

### 13. THE CONTEST

“My friend Rick thought that we’d hit it off.”

“Cool.”

“Yeah, I told him that I wasn’t really interested in dating. But we could hang out. Maybe get to know each other better. He spoke highly of you.”

“I feel flattered. Rick builds me up to be more than I really am. I just hope that I can live up to your expectations.”

“I’m sensing something. You don’t like me, do you?”

“What would cause you to think that?”

“I don’t know. It’s just a feeling that I get. It’s not as if there’s really something wrong with me. I’m a normal person.”

“Of course, you are. You seem very creative.”

“I’m more than creative. You’re not laughing at me.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re looking at me weird. You don’t even look me in the eye.”

“I didn’t notice that. I guess that I’m a little shy.”

“Shy, you’re not shy. You’re stuck up.”

“That’s a little mean to say.”

“It’s not mean. It’s the truth. I don’t know why you don’t like me. But you don’t.”

“I’ve hardly said a word.”

“Am I not pretty enough for you? What would I have to do to be pretty enough for you?”

“You’re being too critical.”

“Not really. You’re being a lot harder on me than I am being on myself.”

“You’re putting words in my mouth, and when I object, you’re pretending that I am defensive. I thought it would be nice to get together. I’m here.”

“I’m not a patient in a hospital. There’s not something wrong with me that has to be fixed.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“But you’d never sleep with me.”

“I didn’t think it was about that.”

“But I’m not your type.”

“I don’t really have a type.”

“But there is a type that you wouldn’t be with. And that’s my type.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“Sure, if you were really drunk, you might take me home for a night. But you would never take my phone number and call me.”

“I have your phone number. That’s how we got together.”

“Rick did all the work. You just showed up.”

“I made the effort myself.”

“What effort? I was already Rick’s friend. He did everything that he could to get me here. All that you had to do was show up.”

“It’s more than that.”

“Like what. Rick held your dick and put it in me.”

“You are saying some really creepy things to me.”

“I can see your expression on your face. Your body language. I’m good with stuff like that. Didn’t Rick tell you that? That was how he and I met. I approached him. I thought that he was an interesting guy.”

“He’s very interesting.”

“He told me that you were a cool guy. But I can detect this tension between the two of you. What’s the problem?”

“There’s no problem.”

“Does he get more pussy than you do? Is that why you’re so full of your self?”

“That makes no sense.”

“It makes all the sense of the world.”

“You’re holding out for this thing that means everything in the world. And when the opportunity comes your way, you can never get up the nerve to do what has to be done. You’re standards are just too high for reality.”

“I’m not really like that.”

“Oh, yes you are. You want a super model who thinks like Aristotle. And when the girls that you meet don’t measure up to that standard, you don’t give them the time of day.”

“That’s not really style.”

“The hell it isn’t.”

“I don’t want to give out that attitude.”

“I really wonder what were Rick’s intentions. Maybe he thought that I could turn you around. Although I don’t know how. You barely give me the time of day.”

“You’re being too hard on yourself.”

“I love what you’re doing. You’re make this about me when you’re the asshole.”

“Maybe I should just go. It seems that whatever you say, you just jump down my throat.”

“Can’t take a little honesty?”

“It’s not honesty. You won’t give me a word edgewise. I don’t know what’s wrong with you. But I have done everything possible to be nice. And you’re just treated me like shit.”

“The only reason that you’re nice is to cover up the shit that you really are.”

“There you go calling me names again.”

“If you don’t like it, you can just go. You’ve done your penance. You’ve taken your time to sit down with me. You had your drink. Now you can go.”

“It’s not as if this was an obligation.”

“Oh no, it wasn’t. But you can still win some charity points from doing what had to be done.”

“You seem like a nice person. You just aren’t giving me much of a chance.”

“I’m trying. I really am. But you don’t give other people a chance unless you can get something from them.”

“People are a little complex than you make them out to be.”

“Of course, they are, once we work our way past the creeps and bimbos that seem to populate your world.”

“I’m not like that.”

“Of course, you are. Rick warned me about you.”

“He did?”

“He didn’t say it directly, but in so many words. You are a little creep.”

“More name calling.”

“I’m just trying to get on an equal footing with you.”

“If you know so much about creeps and bimbos, maybe it’s because you’ve spent enough time of your own in our company. Maybe you’re one or the other or both.”

“I admit that there was a time in my life when I tried to get by on my looks. And I know that gaze that a guy give you when he’s trying to get you in the sack. You probed me from the moment that you met me. And when you realized that I didn’t have that thing, you were ready to throw me back.”

“You are perceptive. I wish that I could say that you were accurate.”

“I’m just calling them how I see it.”

“And what do you see?”

“A woman who’s past her prime trying to talk to a chick hound and not making much inroads.”

“You’re not past your prime.”

“Maybe not, but you wouldn’t take me home and fuck me.”

“I thought that we already went through that. You’ve got nice legs.”

“Maybe you could put a bag over my head and finish the job.”

“There you go putting words in my mouth again.”

“You want to buy me a drink.”

“You’ve barely touched the one that you have.”

“Are you implying that I’m a lush?”

“Nothing of the sort. You were the one asking for another drink.”

“I could tell that you were coaxing me. I’m up on that sort of thing as well. I know what it’s like when a girl needs that extra one just to see her through the night. Even if we feel pretty, if all the guys in the place are looking, down deep we know all our weaknesses. And we know how a guy is going to exploit that when he takes us home. It’s a lonely game. And a drink or two will help us through that little crisis.

It take a long time to come to grips with that little truth. That none of these guys really care an iota about us. Sure the guilty ones will try to marry us to make up for their sins. But when push comes to shove, it’s all the same thing. We will never measure up.”

“That’s quite a story. Are you a writer?”

“I’ve tried my hand at the game. But I just don’t have it. That’s one of the downsides of playing with the big boys. It ends up draining all your energy. After it’s done, it’s just a hopeless slide into the dumps. It takes a lot just to get whole. No one really wants to hear that story. Least of all a guy like you.”

“Woman might want to read about it.”

“What women? Those in the thick of the game. They don’t want to be reminded that they are walking on thin ice. They’re all suspicious. And the rest of us. We’ve heard the sob story over and over again. You make your bed, you’ve got to lie in it.”

“That sounds pretty wicked.”

“Life is ugly. Guys like you try to package the shit to seem as if it’s art. The world ain’t buying.”

“I thought that you said that they were buying. That was the source of the heartache.”

“That would let you off the hook too easily. Yeah, the demise is caused by the women themselves who go for that castle in the air. You just encourage the process. You have your own shortcomings.”

“But I thought that you were blaming guys for the shit in the world.”

“If I’m that bold, you’ll just simply go on the defensive and say that women are ungrateful bitches.”

“Isn’t that your conclusion anyway.”

“I like how you try to twist my words around. And you’re accusing me of putting words in your mouth. You’ve been an expert at this sort of thing from the get go.”

“I’m confused.”

“You want to go get a drink someplace, honey?”

“We have a drink.”

“Those are your words. I’m just repeating your words.”

“So you are. I just don’t remember saying them like that.”

“No, you just remember all the good things about your seductions.”

“There’s that shell of yours.”

“I guess rehab never broke that down.”

“You were in rehab.”

“No, it was just a joke that might help explain things.”

“There are things to explain.”

“You are almost sounding like a caring person.”

“I am what I am. I have tried to play you for no illusions.”

“But you do live with illusions.”

“If that’s how you want to see it.”

“You want to win, and you think that you’re in the game.”

“If that’s how you want to describe it, I’ll go along with that.”

“You’re always trying to increase the odds.”

“I’m doing what I can.”

“But if you slowed down, you would need rehab. Or something to pick you up.”

“I’m really not that kind of guy.”

“So you want to give me your life story.”

“I don’t think that I am hiding behind my past mistakes.”

“And I am?”

“You’re just experienced in a way that I’m not.”

“Is that your not so subtle way of saying that I’m used up.”

“Not at all. You just have an understanding about yourself. A confidence.”

“And you want me to reveal your secret?”

“I’m willing to play along.”

“Rick said as much.”

“What did Rick say about me?”

“It’s more about what he said to you. You know how guys get when they get together. Every woman becomes fair game. Did you take me down between the two of you?”

“It wasn’t like that.”

“What was it?”

“You seem to know better than I do. Tell me what he had in mind for you.”

“He wanted to see if I could rile you up. Get you going. He told me that you were an easy play. That you’d come on all tough. But that I’d eventually have you on your knees.”

“That’s bull shit. You’re making it up.”

“No, call him. He told me that you loved to play games. You lived by sport. Risk. Bluffing.”

“I’ll call him.”

“Go ahead. You probably want to hear it from me instead of from him. He will only embarrass you.”

“I feel exposed enough.”

“I feel like the girl with the x-ray eyes.”

“I thought that was my skill.”

“Is it working? Are you affected by what you see?”

“What’s the game here?”

“You tell me.”

“You’re trying to get to me.”

“Is it working?”

“What kind of mind fuck is this?”

“It’s one of your own making. Isn’t this what you do to girls all the time?”

“Not exactly.”

“Sure you’re not as up front about it. But it ends up being the same thing. All your flattery has pretty much the same result. You’re just trying to break down the girl’s ego. Make her a whimpering pet. You’d be better off with a puppy.”

“That sounds like good advice. I just don’t want to deal with the toilet.”

“Thank the Lord that you have manners of your own.”

“I can’t help it.”

“A natural. I guess your bedroom etiquette is just as polite.”

“Too bad we’ll never know.”

“Not that you haven’t tried. Just like a kitty heads towards her litter.”

“Whatever it takes!”

“You were the one calling it a mind fuck.”

“If the condom fits.”

“It never does for you.”

“I’m the one trying to stay hard.”

“Just rub a little calamine lotion on it.”

“I’ve tried that. Maybe you could provide some first aid.”

“Just like momma, you want me to blow on it.”

“So that’s how she did it.”

“You’re getting as fast as I am.”

“If you can dish it up, I can knock it out of the park.”  
 “Let’s hope that all you’re knocking.”  
 “Are you always this good?”  
 “I don’t know. We really haven’t started.”  
 “It’s pretty good for a dry hump.”  
 “Are you staining?”  
 “Not really. Do you have some tricks to get it out?”  
 “I always say don’t start something that you can’t finish.”  
 “You’re not maligning my manhood.”  
 “I didn’t know that there was enough to be that worried about.”  
 “That’s where the rubbing comes in. You can make up for what I lack in will.”  
 “It always seems to balance out like that. Then in the morning you can blame the girl who did all the work.”  
 “Maybe I should leave a better tip.”  
 “Maybe you should give a little more if you really expect to get anything of value back.”  
 “Touche!”  
 “In your case, it probably should be touchy.”  
 “That’s a good place for us to begin.”  
 “Let’s just say that I’m not going to beg. You were the one who implied that my heart wasn’t in it. Now you’re doing everything that you can to try to rescue the situation. I know that it’s going to your head.”  
 “Now you’re going to tell me that I never had it from the beginning.”  
 “I’m going to tell you that you should push so hard. You can’t make something out of nothing.”  
 “I could try. We’re doing a pretty good job out of it.”  
 “We’re both dressed.”  
 “You claimed that you had some discretion.”  
 “I do what I have to do.”  
 “Are you trying to get on the board?”  
 “Have I scored any points yet?”  
 “You’re not going to score with such a measly effort. Or do your girls come before either of you have taken off your clothes. What a Don Juan!”  
 “I’m glad that you can recognize true craft.”  
 “If enough crap flies around your head, you think that something really important is going on.”  
 “I’ve done a pretty good job at fielding all your cheap insults.”  
 “So are you telling me to back off.”  
 “No, just that it might be better if you used a little kindness to promote your cruelty.”  
 “I get it. You’d like me to jack you off.”  
 “Always the foul mouth.”  
 “Always the dirty mind.”  
 “I’ve got to say that this is a match made in heaven.”  
 “So I am breaking you down.”

“I’m not an interrogation prisoner.”

“No, they’re a lot easier to work with.”

“This isn’t going to stop.”

“What? Do you want to hold hands.”

“That would be a nice beginning.”

“What’s next? A back rub.”

“Are you getting excited already?”

“I’m not wet. Or would you like to check?”

“I always thought that self-love had its own benefits.”

“I could will myself to an orgasm if that’s what you mean.”

“Do you need some kind of catalyst?”

“You’ve given me enough to work with.”

“I wouldn’t want to think that I had encouraged your mischief.”

“Don’t tell me that you haven’t been thinking about that all this time.”

“I told you that was just a conversation.”

“I forgot that I didn’t meet your standards. But you’re telling me that if you talk about it long enough that it doesn’t get you a little aroused.”

“Otherwise, I’d get hard when I was discussing a girl with a buddy.”

“I didn’t think that the two of you took it that far. But I’m not going to stop you if that’s what you’re into.”

“You really can get aroused just by talking about it.”

“Not just aroused dear, I can climax. I thought all guys could do the same.”

“Not really. So are you doing that sort of thing now?”

“I told you no.”

“Not even considering it.”

“Are you making an offer?”

“Not really.”

“There you go again. You don’t want to get involved. You want me wetting my panties, but the first suggestion of a little help on your part, and you head for the hills.”

“So you would like a little help.”

“What are you willing to put in the mix?”

“I’m just curious.”

“Is that why you’re staring in my eyes.”

“I’m not trying to stare.”

“But you did. Trying to lock hearts?”

“Not really.”

“Is your heart beating faster.”

“No!”

“I forgot that you’re worried about the risks of heart disease.”

“You’re still making fun of me.”

“It’s just that you get all cold when I give you an opening.”

“That’s what that is.”

“I’m doing what I can.”

“So you’re ready to work your little magic.”  
“I thought that you were the magic man.”  
“I’ve got magic hands.”  
“Im sure that you do. I just don’t want to go down that route.”  
“So you’re not going to play.”  
“Not if you’re going to stay on the sidelines. I’m not one of your stripper girls.”  
“I’m not really into strippers.”  
“Just the things that they do. So what are you going to give me for a show?”  
“I’d be a good audience.”  
“You’re a little bashful. I thought that you might be an exhibitionist of your own.”  
“So has anything changed in the past few minutes?”  
“Are you asking if I’m concentrating on sex?”  
“I don’t know.”  
“You better know if you want me to play along. You seem that you’re getting into the swing of things.”  
“What are you saying?”  
“What I’ve been saying all along. That you have something to hide. You’ve been looking at my legs pretty intently.”  
“I’m just looking off into space.”  
“That’s what you call it. I can tell that you want to touch yourself. Get the game going.”  
“Not really.”  
“I could show you my panties as a treat.”  
“You could?”  
“But I won’t.”  
“There you go teasing me again.”  
“It’s not a tease. I’m really playing the game.”  
“So what is the next move.”  
“You’re giving me that look as if I’m some kind of sex creature. You’re scaring me a little. You see sex bubbling from every pore. I’m not sure if you’re aroused or not. But you’re completely oversexed.”  
“I still haven’t said anything.”  
“I can tell. You’re jumping out of your skin. You probably would like to do it right here in front of everyone.”  
“I’m not really a public kind of guy.”  
“But you would make an exception. Or I could just suck you off in the car.”  
“I told you that I’m not really that kind of guy.”  
“It wouldn’t take much coaxing to get you into the bathroom. I know that you’re not that drunk right now. But before the night gives out, you’ll take the chance of a lifetime.”  
“You sure are confident.”  
“I can see you squirming. What are you trying to hide?”  
“You sound like a phone sex operator.”  
“I do what I have to. How do you know about that sort of thing.”  
“I really don’t like to waste my money on shit like that.”



“But if you could get it for free, you really wouldn’t mind it.”  
 “I’m not saying that.”  
 “You don’t have to. You know that I can read you like a book.”  
 “That really isn’t fair.”  
 “I can hardly be fair if I expect to win this competition.”  
 “Just what kind of game is it?”  
 “An unfair game like them all. Didn’t Rick say something about it?”  
 “He said something about a bet?”  
 “The Cinderella thing.”  
 “Whatever!”  
 “Is it working?”  
 “Are you ready to slip it in?”  
 “I didn’t think that we were going to get so graphic.”  
 “If we’re going to make it happen, we have to guide the play.”  
 “So what’s the next move.”  
 “Is the fit tight enough for you?”  
 “I have no complaints.”  
 “That isn’t what I asked.”  
 “Let me just do my business, and you’ll see if it lives up to your standards.”  
 “So now I’m the judge here.”  
 “It was always pretty much that way.”  
 “Settle back, and you can make it last longer.”  
 “I’m not an amateur at this.”  
 “You have to learn to live in the moment. Just give in.”  
 “I am!”  
 “Take it easy.”  
 “So now you admit that you are more than a little stimulated.”  
 “Is that what you want to hear?”  
 “I’m not sure.”  
 “I’m doing everything that I can to keep up.”  
 “Everything to keep it up.”  
 “Not exactly.”  
 “You’ve been in this situation before. Relax.”  
 “I don’t feel as if I can control myself very well.”  
 “Then don’t worry about it. You’re going to have to let go at some point.”  
 “This is adult fare.”  
 “I think it has something to do with risk. That’s how you live. You’re willing to gamble it all for a sure thing.”  
 “What are you talking about?”  
 “Sex. Its immediacy. You’ll throw caution to the wind. It’s your style.”  
 “So where’s the sure thing.”  
 “It’s the gamble. It’s what’s so attractive. It almost strikes you dead. You only look out for one thing. You walk through life without any real feeling.”

“We were so close to something. Now I feel that I’m again losing my concentration.”

“You’re in the same place that you’ve always been. It’s about the body. That rock solid foundation. And after that, everything else is just a risk.”

“So what do I do?”

“What you always do. Go towards the light.”

“What?”

“Work with the hands that you’ve been dealt.”

“That’s not like me.”

“Do what you have to do. You want to win!”

“So you admit it is a game. What do you have to do to win?”

“I’ve done everything that I can. What is your expectation?”

“I don’t know. Are you coming along for the ride?”

“Do you mean am I excited?”

“Are you?”

“Only if you are!”

“That’s what sex has always meant for you. Your acceptance of life. What you have at this minute. So you hold your breath. You don’t let it out. You just hold it in.”

“And you?”

“I’ve learned to blend in with my environment. It’s something more mystical. I think that kind of thing gets too weird for you. You need more obvious structure. That’s why you play games. It focuses the risk. Lets you get as close to death as you possibly can without really having to give out.”

“That sounds like mystical mumbo jumbo.”

“But it makes all the more sense than your sex talk. Look at yourself!”

“I’m trying to look at you.”

“No, you’re not. You’re trying to design me like one of your bimbos. I’m not that easy.”

“So where is the risk.”

“This is real risk. No net. No sure things. Maybe no return.”

“So you want me to waste it.”

“You’ve already lost this contest. What more do you have to lose?”

“I’ve never really been in love.”

“Never?”

“Not in any significant way.”

“This sounds like your best come on of all. What do you want me to say back to you?”

“You tell me. You seem pretty good at playing this game for me.”

“I think that if you promise someone the future, that becomes a heavy aphrodisiac. But you have to ante up if you even want to make it to the table.”

“Have I given enough of myself?”

“You haven’t given a thing as far as I’m concerned. You’re just trying to get yourself off.”

“OK, you got me. What next?”

“You take me home, and fuck my brain out.”

“What?”

“I’m trying to make it easy for you.”

“Easy. That sounds like your calling card.”

“I don’t need it. Not the way that you do. I’ve shown you that. And you’re still acting like this hard guy. You’ve denied the game from the beginning. But you wanted to turn me into one of your chippies from the beginning. And I’ve stroked you all the way. Unless you’re some kind of impotent ass hole. Now you’re telling me that you don’t want to come. You’re climaxing all over.”

“I thought that only you could do that kind of thing.”

“I can talk a good game. I’m a con artist. Just like you. And I’ve got this far by doing it over and over again. There’s never been a man that I wanted that I didn’t have. And the game was always simpler than I thought. From the moment that I got counted out, I knew that the game was mine. He wasn’t manipulating me. I manipulated him. Rick knew that. That’s why he got me involved. And he bet me a lot of money. You were his boy. The ice prince. No one could touch you. And you were great at you game. In the thick of things. Tight dresses, martinis, and super models. He almost seemed envious of your skill. I told him that you’d be easy game. He let all his chips ride on his new horse. His thoroughbred. I distanced you in the first turn. You had no idea what was going on. You smelled pussy and you were hopeless. Even now, when I catch you at your game, you’re not going to let me go. You need a woman for the night. You don’t have a chance if you strike out on your own. You don’t have the time. So we’re going to both do what we do best. Fuck!”