

Marcia's birthday party

by Siren of Brixton

Marcia's friend was a performance artist whose present was a framed picture of her vagina, made with menstrual blood. At least that's what she told everyone. Later, on the verandah, when everyone else was whacked out on weed and laughing at gay porn, she confessed she'd tried menstrual blood and it didn't work, so she'd used pig's blood mixed with maple syrup to make it sticky.

She claimed to hate men but like all ugly girls she just wanted attention. I fucked her to prove it, the bug zapper lighting us up in crackles of blue. I saw she was going to come so I faked my own and pulled out, left her hanging.

Back in the living room everyone's gaping at some faggot actor sticking his whole fist up another faggot actor's arse. Marcia clocked me coming in and winked but Derry's arms and legs were wrapped around her. I kept walking.

Marcia's bedroom door was ajar. It was a fucking mess, her writing desk the only tidy part. It smelled of her, musty and sour. I lay on the bed and inhaled, finished what I started with her friend, wiped my come on the sheets as a big fuck you to my brother, pocketed a pair of lacy knickers from the laundry pile for later.

I gave her one of those expensive notebooks she likes. Ate fucking pot noodles for a week to afford it. It was early, I had her to myself. All week I'd dreamed of her gratitude; her body against mine, a kiss of thanks. Morsels of hope. She laughed and asked if Derry got a discount for buying in bulk.

She and her friend were in the kitchen, whispers and giggles stopping when I walked through, laughter erupting as I closed the bathroom door. In the mirror I my face was smeared with her friend's red lipstick, a scarlet stain of shame. It made me want to punch the cunt.

