

Puppet Tragedy

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He put his hand up my pants, manipulating my cock and balls with a skill he'd rightly saved for his own. He knew how to play me. His thumb was inside my left arm, the foreknuckle of his index finger marking the knot where my heart was. As suddenly as he started, he stopped. My head hit the floor and my body crumpled, as though he'd ripped my guts out with his fist. Then I saw him put his left hand up Judy's skirt. I heard her giggle and twitch as his fingers fanned out to take her in. I lay at his feet, confused and heartbroken.