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Slow Your Role

An anonymous couple's first-date tale of make-believe date rape

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Illustration by Thomas Pitilli

He Said:

A GIRL PROMPTED me to pretend rape her on our first date, and I did so. Inasmuch as that I was once asked to talk dirty to some other girl but could think of nothing non-sarcastic to say, this was a big step.

The date was going well even before it started going memorably, which was bizarre, as I gave off every warning signal as to my failures as a person, like having to share a coffee mug of vodka with the girl because I'd accidentally broken all the glasses in the apartment. At some point I actually made her look at this videogame I was playing, called Dwarf Fortress, in which I pretended that I was some large number of dwarves, all living together in a fortress.

Eventually she relented and we had sex, which was probably for the best.

At one point I was fucking her from behind, as is my custom, and the girl asked, "Are you going to rape me?" I probably would have been shocked

had the girl not previously made it clear that she was not so much sexually vanilla as she was double chocolate with kinky sprinkles; meanwhile, I'm so sexually clueless that I have to resort to ice cream-oriented metaphors.

Inexperienced as I am in such matters, I managed not to miss a beat. Who am I, after all, to refuse to pretend-rape a girl? I used to pretend to kill my friends all the time as a kid. I still pretend to kill things, or rather my dwarves do. With that in mind, or perhaps something else, I held down her arms and proceeded to "rape" her. This consisted of me engaging the girl in continued sexual intercourse, with her occasionally struggling to escape but not so diligently as to complicate our coupling—a good thing, as I'm a heavy smoker and don't really exercise during winter. It would have been pretty impolite for her to overcome my wanted advances.

And politeness is important to me, which is why I've never been inclined to even fantasize about coercive behavior. Less unseemly than our rape game, meanwhile, was our second round of sex later that evening, which went from me spooning her to me fucking her while she did a not-particularly-good-job of pretending to be asleep. For instance, she would talk every now and again. This particular act should probably be coordinated in advance, rather than on the spur of the moment; in this case, it was pretty much just like having regular ol' sex.

To my moderate surprise, I enjoyed the whole damned thing. As poor as our dual performance would have seemed to the critical eye of any drama coach who might have been watching through the window, both bouts of role playing ended up fun and interesting without causing anyone any distress, which is a fine thing for a sex act to be (though perhaps the reader is upset, in which case I will remind him or her that I did a terrible job of pretend-rapeing the girl in question). And despite this being my first experience in role-playing—and a relatively dramatic introduction at that—it was hardly a life-changing experience; I probably won't be requesting a bunch of wacky atavistic scenarios from future sex partners. But should this girl ask again, or even if she doesn't, I'd be inclined to rape her once more. I am, after all, a gentleman.

She said:

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