

6. AGAIN

It seems unusual being invited into a stranger's house. I'm out for a night of partying. Nothing too extreme. And I get invited back to some guy's place. I'm not really afraid of the risk. I know what I'm getting into. If the guy seems to be a creep, I won't even talk to him.

In fact, it's the guy who is taking the chance. He figures that I'm a woman. I can do him no harm. But here I am a thief. I have his place all to myself. The offer is always so tempting. I look around. I want to take a memento. But then I'm not that sentimental. There's nothing small that I can pilfer. He's probably wearing his watch. And his rings are on his fingers. I'm not going to pull up a moving truck and take his flat screen TV. I could take that little sportscar that he keep for those special moments.

This is the lair that he prepares for his victims. And he thinks that he has tagged me in his usual fashion. I just don't fall quite as well as his other conquests. If he figured that I would leave incriminating evidence he would have taken me to a hotel. So when he left his keys for me to let myself out, he assumed that I would be well-behaved. My attitude has always been how can I do something so shocking that I won't be asked back.

If I lift something that he won't miss immediately, it may take him a while to pin it on me. He may never realize who worked his way through his stuff until it is too late. A well-deserved punishment for his libertine ways. And what has he had in store for me. Something more devious. His version of the Black Death or worse. I check my skin for bite marks or tiny wounds. I am OK. I watch the clock and work to enjoy the last few delightful moments as queen of this castle.

He should have known better. Of course, he never really looked me in the eyes, even though I recognized everything about him worth knowing.

Unless the poison is slow-acting, he has failed to affect me. He has been unprepared. And it is too late for him to act. I have already been set into motion. It happens the same way every time. They find me a touch of the vixen. But down deep they believe that I am simply an innocent girl caught up in a dirty game. Little do they realize that I am bathed in filth. Naughty, naughty.

The place seems so antiseptic. He has completely protected himself. His securities all are tamper proof. Either they are locked away in a bank or in untouchable accounts. In romance, he gives little. It is his way to maintain his safety. He has determined the loss that he is willing to take. A night on the town. Dinner. Drinks. Beyond that he is immune. It is my role to try to break him down.

Why have I even ended up here?. Am I so lacking in self-respect that I would compromise myself by surrendering to someone who really cares little about me. Of course, he pretends so well. And his compliments work to get under the skin. I have been through this again and again. He doesn't say that it just for one night. So we both believe the convenient fiction. I pretend that I can make it last. That's what's attracted me to him in the first place. We are both from the same side of the tracks. We're up and comers. We exchange our daydreams for what it's worth. And there's a little bit of guilt that attracts us to each other.

He also thinks that he's good. It's not just that I'm going along with his bull shit. He thinks that he is fooling me. And I want to play along. I want to give him the feeling that I have

no idea about what he is really doing. After all, he is a very skillful thief of hearts. And he is ready to charm any woman. I just happen to be last night's victim. He hopes that his ruse will work until I'm out of here and lock the door.

This will obviously be a one time thing. How could I even contemplate coming back here. I can't. He won't let me. He believes that if I have so little concern for my emotional well-being to let him fuck me on the first night, then I'm not really worth being with. He's no different. But he's the one calling me a tramp. I wear my badge of shame proudly. What should I feel—guilt. Am I really developing a reputation. Of what? If I was married to him, he'd expect the same thing night after night. And as the time wore on the sex would lack more and more of the intimacy. Eventually our time together would lack the sex, and it would be one prolonged torture.

For the one night, he can mock the courtship ritual. We can look into each other's eyes and pretend that we can find a house and raise a family. We can share our meager goals for our lives. How we want to create something lasting in the world. And our jobs force us to curtail that idealism. But we're waiting for the breakthrough. And we're both so good at picking up the right fork or ordering the appropriate wine. We speak a little French. We are wonders at love-making. Our bodies are perfectly toned. Our hearts are perfectly sculpted. And our souls are covered with the soot of city living.

He loves himself so much, as they all do. I have to turn all the mirror towards the wall. I prepare him for his new portraiture. That is my revenge.

"You're just like me."

"For now. But one day, you're going to fall for the pretense that you're good. And you're going to finally succumb to the lie that you've told her about her self. The lie that you've told her about yourself."

"What are you talking about?"

The only thing that keeps you doing is this is the fact that you're so devious about your motives. For now it works for me."

"Would you be interested in me if I didn't have the power?"

"What power? You're a dynamo act in bed."

He gets a big smile on his face. They all do. They see themselves acting in a porn movie. As if their staying power could light all the buildings in New York City. I know the type.

Just roll over and quit looking at me. You know that you're never going to call me. And then you're guilt will be the last piece in the puzzle. It is the first and it is that last. It's hardly a puzzle. The pieces are all so uniform. A three year old could figure out this one.

I work to reenact the seduction in my mind. It might seem a little more vibrant in my imagination. It certainly wasn't all that in reality. I am working to recollect the moment when he saw the treasure in his grasp. And his school-boy commitment to the endeavor just went up a notch. Was that my moment to start cranking his model T. That always puts a smile on his face whoever he might be.

Our favorite son is ready to be rewarded for all his hard work. He wants that ego fix bad. And I'm ready to give it to him. Just nourish his nagging doubts about himself. Don't quit now; you're just getting started, sonny boy. The harder that he tries, the harder that he tries. It's just a vicious circle. I want it so badly that I'm not going to question him or complain. That's what

he's like. That is why he feels so proficient.

Whisper in my ear as you're good and ready. Tell me how you want to fire off.

"Do you often wear short skirts like this?"

"Only when I think dirty boys like you are going to be looking at me?"

If I can just set him at ease, then he might slip up

"Are you trying to tease me?"

It's rather tragic that he really doesn't make it easier to penetrate his inner sanctum. He leaves me displayed on his altar, but I am only a sacrifice for his journey to the deeper recesses of his own consciousness. Really, what could he be hiding? It's not like he's a genius. There is something rather transparent about his character. There's just a twist, and a few numbers. and his whole world just opens up for me. This is easier than pie.

If he really is as transparent as I believe, then I should be able to break the code without any trouble. But I can feel that I am heading into more trouble. And I have embraced this end. The key is to work for that climactic resolution and then make my exit. But I have suspected further reward. And then I wonder. I feel that I am violating my routine.

Why do I go back to him?

It's better to make the same mistake over and over again than make new mistakes. That makes me sound silly.

I replay things in my mind. There is a method here. I want the pleasure. I'm open to the excitement. My exercise at the gym. Watching my weight. My care about what I eat.

My dress falls over my body. It makes him want to see more. I am getting seduced my own expertise. What kind of method is this?

I can worry. I have to play to win. I am in the midst of it all. He hasn't distracted me from my goal. I look at my butt in the mirror. I've been extra conscientious this week. I can see to the millimeter where I have strayed from my regimen. He will not be able to detect a minute flaw.

I know that it makes me sound so cold. How is there any compassion in my world. There is none. He is ready to eat me up. I must reply in kind.

So we let it all play out as it has so many times before. That is sufficient repetition for me.

I am a little flattered by his caginess. It gives me an excuse to be equally catty. I enter his safe house, his protected place. He tries to set me at ease. He pretends that he will call me again. Familiarity breeds contempt. I don't want to pretend that this is my fate. I want to stay and hang out with my new lovers. I really do. But it is impossible. I wouldn't respect him if he wanted anything different.

I can let on about my aspirations. Everything has to be the present. If he knows too much, he will try to use it against me. He will work to take me down. Engage me in a race. I block him before he can even start.

He will think about this all the time. He plot his edge. I can tell by his touch. It is a probe more than a caress. I am on to his game. He has taken us to this point where he thinks that he can take liberties and then freely walk out of here. He believes that he has discovered the very thing that makes me. If he can distill my nature to such a rare thing, can't I do the same on his

account. But he is working with this inflated view of himself. And he doesn't want to let on. Everything is always bigger than it last was. He has found the source of the exaggeration, my own desire for something more. That alone is a pledge or a promise on my part.

Look at me. I can still excite you. Do you find me attractive? Do you care about me? I want him to give to me fully.

I exchange a suitable disguise for myself. He takes to the illusion and swallows the bitter pill. That is what makes me so consummate in my strategy. He thinks that he can expose me. Work hard, boy.

It is all so automatic. I can do it with my eyes closed. I need it. I expect it. And I know how drastic will be the withdrawal if I quit. I can't help thinking about this.

I have done this again and again. There is nothing to stop me, nothing to convince me to do differently. This is how things have to be. All these guys know it. It's that same feeling each time when he looks down at his drink and swirls the ice cubes around in a circle. They all do it. All of them, none of them are unique in the least. They all feel that they are sucking me into the trap.

I stare at him until he makes eyes contact, and he smiles. He is an expert at this game. He can sense that the spider is drawing the fly into his web. And I buzz around his head with all the grace of a frequent flier going down for her once and final time. My soft landing will be entirely convincing, right into his arms.

He wants to touch me deeply from the start. Let his influence just roll over me. I let him feel his power. This is his moment of triumph as his mannered performance just snares another victim. Oops. Was that you, or was that me? He's already putting his hands on my shoulders, on my hips. He's claiming my body for himself. If I was naive, I would find all this special. It is par for the course. Just the fact that I don't object makes it rather ordinary. I'm waiting for him to run his fingers through my hair.

He has his seduction down. He does the same thing over and over until it becomes an art form. He can do it with his eyes closed. It would be strange if he didn't act this way. I wonder does he realize how fake he has become. But it's not like I object. There is really little that I can do to change what's happening except walk away. I have ventured out just for this sort of thing. To feel our collective fortunes entwine in the dreams of darkness. I give his accomplishments all the credit that they deserve. I know that he will only live up to his promise.

He really believes that he is irresistible. If I don't go along with him, it would imply that I doubt the facile rewards of the world that we share. It would mean that I question the prosperity that has made us both up and comers. I can hardly look a gift horse in the mouth. I embrace the spoils even if he is among the many treasures that have been laid at my feet. Yes, he is wonderful.

Once I have admitted to being so accepting, there is little that I can do but melt. If he really is a catch, then I need to hold on to him. He is the only one here that allows me to share any intimacy. I can hardly criticize him to his face. If I do, he will only take it as an off-handed complement. Such are the luxuries of irony.

So a drink or two only helps me to pretend. He know how to unlock a woman. I only wish that all his mysteries were just as transparent. I put myself in his able hands. I can only admire myself in the mirror of complements that he has sent my way. His eyes glaze over. I lose

myself in the haze.

There is little question where this is heading. He is so good at closing deals, that I seem to be a soft touch. I oblige him for the time being. I put up just enough of a fight so that he believes that his charm is working. I am hardly working. I only wish that I had better competition. I didn't come out for the game. I only seek the completion. A little reality in the flesh. For the time being, I can hardly object to any of his maneuvers.

He is a business card incarnate. I let his name print itself indelibly on my brain. I will need to respond automatically as the night wears on. I just need enough to go on before I dive head first into these waters.

Perhaps I have dismissed all the illusions of love. I know that he has. And he will only settle down when he is able to make the ultimate deal with his own ego. I just need to make love to him like the star of his fantasies. In your dreams, buddy boy!

So I am cut up and bleached and blended, so that I am only morsel for him to digest. And his mouth is wide open for the snack of the night. We both have to keep up the pretense that there is more involved. After all, the table starts with a heavy ante, and we are both prepared.

There has to be nothing troubling in his approach. I can't sell myself short. At the same time, I can't throw any real puzzles his way. If he believes that he can break me down, I have to reassure him in that thought.

I have to watch myself. I set the trap for him. But I am equally vulnerable. It is all about forgetting. I have to disengage from anything that might promote nostalgia. But I have to do just the opposite for him. I make him feel wanted. I let him think about other loves. I have satisfied him physically, now I need to affect him emotionally. It is finally about taking my ransom.

He has left me alone in his apartment. I really don't understand his trust of me. All that I've done is whisper a few words in his ear, and he already believes that I have the magic to transform his personality. He has left his keys for me in the hope that I'll lock up after myself. Down deep, he really hopes that we never see each other again. I somewhat feel the same. It has been a torrid night. And we both want to leave it at that. Still he offers me all the signs of something more lasting. Of course, his trust is misplaced.

His apartment is pristine. If he just left something in the open that might allow me to further penetrate the core of his being. Everything of significant value is on his person. His car keys, his watch. I'm not going to haul his HD TV off in a truck. I am looking for a clearer reference point to his identity. A bank account that I can more readily unlock. He has remained protected. Even in sex, I detected this same reluctance. He hid it quite well behind his voracious appetites and confident prowess. But he showed me little of himself.

For my part, I wasn't much different. If he was going hold out on me, I wasn't going to give him the keys to my character. Even if he did toss me the keys to his apartment when it was all over.

I stretch out on the bed. This feels so good. I'm in no rush to get anywhere. I do what I can to savor the passion of the night before. He did everything that he could to impress. I just met his force head on. Then I let myself surrender gradually. It gave him such a sense of accomplishment. If that's all there is to our congress, so be it. I'll take what I can get. He's like so many of his type. There is nothing here to attract me over the long term. Pretty boys in starched shirts. I can even see myself in the shine of his dress shoes.

It gave him a real kick to know that I stayed behind as he made his way to work. As if he was leaving the spoils to rot in his room. Such sweet victory! He has rushed off to his faceless life. That's what he is. A mask that offers some cover for a the horror of his being

I wonder what has made me so hard. No doubt my mother provided a suitable model for the ice princess that I have become. My only fear is that my Arctic glaciers will melt under the tropical caresses to which I have become accustomed. She received ample reward for her Madame Butterfly performance. But there seemed something almost tragic in her pose. I promised myself that I would not yield before such an arduous script.

Guys can read those histories. They toss out the proper cues all the time and await the corresponding responses. Melodrama can be such a lovely aphrodisiac. I am hooked. It happens so often to me.

Sometimes you can just feel it as the piranha circle. And you really don't want to be around as they pick up the scent of blood. I just hold my breath as I feel them get closer. At such a moment the door beckons to me. If I have to, I will crawl on my hands and knees to make it out of there.

There are only so many questions that I am willing to answer. If I get naked with some guy, I feel that is enough in itself. I just left the rest to guess work. And when the grilling starts, I know that I have missed an opportune moment to hit the door. I'm not into playing press conference.

It can get incredibly wicked. A guy has taken your soul and feels that he can rip to shreds anything that is left. That is why I have learned to play a fierce game. I never lead with my chin. I soften him up. By the time he realizes what has hit him, it is impossible to defend himself. I am tough as nails. I make no pretense about it.

You have to come out swinging in this game. Just because a guy show you his dick makes him think that he's got ownership over you. I need to slice that illusion to sundown, cut him down to size, and send him packing the same way that he's come in. If that means lording over his place, so be it.

Tenderness is really such an iffy thing. You can open with these light forays. All of it is to soften up the opponent. Like sparring. But if he tries to hold you with these after sex caresses, watch out. That is where the bite really sinks in. You've said enough already. Get out before he says another word.

I have already dealt with his possessive behavior. It starts as he gazes at your body. His eyes have found their target. He rubs himself against you. Pulls at every inch of the flesh. His focus is relentless. From that point on, his body goes on automatic. And his mouth just yaps on and does all that it can to pretend that flattery is eloquence. Carve it up!

It is always paramount to turns his offenses against him. As he tighten up, you have to do all you can to strike. Lay him low before he takes you down again. It is a subtle line. You have to set him at ease. Surprise him. For the time being, I am taken by his magnificence and all that he can do. Sure, there's this love-hate thing going on. If I let him get any closer, the hatred really comes out. I work to stay strong.

I like sex pure and simple. I like it raw. And I don't care how destructive any of this

might appear. But that is where it all stops. I am not bargaining my soul for some deeper connection. This is it. And if raw is not raw enough, then I will easily get bored. It is an athletic contest. And his staying power is the central element. I am there for the duration. I want the stimulation pure and simple.

Sometimes I have to do everything that I can to hang on. The feeling is so intense that I am about to pass out. This is when I push even more. It is part of my work out training. A hand to hand combat, I am trying to bring him down.

We shake each other on the bed. He slams me down. I twist to escape his maneuver and send him flying. We catch each other midway in a most extreme coupling.

We have both prepared for the contest. It is mental and physical. And it verges of a thing of the spirit. But I pull back before he can attempt to dominate me with a supernatural magic. This is why I am so adept at the play.

As we carry on further with this give and take, I have already mastered the intricacies of his personality. It is as if I am stimulating myself in a most complex way. He tries to catch up. He had already been left in the dust.

I know that he will try to recover by saying something particularly clever to me. He is the one who is clearly at a loss for words. Even as he mumbles, I am playing verbal ping pong with him. He is pathetic. Oh baby!

I've done my part. Let me go or give me the keys to your car. Either way, it's the same thing. He wants to let me know how he managed his way to this summit. He is the top of the heap, and he wants me to know this. No questions asked. He is surgeon with the skills to extract a diseased organ while hardly affecting the surrounding tissue. He is an expert in his field because he can do it all with his mind. And he feels that he has dissected me with the same art. Look down, buddy boy, the incision is on you. I have worked clean. There are no traces. But I have take what I came her for. I am a true expert.

I am still laying him to waste when he comes to. He does a double-take around his place and tries to assess what is missing. If I have stayed longer than intended, it is because I have noticed a treasure that needs liberating. He doesn't have the vaguest idea who I am.

He memorizes my body. He will try to access it in future fantasies. He is caught. Recollection will only crush him. The virus has already made its way into the system.

His longing will make him helpless. He'll cry out in the night for me. He go through girl after girl in the hopes of recapturing the same thing. Finally, he will doubt himself and fail to perform. I will have been again victorious.

He has left his place. He has left me alone. I still have not inflicted sufficient damage. My teeth are sharp. But they have not driven in to the flesh.

I am the piranha this time. I seek the savage thrill. Why have I been so merciful? What is left for me to appropriate.

These lovers are so lax. At the same time, they have so little to take. Everything is finally invested in their lovely cock. Period. They have built a world of concrete and steel that only sings the praises of that one single erection. Their sense of architecture is pathetic.

Where is the humanity in all this? They have defeated themselves before they have even started. How could I ever reign in such a barren monstrosity of a world.

"I'll buy you dinner."

You bet you will. But as we strip the bones, I realize that there is no posterity here. Only a vague mortality. I am the mistress of a morgue.

The air is suffocating. I need to pull it together. I need to breathe more deeply.

I feel as if I am a prisoner in the smoking rooms at the airport. The clouds gather around me and sap my strength. This is the real test of will. I have to deal with the total vacuousness of this place.

Could it be worse?

I could use him inside me again blasting away. I need to take apart these monuments one by one. Use jack-hammers and dynamite. I cover my ears as the explosions do their work.

I have realized too late that there is no booty to take away. The loser has already drained the spoils. Whether I hang on or leave early, it's all for naught. There will be nothing to take away from any of this.

There is little that I can soak up for further edification. The ghosts have already cleared out for better territory. Have I been affected sufficiently to get me over the doldrums. He has left me here to mull over the inappropriate character of the whole thing. This has been simply pathetic. I should have learned long ago. I have fallen into a roach trap. The tasty bait has only caused me to imprison myself.

My aria is about to be performed. The lead in has been arduous. I resent how easily I have been used. Maybe the strains can seduce another passing gent who might be able to free me from my troubles. No way.

How do I prepare an audience for what is to follow. They will do everything they can to try to get into my head. They want to catch things that I might miss. They wish give me the perfect advice. It's not that simple. You can't be my understudy unless you're able to undertake the same obstacle course that has made me ready for my performance.

They are envious of the kisses. They want the adulation. But when it comes time to really apply the self to the arduous task ahead, none of them are in shape. I turn on the after burners.

"I do this all the time!"

I imagine that he is still in the room. He makes a joke. I don't find it funny. But he laughs. And the laugh echoes throughout. I am overtaken by the excitement on his part. It is a turbulence which whirls around the space. It forms to the furniture and the contours of the walls. It is part of his imperialism. I am trying to overthrow this regime. The daytime resonates with the aftershocks.

There is something sadistic in his humor. It only encourages him to challenge me more. If I gave in to his attitude, it would only make me more susceptible. I ignore him. His laugh continues to bounce off these walls.

This is now my place. He has abandoned his fortress. I am planning to gut his defenses. This will be my last stand before I vacate the premises. It is more like an exorcism and less like a military campaign. Maybe a touch of a voodoo ritual. When he tries to make love to another woman, she will realize how inadequate he has become. That will be the perfect revenge.

I could drain him myself. This might be the best recourse. It would guarantee the final result. The magic would be reinforced by the physical duress. There would be more certitude in such manipulation.

What hope do I really have in influencing his future course? I have already pushed him to the edge. And he remained intact. I would have to visit intense pain on him if I was to be truly successful.

“You know that I relish this kind of interplay.”

“I didn’t come here to play dominatrix over you.”

But that is just what I am becoming. I have consented to stay, and it only makes me more vulnerable to his mischief. I see where this is going. He will use my hate to inspire these excursions.

“I know when to say when.”

I remind him, “When is now. I’m not really into this kind of silliness.”

But I go along. I have lost my will power.

“You told me when we first met that you loved degradation.”

“I told you that I abhorred it.”

“What choice do you have now? Are you going to leave?”

I imagine a story in development. I need to follow it through until I can sense the end. This is not like me.

I need clearer definition from our interaction. I am easily becoming seduced by his sense of confidence. Do I have another choice?

As I am ready to leave, he tosses me to the bed. He starts to massage me. I want him inside me. There is no longer any sport.

I am again alone in his place. He has ceded the key to me. He likes the regularity. I am missing work. I feel that there is nothing else for me. I have to redo this story. Take it back to the time that we first met. This will only be one night. That is that! When he asks me to stay, I will take off.

I have prepared myself. This only makes the sex more aggressive. I have little illusion of a spiritual side to any of this. We have both been reduced to our animal instinct.

“Are you OK with this?”

Of course, I am. But he is not entirely correct. This is more about our adaptation to the modern world. We are acting out the competitive spirit!

I can take you down.

“Is it worth it? What do you have to gain?”

“You know the answer to that. You have hidden all your assets.”

“A smart thing on my part. I have girls like you for breakfast.”

There is nothing of vulnerability on his part. He is better at this game than I am. I cannot allow it to get to this point. I need to anticipate where he is going.

“I’m not going to cry for you.”

“You don’t have to. Your body speaks your tragedy.”

I feel like my mother again. I have done everything that I can to avoid this moment. The play is catching up with me.

“Do you want to do a song and dance number?”

He is reading my mind. This was not supposed to reach this point.

“I was thinking more of a dance of the dead!”

The passion has subsided, but we take it up again. He thinks that I am becoming

accustomed to his mannerisms. I find him clownish, but it is difficult to leave. I need an excuse. Some kind of edge over him. The longer that I am here, the cleaner that the place seems. How is this possible?

I jump in the shower. I feel that my body has lost some of its muscular tone. I need to head for the gym. I am too tired. I assume that a good round of sex will return what I have lost by my inactivity. Just waiting for him is excruciating. I get dressed and leave only to return that night.

I can't believe that I am doing this. He treats me like his poodle. I lap up the milk that he offers me. My needs have become too simple.

It has been a long night. He has dressed and left for work. He has left the place for me.

"There is really nothing to take here."

He loves the humor of my imprisonment.

"There is just enough to sustain you in captivity."

"Like at the zoo. What do you want me to do."

"Get naked and kneel before me,"

"We've done all that."

Sometimes it is better not to dwell on the source of our passions. We are motivated to do the silliness things in the heat. But then the chill sets in, and the absurdity is too much to bear.

"I would never consent to such a thing."

"You did it last night."

"I have to warm up to things. It's just like you trying to get your cock hard."

He strokes himself. I find him pathetic. I thought that he was better than this. I could find someone else. Easily.

"You've lost a step."

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean. That is your greatest fear."

"I can just lie here and take it. You're the one with performance anxieties."

This might increase his frustration level. I can see the spiral setting in. The more that he tries to stay in the game, the more that he increases his anxiety. I smile just thinking about it.

"It's getting a little soft."

But if I knew this was an issue, I would have never picked him. I guess this is revenge for my forced imprisonment.

"I told you that you could leave at any time."

"But then you begged me to stay."

"You were the one that gave me head."

His imagination is getting away with him.

"That was the other girl who was here last night?"

"I swear it was you."

He is losing his memory. This is too good to be true.

"Just leave me your key on the way out. I'll lock up after myself."

That is the furthest thing from my intentions. What if I had a key made and then just returned the keys. That would be brilliant. I can imagine what it would be like when I disturb him when he is with another girl.

“How did you get in here?”

“You gave me a key. I thought that we were going together.”

Embarrassment shows on her face. She tells him, “I’ve got to leave to get up in the morning.”

“I thought that we were going to have some fun.”

You should have just gone to her place. Then I’d have all your stuff to my self. It will be hilarious when he returns to find everything of value gone.

“What did you do? Drive a truck up here and empty my place?”

“Close. I put it all in my car.”

I am making fun of his measly possessions.

“If you are going to steal, steal big.”

“I wanted to take your heart, but you didn’t have one.”

He pins me against the wall and pulls up my skirt.

“Have you done this one before? If you’re going to fuck me, I want to see your eyes.”

“You’re not very romantic.”

“But I am accurate.”

That seems like a special need at this moment.

“Can I get you a drink?”

“I’ve cleaned out all your good alcohol. Although I left you some valium and a few beers.”

He gets me the beer and takes the valium himself. I don’t think he’s going to be very good tonight. I have a reason to excuse myself.

“I should have never come here,” I tell him.”

“We’ll both pretend that you never did?”

“That works.”

“Just let me come on your breasts!”