

Revolver

A short story by Sonia Ramos Rossi

The blue police cap lies on the old wooden chair that stands by the open windows. Even from two stories up the street noises are clear. Horns, bus engines, the occasional drunken shout, they all swim up from the busy commercial avenue, through the green leaves of the tree beneath my window. It's nine o'clock in the evening, summertime rush hour in Barcelona.

He's a motorcycle cop. His shiny, black, knee high boots are under the bed, his gun belt is slung over the back of the chair, his uniform is on the floor, his underwear around his ankles. He has me pinned to the bed, my knees pressed into the pillow either side of my head and he is slowly pushing his penis into my anus.

I know it's going to be a long night; I can feel it, right inside me.

We met two months ago, in a bar. I was working in one of the back rooms when all the shouting started, on my knees in front of a client. He had his hands behind my head, pushing himself down into my throat. I tried to pull away, warn him of what was about to happen, but he was too far gone to notice anything, couldn't have stopped for the life of him. He pumped faster and faster as the shouting grew nearer and all I could see was his hairy white belly mounding out above me, blocking out all view of his face, wobbling in the air with each thrust. I knew he wouldn't make it in time though.

When the door burst open the jock was just about to come, took one step back to separate from me in his surprise and managed to shoot his load over my face. I shut my eyes in time, but then found I couldn't open the left one, he'd scored a direct hit, the warm jism covering my eyelid and dripping down my cheek. The plain clothes cops had a good laugh, hauled the punter off into the corridor and left me there on my own to clean up.

One of them put his head round the door five minutes later, "Get some clothes on and come through to the front, we'll want to see your papers." It wasn't the first time I'd been booked. It comes with the territory in my profession. It's just something that happens, not unusual. Some of the girls have been booked twenty times or more. This must have been my number five. I knew what was coming, kind of, but there are always variations on a theme, something new always happens to catch you off your guard.

So anyway, these motorcycle cops who were going to process us came strutting in to the bar, with their skintight stretch pants and their small waists, big holsters swaying on their hips as they walked, the wooden pistol butt jutting out like some kind of freaky fashion accessory. Jackets with turned up collars and mirrored sunglasses would look gay on anybody else but, hey, these guys are big cops, so they carry it off. They're smiling too. It's a small protection racket they have going on. The bars still get raided if they pay up, but nothing happens after. It's all for show. The girls get to spend the night in the lock-up, the guys who run the club sleep easy.

When the cops lined us all up against the zinc bar, took our ID cards and checked us all out, he was the one that took down my details, put me in the book. He'd taken his sunglasses off to do the paperwork and I could see him eyeing me. Top to bottom, bottom to top. I'd washed my face to get rid what my previous client had kindly sprayed all over my face, and I had no make-up on. I felt naked beneath his stare.

Some of the girls take a night in the cells as a short holiday. They were laughing all night long, shrieking, bouncing their hard words off the bare prison cell walls. I didn't sleep at all that night, just tried to ignore the piss smell and settled myself as comfortable as I could on the prison mattress to watch the show. They were still at it at eight o'clock the next morning when we were called up to the magistrate's court to be fined.

It doesn't take long to be processed through the court system. Half an hour and it was all over for me. I went home, took a yogurt from the fridge, slipped into my workout gear and jogged over to the gym. I could feel the dirt from the cell still stuck to my skin, embedded deep in every pore, like some kind of infection, so, instead of my normal workout, I stayed in the sauna for an hour. The high pressure shower cleaned the last of the clinging prison stink, changed my mood. My smarting, tingling clean skin felt alive, and I didn't care what the police, or anyone else thought of me. I took the rest of the day off, curled up with a slushy romance paperback and a bottle of white wine, telephone switched off.

A week or so later I was walking back down the Ramblas, towards the marina where all the expensive white yachts are lined up for inspection by the evening strollers, a forest of bare masts pointing up into the cloudless dark blue sky. It was June, a perfect early summer's evening. Fresh, not too hot. I'd just come from a hotel job, feeling free. Three beer-breath German tourists with blonde pubic hair, and bright red knob heads to their German pistons had just spent two hours filling me with their spermy milk. There was an extra for taking all three of them at once. They'd wanted to see if they could ejaculate at the same time. They couldn't of course. The guy with his cock in my ass was the first to come by a good five minutes. I was being banged so hard by the kraut fucking my cunt that I could hardly give a good sucking to the other one but, crazy, they both came at the same time, so they were pretty pleased. I got my bonus payment, and I was happy too, smiling as I walked carefully down the Ramblas. The Germans were quite gentlemanly afterwards, very polite.

You can earn good money if you'll let the guys do what they want. I set up my own little website, to advertise my services, and that's what I say: I'm up for anything. I didn't write it down in so many words, but that's what all the punters understand when they read, "Skin to skin", "Greek on demand", "French au naturel", no protection wanted, none needed. We all die in the end and I wasn't going to let a little rubber get in the way of me and my money. Who wants to be a fifty year old hooker anyway?

So, I always lived nice. I rented my own apartment; I ran my own business, set my own hours; paid my way. If I worked at the club it was on a strictly freelance basis and if I wanted to take a day off then I could just stay in bed all day, reading paperbacks. I wasn't one of those loser whores that hang out on street corners. I did hotels or apartments only, and I charged top money. I could afford to; I looked after myself, see? Two hour gym session every day, and I took care what I ate. I looked good, and was worth the money, every single Euro cent.

It was fine. I had the risks under control. No-one ever told me what to do, I was independent. No-one ever touched me, not beneath the skin anyway, not until Jordi came along.

I knew it was him the moment I heard the motorbike pull up behind me. Call it woman's intuition or whatever. I just knew it was him. I turned to look, fluttered a mascara eyelash. It was worth a try.

"I'm not going to run you in this time," he said.

"I know, not this time." I had kind of figured out what was going to happen, knew it all along. I couldn't see a way out either, so I went with the flow, relaxed into it, the way I do.

"So, tell me where you live." You don't lie to a cop, so I told him. A couple of hours later he was at my place, cock buried deep in my ass, hissing at me as he thrust violently in and out, "So puta. Sad fucking whore." He was rough, as if he needed to slap me around, feel his power over me before he could get a full erection. Tough macho cop.

I didn't complain, there was no point. He was the law, and I'm just another hooker. I've seen it all before. The macho fucks who can't get it up without a little violence.

He took my mobile number after that first visit and I typed 'Poli' into my phone's contacts list – Jordi el Poli. Jordi the policeman. Strange to say, I was humming a little tune to myself as I did that. It's not every day a girl like me gets her very own cop to look after her. It was like

I'd been taken over, like this guy had taken charge of me or something, as if I didn't have to think for myself anymore. Almost like getting married I suppose, but different. It was a new sensation. Not altogether unpleasant. I didn't have a choice anyway, and the other girls were jealous, one up for me. I didn't get booked again, they did.

Jordi called every other day, 'Poli' flashing up on my mobile screen and making my pulse quicken. Part resentment at him taking my money, part fear at being locked up at his say so, part physical reaction to his so-total control over me. What can I say? It gave me a rush, like standing on the edge of a precipice.

And then one day I fell over, stumbled a little on the edge of the cliff and found myself in freefall, falling down into the slippery sided hole that you can spend the whole of the rest of your life trying to climb out of. It was a Monday, a slow day, a time for taking it easy after the weekend rush. A lazy morning bath, lots of foam and a special cinnamon smelling exfoliant scrub from the posh soap shop. I was thinking about Jordi too, my big policeman, all for myself.

When the door opened I was startled in the bath, made a wave that slopped water out of the tub onto floor. I knew who it was though, only Jordi had a key after all. He didn't say anything, just waited in the bathroom doorway, watching me towel myself off, standing in the water with foam around my knees.

"Having the day off are we?" I could hear the angry tone in his voice, but I'm still at a loss to know what I've done wrong.

"No, I was just getting ready to go out. Monday's are quiet. What are you going here at this time?"

He came closer, shiny boots splashing in the puddles I'd made on the bathroom tiles. His eyes red veined, straining out from his face, nose raised up in a sneer that showed me all his nasal hair, snorting like a bull. I tried to step back away from him, but of course I couldn't, there's nowhere to step back to when you're standing knee deep in bathwater. When the first punch came it was to the side of the head, just below the ear and I fell, bath towel and all, back into the tub. I tried to stop myself falling of course, but it was too late by then, I just cracked my elbow.

Jordi knelt down on one knee, reached under the water for my hand and pulled it out above the foam. Holding tight around my wrist, with his free hand he prised my little finger from the tight little fist that I was making. When he had it free, he started to bend it back as far as it would go, and then a little further. I was wailing, loudly, but even I have to draw breath sometimes, and it was in one of those quieter moments between screams that I heard the bone crack.

I wouldn't stop screaming after that, so he ducked me under the water, kept me there till I thought the warm, soapy water would leak into my bursting lungs and I would drown. Two, three times, he ducked me before relenting.

"I want you out working, do you hear?" As a last emphasis he slammed the back of my head onto the enamel tub before getting up and going into the living area. Through my daze I could hear him searching the room, emptying all the drawers on the floor, kicking through it all, looking.

He found my stash of course, my savings. He is a policeman after all, expert searcher, well trained. And that was when I knew how the whole thing was going to end. Without money I was going nowhere, Jordi knew that.

So there it is, this is what it came to. It only took two months. My daily ritual of dirty sex in high summer. No air conditioning in my room, the sheets are soaked on my back, from his sweat, and mine. The small room has a faint smell of shit, from the anal sex. There's an undercurrent of motorcycle oil there too, and the sharp tang of his sweat.

I watch him strain as he finally comes inside me, the tendons in his neck stand out like wire cables and the red flush that covers his face extends down to where the hair starts on his chest, beads of perspiration beaded on his forehead. And then he relaxes, collapses his weight onto me, with his bristly chin jammed into my cheekbone and whiskey breath in my face, my legs still squashed up uncomfortably underneath him.

It takes him ten minutes to recover, so I listen to the evening noises drifting up from the street. Mopeds and buses. Someone is shouting, "Dani! Dani! Come back!" It's a woman, a young girl, shrieking desperately. I think, 'Let him go girl, let him go.'

When he wakes up from his doze he's mad. I knew it was coming. His cut was less today. Business has been slow, and getting worse. It's hard to keep up when I have to be available for Jordi. He owns my time. He goes to fetch his gun, striding naked in the evening light across to the chair where his belt hangs, with the ammunition pouch and the police radio, the silver handcuffs and the holster.

It seems to calm him to have the revolver in his hand, and he looks at me with a strange smile on his face as he approaches the bed again, semi erect penis waving in the air. The revolver looks like the kind of gun you'd see in a western movie.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"Shut up, turn around and lie on your front."

"Is that loaded?" My voice is muffled because my face is in the pillow.

"Shut the fuck up!" He slaps me hard across the buttocks with his free hand, hard, almost knocks me off the bed.

He grabs a handful of my hair and pulls my head back, until I start to choke. He puts his lips next to my ear and whispers, "Now you're gonna see what happens," slams my head back onto the pillow.

He leans over and pushes the barrel of the gun slowly between my legs, forcing them apart. I hear the click as the hammer is pulled back, then, without warning, he thrusts the barrel hard into me. I'm still wet from before, but the hard metal cuts, the tiny raised sight at the tip of the barrel rips where it hurts the most. When he starts to ram it into me like a dildo the pain becomes my only reality. Nothing else exists. There's blood in my mouth, I've bitten my tongue. I'm sure he's going to shoot me.

When he stops he leaves the gun barrel pushed right up into me, moves to the end of the bed to better admire his handiwork. Then he leans forward putting his head between my feet to get a better look, and says, "Did you enjoy that?"

I wait, saying nothing, holding my breath. The revolver's penis-barrel is primed and ready to ejaculate the lethal projectile that will get me in the end. They all shoot their load eventually. It might as well be now. What the hell.

He doesn't shoot. Nothing happens. The room is so quiet I can hear my breath in the pillow. When I can't bear it any longer I open my eyes and look over my shoulder. Jordi is standing in the middle of the room watching me. The strangest thing is that he has a tear running down his face. Now, it's just my impression but, to me, it's as if all the things he did, all the bad in his life had finally welled up and spilled out. I don't know why. I think he just came to the end of whatever road he was travelling down. That's my take on it. Of course, it may just have been that he had a speck of dust in his eye, you never can tell.

I move my legs so that I can swing them over the edge of the bed and go to him and that turns out to be a bad move. The cocked gun snags on the sheet, the hammer smacks down onto the brass casing of the bullet waiting in the chamber and the lead shoots out into me, then out through my lower abdomen to smash the porcelain lamp that sits on my bedside

table. All I feel is the shock of the bang, and a large jolt that almost lifts me off the bed. No pain. My last thought is for the lamp before I pass out. It was my mother's.

When I wake up I'm in a bright white room, in hospital. One of my neighbours heard the bang and found me before I bled to death. No sign or mention of Jordi. The doctors are pussyfooting around me. They've done the tests and apparently I'm HIV positive, so they're being very careful. My life's in no danger, they say, and I just look at them as if they don't know what they're talking about.

The colostomy bag is uncomfortable, but I'm learning how to live with it. The bullet ripped my insides so badly that it'll take them months to fix me up. I try not to think of the kids I'll never have, read romances to keep my mind busy.

Some policemen come around. They say they found the bullet behind my bedside table. I tell them it was an accident, but I don't think they believe me.

So, it looks like you're going to be in the newspapers, Jordi. I'm so sorry. So sorry.

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