despite his bad breath. They went out a few times and gradually the kisses became longer and more intense. Then he started petting her. At first, she fended him off, but she reluctantly let him have his way. At school, she was regarded as his girlfriend and conversely, he was her protector, so the bullies stopped their hazing. Les was thrilled at being accepted by her peers and at not being hassled anymore.

Gradually, her nightmares stopped and she quit taking her pills and going to the psychologist.

One day, Celeste and Matt went to a party where they mingled with the crowd and had fun. When they were alone in a room, he asked her to give him a blowjob. This was the first time for both of them. Celeste had watched many demonstrations on the Web, yet she was hesitant. After he insisted, she was somewhat willing, and so she did her best to satisfy him. He looked like he enjoyed it. After he drove her home, he gave her a lingering French kiss.

Even though Les told Matt many times she didn't want to go all the way, he claimed repeatedly that others teens in their school simply accepted it, as a rite of passage. He seemed determined that this was going to be the night. He prodded her to hang out in his parents' basement; she followed him cautiously.

He put on some romantic music.

"Would you like some wine?" he offered to lower her inhibitions. They were underage but Matt's parents allowed them to have wine.

"Just a little."

She drank a sip.

"Would you like to dance?"

She got up and he gently took her in his arms. He led her to the slow rhythm of the music. He kissed her on the mouth and she responded; she shut her eyes. The kiss wandered onto her cheeks and her neck and she resisted in token. He nibbled at her earlobe; she heard the sounds of his mouth. He pursued his pergrination and kissed her on the mouth, letting his tongue slide inside her mouth, as he liked. He groaned.

As he attempted to pet her left breast, she held it with her hand. His other hand slid across her waist onto her hips. Time vanished. He took her hand and placed it over his rigid penis inside his trousers, as he had done before as a signal that he wanted her to give him fellatio. She enjoyed it very much, now that she was accustomed to it. She went back and forth to the rhythm of the background music. His erection was becoming stiffer and she liked to feel the power she provoked. He did not want to come right away, so he stopped her. She looked at him.

He began taking off her blouse. She continued stroking him slowly. He tried to take off her bra, but he was floundering, so he pulled it down and she had to help him unclip it. He petted her naked breasts and her nipples reacted with firmness. She was pleased that he enjoyed her body; she felt vindicated from all the vile comments that had poisoned her past. He continued on his adventure and reached the mound of Venus, where he searched the way to arouse her. As he was exploring, her legs relaxed and exposed the way to victory; she was at his mercy. He pulled down her panties and he removed his clothes. They were both naked, as newborn children.

“You told me that you had your period four days ago, so there shouldn’t be any danger of getting you pregnant.”

She didn’t respond.

Since they were both virgins, there was no danger of transmitting any disease.

He got on top of her and he attempted to push his manly organ inside her waiting shelter.

“Ouch,” she warned, “Be gentle!”

He was glad that this door to bliss had never been pried open, but his key had difficulty in penetrating her keyhole. He finally found its place.

“Aw,” she moaned.

She lost the innocence of youth. He rammed her a few times and he couldn’t control the outburst. “Oh fuck. Oh fuck,” he cried out in ecstasy, as he grabbed her in his powerful arms and squeezed her as tightly as he could.

His desire having been satisfied, his body collapsed on her limp body.

Her mind is indelibly imprinted by the memory of her defloration, along with the fear of being hurt by a male and the guilt of allowing it.

Carpenter Ants

AS SHE BEGINS her womanhood, Celeste obtains that people call her by her given name, Celeste; she has had enough of the aggravating diminutive.

It's Thursday, another drab, dull and dreary day of the end of October when the leaves on the ground are soggy and people feel damp and cold. Oakville Ontario, as seen from space, is a small city on the west side of Lake Ontario, a suburb of Toronto. We zoom to the Falgarwood ward, Grosvenor St. near the mall, where her father bought a one and a half storey house, when he started working for the nearby car manufacturing company. An Internet search reveals little of Oakville, other than it has restaurants, motels, a provincial park and a garden. It's a nice a cozy town, where anyone would appreciate bringing up children and live a quiet life. The house's main floor consists of a living room, a kitchen with a counter allowing two persons to cook, a small dining room and a master's bedroom. The second floor has two rooms with two dormers and a bathroom; the basement is made of cinder blocks and has an unfinished laundry room, a small bathroom and a recreation room; in the front lawn, there is a small perennial flower garden and in the back, a yard to play; the car is in a carport.

Celeste is a comely young woman from a middle class Canadian family. She expects that she will have an easy life with her boyfriend Matt, that they will have two kids and that they will enjoy each other with her family and friends. She hasn't yet shared her hopes with Matt.

She would like to have a stable career as a Web designer; she aspires to no more.

She's interested in the plastic arts, such as paintings, drawings, pottery and so forth, but mostly in computer arts that now

encompasses all other art forms. She goes to museums regularly and she joined a few cyberspace art groups.

She likes contemporary music and dancing, even if it means dancing with girls.

She loves eating sweets, particularly those glazed doughnuts and cupcakes, but she tries to avoid them. Her life will not improve with this kind of love.

She enjoys nature, especially flowers and birds. In fact, she actively fights to preserve and protect them, whenever she can. She is concerned about the environment and she expresses her concerns in this regard.

Celeste gets up lazily after the clock's second ring; she calls herself a 'second ringer'. She puts on her dressing gown and heads straight for the bathroom, glad that her brother Michael has not yet occupied it and filled it with his personal odors; she locks him out and disregards his complaints when he arrives. She brushes her teeth that also freshens her mouth and her mood. The shower is next, being careful to keep her thick hair dry. After she gets out and dries herself, she combs her long, plush, satiny, sepia mane that she restrains with a red ribbon, so much in fashion ever since Princess Christina wore that to the royal wedding. She makes sure that her locks are contained, so that they don't fly away on their own whim and fancy; one such strand, aptly nicknamed "Mickey", takes pleasure in annoying Celeste by obstructing part of her face. Celeste keeps on thinking that her mother will not approve of her new hairstyle, because she always complains about Celeste's hair. Every morning when she untangles them, she rehashes her mother's dreaded comments. What will it be this morning? She wished that she could do whatever she wanted, without having her mother on the lookout for any potential criticism. She promises herself not to reply at anything her mother will say.