

## **I was in love with a loverboy**

*'Can I take a picture of you?' I nodded and drew a goofy mouth. 'Yes but, one without your clothes on.' I laughed exuberantly, thinking it was a joke. Not a hair on my head thought of doing this. He sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked my cheek. 'Come on,' he urged sweetly. 'Then I can always think of you.'*

*'Sorry I don't.' I made preparations to leave his room. He said nothing back and let me go.*

*It remained silent for several few days. It drove me crazy knowing he was online. Bart was the first boy I fell in love with. Sincerely, I also believed he had feelings for me. Why didn't he let me hear from him after this incident. Sighing and grumbling, I paced my bedroom. What was I supposed to do? Give in or hang on...*

Bart was a handsome guy, sportily dressed, brown-toned and always wore a cap. Because of this, when I walked past, I couldn't see clearly what hair colour he had. The grey/blue eyes in contrast I had noticed. How beautiful they were. They looked just like diamonds. As I walked with some friends to the bus stop, he smiled at me. I blushed and smiled back.

So it began that after three weeks, he and I were sitting on a bench kissing and were madly in love with each other. My friends were extremely jealous. They desperately wanted to be in my place. I couldn't blame them. Bart was sweet, caring and he spoilt me with nice words and presents. I was the happiest girl in the whole world. Until he...

We had now been together for almost three weeks when he asked me if I wanted to go with him to his home. He was living in small room. This was not unusual as he was eighteen. He was studying from home, he said. Being at school was difficult for him because he found it hard to concentrate. I never questioned this and believed him. Likewise my parents, who didn't question the fact that I went out for a sandwich with friends on Wednesday afternoons. It was a little lie, but I wasn't proud of it. But telling the truth I couldn't. My parents would never have tolerated it if they had known I was in a relationship with an adult. After all, I was 16.

Bart treated me to dinner that afternoon. It was very pleasant and I felt like an angel in heaven. Then we went to his room. It was small, but cosy and clean. We

lay down on the bed and started hugging and kissing each other. He took off his shirt and then helped me take off my shirt. He was sweet, while I felt a bit uncomfortable. Bart reassured me and did not undertake anything without my permission. A few hours later, the incident with the photo happened.

It felt unreal to know that my boyfriend didn't answer just because I didn't want him to take a nude picture. How stupid really of me to be so prudish? He was so sweet and patient while I was acting childish. I took all my courage and pulled the picture myself. Even a few in succession, where I looked slightly more defiantly into the lens. Again, I felt a hesitation bubble up inside me. Something inside me said this was not okay, but I did it anyway. 3,2,1...

A few minutes later, he called me. I felt heavenly again. He was sweet and gentle and he even told me he was proud of me for doing this. A euphoric feeling broke out in me, because never before had I heard the word proud.

'Will you join me this weekend?' he asked. 'Then I will cook for you and you can sleep over too?' Sleeping.... I felt like a happy rabbit hopping around in the forest.

I asked the help of a friend and tricked my parents into letting me stay at her place. They were all fine with it and asked no questions. Which worked out well for me. Delighted, I prepared my travel bag and left to my boyfriend.

As before, he was sweet and thoughtful. He had bought me a necklace and a bunch of red roses that were already in a vase. It smelt delicious at his place as he had made fresh spaghetti sauce. Bart had also decorated his room with candles. I felt like a princess.

After the delicious food, we decided to watch a movie. I will never forget the film: Thor, the hero with the hammer.

We didn't see much of the film. After a few minutes, we started kissing and caressing each other. He took off his clothes and then he helped take off mine, including my underwear. I felt a little uncomfortable.

So completely naked felt very vulnerable, but Bart was sweet. He kissed me between my legs and I forgot the awkward feeling.

After that nice moment, he kissed me lovingly on the mouth. I felt his erection between my vulva. Deep inside, I knew he wanted to go a step further, but I didn't feel ready to take this step yet. I gently pushed him off me and shook my head.

'I don't want this yet. I don't feel ready for this yet.' Disappointed, he got off the bed and looked at me with a look I had never seen on him before. It scared me. So I decided to leave the bed as well and put my clothes back on. 'Sorry,' I lisped shyly. 'I just can't do it yet. Give me time.'

'Time?' he cleared his throat. 'Time I hardly have.' His voice sounded impatient and stern. A shiver ran down my spine alerting me that I had better leave. 'You know,' he continued. 'After all I've done for you, I would have expected you to grant me that one pleasure after all. You're a childish girl, you know. Always getting and receiving, but giving something back that's not in your genes.' Tears pricked my eyes. Bart did not sound like the young man I had met at the school gate. He sounded like a spoilt guy who didn't get his way. Once again I apologised. Something inside me stopped me from staying.

Unfortunately, Bart grabbed me by the arm as I made preparations to open the door.

'Stay here!' My first reaction was to pull my arm out of his grip and open the door with my other hand to run. Unluckily, his grip was too powerful and it hurt. I wanted to shout but Bart pulled his eyes wide.

'Don't you dare yell or else I will get very angry,' he threatened briefly. He pushed me onto the bed. I fell down on my stomach. With my hands I tried to turn around, but even before I could do so, I felt in one jerk how he pulled off my trousers and came to sit on me. He pushed my pants aside. Several attempts to get out of this position made this seem impossible after a while and I gave up. Bart was strong and he did everything he could to keep me in his grip. It was hopeless, especially when I felt his erection pushing against me. I squeezed my eyes and gripped the sheet hard in my fist. When he penetrated me, I felt a very burning and painful sensation. I cried and cried, but I didn't dare to cry out. I just let him do his thing, with eyes closed I tried to think of... nothing.

I only realised he was done when I heard the sound of his waistband.

'This wasn't that hard after all,' I heard him say. 'Just open your legs and undertake.' He sounded distant and mean. Like I was worth nothing in his eyes. Wearily, I slid out of the bed and fell to the floor. With tearful eyes, I looked at my white underwear. There was a blood stain. I sobbed and felt embarrassed, empty, dirty...

'Come on,' he said, 'it wasn't that bad. This is where you will take a shower. The bathroom is right next door.' He threw a towel at me. Without any regret, he sat down on the sofa with a beer and continued watching the movie.

Deeply saddened, I went to the bathroom. It felt like I was in a movie myself, where the pause or stop button was not an option. Rather the rewinding images that haunted my mind over and over again. I wasn't quite sure what to do? Go home or go back to his room. It seemed like going home was not an option because what would my parents say when I got home. My tear-stained eyes would betray that something was wrong. No, going home was out of the question. But what then? Sit with him on the sofa and pretend nothing had happened. How unreal did that sound? And yet...

Like a defeated puppy, I went back into his room and snuggled close to him. He put his arm around me and offered me something to drink, but I didn't want anything.

'Do you want anything else?'

'No thanks.' I didn't understand. How could he change from one extreme to another. Surely he couldn't. It confused me. I doubted him, but mostly myself. Maybe I deserved to be treated this way? Maybe it was his perfect right to demand this of me? After all, he had already done so much for me. Then surely this was the least I could give him. Right? I didn't dare speak to him about it. Afraid he would get angry again or reject me, or worse. Afraid he would rape me again. Because that's what it was, wasn't it, rape?

The next morning I woke up and he had just come from the bakery. I smelled fresh coffee and saw coffee cakes on the table. I thought it had all been a nightmare, but when I pulled off the sheet and saw my bloody pants, I knew it was no illusion. It had really happened. The courage I lacked the day before seemed to be there now. I sat down at the table.

'Bart, I've been thinking and...' I hesitated, feeling totally uncomfortable about having to dump him, but it was better this way. 'I think it's better if we... you know break up.'

'That breaks my heart,' he laughed cynically. 'You're not going to leave me after all. I didn't expect that from you. Taking advantage of me first, having sex and then dumping me like a piece of dirt. That's mean.' Embarrassed, I looked at the ground.

'You know,' he thought loud. He crouched and lifted my chin. 'It would only be mean if I tell this story exuberantly at the school gate and look,' he took his mobile phone off the table. 'I can prove it too. What pretty pictures all of you.' Fleetingly, I looked at the nude photos I had taken. I cursed myself that I had ever done this. 'Imagine if one of your teachers, or wait your parents, found out about this,' he continued. 'You, a sweet girl and good student, forwarding such things. Not to mention taking advantage of the boys and sleeping with them and then dumping them like a piece of trash. What kind of image would that give?' He looked at me piercingly and waited to see what I would answer. I didn't know. I was too stunned with what he said. The thought of the whole school seeing my pictures and this story making the rounds made me feel very embarrassed and uncomfortable. Especially when I thought further about what my parents would do if they found out about this. My father was a cop and my mother had her own business in the area. This would not only damage my image, but also theirs. I couldn't make this happen. I couldn't let this happen....

'Then what do you want from me?' I asked without looking at him.

'That will come. All in good time.'

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Lily