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Confessions of Two Young Adult Sex Queens

Miranda Max

"I'm the virgin. That's my deal, and it's silly that you even had to ask. I'm the one nobody's fucked and so everybody wants to. It's not that I'm terribly attractive, or really smart and funny or any of that bullshit, it's that I'm No Mans Land. They want to be the first, you know? Like the man on the fucking moon, stick his flag in so to speak."

"But Midge you are attractive, and you're smart and funny."

"Ann don't be stupid. I said bullshit, that's all silly bullshit. Men don't really care if you're cute or fugly, or smart or a complete moron. If you've got a cunt you'll do." Midge then inhaled deeply on her freshly lit Camel cigarette, and released the smoke in wavy lines and spirals through the still air and up toward the sky. Along with this was a heavy sigh. "And these are just facts of life," she continued soberly, "they should be in more text books that they use to inform young people at schools with."

"That men will fuck anyone? Yeah, that's a great way to teach young women about self-respect and abstinence."

"What the fuck do you know about self-respect or abstinence? Aren't you the slut? Isn't that your deal?"

A "Whoa," escaped Ann's lips as her body violently tilted away from Midge, and her eyes bugged up, taking on a "I can't believe you just said that" look. "Look," she said directly, "I am not the slut. Someone like Veronica is the slut. There is a difference between a slut and someone who plainly likes sex."

"I find that you used the adjective plainly in that sentence funny for some reason."

Without any notice to Midge's previous comment, Ann's eyes lingered on something in the distance, something Midge knew nothing of. With her cigarette poised above her lips and between two long, purple fingernails, Ann went on absently, "A slut has sex with lots of guys. Like remember when Veronica had sex with that Fred guy and Dave both that night at Mick's? Well she had just broken up with Brad remember, and so she knew she wouldn't get laid later, and she was all sad, and feeling alone and lost, and so she let two guys fuck her an hour between each other. That's slutty. I would never do something like that. And women like that do it because it fills something up inside them. Because she doesn't feel whole without it."

"Well she definitely puts good use to that hole."

Ann rolled her eyes at Midge and took a quick drag. "Funny," she replied dryly as Midge leaned against the red brick wall and smiled at her own personal hilarity. The two smoked as Ann continued. "Anyway," she said, "a women who likes sex, like me, doesn't have it to make herself feel better, she does it because she enjoys it. It doesn't make her who she is, she already knows who she is," and using her hand to emphasize every word she said. "A women who likes to

get laid, that's who. It makes her feel good, she doesn't need it. She wants it." Rather aloofly and with a bit of flight she added, "I believe that pleasure is a delicate thing. I feel that when you neglect pleasure, you're neglecting yourself." Ann went on looking at the big blue sky after that, as though she were repeating in her mind what had just escaped her lips, and as though it was utterly poetic and simplistic.

Midge looked steadily at Ann for a moment, and being far from simplistic or poetic, many things went through her condescending mind. She turned over what she had just heard, and dissected it word by word in the few moments of silence, until finally repeating, and pausing shortly between each word of, "When you neglect pleasure you neglect yourself."

Ann looked at her, cigarette mid puff, and she asked Midge what she thought with her eyes.

"I don't think I agree with that statement Ann." replied Midge.

"Why not?"

"Well," Midge moved away from the wall she'd been leaning against and stood with her feet wide apart and arms crossed, but with the hand that held a cigarette very close to its filter, propped up near her lips, "it's shit." she said. "Pleasure is one of those things that weak people feed in to. It's almost like you're saying sex is a necessity."

"No no, see that's where you missed me, I said I don't need sex, I merely want it. So obviously it's not a necessity."

Midge shifted in that way that she does, and dropped the cigarette from her fingers crushing it beneath her blue sneaker. She watched as the ember slowly hissed out on the pavement. "I guess what I'm confused about is what this 'pleasure' that you're talking about really is. Let's look at it as only sex, cause we're talking sex here." Pausing to gather, she continued, "I neglect myself then, cause I don't have sex. Is that right?"

"No, not necessarily, maybe, but that's really beside the point. You're the virgin remember?"

"How is that beside the point?"

"Because you don't know pleasure."

"I know pleasure."

"Ok you know pleasure, but not this pleasure. Sex is a certain kind of pleasure, like you basically said, and someday you will understand." Anne shook her head up and down in a way sort of encouraging to Midge.

"Someday." Midge said bluntly, and laughed. She noticed a man walking down the road in front of the store, older and wearing a ball cap and corduroy pants, and watched him till he was out of her sight.

Ann was saying, "A slut neglects pleasure," and while talking twirled a strand of her dark hair around one of the fingers that had previously held a cigarette. "Sluts don't always enjoy sex you know. Half the time they don't want to do it. They do it because they feel like they have to. Without it they'd be lost. They just don't know anything else about themselves and so they fall into this sort of, pattern I guess."

"How do you know all this about sluts Ann? Are you sure you're not a slnt?"

"Yes I'm sure. And it's common knowledge." Pointing a finger at Midge and raising her eyebrows, she said, "Which is why it's not in text books for young people."

"Because they already know it?"

"Yep."

"Well, where in the world have I been?"

"Places without men."

Turning on her and hugging herself, Midge declared, "That's not true."

Laughing Ann said, "I know, I'm kidding. But it really is common knowledge. Come on

Midge, don't try to tell me that you didn't know that women who are insecure and may have internal issues to deal with, don't use sex as a sort of power. A sort of way to gather the control that they feel they've lost, or never had."

"Ok I won't. But what I don't understand is how the hell these sluts wind up in this position, I mean, isn't there anything they can do to avoid it? Why don't they understand that it's not a solution? That sex isn't some kind of war?"

Pausing and softly looking a moment at Midge, then dropping her eyes to her fingernails that she held out in front of her, Ann noticed how shiny they were in the bright sun, and thought. Finally Anne said, "I don't know really. I think it has to do with a lot of things. Maybe they were abused at a young age, maybe raped, maybe it happens if you're mother's a slut or you're father wasn't around, or if you grow up on Brittany Spears and Lindsay Lohan ...or if you're an orphan. Yeah, like an orphan who never knew what love was until she got adopted by this really old couple who couldn't barely see her without their glasses that she was always getting for them, and she got this job, at like a grocery store, and one day, like the worst most mindless day possible, this really beautiful guy comes in." Pausing a quick moment and standing straight up, Ann's eyes went back to something far away and her words began to pick up, energetically she continued, "He's like total babe you know? Blue eyes, great smile, nice butt, and he just sweeps her off her feet, takes her out to his car and fucks her brains out. Like it felt great and everything, like she got off four or five times, like it was a serious procedure. Like real, good, sex." Stopping again, her hands paused to rest after helping tell the story. Then she concluded, rather tragically with, "And now she has this idea that this is love. Because it's all she knows."

Standing still, and with a look of complete horror on her face, Midge asked, "Jesus God, is that a true story?"

Relaxing as if she had just gotten laid, Ann leaned against the wall and said, "Oh no. I just made it up. You know, like, what if?"

"Oh my God. You're crazy."

"Well it could happen."

Midge sounded somewhat hysterical, as she said, "I guess. I mean probably, what the fuck though, that was fucked up. You like made up this whole elaborate story about some orphan getting laid in the parking lot of a grocery store. And what the hell was with that part about the old people, not being able to see or something? And four or five orgasms? That's not even possible."

"How would you know?"

Somewhat defensively Midge stated, "I may be a virgin Ann, but it's no secret that four or five orgasms, let alone one, is in truth what the serious procedure is."

"Whatever. You don't really know at all. Maybe that was the true part of the story."

"What are you trying to say, you've had that many orgasms?"

"Maybe."

"Yeah, ok Anne, and you're probably an orphan too."

"Seriously Midge, what if I had?"

"I'd already know if you had. You would have told me."

"What makes you think I'd tell you?" Anne asked mysteriously. "Or maybe it happened last night and I haven't had a chance to."

"Whatever," Midge replied in annoyance. "You probably wouldn't even tell me. I'd forgotten about that oath of the whores, fuck and don't tell."

"I just explained to you why I'm not a fucking whore! Do I need to elaborate further still?"

"No no, please don't. Just excuse my forgetfulness. I believe it's from my lack of sex."

"You're such a bitch."

"No it's true. Didn't you hear that new study, that like the more sex you have the smarter you get?"

"No. Are you serious?" Asked Anne, trying to keep her curiosity low key, "Where did you hear that?"

"Um... I forget, I read it somewhere. Oh yeah, I think it might have been out of the new edition of *I'm a Dumb Slut*." With that Midge began to laugh heartily.

"Fuck you," was Anne's immediate reaction in words, along with, "you're such a stupid, prude-ass, teasy, little bitch. Go fuck yourself, because that's all you can get anyway."

"Good one," Midge exclaimed through laughter. And then gathering herself together said, "Ok, anyway, here's what we've established thus far: I'm the virgin and I'm appealing because I'm fresh on the market, like a new item that everybody wants to try but is too expensive."

"Well, that's holding yourself rather highly isn't it?"

"Call truth what you will, Veronica is a slut because she likes cock in her hole to fill herself up as a whole."

"Right. That was a good one. Accurate."

"Thanks. So... then what the fuck are you?"

"Oh, well I'm the lover obviously. I don't need sex, I just love it."

"Yeah... ok, but what would you do if no one ever wanted to have sex with you again? I mean suppose Tim dumped your ass tonight, you're telling me you wouldn't run out, maybe not right away, but definitely after forty-eight hours, and find some new guy to screw? Cause I bet you'd be needing it by then."

"Oh no Midge, I'd probably just masturbate. Pleasure not sex remember?"

"Oh. Well then. Ok so you're the lover because you love sex, you don't need it."

"Great."

Pulling out a new cigarette, Midge quietly said, "Sometimes I think I'm just insane."

"Oh you're not insane Midge, you're just horny." And while pulling out another cigarette for herself, Anne added, "And if you're insane so am I. But how did we ever wind up having such a silly conversation anyway?"

"I don't know. You asked me what my deal was and I told you."

"Well, I didn't expect your response what-so-ever Midge. I was only noticing that you've been sort of quiet today, and I was wondering why."

"Well I was thinking."

"About sex?"

"About a lot of stuff."

"Well either way, I enjoyed the conversation."

"You found it pleasant?"

"Oh yes."

Midge leaned slightly in toward Anne, and asked provocatively, "As pleasant as let's say... sex?"

With another roll of her eyes she replied, "I don't know about that Midge. But close."

"Yeah well," Midge said as she leaned back into the red brick wall, "I can hardly compete with four or five orgasms."