

2. THE LETTER

You have been such a dick. You have really used me. You took advantage of my weakness. I never loved you. Not it the least. And you did everything that you could to get me to want you. And I admit that for a time I fell for you trick

I guess that it would be naive on my part to believe that you would ever leave Angela. She thinks the world of you. And you have promised the world to her. I really thought that we had something special. Something that had nothing to do with her at all. I realize that I was deluded.

I never really surrendered my dreams to you. I know you too well to do that. I know that you are wealthy. And I have my own career with a future. I wish that I could be as complimentary towards Angela. She is so insecure. She uses you to prop herself up.

I know that you like it a little soft. Angela is a lovely girl. And she watches her weight so well. But in the end, you're afraid that you're going to be on the losing side of the battle. You can only spend so long at the gym if you're heart's not in it. Angela and I have been at it together. I know the girl hates to sweat. Sure, she'll take one for the team. And she's doing everything that she can to be *Daddy's little girl*, but how long can that charade continue.

I don't mean to harp on Angela's inadequacies. But you need to know the kind of girl that you're with; I guess that you really know so much better than I do. Her whole life is this masquerade. She's such an enchanting creature. And she is so charming when you first meet her. Every guy that I know wants to be with her. They revere her. But down deep, she is such a pain. She feels that she has to make everyone's business her own. And she always has the worst advice for everyone. Of course, that never stops her. She is ready to interfere on a moment's notice.

She holds everyone to this narrow standard. And if they can't meet her expectations, she comes down them. She expects parents to discipline every quirk in their children. She goes on about a father's obligation to his children. She is so concerned about other's people's children and how *she* would do to make it so much better.

"He's got a kid, and he's hardly ever home. He just carries on at night as if he's single. And he's coming on to me all the time."

Angela know it all, and she can be even more brutal.

"Look at him! He's not even working now. He has no prospects. At least, he could get a job at Home Depot. Live like the rest of us and stop pretending that someone is going treat him special. He's waiting for one of his old friends to make him an executive at his company. It ain't going to happen."

Or she'll moralize how someone is over-spending on credit cards.

"She doesn't even earn 25,000 a year. She must be 40,000 in debt. She's always buying new clothes and running a tab at the bar. Didn't she just get a new car?"

Angela just acts our her own deficiencies through others. She's stuck in her job. Although you wouldn't know it by the way that she tells it. She appears to have a future. She's conscientious. She shows up on time every day. But she just gossips about everyone. And she has to do everything her way. Whether it's the copy machine or the fax, she's always got something to say to someone else. And she goes on and on and on.

And let her tell a story. Just as she's about to finish telling one story, she rolls it around to the beginning and tells it again.

"I was picking up my dry cleaning, and there was this guy in there who swore that I was this actress on a sitcom. You know that Jenny girl. And I get that all the time. He said that if I'm not already on TV that I should be. Haven't I told you that? I'll have you know."

Angela has never even taken acting lessons. She complains about other people's illusions. I know that she's the star in your life, but come on. The girl's is who she is, and that is that.

How's it going to be in ten years? Do you want to be around to hear her shit. She's eventually going to get bitter about it. Do you think that she's going to hold her looks. The moment that she gets too comfortable, she's going to let go. She's always starving herself now. Then she binges. She can't keep it going like that.

I hate to sound like her. But you don't even have to listen to what I say. You live it everyday. Think about it. We both know her so well, don't we?

I don't want to sound cruel. She is so loveable. But in doses. You're spending all your time at her place. Is it all that pleasant?

Does she whine when you get up in the morning? Can you take it? When we were in Hilton Head, I just wanted to put a muzzle on her. We were roommates in college. I loved her outgoing nature, but she is so much worse now.

Of course, you just have to deal with your own shit. I can't be your policeman. Do what you will. But I know that we would be better together. You know it too. That's why you went after me. You know that I have it. I have determination. That is something that Angela lacks. If I see something that I want, I put together a plan and I get it. Nothing will ever stand in my way. It's not as if I'm spoiled. I have to work for what I get. It's sheer will power. I make it happen.

You love my body. The tautness of the skin against the tight muscles. None of Angela's baby fat. I am like a machine. I am built for pleasure. That turned you on when you first met me. You were drooling. You had chosen America's sweetheart, but then you realized that I was the real thing. You became aroused just thinking about it. I saw how you looked at me. And when you were banging away at her, you were thinking what a catch I was.

Every chance that you could, you were trying to get a look at my body. I can see that in a guy. You spent all your time thinking what it would be like to take me for a roll. I bet your fantasies were getting a little crazy. I wouldn't give you the time of day. I told Angela that you were bad news. You still are in your own way. We both are. That's why we were meant to be together. One person can't contain our sexual appetites unless we find someone else just like us.

You think Angela likes it as much as I do. Even in college I had to give her the motivation. All these guys wanted to go out with her. She wanted the attention. But she never realized how to use that power for her advantage.

For me it was always a struggle. I knew that I had that magic. But there were Angelas everywhere that I turned. I needed to be one better than they were. They could dazzle a guy. But I knew how to turn a guy on. They thought sex from the moment that they saw me. Angela makes a guy think about angels and teddy bears. It says it in her name. She's all Polly Purebred. If that's what gets you going, so be it. But you've never had it as good as you've had it with me. She's a prude. I know her type. There are things that she just won't do. She doesn't understand

sex. She'll do it. She'll act all naughty. But she feels it's dirty.

I live for sex. If I don't have it, I get cranky. And this week without it has been terrible. Has she really given you what want? If she has, great. I just don't believe it

I hate to admit, but you've turned me into a cock hound. You know what I mean. I just want to touch it, stroke it. I would do anything to be with you. I feel that I am part of one of the mysteries of life. It's that magic that you are able to work in me. I want you inside of me. I get an orgasm just thinking about it. It is like an earthquake. Everything shakes around me

You have taken advantage of that power that you have over me. I resent you for that. But that does not stop how I feel. I want to take you in my mouth. I want all of you inside me. Just reading this drives you wild. You can imagine how it feels.

I am open myself so wide for you. You want it too. Nothing should keep us apart.

You have made me fuck crazy. It's as if there's something loose up there. You are totally the same. You just want to screw me all the time. When we're together, you can't keep your hands off of me. I don't know what it is.

I've always been committed to pleasure. But I knew how to achieve a balance. With you it has just gone overboard. You have pushed it to that level.

You have told me yourself that you have never had the kind of staying power that you have with me. She just lets you get it done. That is that. We go on forever. All night long. Night after night. And it does not stop!

Where are you. I need you now inside me. As I write this letter, I am touching myself. I am already wet. I am stimulating myself in the hallway of your apartment building. I am coming in front of your door. You can taste me as I tell you the story.

We are fucking in the hallway. Any of your neighbors could see us now. They could see how good we fit together. You plunge away as we rock together. Your pants are pulled down, and anyone could see your ass. And my legs are wrapped around yours. And you keep on with the interminable motion. We go on forever. It is incredible.

I am screaming so loud. Your neighbors could look out their peep hole and see us. It is shameless. But we will not stop.

You go down on me for everyone to see. My sighs are more emphatic. I can't contain myself. I bang the walls to absorb some of the intensity.

The whole apartment building is shaking from our movements. I love it. I love it.

You make me perverse. I am a sex fiend. I just want it so bad.

You are with Angela. But your dick is going soft inside her. You have little desire for her. She wonders what is wrong. You need to tell her. I will tell her. I will tell the world.

Come back to me. We are meant to be together.

Why have you been such a prick with me? You told me that you were going to call me. You promised that we were going to get away together. I dreamed of waking up beside you.

I bought the plane ticket. You did too. We had the hotel reservations. You promised me that it was going to happen. And it didn't

You've gone back to your skanky whore. If that was your plan, then why did you make me go through all the effort to be with you.

You love to work me up and then leave me cold. That was always your method. Maybe it's because you're such a soft-off. Just get it in and out before you lose your pitiful erection.

I know that you love to stare at my tight abdomen. You love to run your fingers along my bell button. It reminds you of sex. And each time that I come up for my sit-ups, I imagine that you are pumping away inside of me. You like that.

You keep it so hard, lover dear. I am doing this just for you.

As I write, I stretch out my legs on the carpet. They are so smooth and firm. You want to run your tongue up my legs, don't you, baby?

You want to put your tongue inside me. You want to suck on my clit. I know what turns you on.

Remember how things used to be between us. We were so comfortable together. I would lie in my bed and you would nestle in my lap. We were so at ease. I wish that thing were still like that. Nothing has been greater than for both of us to experience that ultimate pleasure. We have both searched our lives for that kind of bliss. I don't need to tell you how wonderful it has been. And it can still be that way.

Toady I was just amazed thinking back on those times. We can't let them slip away. I know that nothing can take the place of our special connection. I don't want you to forget me. It must stay like this forever.

I know that you must question our reality. I am trying to give you the benefit of the doubt. When you don't call, I want to believe that you still care. You've made me want to care. I need to bring back that happiness that captivated us for so long.

Late at night, I imagine that I can again sneak over here to your place. And I will relive those wondrous times between us. We can't let it end. I know that you want to keep it going. For your sanity, you need to let me back again.

I know that Angela is driving you crazy. You realize what a hell it will be if you have to stay with her the rest of your life. You have already wandered away with me. And it will not stop as long you are not satisfied sexually. I need you to dwell on that thought. What can I bring to you that no one else can.

I am not begging you. Down in your soul, you are crying out to me. You just don't want to admit to the profundity of our connection. But it echoes in these walls. Even as I sit here right now, there is the testimony to our time together. When you come back, you will realize what you have left behind. And you will want me in your arms again.

I ache as long as we are apart. I am sick. If I feel this way, you must feel worse since I am more honest with my feelings. The frustration is taking you over, and there is not a thing that you can do to stop. You must come back to my arms. You must again give your heart to me.

I don't want to say that I am frantic. That is not how I am inside. But I know that something really important is falling apart. You have to see it too. I appeal to your reason. Just analyze the situation. You can't stay with Angela. There is nothing for you. You have said as much yourself. You have told me that you would never marry her. You have been waiting to give her her walking papers. Why stay another minute? It only prolongs the suffering for the both of us. It may devastate her to hear the truth, but the longer that you wait, the worse it will be for the both of us.

I just think how depressing it is to continue on this way. You can't deny yourself. It will make you psycho. It will eat at your brain like acid.

You need the cure. You know you do. We both realize the same thing. It is so great that

we think alike. You have told me that you and Angela don't really see eye to eye. You are going to spend the rest of your life just going to estate sales. She will make you sick of antiques. She will turn your sex life into a fossil. I'll be out there having the time of my life, and you will be locked up in a museum. Can you take the hint now while you can still save yourself. I am the only thing that can save you from yourself. Don't hesitate before it is too late

Consider both sides. Look at the options here. If you remain with Angela, you will only endure pain. You cannot let the hurt destroy you. I can already feel it tearing me apart. I am here for you.

I remember the time that you were supposed to go back to Angela's for the night. You called her and made some excuse. Then you came back to bed and we made love all night. It was heavenly. I thought that was a turning point. You really had a choice. And you decided to be with me. That had to be worth something. Tonight, you have to wonder why you are with her. If you had just come home first, then you would have realized what was best for you

I can tell that you are bored right now. You're sitting on the couch watching TV. She's going to go to bed early. And when you climb into bed, she's going to be fast asleep. How frustrating! I want you to touch yourself. I want you to remember the splendid night with me.

Sure, it might sound like I'm competing with her. But you need to make a comparison. Who is the better catch? Who is lovelier. It's not even a question. It's not like we were born to be together. It's more intense than that. We are damned to be together. We both have that fatal side. We love the risk.

What does she have that really attracts you? She probably reminds you of your mother. You want someone to tell you what to do. I'm surprised the two of you even have sex at all. You wouldn't have sex with your mother. That would be perverse. Don't you feel dirty when you are with her. Like you are doing something that you shouldn't.

I've seen you when the three of us have been out. Your eyes are always drifting off to other women. That's what struck me when we first met. I hated you for that. But you really struck a chord in me. You brought out real emotions. There was no middle ground. Either we are clawing at each other or pulling each other's clothes off. It is completely out of sight.

I can feel you inside me. I am again touching myself. I coo as the excitement washes over me. Just thinking about that one night together has made me want it even more. You slide in me, and we roll on through the darkness. Our bodies have a mind of their own.

I think that is what has been happening all along. We have wanted to deny the feeling. We have tried to deal with this reasonably. But there is a side of our personality that is not at all reasonable. That is who we really are. It is an animalistic attraction. An irresistible impulse. It is the source of our mental health. We are going to go insane if we don't give in to the feeling.

Think about it even now. There is really no other hope for us. I don't want to sound like a mental patient. But I just can't allow it to be any other way. I need to do everything in my power to remind you of the truth.

If I was really psycho, I would have been calling you all the time the past few days. I have been very patient. But now I can't wait.

Sure I've been calling you now and then. But that has been totally all right. You would have done the same thing in my place. You have to come back to me.

I have already climaxed a second time. And there is so much more to give. You have to

remember that night we made love all night long. You never did that with her. You never had the staying power with her. With me, you have discovered your true nature.

No other girl is going to give you what you need. No other girl is going to put up with you. Let me back in your life.

Think about it. You have been lying to her for months. If you come back to me, you can be honest again. You can find trust and decency. You can discover your respectability. You can find yourself. I know if you stay with her, it will always be a lie. And you will never commit to another woman out of fear. You will stay locked in a hopeless relationship. You will marry her, and all these opportunities will pass you by. What we have between us is the greatest thing that you will ever know?

Do you remember that one time that we made love and I spread my legs so wide? It's part of my dance training. I am so limber and flexible. You slipped your dick so deep into me. I just surround you with such warmth. It felt so fantastic as you drove deeper and deeper into me. I kept opening wider and wider. You were rock solid. And we flowed together. And my body just felt so free. I extended even further. You were propped against me almost as if we were glued together. And you kept thrusting harder and harder.

I've told you before how sensitive I am. I tingled all over. I could feel the tidal wave sweep over me. I grabbed at the rug to brace myself. I met your thrusts with lunges of my own. You could barely contain the intensity. You just flowed inside me. You came out of your body. You became someone else. It was so fantastic. I didn't think that there was such extremes of emotion that were even possible.

I could feel us floating together. Our bodies kept up that rhythmic flow. I spread my legs completely open. And our souls sailed off to the nether world. It was greater than any intoxication. Afterwards, we held each other and hoped it would be forever.

You could never do anything like this with Angela. She does not have that confidence. Sure, she is still in shape, but she is no athlete. That is why the sex is so ordinary. I have been practicing for years. This is all part of my work out in the gym. That is why my skin is so tight against my body.

You know the demands that our love-making places on the body. That is what inspired you to go back to the gym every evening. You would come to me after a warm shower, and you'd be ready for real excitement.

Why didn't we keep that going? You heard that little voice of Angela's and just ran back to her. You are hopeless.

Think about my body. You get hard just imagining our time together. For weeks, you live to have sex. Every second reminded you of that intensity. Your down time incited you to want it more. And that is what happened. You told her some story, and you rushed to my door.

You have to set yourself right. You need to find the harmony between your heart and your mind. Time to set the soul in order. The only way to achieve the proper melody of your being is to be with me. Otherwise, the dissonance will break you asunder.

You know those experiments where a singer breaks a glass with her voice. You are hearing a false note that is breaking you apart. Only if you come back to me can you make your life have the proper harmony. You can get it all in order.

I know that you think that there's more to life than sex. And that is why you are staying

with Angela. Out of some misplaced belief in loyalty. There is nothing to be loyal to. You shouldn't be together. It is this false idea. I know Angela. She has always been protected from the world. She doesn't even know who she really is. It is so obvious. I love her to death. But she's boring.

Think about me. I have life. I know how to enjoy myself. I dress well. I am a vision of loveliness. I am clever. I am a challenge to be with. An adventure.

If you want to spend your life with the remote in your hand go back to Angela. That will be your challenge. Will you be able to keep awake while you watch TV. You'll pass out on the sofa, and she'll head for bed by herself. By the time that you wake up, the TV will still be on, you will have missed your movie, and life will have passed you by.

There was that one time when I sucked you off in her bathroom. It was totally random. I knew that you were in there. She was dealing with the dinner. I helped her, but then excused myself.

You hadn't locked the door so I took my cue from you. If the door was unlocked, you wanted me to come in. I did. I saw your dick hanging out. It was such a kick. I just held it in my hand until it became hard, and then I went down on you. I held your firm butt as I licked away.

It felt so wonderful to give you pleasure. It made me imagine you inside of me. I started to massage myself as I kept sucking. And Angela even came by and asked you if you would be long. I wanted to laugh, but couldn't as I had you inside my mouth. I did everything that I could not to make a peep. But I continued to stroke myself as you mumbled something to her. Mumbled is truly the word.

After you came you felt me up. Your hand was wet from my insides. You put it to your lips then you kissed me. I wanted you to fuck me at that moment, but I knew that we had to get back for dinner.

Angela had the weirdest look at the dinner table. But she never realized at all what had happened. She had no idea where I was. It didn't even cross her mind. That's Angela oblivious to the world.

Once you've opened Pandora's box, it's not like you can just close it back. You're acting as if you can go back to your safe life. You like the danger. And now you've really tasted it. Ha!

Our bodies were meant for pleasure. We were meant to give in to our most intense desires. The whole purpose of our rational side is to bring the world into harmony with our appetites. You have to know this. That is all part of Pandora's lesson. That is why Angela's prudish nature is so wrong.

We have been denying our appetites and pretending that they are perverse. They are the most rational thing. It is all part of the natural rhythms of the universe. I feel it all the time. I am moved by the tides. I follow the cycles of the moon. Sex is one of these primitive rhythms. If you stunt its expression, you are going against the natural growth of the body. You are turning yourself into a monster. Your frustration will only make a freak out of you.

I am doing everything that I can to help you realize the necessities of your being. Don't deny your nature!

If you stay with her, you are going to keep looking for other women to acknowledge the

other side of your being. And it will only get worse. Once you are married, she will take you for granted. Sex will be a thing of the past. And you will have to be with other women just to satisfy your basic needs.

If you think that you are living a lie now, you will find yourself caught deeper and deeper in the shit. There will be no way to discover any integrity in your personality. And it will spread to your business dealings. You will cut corners just to feed the ravenous side of your personality. You will be like a werewolf. You will garner victims in the recesses of the darkness. You will grope around hoping to find some protection from your demons.

That is the source of our evil. Our demons are the end result of not feeding our basic appetites. The starvation turns the hunger into an obsession. And you are becoming worse than a maniac as long as you stay with that woman.

We are meant to be together! Come back to me!

Imagine my naked body. Feel your hands shape my curves. You are an artist. A sculptor. Your hands bring the form to life. You sense the perfection of the lines. You move down and out as the loveliness of my form unfolds. I awaken to your presence. I am excited by your touch.

My lips beckon yours. You draw close and you can feel the fire. You want to kiss. You let your hands continue to explore the form. You are working your craft. You watch my neck as I turn my head in resignation. That only incites your desire. You want to kiss my neck.

You want to find a cherished place where you can gently plant your kiss. You want to absorb the smoothness of my skin. My smile inspires you. I can sense that your face lights up. You want to include the warmth in your rendering. You apply yourself with such assurance. Nothing distracts you.

My hair falls to my shoulders. You want to bury yourself inside its flow. Your fingers comb its luxurious waves.

My breasts are firm. You let your hands shape their luscious form. You try to capture the fire of my skin. Your hands follow a heart shaped progression as they follow my anatomy. You take time observing the curve of my hips. The intersection of crossing lines depict the myriad of harmonious energies brought together in your vision.

You are freeing me for flight. You understand how these motives come from the heavens, and you do everything that you can to render the origin. The progression seems to fly off into the air. At the same time, an alternative line draws us down the earth. This is the primal desire. This is the wildness of our sexual desire.

How can you capture this molten fire? This is beyond any still life. This is where the energies have to express all their dynamic. Where the lines cleave into these centers of attraction. You can follow this movement along my powerful legs until they meet my hips. And here the flesh is red hot. This is one of those regions of appeal that provide force to the overall image. This is where the caress comes alive once and for all.

It is as if the palm of your hand can rest in this magic area and begin to unlock the deeper secrets. If you look at my firm butt, it is such a treasure for you. Here the focus is certain. The lines cross and cross again. The intersections revolve around themselves.

It is difficult to express the apex of these revolutions. Orbits circle orbits only to become material once again. And that tuft of hair that invites you to a purity of enjoyment. This is the

most challenging of all the depictions. This is the center of attention.

There is a trembling in your seeing. There is too much to try to take in with the eyes. The body shakes in consideration of what it sees. You want to grab me and pull me close. But this destroys the very purity of your contemplation.

The curves twist around each other. The form begs for another dimension to express all the turbulence of what is observed.

How can you take it all in? How can you even think about this without wanting to be with me. You have found a true calling.

If you brought me to life with your artistry, I too have brought you to life. So the cycles continue.

I am on a bed. My legs are spread open. And you are stimulating me with your mouth. You are trying to suck all my being from the flesh. You cannot contain your excitement.

We have been doing the same thing again and again. We have not even scratched the surface. Each time we are new to each other.

After such paradise, how can you ever go back to her? How can you ever go back? You must hate yourself. I always had that suspicion. Now everything seems to confirm that. I offer you paradise, and you deny me. What can you expect for yourself?

How would you like it if Angela and I compared notes about you? You really are self-centered. It takes a real effort for you to think about anyone else's pleasure but your own. That is why you ignored me when we first met. Then you started to treat me like shit. You'd take me for sex and wouldn't say a thing to me. It was really ugly. And it only became worse.

I had to work to bring you out of your shell. Even then, I had to wonder. At first, I thought that it might be some kind of sexual dysfunction. I really wanted to ask her what was going on.

I finally realized that you were a victim of neglect. You had never really been satisfied with her. So you forgot what it was to try to satisfy another person. She only made your self-centeredness worse.

When you finally opened up, you were a wonderful lover. We gave to each other equally. You reached deep in to yourself, until you discovered a power locked inside. You always had that ability but you were never really able to tap that strength. I helped you to understand that strength.

There was more to it than that. We were both driven by our desire. It had always been a puzzle for the both of us. It all finally made sense as we were able to draw on the mystery that fueled our lives. It was spiritual and physical at the same time. The perfect unity.

I remember one time that I got you so excited. I put my hands down your pants and felt that you were already hard. I pulled down your pants and took your penis in my hand. I slipped you inside me. You just went crazy. This was something that started happening all the time.

I think that you are like all men. You like to be in control. And when you recognized that we had a power beyond your determination, you couldn't deal with it. It just took you over. You loved it for a while. Then it made you afraid. It went back to our early encounters.

The first time that you got a look at my ass, I was wearing a short skirt and high heels. Already you couldn't take your eyes off me. And something slipped from my purse. I was careful to make sure that no one was looking as I bent down to get it. At that moment the door

opened with a slight gust of wind, and my skirt rode up my legs until you could see my butt. And your eyes caught every second of it. You just stared at that gap between legs and my butt crack. You imagined kissing the soft skin. Just sliding in between my legs. That image burned on your brain. You couldn't stop thinking about it. I could see that look on your face as you turned away. You were storing it all up. All the frustration built up and up.

Angela hardly gave you any release. She seemed to make it worse. Even as your bodies would wrestle in the darkness, you imagined that we were together rolling around on the bed. You couldn't get rid of the image. At times you burn hot for Angela. And when you realized that it was not me, you'd turn cold as an Arctic glacier.

When you finally had a chance to act out your fantasies, you just lost it. All the flow just pulled you along in the current. You couldn't take it and just exploded in ecstasy.

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

We have both experienced the most intense orgasms. It is almost more than that. The pleasure has no beginning and no end. It is as if we are always climaxing. It is amazing. I almost feel that it is religious. We have transcended our bodies and exist in this other kind of universe. We are phantoms.

As long as I am with you, I can feel this wholeness. My body and soul are one. But if you leave me, I will be cut off from my body. I will be like this phantom without a home. Do not condemn me to this emptiness!

The hallway is now full of the strangest odors. Smells of love. My perfume is everywhere. The scent that haunts. When you come back, you will know I have been here. Even subconsciously, you will be able to sense my presence. Your soul will wish for my return. It is my curse. I don't want you to forget what we have and how great it is to be together.

I've taught you well. You finally became a caring lover. Quit being a fucking asshole! I know that's part of you make up. I want to forgive you. But how can I. I don't pine over guys. There are so many in the world. But you really have done some work on me. You have to be paid back for all your shit.

Look deep into your conscience. Can you be a man and get away with this kind of thing. No one ever could before. It's going to catch up with you. I should tell Angela myself. It's not like we should remain friends after everything that has happened. Although I haven't said a thing. I just watch her after she makes a fool of herself over and over again. Wake up, girl, the world is passing you by.

I can feel you satisfying. You have moved apart my sweet legs, and now your kisses are inside me. Your tongue is turning me on with all its little tricks. You are lapping me up. I am so excited. I am sure this sounds too familiar to you. And it is going to occur again and again. That is how it is meant to be.

It's already late. And you haven't come back. I half assume that you won't come back tonight. So be it. You have made your choice for the moment as stupid as it is. Enjoy what you have for now.

Once Angela finds out, she is going to kill you. She is not the sort of girl to be manipulated. I can walk away. I'll find another guy. But she is going to get her revenge against you. It is not going to be pretty. Angela may be slow, but she is not going to take shit from you.

I know that she's been tolerant up to now. She has to be blind. But once she sees things

before her eyes. I know how she might deny it and all. But she just can't. The evidence is there. And you have been a real fuck up.

I just wish that you were with me. I want you inside me. I want to make love to you. I want to show you what I can do for you.

I want to hurt you. I'm not that kind of person. I'm trying not to be aggressive towards you. I can't help it. I just imagine what Angela would do in my situation. She'd get a gun. She'd shoot you between the eyes. Her daddy would kill you.

I am losing my mind. I can't take this anymore. I need a drink. I need to get out of here. I need to forget this ever happened.

If you get this tonight, no matter how late it is, call me on my cell phone. I'll be up. How can I sleep. And if you get the note tomorrow, call me.

I know that you're not out of town. I just don't know where you are. You are probably naked in the bed with her. You're showing her the tricks that I taught you.

You weren't even a good lover when I first got you. You had a nice dick. That was all.

I want you inside me.

I want to kill. I don't know how to stop myself. I am frantic. I feel all hurt.

Fuck it! Fuck you!

I don't need you!