

'The Art of Abuse' by Rebecca Gevaux

January 31st 1865 and 1965

I awaken – with my teeth bearing a flashing gleam, borrowed from the sun. With a new-found poison – an entire celluloid army darting through my blood. I awaken, today, for I am a free woman.

Lashings of silver, entwined with rusted-bronze, embraced my hazelnut-skin. Crisp-white nails became burgundy, pale almond-coloured knuckles beat down into me- a thick-seeded-dough, bursting vivid blueberry speckles all-over. Like a jigsaw puzzle, the colourful marks found each-other and augmented amongst my flesh; breasts, thighs. I was a burnt-sienna-primed canvas, to his fervent artistry.

“Do as I say, bitch,” he screamed, or whispered. I was instructed to cook – a bubbling broth for white-man’s-mouth – no hot Ata-Rodo to scorch off his tongue, in the hope he would never scream or whisper again. Each-day I came closer to slipping some in. But it always seemed as though he knew, for he would barge his way in to scold me, as I scalded myself on the hot pan.

Whilst he locked himself away, I – unshackled – pranced across the room, with my rickety-wooden-broomstick-husband. Ah – delight! And – my melody, interjected, by his crooked, cracking whip.

Hand-upon-hand-upon-hand! Endless up-and-down and back-and-forth, same time every-day. I always got so caught-up in my fantasies that I forgot when his were beginning. “Make me feel good”, “Make me cum.”

I wondered how it felt to cum- it gave him such power; his milky-white body writhing- grasping, so tight that I almost felt loved. Then “back to work, slut.”

But now just memories. For today, I am emancipated. And I, beautiful virgin slave, awaken with freedom, sizzling on my lips.