

WARNING: oblique references to abusive father/son relationship; interpret it as you will.

Notes: Maybe it's just me, but there was something there...

Flinch

by Penemuel
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He moves in close, looming over me as I'm sitting here. A position of power, of course. He reaches for me, his intention obviously to touch -- to *caress* my cheek...

In one split second memories flash through my mind's eye.

~~The second time he caught me with a man in my bed at home... One of the only times I have ever seen him lose his temper completely and be ruled by emotions: fury and some kind of insane jealousy that made him have to prove that he controlled me, utterly. I vowed that day that he would never, *ever* rule me like that again, and I would learn how to control *him*, any way I had to...~~

~~The event that sparked my unceremonious exit from Yale when he walked into the room and found me bent over the desk with my ancient civilizations teacher buried to the hilt up my ass; both of us panting and moaning as we came, even as he sputtered and called me 'Whore'...~~

I flinch away from his touch, and his hand lands on the back of the chair. I can't look up at him -- I can't stand to see the look I know is there in his eyes. He would have won if he touched me; he would have won if I had struck him...

And yet he'll still win, because I can't look up.

Damn him. Yes, I *can*.

And I do.

--end--