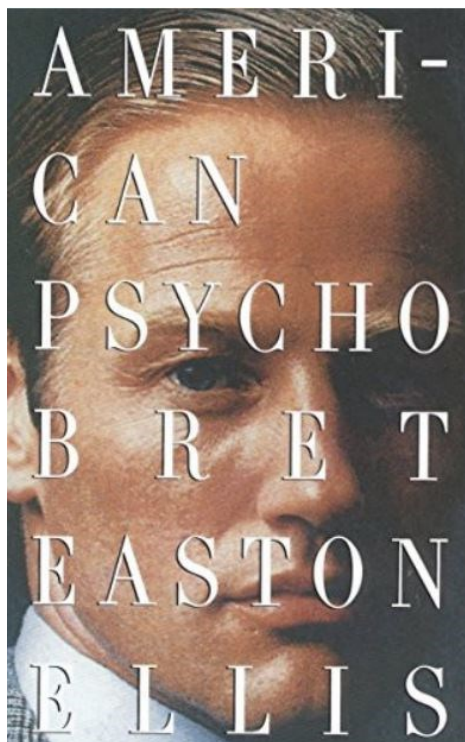


# AMERICAN PSYCHO



*Adult*

**By Bret Easton Ellis**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### Book Summary:

A psychopathic killer describes his numerous rapes, tortures, and murders.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; extreme violence and gore; animal cruelty; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; inflammatory racial and religious commentary; and drug and alcohol use.

**5**  
/5

**Aberrant Content**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
5	<p>“There’s this theory out now that if you can catch the AIDS virus through having sex with someone who is infected then you can also catch anything, whether it’s a virus per se or not—Alzheimer’s, muscular dystrophy, hemophilia, leukemia, anorexia, diabetes, cancer, multiple sclerosis, cystic fibrosis, cerebral palsy, dyslexia, for Christ sakes—you can get dyslexia from pussy—”</p>
7	<p>“Nah. Hell, you’re banging her, Bateman. Why should we get Evelyn flowers? You better have change for a fifty,” he warns the driver, squinting at the red numbers on the meter.</p>
8	<p>At the brownstone next to Evelyn’s, a woman—high heels, great ass—leaves without locking her door.</p>
16	<p>We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women’s freedom of choice.</p>
23	<p>“Why Price? Price?” And she says this in a way that makes me think she has had sex with him.          ...“And ... I think he will probably sleep with Vanden tonight.”          “Good,” I say, biting lightly at her neck, one of my hands on a firm, cold breast.          ...After attempting to have sex with her for around fifteen minutes, I decide not to continue trying.</p>
24	<p>I masturbate, thinking about first Evelyn, then Courtney, then Vanden and then Evelyn again, but right before I come—a weak orgasm—about a near-naked model in a halter top I saw today in a Calvin Klein advertisement.</p>
30	<p>Timothy hasn’t said anything since we left P &amp; P. He doesn’t even comment on the ugly bum that crouches beneath a Dumpster off Stone Street, though he does manage a grim wolf whistle toward a woman—big tits, blonde, great ass, high heels—heading toward Water Street.</p>
33	<p>“You were on that fucking cruise thing. Now shut up and listen. So okay I picked up this Vassar chick at Tunnel—hot number, big tits, great legs, this chick was a little hardbody—and so I buy her a couple of champagne kirs and she’s in the city on spring break and she’s practically blowing me in the Chandelier Room and so I take her back to my place—”          “Whoa, wait,” I interrupt. “May I ask where Pamela is during all of this?”          Craig winces. “Oh fuck you. I want a blow-job, Bateman. I want a chick who’s gonna let me—”          “I don’t want to hear this,” Van Patten says, clamping his hands over his ears. “He’s going to say something disgusting.”          “You prude,” McDermott sneers. “Listen, we’re not gonna invest in a co-op together or jet down to Saint Bart’s. I just want some chick whose face I can sit on for thirty, forty minutes.”          I throw my swizzle stick at him.          “Anyway, so we’re back at my place and listen to this.” He moves in closer to the table.          “She’s had enough champagne by now to get a fucking rhino tipsy, and get this—”          “She let you fuck her without a condom?” one of us asks.          McDermott rolls his eyes up. “This is a Vassar girl. She’s not from Queens.”          Price taps me on the shoulder. “What does that mean?”          “Anyway, listen,” McDermott says. “She would ... are you ready?” He pauses dramatically.</p>

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	<p>"She would only give me a hand-job, and get this ... she kept her glove on." He sits back in his chair and sips his drink in a smug, satisfied sort of way.</p>
34	<p>"Oh great," I say. "Some chick who thinks it's okay to fuck her brother."          ... "I'm not gonna wear a fucking condom," McDermott announces.</p> <p>"I have read this article I've Xeroxed," Van Patten says, "and it says our chances of catching that are like zero zero zero zero point half a decimal percentage or something, and this no matter what kind of scumbag, slutbucket, horndog chick we end up boffing."          "Guys just cannot get it."          "Well, not white guys."          "This girl was wearing a fucking glove?" Price asks, still shocked. "A glove? Jesus, why didn't you just jerk off instead?"</p>
36	<p>"I saw him fuck Bateman up the ass in the men's room at Morgan Stanley," Price says.</p>
37	<p>"Yeah, a boy next door who according to you let a British corporate finance analyst intern sodomize him up the ass," I say ironically.          "I said you were the voice of reason," Price says. "I didn't say you weren't a homosexual."          ... "Yeah," I say, staring directly at Price. "Ask Meredith if I'm a homosexual. That is, if she'll take the time to pull my dick out of her mouth."          "Meredith's a fag hag," Price explains, unfazed, "that's why I'm dumping her."          ... "Anyway, so JFK and Pearl Bailey meet at this party and they go back to the Oval Office to have sex and so they fuck and then JFK goes to sleep and ..." Preston stops. "Oh gosh, now what happens ... Oh yeah, so Pearl Bailey says Mr. President I wanna fuck you again and so he says I'm going to sleep now and in ... thirty—no, wait ..." Preston pauses again, confused. "Now ... no, sixty minutes ... no ... okay, thirty minutes I'll wake up and we'll do it again but you've got to keep one hand on my cock and the other on my balls and she says okay but why do I have to keep one hand on your dick and one ... one hand on your balls ... and ..."          ... "I'm listening," Van Patten says, irritated. "Go ahead. Finish it. One hand on my cock, one hand on my balls, go on."</p>
38	<p>"Listen, I remember. Because the last time I fucked a nigger she stole my wallet." He starts chuckling immediately.</p>
42	<p>He's holding a glass of champagne and hands it to the girl he's with—definite model type, thin, okay tits, no ass, high heels—and she's wearing a wool-crepe skirt and a wool and cashmere velour jacket and draped over her arm is a wool and cashmere velour coat, all by Louis Dell'Olio.</p>
43	<p>"So what?" McDermott shrugs. "I'd fuck her."          ... "She is beautiful. I want to fuck her. I want to marry her. I want her to have my children."</p>
53	<p>"You know, Price, you're going to have to change your attitude if you want to get laid," McDermott says.          "You're telling me about getting laid?" Price asks Craig. "You, who scored with a hand-job the other night?"          ... "Listen, you think I act like I do around you guys when I want some pussy?" Price challenges.</p>
55	<p>"Listen. We need drugs," I think I hear him shout.          ... "How much do we want?" Price asks me, looking desperate. "A gram is fine," I shout. "I have to be at the office early tomorrow."</p>

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57	<p>“Jeez,” Price whispers in a surprisingly gentle way. “That’s not a helluva lot, is it?” He leans forward to inspect it.</p> <p>“Maybe it’s just the light,” I mention.</p> <p>“What the fuck is Ricardo’s problem?” Price asks, gaping at the coke.</p> <p>“Shhh,” I whisper, taking out my platinum American Express card. “Let’s just do it.”</p> <p>“Is he fucking selling it by the milligram?” Price asks. He sticks his own platinum American Express card into the powder, bringing it up to his nose to inhale it. He stands there silently for a moment, and then gasps “Oh my god” in a low, throaty voice.</p> <p>“What?” I ask.</p> <p>“It’s a fucking milligram of ... Sweet’n Low,” he chokes.</p> <p>I do some of it and come to the same conclusion. “It’s definitely weak but I have a feeling if we do enough of it we’ll be okay—” But Price is furious, red-faced and sweating; he screams at me as if this was my fault, as if buying the gram from Madison was my idea.</p> <p>“I want to get high off this, Bateman,” Price says slowly, his voice rising. “Not sprinkle it on my fucking All-Bran!”</p>
58	<p>He rubs a trembling hand over his still-crimson face and shuts his eyes tightly, lips white, slight residue of cocaine under one nostril—and then quietly he says, without opening his eyes, “Okay. Let’s do it.”</p> <p>...We take turns digging our respective cards into the envelope until what we can’t get with the cards we press our fingers into and snort or lick off the tips then rub into our gums. I’m not anywhere near high but another J&amp; B might give the body a false enough impression to kick in some kind of rush no matter how weak.</p>
60	<p>There seem to be more girls in the Chandelier Room now and I try to make eye contact with one of them—model type with big tits. Price nudges me and I lean in to ask if we should perhaps get another gram.</p>
68	<p>The topic was Big Breasts and there was a woman on it who had a breast reduction since she thought her tits were too big—the dumb bitch.</p>
69	<p>After more stretching exercises to cool down I take a quick hot shower and then head to the video store where I return two tapes I rented on Monday, She-Male Reformatory and Body Double, but I reread Body Double because I want to watch it again tonight even though I know I won’t have enough time to masturbate over the scene where the woman is getting drilled to death by a power drill since I have a date with Courtney at seven-thirty at Café Luxembourg.</p>
70	<p>I buy Lesbian Vibrator Bitches and Cunt on Cunt along with the current Sports Illustrated and the new issue of Esquire, even though I subscribe to them and both have already arrived in the mail.</p>
79	<p>I tell her I would like to tit-fuck her and then maybe cut her arms off, but the music, George Michael singing “Faith,” is too loud and she can’t hear me.</p> <p>...“A bitch? Listen, do you want to do some coke?” I shout, cutting her line off.</p> <p>“Uh, yeah ... Sure.” She’s wildly confused.</p> <p>“Come on,” I yell, taking her hand.</p>
91	<p>“A good personality,” Reeves begins, “consists of a chick who has a little hardbody and who will satisfy all sexual demands without being too slutty about things and who will essentially keep her dumb fucking mouth shut.”</p>

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92	Courtney Lawrence invites me out to dinner on Monday night and the invitation seems vaguely sexual so I accept, but part of the catch is that we have to endure dinner with two Camden graduates, Scott and Anne Smiley, at a new restaurant they chose on Columbus called Deck Chairs, a place I had my secretary research so thoroughly that she presented me with three alternative menus of what I should order before I left the office today.
94	It seems that Anne Smiley and I share a mutual acquaintance, a waitress from Abetone's in Aspen who I raped with a can of hairspray last Christmas when I was skiing there over the holidays.
97	Last night I rented a movie called Inside Lydia's Ass and while on two Halcion and in fact sipping a Diet Pepsi, I watched as Lydia—a totally tan bleached-blond hardbody with a perfect ass and great full tits—while on all fours gave head to this guy with a huge cock while another gorgeous blonde little hardbody with a perfectly trimmed blond pussy knelt behind Lydia and after eating her ass out and sucking on her cunt, started to push a long, greased silver vibrator into Lydia's ass and fucked her with it while she continued to eat her pussy and the guy with the huge cock came all over Lydia's face as she sucked his balls and then Lydia bucked to an authentic-looking, fairly strong orgasm and then the girl behind Lydia crawled around and licked the come from Lydia's face and then made Lydia suck on the vibrator.
99	I down my drink as soon as it arrives and wave almost immediately for another and I'm thinking Courtney is a babe but no sex is worth this dinner.
101	<p>But at her apartment she lies naked on her back, her legs—tan and aerobicized and muscular and worked out—are spread and I'm on my knees giving her head while jerking myself off and in the time since I've started licking and sucking on her pussy she's already come twice and her cunt is tight and hot and wet and I keep it spread open, fingering it with one hand, keeping myself hard with the other. I lift her ass up, wanting to push my tongue into her, but she doesn't want me to and so I raise up my head and reach over to the Portian antique nightstand for the condom that sits in the ashtray from Palio next to the halogen Tensor lamp and the D'Oro pottery urn and I tear the package open with two shiny slick fingers and my teeth, then slip it, easily, onto my cock.</p> <p>"I want you to fuck me," Courtney moans, pulling her legs back, spreading her vagina even wider, fingering herself, making me suck her fingers, the nails on her hand long and red, and the juice from her cunt, glistening in the light coming from the streetlamps through the Stuart Hall Venetian blinds, tastes pink and sweet and she rubs it over my mouth and lips and tongue before it cools.</p> <p>"Yeah," I say, moving on top of her, sliding my dick gracefully into her cunt, kissing her on the mouth hard, pushing into her with long fast strokes, my cock, my hips crazed, moving on their own desirous momentum, already my orgasm builds from the base of my balls, my asshole, coming up through my cock so stiff that it aches—but then in mid-kiss I lift my head up, leaving her tongue hanging out of her mouth starting to lick her own red swollen lips, and while still humping but lightly now I realize there ... is ... a ... problem of sorts but I cannot think of what it is right now ... but then it hits me while I'm staring at the half-empty bottle of Evian water on the nightstand and I gasp "Oh shit" and pull out.</p> <p>"What?" Courtney moans. "Did you forget something?"</p> <p>Without answering I get up from the futon and stumble into her bathroom trying to pull off the condom but it gets stuck halfway and while easing it off I accidentally trip over the Genold scale while also trying to flip on the light switch and in the process stubbing my big</p>

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	<p>toe, then, cursing, I manage to open the medicine cabinet.</p> <p>...“I’m looking for the water-soluble spermicidal lubricant,” I call back. “What do you think I’m doing? Looking for an Advil?”</p> <p>“Oh my god,” she cries out. “You didn’t have any on?”</p> <p>...I finally find the tube behind a huge bottle—a jar—of Xanax on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet and before my dick totally softens place a small dab of it inside the tip of the condom, slather it on the latex sheath and then walk back into the bedroom, jumping onto the futon, causing her to snap, “Patrick, this is not a fucking trampoline.” Ignoring her I kneel over her body, sliding my cock up into Courtney and immediately she’s pushing her hips up to meet my thrusts, then she licks her thumb and starts rubbing her clit. I watch as my cock moves in then out then into her vagina with long fast strokes.</p> <p>“Wait,” she gasps.</p> <p>“What?” I moan, puzzled but almost there.</p> <p>“Luis is a despicable twit,” she gasps, trying to push me out of her.</p> <p>“Yes,” I say, leaning on top of her, tonguing her ear. “Luis is a despicable twit. I hate him too,” and now, spurred on by her disgust for her wimp boyfriend, I start moving faster, my climax approaching.</p> <p>“No, you idiot,” she groans. “I said Is it a receptacle tip? Not ‘Is Luis a despicable twit.’ Is it a receptacle tip? Get off me.”</p> <p>“Is what a what? I moan.</p> <p>“Pull out,” she groans, struggling.</p> <p>“I’m ignoring you,” I say, moving my mouth down on her small perfect nipples, both of them stiff, sitting on hard, big tits.</p> <p>“Pull out, goddamnit!” she screams.</p> <p>“What do you want, Courtney?” I grunt, slowing my thrusts down until I finally straighten up and then I’m just kneeling over her, my cock still half inside. She hunches back against the headboard and my dick slides out.</p> <p>“It’s a plain end.” I point. “I think.”</p> <p>...“Take it off,” she says curtly.</p> <p>“Why?” I ask.</p> <p>“Because you have to leave half an inch at the tip,” she says, covering her breasts with the Hermès comforter, her voice rising, her patience shot, “to catch the force of the ejaculate!”</p> <p>“I’m getting out of here,” I threaten, but don’t move. “Where’s your lithium?”</p> <p>...“Where is your lithium, Courtney?” I calmly ask again. “You must take some.”</p> <p>...“What? What did you say?” I ask with forced politeness, jerking myself feebly back to an erection. “Where?” Sobs beneath the pillow, barely audible.</p> <p>...“Do you think you’re turning me on by having unsafe sex?” she screams back.</p> <p>...Without looking at my dick she sobs, “Oh god just get it over with,” and falls back down on the bed.</p> <p>Roughly I push my cock back into her and bring myself to an orgasm so weak as to be almost nonexistent and my groan of a massive but somewhat expected disappointment is mistaken by Courtney for pleasure and momentarily spurs her on as she lies sobbing beneath me on the bed, sniffing, to reach down and touch herself but I start getting soft almost instantly—actually during the moment I came—but if I don’t withdraw from her while still erect she’ll freak out so I hold on to the base of the condom as I literally wilt out of her. After lying there on separate sides of the bed for what might be twenty minutes with Courtney whimpering about Luis and antique cutting boards and the sterling silver cheese grater and</p>

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	muffin tin she left at Harry's, she then tries to give me head. "I want to fuck you again," I tell her, "but I don't want to wear a condom because I don't feel anything," and she says calmly, taking her mouth off my limp shrunken dick, glaring at me, "If you don't use one you're not going to feel anything anyway."
111	There are too many couples in line for me to rent She-Male Reformatory or Ginger's Cunt without some sense of awkwardness or discomfort, plus I've already bumped into Robert Ailes from First Boston in the Horror aisle, or at least I think it was Robert Ailes.
116	I drift, my eyes rolling back into my head, the Muzak version of "Don't Worry, Baby" drowning out all bad thoughts, and I start thinking only positive things—the reservations I have tonight with Marcus Halberstam's girlfriend, Cecelia Wagner, the mashed turnips at Union Square Café, skiing down Buttermilk Mountain in Aspen last Christmas, the new Huey Lewis and the News compact disc, dress shirts by Ike Behar, by Joseph Abboud, by Ralph Lauren, beautiful oiled hardbodies eating each other's pussies and assholes under harsh video lights, truckloads of arugula and cilantro, my tan line, the way the muscles in my back look when the lights in my bathroom fall on them at the right angle, Helga's hands caressing the smooth skin on my face, lathering and spreading cream and lotions and tonics into it admiringly, whispering, "Oh Mr. Bateman, your face is so clean and smooth, so clean," the fact that I don't live in a trailer park or work in a bowling alley or attend hockey games or eat barbecued ribs, the look of the AT& T building at midnight, only at midnight. Jeannie comes in and starts the manicure, first clipping and filing the nails, then brushing them with a sandpaper disk to smooth out the remaining edges.
125	"Because trying to fuck you is like trying to French-kiss a very ... small and ... lively gerbil?" I tell her.
128	Black guys pass by offering crack or hustling tickets to a party at the Palladium.
131	The bum stops sobbing abruptly and sits up, looking for the fiver or, I presume, his bottle of Thunderbird. I reach out and touch his face gently once more with compassion and whisper, "Do you know what a fucking loser you are?" He starts nodding helplessly and I pull out a long, thin knife with a serrated edge and, being very careful not to kill him, push maybe half an inch of the blade into his right eye, flicking the handle up, instantly popping the retina. The bum is too surprised to say anything. He only opens his mouth in shock and moves a grubby, mittened hand slowly up to his face. I yank his pants down and in the passing headlights of a taxi can make out his flabby black thighs, rashed because of his constantly urinating in the pantsuit. The stench of shit rises quickly into my face and breathing through my mouth, down on my haunches, I start stabbing him in the stomach, lightly, above the dense matted patch of pubic hair. This sobers him up somewhat and instinctively he tries to cover himself with his hands and the dog starts yipping, really furiously, but it doesn't attack, and I keep stabbing at the bum now between his fingers, stabbing the backs of his hands. His eye, burst open, hangs out of its socket and runs down his face and he keeps blinking which causes what's left of it inside the wound to pour out like red, veiny egg yolk. I grab his head with one hand and push it back and then with my thumb and forefinger hold the other eye open and bring the knife up and push the tip of it into the socket, first breaking its protective film so the socket fills with blood, then slitting the eyeball open sideways, and he finally starts screaming once I slit his nose in two, lightly spraying me and the dog with blood, Gizmo blinking to get the blood out of his eyes. I quickly wipe the blade clean across the bum's face, breaking open the muscle above his cheek. Still kneeling, I throw a quarter in his face, which is slick and shiny with blood, both sockets hollowed out

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	<p>and filled with gore, what's left of his eyes literally oozing over his screaming lips in thick, webby strands. Calmly, I whisper, "There's a quarter. Go buy some gum, you crazy fucking nigger." Then I turn to the barking dog and when I get up, stomp on its front legs while it's crouched down ready to jump at me, its fangs bared, immediately shattering the bones in both its legs, and it falls on its side squealing in pain, front paws sticking up in the air at an obscene, satisfying angle. I can't help but start laughing and I linger at the scene, amused by this tableau. When I spot an approaching taxi, I slowly walk away.</p> <p>Afterwards, two blocks west, I feel heady, ravenous, pumped up, as if I'd just worked out and endorphins are flooding my nervous system, or just embraced that first line of cocaine, inhaled the first puff of a fine cigar, sipped that first glass of Cristal.</p>
143	Courtney has a slightly better body, Evelyn nicer tits.
144	<p>But Luis persists and she gets up, and screams at me, "I think we need drugs tonight!" I nod. ... "Courtney wants us to find her some cocaine tonight," I shout.</p>
147	<p>And then everyone, the audience, the band, reappears and the music slowly swells up and Bono, sensing that I've received the message—I actually know that he feels me reacting to it—is satisfied and turns away and I'm left tingling, my face flushed, an aching erection pulsing against my thigh, my hands clenched in fists of tension.</p> <p>... "I think they're roadies who look for chicks to go backstage and have sex with the band."</p> <p>... "Yeah," he shouts back, then turns around in his seat and shouts at two dumb-looking fat girls from New Jersey passing an oversize joint between them, one of the cows wrapped in what I'm guessing is the Irish flag. "Will you please put your skunk-weed away—it reeks."</p>
150	...and rush into the next hardware store I come across, and once inside I buy a set of butcher knives, an ax, a bottle of hydrochloric acid, and then, at the pet store down the block, a Habitrail and two white rats that I plan to torture with the knives and acid,...
151	I pull away, horrified, stumbling uptown, toward home, but people, places, stores keep interrupting me, a drug dealer on Thirteenth Street who offers me crack and blindly I wave a fifty at him and he says "Oh, man" gratefully and shakes my hand, pressing five vials into my palm which I proceed to eat whole and the crack dealer stares at me, trying to mask his deep disturbance with an amused glare,...
152	She walks away to get the manager and when I see him approaching, a bald carbon copy of the waitress, I get up and scream, "Fuck yourself you retarded cocksucking kike," and I run out of the delicatessen and onto the street where this (sic)
157	Is the fact that she dates me behind his back what excites her, my body or the size of my dick? Why, for that matter, do I want to please Courtney? If she likes me only for my muscles, the heft of my cock, then she's a shallow bitch.
158	I want to be the last face, the last thing, that Luis sees before he dies and I want to cry out, "I'm fucking Courtney. Do you hear me? I'm fucking Courtney. Ha-ha-ha," and have these be the last words, the last sounds he hears until his own gurglings, accompanied by the crunching of his trachea, drown everything else out.
165	I lean down, giving the appearance of picking up the briefcase, but because of the shadows I'm leaning into he doesn't see me pull out the knife, the sharpest one, with the serrated edge, and I'm asking him what he paid for Richard, naturally but also very deliberately, without even looking up to check to see if other people are walking down the street. In one swift movement I pick the dog up quickly by the neck and hold it with my left arm, pushing it back against the streetlamp while it nips at me, trying to bite my gloves, its jaws snapping,



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	<p>but since I've got such a tight grip on its throat it can't bark and I can actually hear my hand crush its trachea. I push the serrated blade into its stomach and quickly slice open its hairless belly in a squirt of brown blood, its legs kicking and clawing at me, then blue and red intestines bulge out and I drop the dog onto the sidewalk, the queer just standing there, still gripping the leash, and this has all happened so fast he's in shock and he just stares in horror saying "oh my god oh my god" as the sharpei drags itself around in a circle, its tail wagging, squealing, and it starts licking and sniffing the pile of its own intestines, spilled out in a mound on the sidewalk, some still connected to its stomach, and as it goes into its death throes still attached to its leash I whirl around on its owner and I push him back, hard, with a bloodied glove and start randomly stabbing him in the face and head, finally slashing his throat open in two brief chopping motions; an arc of red-brown blood splatters the white BMW 320i parked at the curb, setting off its car alarm, four fountainlike bursts coming from below his chin. The spraylike sound of the blood. He falls to the sidewalk, shaking like mad, blood still pumping, as I wipe the knife clean on the front of his jacket and toss it back in the briefcase and begin to walk away, but to make sure the old queer is really dead and not faking it (they sometimes do) I shoot him with a silencer twice in the face and then I leave, almost slipping in the puddle of blood that has formed by the side of his head, and I'm down the street and out of darkness and like in a movie I appear in front of the D'Agostino's, sales clerks beckoning for me to enter, and I'm using an expired coupon for a box of oat-bran cereal and the girl at the checkout counter—black, dumb, slow—doesn't get it, doesn't notice the expiration date has passed even though it's the only thing I buy, and I get a small but incendiary thrill when I walk out of the store, opening the box, stuffing handfuls of the cereal into my mouth, trying to whistle "Hip to Be Square" at the same time, and then I've opened my umbrella and I'm running down Broadway, then up Broadway, then down again, screaming like a banshee, my coat open, flying out behind me like some kind of cape.</p>
168	<p>I tell the chauffeur to head over to the meat-packing district just west of Nell's, near the bistro Florent, to look for prostitutes and after heavily scanning the area twice—actually, I've spent months prowling this section of town for the appropriate babe—I find her on the corner of Washington and Thirteenth.</p>
170	<p>After a long pause, my hand squeezing a small, childlike breast, I say, "I want you to clean your vagina."</p> <p>She stares up at me with this seventeen-year-old's gaze, then looks down at the length of her body soaking in the tub. With the mildest of shrugs she places the glass on the tub's edge and moves a hand down to the sparse hair, also blond, below her flat porcelain-smooth stomach, and then she spreads her legs slightly.</p> <p>"No," I say quietly. "From behind. Get on your knees."</p> <p>She shrugs again.</p> <p>"I want to watch," I explain. "You have a very nice body," I say, urging her on.</p> <p>She rolls over, kneeling on all fours, her ass raised up above the water, and I move to the other edge of the tub to get a better view of her cunt, which she fingers with a soapy hand. I move my hand above her moving wrist to her asshole, which I spread and with a dab of the bath oil finger lightly. It contracts, she sighs. I remove the finger, then slide it into her cunt, which hangs below it, both our fingers moving in, then out, then back into her. She's wet inside and using this wetness I move my index finger back up to her asshole and slide it in easily, up to the knuckle. She gasps twice and pushes herself back onto it, while still</p>

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	<p>fingering her cunt. This goes on for a while until the doorman rings, announcing that Sabrina has arrived. I tell Christie to get out of the tub and dry off, to choose a robe—but not the Bijan—from the closet and meet me and our guest in the living room for drinks. I move back to the kitchen, where I pour a glass of wine for Sabrina.</p>
171	<p>In short, she looks like she'll be worth whatever it is I'm paying her by the hour. I calm down enough to become totally unangry when she takes off her coat and reveals a hardbody dressed in tight black peg pants and a flower-print halter top, with black pointy-toed high-heeled shoes.</p>
173	<p>The response to this question consists of a barely contained glare from each of them, and so I decide to take this as an opportunity to lead them into the bedroom, where I make Sabrina dance a little before taking off her clothes in front of Christie and me while every halogen bulb in the bedroom burns. I have her put on a Christian Dior lace and charmeuse teddy and then I take off all my clothes—except for a pair of Nike all-sport sneakers—and Christie eventually takes off the Ralph Lauren robe and is buck naked except for an Angela Cummings silk and latex scarf, which I knot carefully around her neck, and suede gloves by Gloria Jose from Bergdorf Goodman that I bought on sale. Now the three of us are on the futon. Christie is on all fours facing the headboard, her ass raised high in the air, and I'm straddling her back as if I was riding a dog or something, but backward, my knees resting on the mattress, my dick half hard, and I'm facing Sabrina, who is staring into Christie's spread-open ass with a determined expression. Her smile seems tortured and she's wetting her own lips by fingering herself and tracing her glistening index finger across them, like she's applying lip gloss. With both my hands I keep Christie's ass and cunt spread open and I urge Sabrina to move in closer and sniff them. Sabrina is now face level at Christie's ass and cunt, both of which I'm fingering lightly. I motion for Sabrina to move her face in even closer until she can smell my fingers which I push into her mouth and which she sucks on hungrily. With my other hand I keep massaging Christie's tight, wet pussy, which hangs heavy, soaked below her spread, dilated asshole. "Smell it," I tell Sabrina and she moves in closer until she's two inches, an inch, away from Christie's asshole. My dick is standing straight up now and I keep jerking myself off to keep it that way. "Lick her cunt first," I tell Sabrina and with her own fingers she spreads it open and starts lapping at it like a dog while massaging the clit and then she moves up to Christie's asshole which she laps at in the same way. Christie's moans are urgent and uncontrolled and she starts pushing her ass harder into Sabrina's face, onto Sabrina's tongue, which Sabrina pushes slowly in and out of Christie's asshole. While she does this I watch, transfixed, and start rubbing Christie's clit quickly until she's humping onto Sabrina's face and shouts "I'm coming" and while pulling on her own nipples has a long, sustained orgasm. And though she could be faking it I like the way it looks so I don't slap her or anything. Tired of balancing myself, I fall off Christie and lie on my back, positioning Sabrina's face over my stiff, huge cock which I guide into her mouth with my hand, jerking it off while she sucks on the head. I pull Christie toward me and while taking her gloves off start kissing her hard on the mouth, licking inside it, pushing my tongue against hers, past hers, as far down her throat as it will go. She fingers her cunt, which is so wet that her upper thighs look like someone's slathered something slick and oily all over them. I push Christie down past my waist to help Sabrina suck my cock off and after the two of them take turns licking the head and the shaft, Christie moves to my balls which are aching and swollen, as large as two small plums, and she laps at them before placing her mouth over the entire sac, alternately massaging and lightly sucking the balls, separating</p>

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	<p>them with her tongue. Christie moves her mouth back to the cock Sabrina's still sucking on and they start kissing each other, hard, on the mouth, right above the head of my dick, drooling saliva onto it and jacking it off. Christie keeps masturbating herself this entire time, working three fingers in her vagina, wetting her clit with her juices, moaning. This turns me on enough to grab her by the waist and swivel her around and position her cunt over my face, which she gladly sits on. Clean and pink and wet and spread, her clit swollen, engorged with blood, her cunt hangs over my head and I push my face into it, tonguing it, craving its flavor, while fingering her asshole. Sabrina is still working on my cock, jacking off the base of it, the rest of it filling her mouth, and now she moves on top of me, her knees resting on either side of my chest, and I tear off her teddy so that her ass and cunt are facing Christie, whose head I force down and order to "lick them, suck on that clit" and she does. It's an awkward position for all of us, so this only goes on for maybe two or three minutes, but during this short period Sabrina comes in Christie's face, while Christie, grinding her cunt hard against my mouth, comes all over mine and I have to steady her thighs and grip them firmly so she won't break my nose with her humping. I still haven't come and Sabrina's doing nothing special to my cock so I pull it out of her mouth and have her sit on it. My cock slides in almost too easily—her cunt is too wet, drenched with her own cunt juice and Christie's saliva, and there's no friction—so I take the scarf from around Christie's neck and pull my cock out of Sabrina's cunt and, spreading her open, wipe her cunt and my cock off and then try to resume fucking her while I continue to eat out Christie, who I bring to yet another climax within a matter of minutes. The two girls are facing each other—Sabrina's fucking my cock, Christie's sitting on my face—and Sabrina leans in to suck and finger Christie's small, firm, full tits. Then Christie starts French-kissing Sabrina hard on the mouth as I continue to eat her out, my mouth and chin and jaw covered with her juices, which momentarily dry, then are replaced by others. I push Sabrina off my cock and lay her on her back, her head at the foot of the futon. Then I lay Christie over her, placing the two in a sixty-nine position, with Christie's ass raised up in the air, and with a surprisingly small amount of Vaseline, after slipping on a condom, finger her tight ass until it relaxes and loosens enough so I can ease my dick into it while Sabrina eats Christie's cunt out, fingering it, sucking on her swollen clit, sometimes holding on to my balls and squeezing them lightly, teasing my asshole with a moistened finger, and then Christie is leaning into Sabrina's cunt and she's roughly spread her legs open as wide as possible and starts digging her tongue into Sabrina's cunt, but not for long because she's interrupted by yet another orgasm and she lifts her head up and looks back at me, her face slick with cunt juice, and she cries out "Fuck me I'm coming oh god eat me I'm coming" and this spurs me on to start fucking her ass very hard while Sabrina keeps eating the cunt that hangs over her face, which is covered with Christie's pussy juice. I pull my cock out of Christie's ass and force Sabrina to suck on it before I push it back into Christie's spread cunt and after a couple of minutes of fucking it I start coming and at the same time Sabrina lifts her mouth off my balls and just before I explode into Christie's cunt, she spreads my ass cheeks open and forces her tongue up into my asshole which spasms around it and because of this my orgasm prolongs itself and then Sabrina removes her tongue and starts moaning that she's coming too because after Christie finishes coming she resumes eating Sabrina's cunt and I watch, hunched over Christie, panting, as Sabrina lifts her hips repeatedly into Christie's face and then I have to lie back, spent but still hard, my cock, glistening, still aching from the force of my ejaculation, and I close my eyes, my knees weak and shaking.</p> <p>...A half hour later I'm hard again. I stand up and walk over to the armoire, where, next to</p>

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	<p>the nail gun, rests a sharpened coat hanger, a rusty butter knife, matches from the Gotham Bar and Grill and a half-smoked cigar; and turning around, naked, my erection jutting out in front of me, I hold these items out and explain in a hoarse whisper, “We’re not through yet...” An hour later I will impatiently lead them to the door, both of them dressed and sobbing, bleeding but well paid. Tomorrow Sabrina will have a limp. Christie will probably have a terrible black eye and deep scratches across her buttocks caused by the coat hanger. Bloodstained Kleenex will lie crumpled by the side of the bed along with an empty carton of Italian seasoning salt I picked up at Dean &amp; Deluca.</p>
177	<p>Now I scowl at a bum huddled in the doorway of a store called EarKarma and he’s clutching a sign that reads HUNGRY AND HOMELESS ... PLEASE HELP ME, GOD BLESS and then I find myself moving down Fifth toward Saks, trying to remember if I switched the tapes in my VCR, and suddenly I’m worried that I might be taping thirtysomething over Pamela’s Tight Fuckhole.</p>
194	<p>“Oh ...” She looks me over, disapprovingly. “Tsk, tsk, tsk. Drugs, Patrick? What kind of, ahem, drugs are we talking about?”  “Drugs, Evelyn. Cocaine. Drugs. I want to do some cocaine tonight. Do you understand?” I sit up and glare at her.</p>
195	<p>In the meantime I score a gram from someone who looks like Mike Donaldson, and after debating for ten minutes while checking out this hardbody whether I should ditch Evelyn or not, she comes up with two flutes half full of champagne, indignant, sad-faced. “It’s Korbel,” she shouts.</p>
196	<p>“Listen, we should just do it here,” the girl, who I wouldn’t mind fucking, spits out. ...The guy has already started snorting his coke, spooning the powder out of a brown vial, inhaling then laughing after each hit, leaning against the door.</p>
198	<p>I slam the door of the stall and start shoveling the coke from the envelope into my nose with my platinum AmEx. In between my gasps I hear Evelyn leave, sobbing to the girl, “He made me walk out of my own Christmas party, can you believe it? My Christmas party?” And I hear the girl sneer “Get a life” and I start laughing raucously, banging my head against the side of the stall, and then I hear the guy do a couple more hits, then he splits, and after finishing most of the gram I peek out from over the stall to see if Evelyn’s still hanging around, pouting, chewing her lower lip sorrowfully—oh boo hoo hoo, baby—but she hasn’t come back, and then I get an image of Evelyn and Daniel’s girlfriend on a bed somewhere with the girl spreading Evelyn’s legs, Evelyn on all fours, licking her asshole, fingering her cunt, and this makes me dizzy and I head out of the rest room into the club, horny and desperate, lusting for contact.</p>
200	<p>Of the three, Daisy is the only one I even remotely want to fuck.  ...Last night I had dreams that were lit like pornography and in them I fucked girls made of cardboard.  ... McDermott’s got on this wool suit by Lubiam with a linen pocket square by Ashear Bros., a Ralph Lauren cotton shirt and a silk tie by Christian Dior and he’s about to toss a coin to see which one of us is going downstairs to fetch the Bolivian Marching Powder since neither one of us wants to sit here in the booth with the girls because though we probably want to fuck them, we don’t want to, in fact can’t, we’ve found out, talk to them, not even condescendingly—they simply have nothing to say and, I mean, I know we shouldn’t be surprised by this but still it’s somewhat disorienting.</p>

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202	Waitress nods, writes something down, leaves, and I'm checking out her ass as she walks away, then I look back at the three of them, studying each one very carefully for any signs, a flicker of betrayal that would cross their faces, the one gesture that would give away this robot act, but it's fairly dark in Nell's and my hope—that this is the case—is just wishful thinking and so I clap my hands together again and breathe in.
207	I recognize Alison as a girl I did last spring while at the Kentucky Derby with Evelyn and her parents. I remember she screamed when I tried to push my entire arm, gloved and slathered with Vaseline, toothpaste, anything I could find, up into her vagina. She was drunk, wasted on coke, and I had tied her up with wire, slapped duct tape all over her mouth, her face, her breasts. Francesca has given me head before. I don't remember the place, or when, but she's given me head and liked it. I suddenly remember, painfully, that I would have liked to see Alison bleed to death that afternoon last spring but something stopped me. She was so high—"oh my god," she kept moaning during those hours, blood bubbling out of her nose—she never wept.
208	"I fucked her." He sniffs again, pointing at some girl in one of the booths up front.
209	His hair is slicked back over a very boyish face and he's wearing a suit with pleated trousers and a silk shirt with light gray polka dots by Comme des Garçons Homme and sipping a martini and it's not difficult to imagine him in someone's bedroom tonight, lying, probably to the girl he's sitting with: blonde, big tits, wearing a metal-studded dress by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. ... "You have drugs. I can see it in your eyes. Not to mention that fucking sniffing." ... "McDermott," I call. "What are you doing? Give me your drugs."
213	"Here's a tip: get a real job, you dumb fucking nigger." ... "She was too ugly to rape." ... She admires a Palazzetti vase while I slip on the condom. I get on top of her and we have sex and lying beneath me she is only a shape, even with all the halogen lamps burning.
228	A blond girl close enough to physical perfection, with big tits and a Les Misérables playbill in one hand, wearing a long rayon matte-jersey evening dress by Michael Kors from Bergdorf Goodman, Manolo Blahnik shoes and gold-plated chandelier earrings by Ricardo Siberno, stops by to say hello to Sean and though I would fuck this girl, Sean ignores her flirtatious manner and refuses to introduce me.
230	It's either that I'm afraid of rejection (though I can't understand why: she called me, she wants to see me, she wants to have lunch with me, she wants to fuck me again) or, on the other hand, it could have something to do with this new Italian mousse I'm wearing, which, though it makes my hair look fuller and smells good, feels very sticky and uncomfortable, and it's something I could easily blame my nervousness on.
245	Though the chardonnay has dulled her reflexes, the Scotch I've drunk has sharpened mine, and effortlessly I'm leaping in front of her, blocking her escape, knocking her unconscious with four blows to the head from the nail gun. I drag her back into the living room, laying her across the floor over a white Voilacutro cotton sheet, and then I stretch her arms out, placing her hands flat on thick wooden boards, palms up, and nail three fingers on each hand, at random, to the wood by their tips. This causes her to regain consciousness and she starts screaming. After I've sprayed Mace into her eyes, mouth, into her nostrils, I place a camel-hair coat from Ralph Lauren over her head, which drowns out the screams, sort of. I keep shooting nails into her hands until they're both covered—nails bunched together,

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	<p>twisted over each other in places, making it impossible for her to try and sit up. I have to remove her shoes, which slightly disappoints me, but she's kicking at the floor violently, leaving black scuff marks on the stained white oak. During this period I keep shouting "You bitch" at her and then my voice drops to a raspy whisper and into her ear I drool the line "You fucking cunt."</p> <p>Finally, in agony, after I've taken the coat off her face, she starts pleading, or at least tries to, the adrenaline momentarily overpowering the pain. "Patrick oh god stop it please oh god stop hurting me ..." But, typically, the pain returns—it's too intense not to—and she passes out again and vomits, while unconscious, and I have to hold her head up so she doesn't choke on it and then I Mace her again. The fingers I haven't nailed I try to bite off, almost succeeding on her left thumb which I manage to chew all the flesh off of, leaving the bone exposed, and then I Mace her, needlessly, once more. I place the camel-hair coat back over her head in case she wakes up screaming, then set up the Sony palm-sized Handycam so I can film all of what follows. Once it's placed on its stand and running on automatic, with a pair of scissors I start to cut off her dress and when I get up to her chest I occasionally stab at her breasts, accidentally (not really) slicing off one of her nipples through the bra. She starts screaming again once I've ripped her dress off, leaving Bethany in only her bra, its right cup darkened with blood, and her panties, which are soaked with urine, saving them for later.</p> <p>I lean in above her and shout, over her screams, "Try to scream, scream, keep screaming...." I've opened all the windows and the door to my terrace and when I stand over her, the mouth opens and not even screams come out anymore, just horrible, guttural, animal-like noises, sometimes interrupted by retching sounds. "Scream, honey," I urge, "keep screaming." I lean down, even closer, brushing her hair back. "No one cares. No one will help you...." She tries to cry out again but she's losing consciousness and she's capable of only a weak moan. I take advantage of her helpless state and, removing my gloves, force her mouth open and with the scissors cut out her tongue, which I pull easily from her mouth and hold in the palm of my hand, warm and still bleeding, seeming so much smaller than in her mouth, and I throw it against the wall, where it sticks for a moment, leaving a stain, before falling to the floor with a tiny wet slap. Blood gushes out of her mouth and I have to hold her head up so she won't choke. Then I fuck her in the mouth, and after I've ejaculated and pulled out, I Mace her some more.</p> <p>Later, when she briefly regains consciousness, I put on a porkpie hat I was given by one of my girlfriends freshman year at Harvard.</p> <p>...I slap her hard across the face and hiss the words "Dumb bitch," spraying her face with spit, but it's covered with so much Mace that she probably can't even feel it, so I Mace her again and then I try to fuck her in the mouth once more but I can't come so I stop.</p>
249	<p>I did a line of coke with Herbert Gittes at Goldcard and before McDermott hailed this cab to head for Nell's I took a Halcion to get rid of the edge from the cocaine, but it hasn't sunk in yet. Courtney seems attracted to McDermott and since her Chembank card wasn't functioning tonight, at least not at the automated teller we stopped at (the reason being she uses it too often to cut lines of coke with, though she would never admit this; cocaine residue has, at various times, fucked up my card also) and McDermott's was working, she bypassed mine in favor of his, which means, knowing Courtney, that she wants to fuck McDermott.</p>

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261	<p>If the couple had been short, dumpy, excessively Jewish, I could've kept this table, even without the aid of a fifty, but this couple looks like they've just strolled out of a Ralph Lauren ad, and though Jean and I do too (and so does the rest of the whole goddamn restaurant), the man is wearing a tuxedo and the girl—a totally fuckable babe—is covered with jewels.</p>
284	<p>Looking over at Elizabeth right now, in my apartment, I'm noticing how well endowed she is in the chest area and I'm hoping that after the Ecstasy hits her system I can convince the two girls to have sex in front of me.</p>
285	<p>Elizabeth turns to Christie and unfortunately says, "If you had an American Express card she'd give you a blow-job," and I'm hoping to god that Christie doesn't look over at Elizabeth, confused, and say "But we don't take credit cards."</p>
286	<p>Twenty minutes later Elizabeth is squirming on the couch and I'm trying to coerce her into having sex with Christie in front of me. What started out as a casual suggestion is now at the forefront of my brain and I'm insistent. Christie stares impassively at a stain I hadn't noticed on the white-oak floor, her wine mostly untouched.</p> <p>"But I'm not a lesbian," Elizabeth protests again, giggling. "I'm not into girls."</p> <p>"Is this a firm no?" I ask, staring at her glass, then at the near-empty bottle of wine.</p> <p>"Why'd you think I'd be into that?" she asks. Because of the Ecstasy, the question is flirtatious and she seems genuinely interested. Her foot is rubbing against my thigh. I've moved over to the couch, sitting between the two girls, and I'm massaging one of her calves.</p> <p>"Well, you went to Sarah Lawrence for one thing," I tell her. "You never know."</p> <p>"Those are Sarah Lawrence guys, Patrick," she points out, giggling, rubbing harder, causing friction, heat, everything.</p> <p>...She pauses, takes a deep breath, mumbles an unintelligible remark about feeling bizarre, then, after closing her eyes, opens them and asks, "Do you have any coke?"</p> <p>I'm staring at her glass, noticing that the dissolved Ecstasy has slightly changed the color of the wine. She follows my gaze and takes a gulp of it as if it were some kind of elixir that could soothe her increasing agitation. She leans her head back, woozily, on one of the pillows on the couch.</p> <p>..."Listen, I would just like to see ... the two of you ... get it on," I say innocently. "What's wrong with that? It's totally disease-free."</p> <p>..."Come on," I urge. "Don't you find Christie attractive?"</p> <p>"Let's not get lewd," she says, but the drug is kicking in and I can sense that she's excited but doesn't want to be. "I'm in no mood to have lewd conversation."</p> <p>"Come on," I say. "I think it would be a turn-on."</p> <p>..."Are you telling me you've never gotten it on with a girl?" I ask, touching a black stocking, then, beneath it, a leg.</p> <p>"But I'm not a lesbian," she stresses. "And no, I never have."</p> <p>"Never?" I ask, arching my eyebrows. "Well, there's always a first time..."</p> <p>...Elizabeth is making out with Christie, both of them naked on my bed, all the lights in the room burning, while I sit in the Louis Montoni chair by the side of the futon, watching them very closely, occasionally repositioning their bodies. Now I make Elizabeth lie on her back and hold both legs up, open, spreading them as wide as possible, and then I push Christie's head down and make her lap at her cunt—not suck on it but lap at it, like a thirsty dog—while fingering the clit, then, with her other hand, she sticks two fingers into the open, wet</p>

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	<p>cunt, while her tongue replaces the fingers and then she takes the dripping fingers she's fucked Elizabeth's cunt with and forces them into Elizabeth's mouth, making her suck on them. Then I have Christie lie on top of Elizabeth and make her suck and bite at Elizabeth's full, swollen tits, which Elizabeth is also squeezing, and then I tell the two of them to kiss each other, hard, and Elizabeth takes the tongue that's been licking at her own small, pink cunt into her mouth hungrily, like an animal, and uncontrollably they start humping each other, pressing their cunts together, Elizabeth moaning loudly, wrapping her legs around Christie's hips, bucking up against her, Christie's legs spread in such a way that, from behind, I can see her cunt, wet and spread, and above it, her hairless pink asshole. Christie sits up and turns herself around and while still on top of Elizabeth presses her cunt into Elizabeth's gasping face and soon, like in a movie, like animals, the two of them start feverishly licking and fingering each other's cunts. Elizabeth, totally red-faced, her neck muscles straining like a madwoman's, tries to bury her head in Christie's pussy and then spreads Christie's ass cheeks open and starts tonguing the hole there, making guttural sounds. "Yeah," I say in monotone. "Stick your tongue up that bitch's asshole."</p> <p>While this is going on I'm greasing with Vaseline a large white dildo that's connected to a belt. I stand up and hoist Christie off Elizabeth, who is writhing mindlessly on the futon, and I attach the belt around Christie's waist, and then I turn Elizabeth around and position her on all fours and I make Christie fuck her with it doggy style, while I finger Christie's cunt, then her clit, then her asshole, which is so wet and loose from Elizabeth's saliva I'm able to force my index finger into it effortlessly and her sphincter tightens, relaxes, then contracts around it. I make Christie pull the dildo out of Elizabeth's cunt and have Elizabeth lie on her back while Christie fucks her in the missionary position. Elizabeth is fingering her clit while madly French-kissing Christie until, involuntarily, she brings her head back, legs wrapped around Christie's pumping hips, her face tense, her mouth open, her lipstick smeared by Christie's cunt juice, and she yells "oh god I'm coming I'm coming fuck me I'm coming" because I told both of them to let me know when they had orgasms and to be very vocal about it.</p> <p>Soon it's Christie's turn and Elizabeth eagerly straps on the dildo and fucks Christie's cunt with it while I spread Elizabeth's asshole and tongue it and soon she pushes me away and starts fingering herself desperately. Then Christie puts the dildo on again and she fucks Elizabeth in the ass with it while Elizabeth fingers her clit, bucking her ass up against the dildo, grunting, until she has another orgasm. After pulling the dildo from her ass I make Elizabeth suck on it before she straps it on again and while Christie lies on her back Elizabeth pushes it easily into her cunt. During this I lick Christie's tits and suck hard on each nipple until both of them are red and stiff. I keep fingering them to make sure they stay that way. During this Christie has kept on a pair of thigh-high suede boots from Henri Bendel that I've made her wear.</p> <p>Elizabeth, naked, running from the bedroom, blood already on her, is moving with difficulty and she screams out something garbled. My orgasm had been prolonged and its release was intense and my knees are weak. I'm naked too, shouting "You bitch, you piece of bitch trash" at her and since most of the blood is coming from her feet, she slips, manages to get up, and I strike out at her with the already wet butcher knife that I'm gripping in my right hand, clumsily, slashing her neck from behind, severing something, some veins. When I strike out a second time while she's trying to escape, heading for the door, blood shoots even into the living room, across the apartment, splattering against the tempered glass and the laminated oak panels in the kitchen. She tries to run forward but I've cut her jugular and</p>



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	<p>it's spraying everywhere, blinding both of us momentarily, and I'm leaping at her in a final attempt to finish her off. She turns to face me, her features twisted in anguish, and her legs give out after I punch her in the stomach and she hits the floor and I slide in next to her. After I've stabbed her five or six times—the blood's spurting out in jets; I'm leaning over to inhale its perfume—her muscles stiffen, become rigid, and she goes into her death throes; her throat becomes flooded with dark-red blood and she thrashes around as if tied up, but she isn't and I have to hold her down. Her mouth fills with blood that cascades over the sides of her cheeks, over her chin. Her body, shaking spasmodically, resembles what I imagine an epileptic goes through in a fit and I hold down her head, rubbing my dick, stiff, covered with blood, across her choking face, until she's motionless.</p> <p>Back in my bedroom, Christie lies on the futon, tied to the legs of the bed, bound up with rope, her arms above her head, ripped pages from last month's Vanity Fair stuffed into her mouth. Jumper cables hooked up to a battery are clipped to both breasts, turning them brown. I had been dropping lit matches from Le Relais onto her belly and Elizabeth, delirious and probably overdosing on the Ecstasy, had been helping before I turned on her and chewed at one of her nipples until I couldn't control myself and bit it off, swallowing. For the first time I notice just how small and delicately structured Christie is, was. I start kneading her breasts with a pair of pliers, then I'm mashing them up, things are moving fast, I'm making hissing noises, she spits out the pages from the magazine, tries to bite my hand, I laugh when she dies, before she does she starts crying, then her eyes roll back in some kind of horrible dream state.</p>
303	<p>Sex happens—a hard-core montage. After I shave Torri's pussy she lies on her back on Paul's futon and spreads her legs while I finger her and suck it off, sometimes licking her asshole. Then Tiffany sucks my cock—her tongue is hot and wet and she keeps flicking it over the head, irritating me—while I call her a nasty whore, a bitch. Fucking one of them with a condom while the other sucks my balls, lapping at them, I stare at the Angelis silk-screen print hanging over the bed and I'm thinking about pools of blood, geysers of the stuff. Sometimes it's very quiet in the room except for the wet sounds my cock makes slipping in and out of one of the girls' vaginas. Tiffany and I take turns eating Torri's hairless cunt and asshole. The two of them come, yelling simultaneously, in a sixty-nine position. Once their cunts are wet enough I bring out a dildo and let the two of them play with it. Torri spreads her legs and fingers her own clit while Tiffany fucks her with the huge, greased dildo, Torri urging Tiffany to fuck her cunt harder with it, until finally, gasping, she comes. Again I make the two of them eat each other out but it starts failing to turn me on—all I can think about is blood and what their blood will look like and though Torri knows what to do, how to eat pussy, it doesn't subdue me and I push her away from Tiffany's cunt and start licking and biting at the pink, soft, wet cuntness while Torri spreads her ass and sits on Tiffany's face while fingering her own clit. Tiffany hungrily tongues her pussy, wet and glistening, and Torri reaches down and squeezes Tiffany's big, firm tits. I'm biting hard, gnawing at Tiffany's cunt, and she starts tensing up. "Relax," I say soothingly. She starts squealing, trying to pull away, and finally she screams as my teeth rip into her flesh. Torri thinks Tiffany is coming and grinds her own cunt harder onto Tiffany's mouth, smothering her screams, but when I look up at Torri, blood covering my face, meat and pubic hair hanging from my mouth, blood pumping from Tiffany's torn cunt onto the comforter, I can feel her sudden rush of horror. I use Mace to blind both of them momentarily and then I knock them unconscious with the butt of the nail gun.</p> <p>Torri awakens to find herself tied up, bent over the side of the bed, on her back, her face</p>

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	<p>covered with blood because I've cut her lips off with a pair of nail scissors. Tiffany is tied up with six pairs of Paul's suspenders on the other side of the bed, moaning with fear, totally immobilized by the monster of reality. I want her to watch what I'm going to do to Torri and she's propped up in a way that makes this unavoidable. As usual, in an attempt to understand these girls I'm filming their deaths. With Torri and Tiffany I use a Minox LX ultra-miniature camera that takes 9.5mm film, has a 15mm f/ 3.5 lens, an exposure meter and a built-in neutral density filter and sits on a tripod. I've put a CD of the Traveling Wilburys into a portable CD player that sits on the headboard above the bed, to mute any screams. I start by skinning Torri a little, making incisions with a steak knife and ripping bits of flesh from her legs and stomach while she screams in vain, begging for mercy in a high thin voice, and I'm hoping that she realizes her punishment will end up being relatively light compared to what I've planned for the other one. I keep spraying Torri with Mace and then I try to cut off her fingers with nail scissors and finally I pour acid onto her belly and genitals, but none of this comes close to killing her, so I resort to stabbing her in the throat and eventually the blade of the knife breaks off in what's left of her neck, stuck on bone, and I stop. While Tiffany watches, finally I saw the entire head off—torrents of blood splash against the walls, even the ceiling—and holding the head up, like a prize, I take my cock, purple with stiffness, and lowering Torri's head to my lap I push it into her bloodied mouth and start fucking it, until I come, exploding into it. Afterwards I'm so hard I can even walk around the blood-soaked room carrying the head, which feels warm and weightless, on my dick. This is amusing for a while but I need to rest so I remove the head, placing it in Paul's oak and teak armoire, and then I'm sitting in a chair, naked, covered with blood, watching HBO on Owen's TV, drinking a Corona, complaining out loud, wondering why Owen doesn't have Cinemax.</p> <p>Later—now—I'm telling Tiffany, "I'll let you go, shhh ...," and I'm stroking her face, which is slick, owing to tears and Mace, gently, and it burns me that she actually looks up hopefully for a moment before she sees the lit match I'm holding in my hand that I've torn from a matchbook I picked up in the bar at Palio's where I was having drinks with Robert Farrell and Robert Prechter last Friday, and I lower it to her eyes, which she instinctively closes, singeing both eyelashes and brows, then I finally use a Bic lighter and hold it up to both sockets, making sure they stay open with my fingers, burning my thumb and pinkie in the process, until the eyeballs burst. While she's still conscious I roll her over, and spreading her ass cheeks, I nail a dildo that I've tied to a board deep into her rectum, using the nail gun. Then, turning her over again, her body weak with fear, I cut all the flesh off around her mouth and using the power drill with a detachable, massive head I widen that hole while she shakes, protesting, and once I'm satisfied with the size of the hole I've created, her mouth open as wide as possible, a reddish-black tunnel of twisted tongue and loosened teeth, I force my hand down, deep into her throat, until it disappears up to my wrist—all the while her head shakes uncontrollably, but she can't bite down since the power drill ripped her teeth out of her gums—and grab at the veins lodged there like tubes and I loosen them with my fingers and when I've gotten a good grip on them violently yank them out through her open mouth, pulling until the neck caves in, disappears, the skin tightens and splits though there's little blood. Most of the neck's innards, including the jugular, hang out of her mouth and her whole body starts twitching, like a roach on its back, shaking spasmodically, her melted eyes running down her face mixing with the tears and Mace, and then quickly, not wanting to waste time, I turn off the lights and in the dark before she dies I rip open her stomach with my bare hands. I can't tell what I'm doing with them but it's making wet</p>

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	<p>snapping sounds and my hands are hot and covered with something. The aftermath. No fear, no confusion. Unable to linger since there are things to be done today: return videotapes, work out at the gym, a new British musical on Broadway I promised Jeanette I'd take her to, a dinner reservation to be made somewhere. What's left of both bodies is in early rigor mortis. Part of Tiffany's body—I think it's her even though I'm having a hard time telling the two apart—has sunken in and her ribs jut out, most broken in half, from what's left of her stomach, both breasts having been pierced by them. A head has been nailed to the wall, fingers lie scattered or arranged in some kind of circle around the CD player. One of the bodies, the one on the floor, has been defecated on and seems to be covered with teeth marks where I had bitten into it, savagely.</p>
318	<p>"Nah, too old to fuck," Van Patten says.          "Oh Christ," McDermott says. "She's twenty-three."          "Twenty-eight," I correct.</p>
326	<p>I did a line of cocaine I found in my medicine cabinet when we first came back to my place, and the Cristal takes the edge off it, but only slightly.          ...In the bedroom she's naked and oiled and sucking my dick and I'm standing over her and then I'm slapping her in the face with it, grabbing her hair with my hand, calling her a "fucking whore bitch," and this turns her on even more and while lamely sucking my cock she starts fingering her clit and when she's asking me "Do you like this?" while licking at the balls, I'm answering "yup, yup" and breathing hard. Her breasts are high and full and firm, both nipples very stiff, and while she's choking on my cock while I'm fucking her mouth roughly with it, I reach down to squeeze them and then while I'm fucking her, after ramming a dildo up her ass and keeping it there with a strap, I'm scratching at her tits, until she warns me to stop.          ...At M.K. the girl I'm fucking came on to me, hard, upstairs on a couch while I was waiting to play pool. "Oh god," she's saying. Excited, I slap her, then lightly punch her in the mouth, then kiss it, biting her lips. Fear, dread, confusion overwhelm her. The strap breaks and the dildo slides out of her ass while she tries to push me off. I roll away and pretend to let her escape and then, while she's gathering her clothes, muttering about what a "crazy fucking bastard" I am, I leap out at her, jackal-like, literally foaming at the mouth. She cries, apologizing, sobbing hysterically, begging for me not to hurt her, in tears, covering her breasts, now shamefully. But even her sobs fail to arouse me. I feel little gratification when I Mace her, less when I knock her head against the wall four or five times, until she loses consciousness, leaving a small stain, hair stuck to it. After she drops to the floor I head for the bathroom and cut another line of the mediocre coke I scored at Nell's or Au Bar the other night.          ...Later, predictably, she's tied to the floor, naked, on her back, both feet, both hands, tied to makeshift posts that are connected to boards which are weighted down with metal. The hands are shot full of nails and her legs are spread as wide as possible. A pillow props her ass up and cheese, Brie, has been smeared across her open cunt, some of it even pushed up into the vaginal cavity. She's barely gained consciousness and when she sees me, standing over her, naked, I can imagine that my virtual absence of humanity fills her with mind-bending horror. I've situated the body in front of the new Toshiba television set and in the VCR is an old tape and appearing on the screen is the last girl I filmed. I'm wearing a Joseph Abboud suit, a tie by Paul Stuart, shoes by J. Crew, a vest by someone Italian and I'm kneeling on the floor beside a corpse, eating the girl's brain, gobbling it down, spreading</p>

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	<p>Grey Poupon over hunks of the pink, fleshy meat.</p> <p>“Can you see?” I ask the girl not on the television set. “Can you see this? Are you watching?” I whisper.</p> <p>I try using the power drill on her, forcing it into her mouth, but she’s conscious enough, has strength, to close her teeth, clamping them down, and even though the drill goes through the teeth quickly, it fails to interest me and so I hold her head up, blood dribbling from her mouth, and make her watch the rest of the tape and while she’s looking at the girl on the screen bleed from almost every possible orifice, I’m hoping she realizes that this would have happened to her no matter what. That she would have ended up lying here, on the floor in my apartment, hands nailed to posts, cheese and broken glass pushed up into her cunt, her head cracked and bleeding purple, no matter what other choice she might have made; that if she had gone to Nell’s or Indochine or Mars or Au Bar instead of M.K., if she had simply not taken the cab with me to the Upper West Side, that this all would have happened anyway. I would have found her.</p> <p>...I’m trying to ease one of the hollow plastic tubes from the dismantled Habitrail system up into her vagina, forcing the vaginal lips around one end of it, and even with most of it greased with olive oil, it’s not fitting in properly. During this, the jukebox plays Frankie Valli singing “The Worst That Could Happen” and I’m grimly lip-syncing to it, while pushing the Habitrail tube up into this bitch’s cunt. I finally have to resort to pouring acid around the outside of the pussy so that the flesh can give way to the greased end of the Habitrail and soon enough it slides in, easily. “I hope this hurts you,” I say. The rat hurls itself against the glass cage as I move it from the kitchen into the living room. It refused to eat what was left of the other rat I had bought it to play with last week, that now lies dead, rotting in a corner of the cage. (For the last five days I’ve purposefully starved it.) I set the glass cage down next to the girl and maybe because of the scent of the cheese the rat seems to go insane, first running in circles, mewling, then trying to heave its body, weak with hunger, over the side of the cage. The rat doesn’t need any prodding and the bent coat hanger I was going to use remains untouched by my side and with the girl still conscious, the thing moves effortlessly on newfound energy, racing up the tube until half of its body disappears, and then after a minute—its rat body shaking while it feeds—all of it vanishes, except for the tail, and I yank the Habitrail tube out of the girl, trapping the rodent. Soon even the tail disappears. The noises the girl is making are, for the most part, incomprehensible. I can already tell that it’s going to be a characteristically useless, senseless death, but then I’m used to the horror. It seems distilled, even now it fails to upset or bother me. I’m not mourning, and to prove it to myself, after a minute or two of watching the rat move under her lower belly, making sure the girl is still conscious, shaking her head in pain, her eyes wide with terror and confusion, I use a chain saw and in a matter of seconds cut the girl in two with it. The whirring teeth go through skin and muscle and sinew and bone so fast that she stays alive long enough to watch me pull her legs away from her body—her actual thighs, what’s left of her mutilated vagina—and hold them up in front of me, spouting blood, like trophies almost. Her eyes stay open for a minute, desperate and unfocused, then close, and finally, before she dies, I force a knife uselessly up her nose until it slides out of the flesh on her forehead, and then I hack the bone off her chin. She has only half a mouth left and I fuck it once, then twice, three times in all. Not caring whether she’s still breathing or not I gouge her eyes out, finally using my fingers. The rat emerges headfirst—somehow it turned itself around inside the cavity—and it’s stained with purple blood (I also notice where the chain saw took off about half of its tail) and I feed it extra Brie until I feel I have to</p>

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	stomp it to death, which I do. Later the girl's femur and left jawbone lie in the oven, baking, and tufts of pubic hair fill a Steuben crystal ashtray, and when I light them they burn very quickly.
335	Are there any I'd like to fuck? Probably. The long-legged hardbody sipping a kir on the last stool? Perhaps.
344	<p>Her breasts have been chopped off and they look blue and deflated, the nipples a disconcerting shade of brown. Surrounded by dried black blood, they lie, rather delicately, on a china plate I bought at the Pottery Barn on top of the Wurlitzer jukebox in the corner, though I don't remember doing this. I have also shaved all the skin and most of the muscle off her face so that it resembles a skull with a long, flowing mane of blond hair falling from it, which is connected to a full, cold corpse; its eyes are open, the actual eyeballs hanging out of their sockets by their stalks. Most of her chest is indistinguishable from her neck, which looks like ground-up meat, her stomach resembles the eggplant and goat cheese lasagna at Il Marlibro or some other kind of dog food, the dominant colors red and white and brown. A few of her intestines are smeared across one wall and others are mashed up into balls that lie strewn across the glass-top coffee table like long blue snakes, mutant worms. The patches of skin left on her body are blue-gray, the color of tinfoil. Her vagina has discharged a brownish syrupy fluid that smells like a sick animal, as if that rat had been forced back up in there, had been digested or something.</p> <p>I spend the next fifteen minutes beside myself, pulling out a bluish rope of intestine, most of it still connected to the body, and shoving it into my mouth, choking on it, and it feels moist in my mouth and it's filled with some kind of paste which smells bad. After an hour of digging, I detach her spinal cord and decide to Federal Express the thing without cleaning it, wrapped in tissue, under a different name, to Leona Helmsley. I want to drink this girl's blood as if it were champagne and I plunge my face deep into what's left of her stomach, scratching my chomping jaw on a broken rib.</p>
364	I get up, do the rest of the coke—a minuscule amount—...
370	In my locker in the locker room at Xclusive lie three vaginas I recently sliced out of various women I've attacked in the past week. Two are washed off, one isn't. There's a barrette clipped to one of them, a blue ribbon from Hermès tied around my favorite.
389	The Patty Winters Show this morning was about girls in the fourth grade who trade sex for crack and I almost canceled with Lambert and Russell to catch it.
395	Today I was obsessed with the idea of faxing Sarah's blood I drained from her vagina over to her office in the mergers division at Chase Manhattan, and I didn't work out this morning because I'd made a necklace from the bones of some girl's vertebrae and wanted to stay home and wear it around my neck while I masturbated in the white marble tub in my bathroom, grunting and moaning like some kind of animal. Then I watched a movie about five lesbians and ten vibrators.
400	Susan Reynolds became the de facto queen of our class as we moved through each subsequent grade: she was beautiful, sophisticated, intriguingly low-key, and she had an air of casual sexuality even before she and Thom became a couple—and it wasn't because she was slutty; she had actually lost her virginity to Thom and hadn't had sex with anyone else—but Susan's beauty always intensified the idea of her sexuality for us. Thom ultimately took it a step further and Susan's sexual aura became more pronounced once they started dating, when everyone knew that they were fucking, but it had always been there; and even

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	<p>if they hadn't actually been fucking in the beginning, during those first weeks that fall of 1979, when they became a couple, the question was: how could two teenagers that good-looking not be fucking each other?</p> <p>...He was farther away this time but I had a better look at his body: the tightness of his jeans showcased his ass, tapering up into a long back—this was becoming always the first thing I noticed about a guy—and I watched mesmerized as this boy, this god, walked the aisle, disappearing from my sight line.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	74
Bitch	43
Cock	30
Cunt	57
Dick	25
Dyke	2
Fag/Faggot	34
Fuck	188
Goddamn	20
Kike	1
Nigger	13
Piss	18
Pussy	14
Shit	64
Tit	25