

# It Takes a Real Butch to Admit What She Really Wants

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I left work that day feeling dirt tired from carrying twenty foot long 2x10's six at a time about a hundred times that day. There was a splinter in the palm of my hand and when I took off my work boots my body felt like I could take off and fly.

I kept my work clothes on at the end of the day, that way I got a seat on the subway or at the very least I got a little more standing room 'cause no wanted to stand by me. I stank and I was dirty. But I wore it proudly, ya know? This was the dirt of an honest day's work as opposed to the clean Carharts of posers who never swung a hammer or fit a pipe or ran a line. Anyway, stinky I got a seat, clean I had to stand. So I stayed stinky, looking forward to the shower at home.

I trudged up the hill to our apartment, which stood over a store that sold sheets and towels. We lived on an avenue in Brooklyn that specialized in cheap shopping, five blocks from Smith and Ninth station on the F train. I was tired. I was hungry. I yearned for a bath and I was damn grumpy. But I got off on construction work. I liked working with my hands and I liked using my body until the muscles rippled. Don't get me wrong, I am a fat bear, softness over the hard of my muscles. My body is a reflection of my ancestors, short, big bellied, not much of an ass. My Mexican birth mother's body was just the same when I found her in Texas. But then again so was my adoptive Orthodox Jewish grandmother's. I have no idea about my birth father's Irish ass (to avoid the cliché about beer bellies). When I find him I'll know.

But if you have ever really felt a fat body, known the luxury of laying on suppleness, then you also know just how many muscles it takes to carry a big belly around. That combined with swinging a hammer all day long and climbing up and down scaffolding made me strapping. Even the place underneath my armpits was hard. The men got on my last nerve persistently with all their talk about beating women and all their macho strutting. I hung out with the old guys who had to start using their heads, not their brawn, so they acted less absurdly. It wasn't a bad way to make a living and I figured I was better off with the up front hatred of the working class than the smiling soul killing and back stabbing of the owning class. At least I knew where I stood, and I didn't stand too close to the edge of a deck 12 flights above the ground as a result.

Finally home, after buying some plantinos at the local Cuban Chinese restaurant with the cute woman behind the counter who always flirted with me, appreciating my dirt as a sign that I took care of business.

I climbed the three flights wondering why I never found an apartment on the ground floor, opened the three locks, wondering why I didn't live in some small town where I could leave the door unlocked, and finally threw my green hard hat on the couch and stripped off my flannel work shirt. I left all these articles of clothing wherever I stripped them off. I bent to untie my red high top converse sneakers in anticipation of the shower that was soon to come and felt a hand on my ass. I stood up and leaned into her body.

"You've come home early" I commented. She kept her hand on my butt and said in a tenor smooth voice that sent chills down my spine,

"I wanted to fuck you before you fell asleep tonight."

These days after a long day I sometimes fell asleep at 7, and

since she got off at 6 and took an hour to commute home, that meant we didn't see each other much during the week.

"Well I am delighted you thought of me," I said and turned to look at her. She had on her work clothes too - a charcoal grey suit with a starched white shirt and a handpainted silk tie that I painted myself for her last birthday. Her hair was cropped short and her brown eyes danced with mischief and lust.

"Go take a shower," she said. "I'll get ready out here."

I was shaking with fatigue, but who could turn down such an offer from such a fetching butch?

I went to the bathroom and off came the jeans and boxers, got into the shower and scrubbed three layers of grim off me. I washed my own spiked hair. I stepped from the tub and took out my pocketknife and flicked open the blade to take the splinter out of my hand.

She had taken her jacket off and had her shirtsleeves rolled up in the steam.

"What are you doing?" she snatched the knife away.

"Taking out a hunk of wood. See, if I leave it in, it will get infected," going for stating the obvious because I knew what was coming.

"You'll get lock jaw and an infection using a blade that dirty."

I sighed. She was a public health nurse. I wouldn't win this battle. Like most people in relationship I had learned when to shut up and let the other person win. So, despite the fact that I trusted my own hands a lot more than hers I let her take out the splinter with a clean scalpel.

"You know I just had a tetanus shot a month ago when the 16 penny nail went up through my shoe and into my foot," I murmured. She just raised an eyebrow.

Her suspenders held her pleated pants up over her big belly and crossed her broad shoulders in back. She sat on the toilet lid and put her feet up on the side of the tub and watched as I put the shaving brush to my face.

"What's this?" she said, touching my hip.

"A black and blue mark."

"From what?" she inquired.

I shrugged, "Don't know. I get banged up a lot at the site."

She smiled and said, "So it's not my handiwork?"

I ignored her as I took the razor to my face. In the morning I was too tired to shave so I did it at night. I figured the more I shaved the thicker my peach fuzz beard would grow in. She picked up the shaving brush and was running it up and down my spine. I jerked away pretending to be annoyed.

"Not when I have a razor in my hand."

"Then finish up."

I wiped my face with a towel and reached for the robe. She grabbed my wrist and said, "I want you naked."

I looked at her, an eyebrow raised "Yeah, right. What makes you think I'm gonna let you fuck me or boss me around?"

"Because after you've finished being so butch in the world using those strong muscles and no-shit attitude you come home to me and want to give in. You're hard on the outside like a walnut but inside there is soft sweet meat, *eso es lo que quiero.*"

She paused, "I'm gonna crack your shell a little tonight."

I didn't feel like giving in easily today. Actually, it is more ac-

curate to say that after a long day at work where I have to act like a stone bulldagger from the south Bronx where I grew up, I couldn't get to my gentle self. Not without her help. More and more I knew I was more a faggot boy than a strutting stone butch, but ingrained survival tactics don't just turn off in the bedroom. She'd have to take me, she knew how. I trusted her to do it. She liked the challenge. I was her bad boi street butch. Rough trade.

I walked into our living room and she touched my shoulder to turn me to her. I fell into her embrace and kissed her back passionately, then straightened up and pushed her against a wall. We did the dance of who was gonna be on top, knowing that it was a place I didn't really want. She reached for my right nipple and took it between her fingers and began to squeeze. This made my cunt get hard with desire and soon I wouldn't want to say no. I pushed her from me and flipped her onto the ground.

I straddled her big body on the floor. My legs barely touched the ground over the girth. Is there anything sexier than a bear of a woman transgressive enough to be a guy? I thought of the woman behind the counter of the restaurant, high femme all the way - and I am not unappreciative of her, a gender bender herself, she flirted with a transgendered bear after all. She made her own rules. Damn sexy, but not as sexy as who I had underneath me. Yup I am a faggot, I thought.

But I came back to our home, back to the rag rug I knotted myself, not only a faggot but an ever crafty Martha Stewart butch faggot, no less.

I smiled defiantly in compensation to this realization.

"Getting your shirt wrinkled, darling?" I sneered.

I laughed and held her arms out wide. I was stronger than her. Although any nurse can tell you about lifting patients like I can tell you about lifting sheets of plywood.

She was calm. I could see the spark in her eye and hear the edge in her voice.

"Off!" she ordered.

"Oh yeah? Make me." I countered.

"Yeah and you know why Jay? Because you want my cock up your ass so bad that you can taste it. Now before I was just gonna take you but now I see you need to be taken down a peg or two. So get up before you regret it," she said as though she were in control.

I looked at her. It was true I wanted her bad. I just had a hard time admitting it to myself and switching from being a strutting butch in the world to being a bottom in bed. I was afraid that made me femme. While I loved femmes I feared the feminine in myself, all those years of being forced to be a girl, an Orthodox Jewish girl no less, had left me split in two inside. So, like a whole lot of men in the world, I embraced machismo as a way of distancing myself from the feminine. I overcompensated and I knew it but I was afraid, you see, of showing vulnerability.

While I pondered how to give in while saving face she made her move and we wrestled around.

I was strong but she was no weakling and outweighed me by at least 75 lbs and had taken Judo. In the end I let her win, but not by much.

She sat on me this time. I used my core muscles and lats to support her.

"You know what is great? I can sit on you and not be afraid of hurting you because you are so strong. How about trusting me enough to lean on me and let me see your desire? How about deciding to give your fragility over to me for just a while and let me hold you while you do it? I love your strength but I also love your

**I loved that she wanted me this way, over a couch, with my bare ass in the air, lifting myself to her to be spanked red and raw.**

tender places. Being a bottom isn't about weakness. Don't you know that by now? It's about giving and receiving. By the end of tonight you'll be opening up your core to me and I'll love that such a strong woman gives herself up to me. I'll love feeling your fine strong body and I'll love your softness too."

She got up. I felt quiet inside. Some scenes begin with a slap, ours often began with words and the look of protective fierceness I saw in her eyes.

Smiling she said, "But for now. I want to take you down a peg or two. Payback for giving me a hard time."

She pushed me over the couch and said, "Stay there," as she went and got the strap she uses to punish me. She had me drill the hole for the hook the strap always hung on in our house, always a symbol of her power, always a symbol of my submission. I oiled it to keep it supple.

I stayed put while she came behind me and began to slap my ass with the strap. I gritted my teeth against yelling and she responded by hitting me harder.

"Don't butch it out. I want to hear you yell," she ordered and began a slow and steady spanking.

The strap thudded against my ass. Damn I needed this. Damn, I loved the burn, I loved that she wanted me this way, over a couch, with my bare ass in the air, lifting myself to her to be spanked red and raw.

But I couldn't show her or anyone that kind of vulnerability without a fight. Secret shame, deep in my bones, made me act tough. If I showed that frailty...what was I afraid of? Being called a girl. If I cried when my ass burned I heard the old taunts of a school yard, "You nothing but a girl," the taunts of Yiddish School and words from the Torah, "Women shall not wear the garments of men," of being told I couldn't be a Rabbi, not because I was the bastard child of a Mexican and Irish Catholic, but because I was a woman. You can change your birth blood by

ritual immersion in Judaism but you couldn't change the fact that a woman couldn't be a Rabbi...the Orthodox still don't accept it.

How many boys did I hurl myself at, beating the shit out of them when they said that, even though I was nearly the strongest, nearly the best at punch ball and hand ball? How many times did I study the Torah in secret under my grandfather Tallis, pretending I was Joshua leading the People in the desert? How many tears did I swallow down when my father beat me, "Cry like a girl and I'll beat you worse!" with scorn for any humanness displayed.

I swallowed down his contempt for weakness shown. I swallowed the lie that vulnerability shown meant that you were weak. I acted tough rather than risk the chance of showing how scared I sometimes was. But that didn't make me strong. No that just made me afraid of showing that I was afraid, a kind of weakness that we teach our men.

I was determined to not yell while she beat me, secretly triumphant that I could take such a beating when she pulled me up by my hair and sat down on an armchair forcing me over her knee. More intimate, this position makes me feel most vulnerable and her hand always hurts more than a strap.

"No Ric, not over your lap..." I said.

"Oh yes, my boi, for a spanking, nice and long and hard. Until you give in... and then just a little more."

I squirmed as she proceeded to spank my cheeks with a leather-glove-clad hand. It hurt like hell and I was getting hornier by the second. My cunt was dripping. My cock was getting hard. I moaned.

"That's it. Let me hear it" she hit harder, in the same place over again without rhythm to surprise me. I began to kick against the pain but she held me. Finally, I screamed in anger more than pain.

"Fuck that hurts!" I yelled.

“Yes it does. You’ll feel this all week. Your ass will be as black and blue as your hip,” she said as she hit me again.

“Fuck you.”

“Do you think it’s a good idea to piss off your top when you’re bare assed over my knee?”

She laid into me, “Not smart Jay, not smart.”

I was getting the beating of my young life. I held out a long time, my body rigid against the pain, wondering why I ever thought that I liked being spanked. Thinking I was an asshole for ever letting someone do this to me. Finally breathing into the ache and just when I thought I couldn’t take it a second more, my body relaxed a little. She felt the change. Nurses are good at observing the seemingly imperceptible.

“OW!!!” I yelled, my voice straining. “Please stop!”

She continued. My yells turned to screams, which turned to tears.

I didn’t think that I could stand much more. I was almost sobbing and she urged, “Do it. You can do it.”

I gritted my teeth and said “No” when her hand came down on my swollen cheeks and she growled.

“Damn, you are stubborn and I wouldn’t have you any other way.” I was crying then.

“All day long you work along side men doing hard work. You even spit furthest, *verdam!* But here with me you like to let go and let me be in charge. You like to let me inside of you and I love fucking your tight asshole. I love having you over my lap with your ass getting red. Somehow you think that makes you weak.” She hit me especially hard

“Now!” she ordered. “Give in now, Jay. I’m getting bored and if you keep it up I won’t fuck you. Then I’ll be pissed.”

Again she slaps me, moving me along closer and closer to my edge.

“Tell me who you are and what you want!”

I wanted to give in, my body craved her. I said quietly,

“I want you inside of me.”

“Close but not quite,” she said, rubbing my hot cheeks. “Come on, now, I want to get to it.”

Her softness pushed me over an edge “I am your bottom, please let me give myself to you,” I whispered and she sighed. “Good boi, Jay. Good boi. It takes a real butch to admit what they really want.”

She released me and I went to my knees. She stood up and unzipped her pants, pulling out her dildo.

“Wet it,” she ordered. “Show me how you love it.”

I wrapped my mouth around the dildo and sucked with enthusiasm. She began to thrust a bit grabbing my head for balance. I grabbed at her ass and pulled her toward me and moaned in delight.

“Get up,” she said, and I stopped sucking reluctantly.

She pulled me to her and kissed me, biting at my neck. We stayed in the embrace for a few minutes when she growled, “Turn around and grab your ankles.”

I did and she commented “What a beautiful butt -- flat but so soundly spanked. She played with the hairs on my ass, “Hairy ass bear.”

She took off the leather gloves and replaced them with a latex glove. She spread my cheeks. I widened my stance to cooperate and expose my hole to her.

“There’s a boi,” she said as she entered my hole with a greased finger.

“Such a tight hole even with all the fucking we do,” she mused.

I was silent, all the voices in my head that taunted me were silent. I was in the moment. Some people do walking meditation to get to this place. Some chant or breathe, do yoga or fast. I get my ass whooped. Finally I am mindful. No past, no future -- it’s only the moment with her finger greasing my ass. I breathe deeply to open my muscles to her touch. I breathe that sigh I have held

so long, all day, every damn day. I let my muscles go lax, I stop clenching against a world that feels assaultive to my kind. Halleluiah, with her hand in my ass, I come to know some enlightenment. Halleluiah, with a good spanking, she is my priest and guru, taking me to a place of peace. I am not a warrior over her lap. I am not a fighter when she spreads me wide. But I am no weakling either. It is a gentler strength that floods me now.

I love feeling her hand inside of me. She rubs the thin wall that separates my cunt from my rectum and touches my cervix through it. I moan in delight, relaxing and breathing. The whole long day fades.

“I’m gonna spread you wide,” she promises, and takes her hand out of me.

She leads me to our bed and tells me to kneel; kicking my legs apart, I lift my ass to her. She places her cock at my hole and takes hold of my hips.

“Push back,” she orders.

And I do, feeling the head pierce me, and slowly I inch back onto her long and generous cock. Sssssss. I slide along its length with her guiding me with slight pressure on the hips. I am full --too full, and think I can go no further. She has a long cock because she says I have an extra long asshole. She’s about half way in me and is waiting for me to open further.

“Breathe and open for me, boi,” she says as she leans over and plays with my nipples, easing the dildo in.

“There’s a boi” she says. I feel like I have to take the mother of all shits and I grunt when she finally reaches home. She pauses, letting me get used to her inside me

“It’s not easy to take me in. It’s not weak; it takes determination. You have to be strong to take the fuck I’m gonna give you. Giving in, opening is some of the demanding, arduous and toughest stuff in the world to do. Its not weak, its an act of audacity and chutzpah, especially in this world.” My ass opens up and readies for her. When she begins to thrust I start to moan. So good, I think. So good.

I hear her panting. Her fat belly slaps my fat ass with each thrust. I start to rock with her and start to moan with each long plunge. I am grunting with pleasure, growling with each thrust. She changes rhythm and begins short fast thrusts. And drives in deep and fucks me hard, I mean damn hard. She pulls out only to enter into me again, just so I feel her owning my asshole. She pushes in hard and long. I begin to thrust back to meet her assault but she pushes at my shoulders to hold me still, she is in control of me, my ass, her cock. She is riding me. I start to shout out, unintelligible sounds, I have no words. She is fucking me for all she is worth. She is intent on taking me, on owning my butthole, and at a certain point she starts to move her hips sharp and fast. I know she is close to coming then. She holds still for a moment, rising up in tension. I hold very still.

She unclips her cock and leaves it in me. She is spanking me again. Hitting the dildo again and again and she reaches for my clit and rubs it. My ass burns, my asshole is full and hurting just a little and I am building to a deep orgasm.

She knows it. I begin to scream and she hits me harder, leaning on the cock, and rubbing my clit with the deftness her many years of dykedom have taught her. I fly over the edge of my own walls, with her hand on my cunt and her cock in my ass. I collapse and we rest for a few moments.

“I’m not done yet,” she says. She turns me over with the cock still in me. And places my legs on her shoulders She pulls her cock from me and opens my asshole with her hand. She puts two fingers in, but quickly puts in another.

“Open,” is all she says.

I breathe in and she puts another finger in, I am already stretched so wide. With four fingers in, she is watching my face.

“Look at me.”



I stare into her eyes.

Open , because I say so, open because you are mine, this ass is mine, because you were born to love the feel of another queer's hand in your ass ... open.

Her thumb is ready to be inside me. Her eyes are dark with desire and she wants to own me, to hurt me.

Her thumb goes inside me as I push out for her. She is in, her hand balls into a fist.

"I love you Ric."

She responds by pushing her arm up inside me, watching me intently as I struggle to find a way to fit her forearm inside me. It hurts more than a little. She knows, she wants it to. She wants to have me feel her stretch me wide, to struggle with making space for her. She wants to possess me.

"Open," she says. She rolls her arm, first to the right, then the left. And then pushes forward hard a few times, I grunt out each time. She begins to move faster

"Whose ass is this, Jay?"

"Yours, its yours." I say with quick determination and sincerity as though this might stay the movement of her arm, give me time to adjust. It accomplishes no such thing.

"I am fucking the shit out of you. And I will fuck the shit out of you any time I damn well please. I want you to remember that. I want you to remember how much you are sweating this moment, because I am fucking you this hard. Will you?" she says, and thrusts inside me viciously a few times. "Will you?" she says again. She watches my eyes grow wide when my sphincter tightens and sees me grow relaxed when I breathe into the fuck

Her pounding is taking my breath away. I gulp for air "Yes, I'll remember."

Again, thrusts. "Will you?"

Yes, yes I'll remember. She sodomizes me to the brink of coming once again. But she stops short of my going over the edge.

"This edge is the price you pay for being a smart ass. If you want off that edge, remember how to be in service." When she pulls out of me she does it achingly slowly. My cunt is left hard and wanting. She nods in satisfaction.

"What a sweet asshole you have" she whispers as she goes to bite my nipples. I never let anyone touch my breasts but her. I hold her head to me in a tender embrace as I gasp. I rub the naps on her head loving the lambswool touch of her head. I ease her pants off her and caress her ass. We fall asleep this way.

The next day I awake at five and go to shower. When I get out she is standing in the living room.

"Did you shit yet?" she asks.

"Good morning to you, too," I reply sarcastically.

"I want an answer," she says in a top voice.

"Yes, sir," I say meekly.

"Take down your pants."

"I have to go to work," I say, more in a whimper than a challenge.

"Then do it quickly and quit mouthing off."

I let down my pants, take down my boxers and present my ass to her. My ass has welts on them and she fingers them. She wants to spank me again but she holds back. I can tell.

"Grab your ankles," she orders and attaches a belt around my waist with straps hanging from it. She greases me again.

"Are you stretched?" she inquires, just to hear me say it.

"Yes sir, good and stretched."

"This doesn't come out till tonight" she says, and she shoves a medium sized butt plug in me and attaches it to the straps. "If it does I have a larger one you'll keep in tomorrow." I grunt when she pushes it home.

"Get up," she says. I pull up my mustard colored Carhartt carpenter's pants, feeling it in me.

She kisses me and says, "All day long while your being too butch, remember that I know you like getting fucked. Maybe next time I come home early I won't have to fight so hard to get you in the right mood. Just remember those boys at work are scared shit. They want to be able to cry, but they are afraid, so afraid of some words, like faggot. They are afraid of the word faggot like you are afraid of the word femme. Imagine though, being free enough in the world to risk looking vulnerable and soft, and strong enough inside yourself to know that doesn't make you frail."

I don't know what to say. I want to say it is hard enough to get by around those guys without a constant reminder of my softest self. I want to tell her how my ass will hurt. I want to ask "what if I need to shit?" I want to say go to hell. Instead, I remember the hardness of my cunt left wanting. I remember the moments of peace I had, so I go to my knees and kiss her inner thighs, my tongue searching for her asshole and I spread her cheeks, rim her out, my hand finding her clit as she tells me to use my tongue to fuck her asshole. I poke my tongue inside her, sucking, licking. Her hand rides my hand. I stay on my knees, with a butt plug in my ass, licking my master's asshole until she comes. When she is done she pushes me down on my ass.

"Good boi," she says as she walks away and shuts the bedroom door. I stare at it and get to my feet trying to learn to stand, let alone walk with this plug in my ass. It does the job of reminding me I am hers and I find just enough peace in that to be brave enough to walk out the door with it in me.

I pick up my green hard hat and thermos full of tea. I turn on the coffee maker and leave. I have to jog to the train to make it to work on time, the butt plug shifting in me as I run.

Each time I lifted lumber that day the plug moved again. Each time I sat down my ass ached from the spanking she had given me and I wondered each time a guy acted too butch if he wanted it up the ass too. I felt bad for them that they couldn't ask for it. I smiled as I thought of Ric. She knew my shit. She knew just where I needed pushing and just how far to push and then pushed me just a little further. Because of her I was learning about a new kind of strength. I laughed when I thought of how we fell for each other, two butches who could love each other for all we were. I was damn in love with that woman who, because she wasn't afraid of being a girl, was more of a man than my adolescent boi self was gonna be any time soon. But she was showing me the way with her cock and a fist and good forearm and a supple leather strap.

I got another splinter when I picked up a sheet of plywood. This time I took it out before I got home.

