

Excerpted from the upcoming book *The Ins and Outs of My Vagina: A Penetrating Memoir*

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## “Fire Crotch”

by Karin Freeland

Valentine’s Day. I wanted this to be special for Damien, so I ventured into Fredrick’s of Hollywood for the first time. The lingerie was a lot racier than at Victoria’s Secret, where I had frequented in the past. Once I arrived there and tried things on, I chickened out and went for the tamest thing in the store: a red lace teddy and black thigh high stockings to match. While I was checking out, the woman at the counter recommended I try some chocolate body butter. I didn’t have a clue what do with it, but it sounded intriguing and, at \$8, was just the right price, so I had the cashier ring it up.

That evening, I donned my new outfit for Damien and we went at it. The chocolate butter, which he smeared all over my body—including V—was icing on the cake. Without getting into too many details, let’s just say he became ravenous.

The following morning, I woke up late and went to pee in my filthy sorority house bathroom. As I sat there with my pajama pants around my knees and my flip-flops sticking to the beer-soaked floor, an unusual sensation spread throughout V unlike anything we’d ever felt.

*“I’ve got a bad feelin’ about this,” V fretted.*

*“I’m sure it’s nothing, it’ll pass,” I comforted her.*

As the seconds passed, I began to feel less confident in my assurances to V. It wasn’t pain, exactly, but it wasn’t pleasure, either. It troubled me that I couldn’t tell the difference. At

best, it could only be described as feeling like something burnt. Yet, I felt like I might climax at the same time (even though I hadn't experienced the Big O).

I checked my watch: 12:28 PM. Thirty-two minutes until my Ballet class. I didn't have nearly enough time for a visit to the Infirmary and get my issue checked out.

*Fine. I'll deal with it later. How bad can it be?*

*"That's easy for you to say!" V blurted.*

I had just enough time to freshen myself up in my bedroom. I undressed and slipped on my leotard and tights. I moved to the mirror to wrap my hair in a bun when I was overcome by another uncontrollable urge to pee.

*Huh. I just went!*

*"You better get our butt back over there," V warned.*

I raced to the bathroom, plunked myself down, and...out came a spittle.

*"Sorry about that," V apologized. "I don't know what's going on around here. Maybe your lover-boy gave us a surprise gift—one that keeps giving."*

*Oh no, an STD? That bastard! I swear, I'll kill him. He probably got it from that girl he hooked up with while I was in Australia—whore! What do I do now?*

I remained determined to get to my class on time. I finished up in the bathroom and returned to my room, where I grabbed my purse and a bag of chips to eat on the way. Oddly, I didn't want to tell anyone about what I was experiencing. Even though I lived in a house full of women, I was too embarrassed to tell them what was happening to me.

I made it to Ballet in the nick of time. I threw my bag in a cubby and ran to find an open spot at the barre. I took a deep breath, hoping I could get through class without the problem becoming exacerbated. We began with a routine of plies and grand plies.

*Perfect: five minutes down, fifty-five to go.*

Next up, tendus—a leg stretching exercise. I made it through the right side and then swirled around and did the same thing for the left. By the time we started on grand battements—think high kicks—things took a turn for the worse. The urge to pee came back with vengeance. This didn't make any sense; I hadn't had a thing to drink since leaving the sorority house.

*I don't have to pee, I don't have to pee, I don't have to pee.*

I swung my right leg straight up in front of me and quickly pulled it back in. In doing so, I thought I felt a squirt of pee release.

*One more movement and there is going to be a puddle on this dance floor.*

It would be an understatement to say I was in a panic. This felt like life and death. I decided to do “smaller” grand battements with my legs squeezed together as much as possible.

*It's working—no one noticed!*

Unfortunately, I wasn't quite as successful cheating the movement when my leg went to the back—especially since this had become my specialty.

“Higher, Karin! You're slacking off!” the teacher berated me.

*Busted!* I had no option except to kick higher on the next attempt. Despite an effort to tilt my back forward to prevent my legs from spreading too wide, I couldn't tighten my muscles enough to keep V closed.

Meanwhile, my teacher—who looked like Fabio from the “I can't believe it's not butter!” commercials—floated across the floor toward me, his long hair wafting behind him. Suddenly, he was right beside me, holding his hand in the air at the spot he expected me to kick. I had no choice except to kick his hand and pray that a geyser didn't shoot out of V onto him.

*I think...something came out. Does he know? My leotard is maroon; it'll look darker if it's wet.*

“Much better,” he praised without flinching. “Don’t let me see you lean forward again, either.” I forced a smile, hoping he wouldn’t bother me again.

I sprang to the bathroom during the next water break. The dire need to go had again become overwhelming. I was relieved to discover that I hadn’t peed myself but dismayed when only a few drops tinkled out. Then...