

# A STOLEN LIFE

By Jaycee Lee Dugard

He says to take off my towel and lay back on the pallet. ...I start to cry. He takes my handcuffed hands and holds them over my head. ...He lies on top of me. He is so heavy. I can't stop crying. He said he'd be quick and it would be better if I didn't struggle because then he wouldn't have to get aggressive. ...He forces my legs open and inserts the hard thing between his legs in me. It feels like I am being stretched apart. I feel like it's going to come out of my belly. I am so small and he is so big. ...I try to scoot away. I try to close my legs. He just takes hold of my legs and shoves them further apart. He is too heavy and strong for me. He keeps my hands above my head. I try to think of anything but what is happening to me. Look anywhere except his face. I can feel the tears on my cheeks. He is making strange noises and grunting and sweating all over me. I can't breathe he is so heavy. All of a sudden he makes a giant grunt and puts even more of his weight on me as he collapses. I cannot do anything. I cannot move. ...He said it was all over now and he gets up and says he's going to go get something to clean me up. I am bleeding "down there." ...He says it's okay—he just "popped my cherry."

-Page 38-39

He says the crank allows him to focus on one thing for a long time. He says first he's going to get me dressed the way he wants and then depending on his mood, the rest will consist of me masturbating him, sucking his penis, me in whatever position he desires, and dancing over him while he masturbates. He says for me to start by getting cleaned up with the bucket of water in the corner. He wants me to shave my vagina because he doesn't like hair because it gives him a rash. ...The night seems endless and I am very tired. He has the lights on. All of them. It makes the room so hot. I have to touch his penis and stroke it up and down; he calls this "jacking off." Sometimes he wants me to suck on it, too. I hate it so much; it tastes disgusting. I am afraid the white stuff which he said is called cum will get in my mouth. I think this is really gross. He says the speed helps him to prolong the sex so he won't cum for a while. ...This goes on and on for a while with him looking at these books he has. They look like photo albums, but they have kids from magazines cut out in different positions with penises taped on from other magazines. He looks at them and talks dirty to them, using words that are bad, ... He says he's

looking for anything with a little girl with shorts on. ...He looks at the time and he says it's time to have sex. He tells me to lie down on my back. Part of me is relieved to get it over with. I was dreading it but want to go to sleep. I'm so tired. He gets on top of me and tells me he's going to talk really dirty to me and for me not to be scared. ...He just needs to release the "monkey on his back." I can't help but cry, but they are silent tears. He fucks me as hard as he can it seems like. He uses that word a lot. My head is being pushed in between the couch and the pullout bed. I feel like I can't breathe. He is calling me a fucking whore and a cunt and other things. ...It hurts more when I try to struggle, so I try not to get away from him, but it's hard not to want to push away from his sweaty disgusting body. ...I feel his release in me and finally it is over.

-Pages 56-58

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