One of Us

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Author Bio
Tommy is from Flourtown, PA, and is a senior studying English with Writing and Religion minors. He is the co-editor-in-chief of The Gettysburgian, and plans to attend graduate school for his MFA in fiction. “One of Us” was written for English 301.
You never thought you would lose your virginity like this, leaning over a barely-breathing freshman, some girl you don’t know but she looks vaguely familiar and you think that she might be the girl you watched earlier that afternoon at the party and tried to talk to, a girl who you find cute, since the lighting isn’t so great and her hair, which has remnants of puke in it, is strewn across her face. Looking down at the girl, you want to push her hair off of her face but the Rho Tau brothers told you to keep your hands on the edges of the table, inches from her head, so you grip the ends tighter, pushing your fingers through the wood, your forearms flexing. Your heart rate quickens and you hear shuffling behind you as the brothers, packed into the small room, crane to look at the soon-to-be owner of your virginity, jeering and laughing and frequently sniffing. You hear Prescott, the president, say, “Is his dick even hard?” and you feel a slight prick as someone flicks your dick as it dangles between your spread legs and says, “He’s got a semi going on,” to which Prescott says, “Let’s fucking go, Davis, get that hard-on and fuck the cunt.”

You want to get a hard-on but can’t.

The light coming from the ceiling is dim and sways, casting light over the girl only momentarily until someone smacks it. The smell of puke wafting up from the passed-out girl’s open mouth is making your eyes water but you want to get hard so you think about the time you fingered some girl in your bed as Pete slept a few feet away and how she tried to give you a hand job but you were too drunk. You’re pissed. You wanted to fuck that girl and always talked to her at parties and knew she liked you. Now you see her every day on the way to class and she smiles at you but you know she thinks you’re a pussy who can’t get hard. You know she talks about you with her slutty cunt friends who sit around and talk about your flaccid dick. Now you’re stuck with this girl, who really isn’t that bad looking, and now you think it has to be the girl from the party that you did want to talk to earlier in the afternoon. Even though she’s still wearing a shirt, her tits are pushed up and popping out from underneath and you certainly wouldn’t mind sucking on them for awhile and you want to know what she looks like without the puke but all you can think about is how many of the brothers have already fucked her tonight and her call to her parents on Sunday night and how she will tell them that her weekend was great
even though her pussy will still be raw and she won’t be able to remember a
damn thing.

That entire afternoon you watched her as you sat by the front door. You wanted to talk to her and ask her if she had a class in Franklin Hall at ten o’clock, but she only talked to the seniors. She laughed with them while caressing their arms and they kept bringing her drinks, smiling at her and to each other. Staring at her, you watched her brush away her hair when it fell across her face until more hair fell and she stopped brushing it back. You didn’t know whether she didn’t care or just didn’t notice, and you still wanted to walk over to her, but now only Prescott was with her, whispering in her ear as she nodded, as she let her head fall heavily and then pick it up only to let it remain upright for a moment before it crashed down again. Prescott looked around the room, a smirk on his face. You realized her knees were bent in and you saw him drape her arm over his shoulders and wrap his arm around her waist, still whispering to her, rubbing her hip and then her ass. The room was still full with brothers and a few girls but you only watched the girl with Prescott. He moved her around and let her lean against the wall while he went over to his roommate.

Taking an empty cup and looking over at Prescott, you walked over to the girl. You placed your hand on her shoulder but she still looked down, her hair obscuring her face, and you pushed it behind her shoulders. She hiccupped and burped and lowered her head. You wanted to say something to her. She hiccupped again and you put your hand back on her shoulder and were rubbing it gently when Prescott came back and slapped you on your shoulder.

“What’s up, Davis?” he said, looking past you to the girl.
“Just getting a drink.”
“The keg’s over there,” he said, jerking his thumb in the other direction.

“Oh, yeah, well I was asking her if she wanted a drink too.”
“Fuck, Davis, can’t you see she’s had too much already?”
“Yeah, just making sure she was fine.”
“Let me handle that.” He smiled and pushed past you.

The girl looked up that. He smiled and flung her arm around him. You watched her as she dragged her feet along the floor, but Prescott was there to help her along, guiding her up to his room.

“Don’t worry,” Prescott said to two girls by the stairs, “I deal with drunks all the time, she won’t be a problem. She’s safest upstairs where I can let her sleep it off,” and you heard one of the girls saying, “He’s so responsible. That girl would have passed out if they let her try to walk back
You went back to the door and sat next to Tyler. Looking at the staircase, you said to him, “Prescott’s gonna fuck her.”

“She deserves it,” Tyler said.
“I think she’s pretty cute.”
“Not horrible looking.”
“She seems nice.”
“Cunt. Huge fucking cunt.”
“I shoulda said something to her. Maybe I coulda fucked her tonight.”

Tyler went outside to smoke and you checked your phone, waiting for the party to end so you could go back to your dorm and sleep before initiation.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Davis, what are you, a fucking homo?” you hear someone say.
“I thought I saw him smiling when I jammed that paddle up his ass,” Prescott says and the brothers laugh and you think about how you had to waddle for a week after that night and you hope that that didn’t count as losing your virginity.

You close your eyes. When you open them, you look down at the girl. She murmurs, it almost sounds like a soft moan. You tell yourself that she wants you. She’s moaning for you. Her breathing comes slowly. Someone moves to your right side and looks from you to the girl and back.
“I know what’s wrong,” he says. “The bitch isn’t wet enough for Davis. Here, I’ll warm her up.”

Reaching his hand in front of you, he rubs the girl’s pussy, his two fingers pressing against her clit and sliding into her.
“Yeah, you like that, Davis,” he whispers, and pulling his hand away, he takes a whiff of his fingers and says, “Sweet smell of freshman pussy. She’s all ready for you, bud.” The brothers laugh and you look up at the light.

You left your room fifteen minutes before ten. Throwing your suit jacket around your shoulders, you slipped on the black dress shoes beside your bed.
“Pledging finally over?” Pete asked, looking up from his pillow.
“Yeah, initiation tonight.”
“I’m glad you were able to do it. Surprised you were able to do it.”
“I thought about dropping, right after you did actually. Couldn’t do it. You know, my dad and all.”
Pete nodded, a look of disdain passing over his face, and you
shrugged, backing through the door.

Right outside of the door to your dorm building you wished you had put on a heavier jacket but you didn’t feel like walking back up three flights of stairs and the walk was only five minutes anyway. Stuffing your hands in your pockets you walked down the path, cutting across a patch of grass. You reached the parking lot and could see the house a few football fields away, lit up with the Christmas lights you strung across the roof and porch earlier that week, thinking of that day and the coldness in the air but how the warmth from the house after you were done thawed your hands and nose. That was the beginning of the week, before you went three days without sleeping; before you watched flashing lights in the basement; sat in a blue plastic tub filled with beer, ice, and trash from the house: papers, eaten fruits, McDonalds bags, used condoms; and stood in the hole, facing the wall, until the sun came up.

But it was over.

You smiled at this, embracing the final day, not caring what happened. It was over, you knew, and that’s all you wanted.

All of the lights were out on the first floor of the house when you got there. Only one brother in a hooded sweatshirt and a bandanna tied around the bottom half of his face with dark sunglasses on waited by the door, pointing to the basement steps as you entered. You looked at him and as you walked away, he said, “No talking,” in a raspy voice.

All of the pledges were in the basement, lined up along the longest part of the wall and you hurried to your spot and stood there, facing out, breathing quietly. The only light on in the basement came from the next room to your right and shone faintly into the main part where you stood now. You glanced into the room to the right but couldn’t see anything other than the lone light, visible just beyond the slightly open door. A few pledges whispered to the person next to them but you stood quietly.

Your body relaxed as you convinced yourself that you were done; you let your shoulders fall, easing back against the wall, resting your head against the stone. You heard footsteps coming down the stairs and you straightened up, puffing out your chest. The door at the foot of the stairs opened and Prescott came through, a handle of vodka in one hand, a cigarette in the other. He walked out into the middle of the room and took a long drag, looking around and nodding.

“You all here?” he said, smoke emitting from his mouth.

“Yes, President Jefferson,” you responded in unison with the other pledges.

“Well, good, boys. We just have one more task for you for initiation into the Rho Tau brotherhood, and I think you’ll enjoy this one.”

Prescott paused to take another drag and you heard heavy footsteps
coming down the stairs, slowly descending.

“Get into the hole.”

You turned and walked in line into the room to the right, slowly filing in until you and the seven other pledges were lined against the walls. The light hung right around your head and there was nothing else in the room. Prescott followed behind and waved his arm and two brothers came in, carrying a wooden table. You heard the door to the larger room in the basement open and close heavily as the footsteps came closer to the room where you were and Prescott smiled and flicked his cigarette by your feet.

“Here comes your present, ladies,” Prescott said and a brother walked in, a girl draped over his shoulders, her red ass by his cheek, and he smacked it lightly, playfully. He spun her around and you saw the top half of her body, hanging loosely, her hair obscuring her face, and he lifted her limp body carefully and laid her on her back. Her hair fell off the sides of the table but you couldn’t quite see her face. Prescott looked around the room as other brothers crammed in and he patted the girl’s head.

“Congratulations on making it through the Rho Tau pledge process,” he said, “and this is your graduation present. Have fun, and try not to wake sleeping beauty up.” He smiled and reached into his pocket, pulling out a bag of coke, and dug a key into it. “I think I know who we should start with,” he said, placing the key to his nose and snorting. He turned to you and said, “You’re up, Davis, we want you to remember this. Make it special.”

You stepped away from the wall and stood next to Prescott, in front of the girl.

“Be gentle,” he said, grabbing your belt and yanking your pants down to your ankles, “she’s had a rough day.”

“If you’re one of us, you’ll get a hard fucking cock and screw that dirty cunt,” Prescott says, and you’ve heard him say, “If you’re one of us” before and you think of that and look down at the girl’s wet pussy and it’s enough to give you a hard-on. Slowly moving your hips forward, Prescott says, “That’s it, baby, oh yeah, that’s it,” and you slide into her pussy, pushing in until the base of your dick presses against her. You pull it out slowly, uncertainly. You thrust your hips violently, pushing the table, scraping it against the cement floor as your heart rate quickens. Sweat gathers on your forehead. You breathe harder, panting slightly and you shut your eyes tight as your body tenses and relaxes. You look down at the girl’s blank face. Leaning over, sweat drips onto her and you smile and think, I never thought it would feel this good.

You push open the heavy door of Franklin Hall and hold it for the
next person who mutters a thank you but you’re thinking about how you hate the class you just came from as you crumple up the test you failed from last week and stuff it in your pocket, cursing the professor for failing you and also making you look like an ass in class by calling on you when you clearly didn’t know any of the right answers. Letting go of the door, you shiver and zipper up your jacket. It’s much warmer than when you got to class an hour ago but the wind is still whipping around corners of campus and the December sun, while warm, doesn’t help. Pulling the zipper all the way to your neck, you breathe out a cloud of white and watch it dissipate before your eyes.

At the top of the steps you see her.

She’s sitting on the bench a few feet from the bottom of the steps, her knees bent in, barely touching, and her elbows resting on her thighs; she’s wearing a bulky jacket that she could probably fit her whole body into, much different from the slutty shirt that barely covered her tits that she wore on Saturday, and her hair, the hair that fell beautifully around her upright shoulders last week, is frizzy and unkempt and hangs in a mess around her face.

You keep your eyes on her as you descend the steps, watching her as she stares ahead. She reaches up and touches her cheek gingerly and you notice a red mark there, swollen slightly and the size of an apple. You watch her breathe out a white cloud of her own as she sighs and closes her eyes loosely. Placing your hand on the cold railing, your foot touches down on the sidewalk.

She shifts on the bench, reaching beside her for the textbook. Exhaling, you think about two days ago when you looked at her in the afternoon and how you wanted to talk to her, how you wanted her to notice you and laugh with you and caress your arm. You wanted to help her get away from Prescott. You didn’t want her to get hurt.

You look into her eyes as she rises, and you think about Saturday night. Her face is blank. You remember that face and smile, standing at the bottom of the steps, your hand clenching the railing. Grabbing the metal harder than you gripped the ends of the table on Saturday night, your knuckles whiten and a shiver runs down your back. As she approaches, your eyes are locked on her.

Only a few steps away, she looks up. You look into her eyes.

You smile, your lips together, but you can’t contain your excitement and they part widely. You want to grab her. Sweat gathers between your palm and the railing as your hand trembles and you think about Saturday night, wanting her back in the basement, wanting to stick your hard dick into her pussy again. That entire afternoon she ignored you but that night you had her and you want her again. She looks up at you. You raise
your hand to the side, as if to stop her from advancing any further, but she ignores it and lowers her eyebrows, giving you a look of disdain as she brusquely brushes past you up the steps.

You spin around, your smile fading, but your mouth remains open and you watch her push her way through the crowd, disappearing into the building as the door slowly closes.