

9. THE DIRTY GUY

Near the back of the bar I notice this really dirty guy. I'm waiting for him to approach me. I can feel that this guy can peel a girl apart like slicing a lime for a gin and tonic. After a few drinks, some whispering in my ear, and provocative touching, he tells me that he wants to go back to my place and *swim inside me*.

I laugh to myself, "Are you going to need goggles for this?"

Whatever it takes if that's what he plans to do. But he's going to have to do quite a lot to get me in the mood. I don't get worked up for any old son of a bitch. He's got to be a cut above the rest.

"Do you copy, buddy boy?"

"Roger!" he tells me back. He trying to smile through all the gloom. It's only going to get better.

At home, I feel as if he's trying to pose my body on the bed.

"We're all alone here."

He says something. I don't hear a word.

When he's ready for the deep sea dive, I want to make sure that he's brought along his flippers. I don't want him muffing this up due to incompetent planning.

"I can make you feel good!"

"Can you now?"

If I'm taking this kind of risk, I want to make sure that he really is adept at his craft. I don't want his wit getting soft just when the jokes are hitting their high point. I've always said better safe than sorry. And if he is going to play fast and loose with affection, I want to make sure that I'm somehow protected against his little excesses. I barely know this guy so I want make sure that he doesn't blurt out something stupid and just spoil the moment.

"You do intend to finish what you've started."

I am already breathless before he's laid a finger on me. I need to get prepared for what's coming next.

"Are you just going to stand there, or are you going to do your song and dance number?"

I try to egg him on, but he seems somewhat immune from my coaxing. What more am I supposed to do? I can't guide his hands for him. I am not a puppet master; he is not a marionette.

When I first saw him in the bar I was sure that he was the kind of guy that I was looking for. That he does this thing all the time. No complications. I don't want to pretend that I come free without any complications. But if he's going to take me to the heights, I am ready to let myself go. I've tried to emphasize how much of my self is tied up in this little escapade. I'm not looking for him to love me. I'm looking for him to be an artist. And if can't sculpt the body into an object of pleasure, I might as well stay home and watch television. If work is getting me down, I down want a repeat in my social life. This is all about **forgetting**. The only way to develop personally is to put aside the more troubling moments in our lives. Not to dwell on them, not to let a mole hill develop into a mountain.

I want a hard guy. A player, not a bench warmer. This game is going to go the distance, the incredible overtime at the far reaches of the night. I want someone who can push the

darkness against the oncoming dawn. Someone who can give me a place to hide in the black tide. I am willing to swim in his stormy ocean.

I fully understand the terms. I want him to offer me the liberty that I have not attained in business. This will only whet my appetite for something more. As we thrash together on the bed, I want to know that there is still a reserve in him that will only encourage a deeper engagement.

It almost appears that I want something permanent from him. Hardly. I want him to show his colors in the space of a single night. That will be enough. Sure he's going to expect that this is the beginning of something good. But really, how can it be?. He's the one who's being so forceful about claiming his prize on the first go round. Is he really that type? He's advertising satisfaction guaranteed. Does he really have enough even to satisfy himself? This is my question that motivates the whole project. Bring it on, superstar!

What do you want me to say? To describe his hands. I've already felt them all over my body. From the moment that he started to talk to me, he touched me on the back. He has a method. Once he accustoms his hand on my body, he can let it roam up and down. I even love the sinister smile that accompanies his actions. What a trickster. As if I can't tell the difference.

I hate to say it, but I live for just this sort of thing. How can I manage that? That is what I wonder. It's just that part of my life that keeps me hanging on. Gets me looking for something more. Something truly liberating. The more that he gets me going, the more that he's going to bring an intensity to our skirmish. I just don't want him peaking too early. That would only make him useless. I can almost sense him rolling up in a little ball at the end of the bed. If he was a little smaller, I would just scoop him in the trash and then grind him up in the garbage disposal.

He hardly says anything. He sees that I am his prey, and he moves in for the kill. He's going to be the one dying. I let him caress. I surrender to his kiss. I don't want him think any of this is planned. His body is on automatic.

I look into his eyes. I can see what he is saying. You look like your good at that sort of thing. I know. I expect the same from him.

He licks the back of my neck. This just makes me crazy. I don't want it to stop. I lose myself in his kisses. How can I prolong this feeling? I can feel the intensity subside.

He concentrates on his own pleasure. He tries to engage me with his own excitement. He leaves no doubt. I squeeze his firm arms.

I wrap my bare legs around him. I can tell that he is already caught up in the passion. I let him grind his body against mine so that he realizes just how close he is to what he desires.

We are still dressed, but I am let him ride my body. This only gets us more excited. He grabs at me. His caresses are random. Without purpose. Full of abandon.

He pulls open my blouse and buries his face in my breasts. His tongue trails a line up to my neck. And he again is kissing me. I let myself go. Nothing will distract me.

We thrash about in delirious embrace. I want to make sure that we don't drown in the sublime joy. He is already working his hands under my skirt and outlining my panties with his fingers. This gets me going. The feeling wells up inside me.

Now I can't help myself. All resistance melts away. The palm of his hand caresses me. Our kisses are deeper and more intense. This is now so automatic. Nothing can hold me back.

There is such aggression in our embrace. He is grabbing at my self and just pulling it away. I hardly let it bother me. I like his brashness. His bold gestures are a surprise. They only challenge me more.

Once inside me, I let him have his way completely. We move together like a well-oiled machine that has no hint of slowing down. We have given ourselves over to the perpetual motion. I just want to stay at this high. To think about nothing else.

I wonder how long we can keep this going. What could he possibly be thinking? I can hardly bother. I am barely in my body as I feel that I have been transported to somewhere else. This is remarkable.

It is already so late that I note the dark silhouette of the trees against the rising morning sky. There is no logic to this. It pushes us both to the edge of our existence. I want it this way. This is why he is here. I give everything to this moment. I fear the letdown, what may follow.

The waning night will only dispatch him to his solitary reality. There is really nothing between us. But I crave his embrace.

“We’ll see each other again.”

I roll over in the bed as he dresses. I don’t want to look at him.

“Maybe.” I try to reassure him. “Probably not!”

He doesn’t feel my rejection as a dagger. It makes it easier to close the door on me. He has wanted it this way all along.

After only a couple of days, I have filed him away.

It’s been a trying day. I sneak into one of the stalls of the male washroom. I flip open my cell phone and call him up.

“What are you doing?”

I tell him, “I’m trashed.”

I know that it gets him a little warm hearing my voice come through the receiver.

There’s a trail of water that drips from along the floor to the train. It looks like a leaky pipe or a miss by one of the patrons. I sit down on the toilet seat. I am still wearing my skirt. I relax and spread my legs in the stall.

I tell him in a throaty voice, “You know I’m touching myself.” My tone is so matter of fact that it hardly invites him. He is a blase spectator in what is somewhat a chore for me.

“Are you excited?”

“In my own way.”

He laughs. There’s little more that he can do under the circumstances. It would hardly seem sexy to me if he reciprocated. He is not even a witness to my pleasure. This is just something that I am doing while I am talking to him. It’s almost to tell him that he is a boring fuck. But I know he doesn’t take it that way. He wants to consider that he really is something special. And I coddle him in that illusion. I just go about my business as if I’m downing a glass of cold lemonade.

He wonders, “Have you come yet?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

And he would. That is why he asked. There are millions of people doing the same thing that I am at this moments. Some are being watched by other people. Others are totally solitary with their pleasure. It’s all pretty much the same. None will find any sort of paradise. Not this

time around.

When I'm done, I use a wetnap to clean up. Then I leave the stall and wash my hands. I really need to get my things dry cleaned. But there's not marks on my skirt. No one's the wiser.

I don't want to make a habit of this sort of thing. I know that it will only be my undoing. He'll come to expect this kind of outrageousness. As well. I don't want to catch myself drinking during the day. Just this little exception.

Back in the office, one of the lawyers is telling me something. No doubt a fine point of justice. How far we can push our desires until we definitively cross the line. I think that is the trick. How can I get him to go out of his way?. Do something a little over the edge?

"I thought that you didn't want to see me again."

The only thing that can keep the passion going is to stretch the boundary between pleasure and pain. There is no consistency here. Boundaries twist around to become the very core of desire. The hated becomes the cherished. I want to keep him holding on. I want to see how far he can take me.

It all suggests a game. I don't want to get played. I want to come out victorious. What more can he give? We both settle back into the anonymity of our bodies. One night becomes extended over a week, a month. We learn how to say as little as possible until we are again naked and one. I love the simplicity of it all. Neither of us wants to break the spell. Down deep, I would probably hate him. We can hardly make any plans together.

I don't want to mess it up. Not all bubbles and romance and a guy who can't even finish his sentences. Our bodies now talk for us. We stumble into this vague coincidence until neither of can restrain ourselves. It is as if I contain another being inside of me. I am waiting for these explosive moments to let it emerge. And then it just takes me over. I assume that he is only the same.

I don't want to put my life on hold. I have plans. I admit that I'm a little impatient. And that is why I want something from him. Nothing more, nothing less. I don't want to get derailed with his plans. I don't want to waste a breath over him.

Sure, I hope that there is more to my life. But I can't pretend that there's anything spiritual to my connection with this guy. He helps me confront my infinity, a passion without end. But I don't want to make any of this about him.

The worst part of it all is that I sometimes feel that I am a prisoner in my own body. If I could just tell my story, I could escape. I feel this incredible sense of silence. I can tell that others feel the same way. But we just stare at each other. It is not hatred. Just ache and suspicion. And then we wake.

I'm not so sure that it's a good thing to have him around. For whatever reason, he wants to share. I do everything that I can to maintain the distance. It only adds to the sex. And after it is over, I just want to see him off. And when he hangs around, it only makes me feel more desperate. I want to do something to hurt him. Not too incredible. Just out of spite, so he won't use the lull between us as an excuse to get closer to me.

We tell our story with our eyes. All that we can't put into words. His frustration and my adavance. He's just waiting for me to falter so that he can rush to my aid. It will give him something to lord over me. Maybe I never should have called him. He turns to face and gives me those puppy dog eyes. Then he purses his lips and looks all so serious so I can't use it as an

excuse to break him down. That is enough. I am again playing his game.

He gives me that self-satisfied smile. He is not smug. It is more like he is planning something. And in all his bluster, there appears to be a clear direction.

He shakes his head. I can't even tell what this is about. Then he attempts to draw me in. Maybe I can identify with his plight. My only relief is that he has to rush off to work before he can burden me with any more of his concerns.

I love my isolation from him. I get things done. I'm tempted to retire to the men's washroom again. But that is only giving him advantage over me. I use the occasion to congratulate myself. I am not attached to a routine. I could use a little boost. I am afraid that it's going to be a habit. It's my coffee break, and I pull out one of those airplane mini-bottles of whiskey. There's really no better way to sweeten my coffee.

Work occupies my mind for the rest of the morning. The little kick was just enough to take the edge off the day. I flirt with one of my co-workers. I wouldn't be averse to a quickie in one of the stalls. But I don't want to expose myself here. This is my one refuge.

For the rest of the day, I make like I am trying to solve the most complex of puzzles. It offers me the challenge that I need to make the day pass. And once it is over, I no longer feel guilty about heading for a drink. I watch the bartender pour liberally. I am paying for this. I really need it now.

He did have plans to meet me. But something has come up. Instead, I watch the faces glance at me. Each man has a confession. Each is helpless. I am not vulnerable in that way.

I know how an impassioned kiss can just drive one of those hastily initiated encounters. If I come over as too easy that will only give him the excuse to think about something else. I want to have the opportunity to turn the tables.

In the mirror, I notice that my hair looks wind-tossed. What have I been doing? All these guys wonder and think that they know. They believe that they have one over on me. I tilt my head back and forth to play along. I want to treat them all to a fantasy. Make their hearts race. But they will all realize that they don't have what it takes to keep up.

As I walk by heading for the door, they wish that they could reach out and grab me. By that point it is only too late. And all that fantasy time wasted. If I could just whisper in one of their ears. This is your night.

He is supposed to meet me at my place. I feel helpless. I have no real opportunity to prepare my game. He's just going to show and expect sex. I wish that there was just something that I could do to slow him down. Something to get him out of his rhythm. I need to be there when he arrives. I can't very well invite him over for action and then deny him just as he arrives. I have to offer him just what he came for. The knock on the door gives me the creeps. There are no distractions. Nothing to send this game into overtime.

I look out the window.

"What are you looking at?"

I feel as if I am being quizzed.

"Did you think about any other women today?"

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"I let some guy follow me into the washroom."

He doesn't believe me. I need my act to be more convincing. I need coaching. I need

him to get me off. I pull up my skirt just for that reason.

I love his gruffness. There is no mediation with him. It is all physical. I don't want to think that it is brutal. However, there is something a little rude about his manners. He really leaves nothing to chance. But he doesn't know how to take a real risk. Sure he approaches strangers and propositions them all the time. That just too easy.

He thinks that an element of cruelty makes it all more appealing. I can tell that he likes to push guys just to the point of confrontation. It might give my contact with him an element of surprise. It does not. He is really a pussycat.

After a deep kiss, I know where this is heading. I already have taken more than enough from him. I really want this to end now. Just send him on his way. I let him inside me. And so we proceed in our wrestling match. I make him look in my eyes. He hates this kind of glare. He likes to hide in passion.

As he gets to know me more, it makes him over-confident. He acts as if he is stealing my soul. Little does he know.

Worse, he thinks that I love his body. I am already bored. But he is still a dirty man, and that only encourages me more. It really gives me a rush to sense how committed he is to physical pleasure. That in itself is pathetic. It is only making him more vulnerable to screwing it all up.

He is so insistent that I just give in to that liberating moment. I can feel it in my loins. I am giving birth to this monster. The more that he pushes, the more the strain. But it opens up something invigorating for me. I know that he is holding back. Trying not to release all his energy. He's saving up so that I can finally annihilate him.

Among innocents, he can sustain the illusion. Every touch, every breath. They are all measured. They offer no surprise. All that is worthwhile is this constancy. He will not let up.

Again, it is a physical contest. All the sweat flowing. The panting. The bodies rubbing together. I am on fire. I pound away with my hips. I am trying to prove something to him. I need to show him how limited is his endurance. This only encourages him. I am a nasty girl, and he loves it. I am getting washed along in these currents. *We are swimming together*

I only wish that he would burn up in this intensity. He has done enough for me. I wish that I could banish him. He obliges me by leaving early.

"You don't like to cuddle," I snarl at him. Maybe he could get another girl on the way home. I know that he has nothing left, unlike me.

The next time that we meet, I feel that I need to teach him a lesson. When I am getting my drink, I pause to talk to a real cutie. He is looking me up and down. I can even feel his gentle hands touch me.

The dirty man is getting impatient.

"What did that guy say to you?"

"He wanted to take me home."

"Isn't there anything else to your life? You really are becoming a bore."

"You didn't say that when I was sucking your cock last night."

"You really have a foul mouth."

"I know."

He pretends that he is being naughty. He is trying to punish me, and not doing a very good job.

“Are you trying to embarrass me? It’s not working.” He is trying to dress me down. In public, he is looking worse. I better get him home before we have a scene.

Back at my place, he wants revenge for my little escapade. I can hardly give him the satisfaction that he expects. But I give in the moment that I am in the door. My wails can be heard throughout the apartment building. He laughs.

“I’m not your pet,” I remind him.

We’ve had our little fun. And this is getting old. I never expected more than a night. There’s nothing emotional here. I’m just attached to his mode of attack. Each time it ends up the same. I can barely separate myself from our congress.

Tonight we lie together. It is my one consolation to him. I know that he wants to leave. But it makes him feel wanted. You can’t get rid of an old dog until you get a new one. And his bark is a lot worse than his bite.

I get him to give me one for the road before I hop into the shower. That is one advantage to having him here in the morning. I realize that I am putting too much stock in my own satisfaction. But what else is there. I am more susceptible than ever to a better offer. And he thinks that he might be moving in. I don’t even know how to stop this. Am I an addict to his loving? Oh God, no!”

Maybe we could take a bath together or something. I rather float with him in a pool. Both of us naked at opposite ends of the water. Let the ripples move back and forth between us.

“I’m sort of losing touch with you.”

His eyes follow a trail up my legs to the edge of my skirt. I am wearing new shoes with a tight black heel that only accentuates my assets. I love to show off. He is getting a kick out of watching me. He walks over and brushes his hand along my thighs. I push his hand away. He smiles. I move to the other end of the room.

“You’re not in the mood?” he wonders.

“That’s not it.”

He works his way back to my side. He bends down and kisses my ankle. I pull my skirt up slightly to entice him. Then I playfully kick him. I slide over to the couch and sit down.

He stands over me. He is still staring at my legs. I can sense his relentless excitement. It is turning me on. I rub my finger along my leg to entice him.

He leads me over to the bed. He turns me around. He leads a trail of kisses up my legs. His hands squeeze my ankles. It all seems so effortless. His tongue works its way around my butt cheeks. It tickles. I jump slightly.

I offer little resistance as he works his hands inside me. He massages me gently. He kneads to flesh in a lulling pattern. Once he is inside me, things get a little more intense. I give myself to this extreme. This about the purity of the pleasure. Just that kick!

As he moves deep inside me, I give everything to them moment. Every twist and turn takes me back to that same level of passion. I want none of it to let up. A total concentration on stimulation. I sense this ocean just open up and roll me in its waves.

It’s still not enough. I am driven by the objective character of our connection. The physicality in all its immediacy. I am becoming unhinged. I just start wailing on him. He is inside me, and I am beating on his chest. It only gets him to move more wildly. It turns, I hit harder and harder. I feel driven by this feeling.

He seems somewhat surprised. But it does not stop his thrusting. I answer with even more effort. My aggression seeks to obliterate him. I know that it only pushes him more. He digs the pain. And I do to. The machine is coming apart. We both love it.

“What was that all about?”

I really have nothing to say. I don’t know what has come over me. But I have nothing to say to him. I can feel a lingering aggression. A desire to hit him in the face. That would not be in play. That would be real. I get up from the bed and go sit on the couch. I just want to be away from him.

He asks, “Is something wrong?”

I hate his stupidity. He’s gotten everything that he wants. What does he expect now?

“Do you want my soul,” I tell myself. I just stare in space.

“Come back to bed, honey.”

I’m no honey to him. This is all about the raw physical experience. There is no carry over to the personality. This tears at who we are. He can’t even recognize this power.

I go back to the bed. I want more. But he seems spent. If he can’t produce, he can leave. I massage him. But it doesn’t do the trick.

“Do you want me to leave?”

“If that’s what you want to do.”

After he gets dressed and leaves, I stimulate myself. The feeling is more prolonged. I float in my inner cosmos. It is immaterial. It has nothing to do with him. Sure he got me going. But that’s all that it took.

“We just do what we have to do!”

“Where here were you when I called.”

“I was out.”

“It was 3:30 in the morning all the bars were closed.”

“I was drinking with a friend. Why are you grilling me?”

The conversation echoes inside. I have heard it before.

“Maybe it’s not a good idea to hang out anymore.”

He seems a little shocked

He is sitting with me on the couch. We are watching television. I can barely keep my eyes open. The next thing we have both fallen asleep. I wake up around 2 in the morning.

“You have to leave.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t want you sleeping with me.”

“We’ve slept together loads of times.”

“You’ve never actually slept here. I always need to be alone.”

I don’t want to see him here in the morning. This may be the last straw.

When he leaves, I fantasize about his body. That is just enough for me.

We meet the next night for drinks. I don’t intend to review the night before. This could be the night that we close the book permanently. I want him to come home and fill me up. I don’t want to be alone. I resolve not to give in to my doubt. I leave him at the bar and go home by myself.

I am sure that I could have broken up with him tonight. I did not. I let things hang. I

never even thought that we were going out. So why do I have to end it.

I try to imagine some other guy in the bar. I feel that I live just to show this side of myself. I hope that he might believe that there is something magic about my body. I relive the night in fantasy. I plot out every move of the assignation. I feel as if I am picking up the same guy. Maybe that is why I have returned to him.

I feel as if we are both stumbling through my life drunk. I never wanted to think of myself like this. I am not into deep explanations. That only distracts from the one thing that sustains me, my pleasure.

I wonder if the men at work take me seriously. I have been very careful not to let on about my dark side. I know that I've played around in the men's room a couple of time. I almost hope to get caught. But I have never come on to anyone in that office.

For some of them, I 'm a mystery. Others just think that I'm a cold bitch. Still others believe that I'm a prude. I don't kiss and tell because I never kiss. I wish that I could be vindicated for my effort. There is little that seems to change from day to day. I am not there to enhance my reputation. I wonder how long I can last at this firm.

I want tonight to be about me. But I can't make myself get away all the distractions. I pour myself a glass of wine and stretch out on the couch.

The morning hits me before I know it. I dress and walk to the train station. I don't want to leave the house. I feel as if I have not succeeded in creating a separate world for myself. There is really nothing that holds my interest.

It is as if I want to be found out. I want someone to come up to me and tell me that I am a fake. The worst part of it all is that I would take that as a compliment. Someone else would have finally discovered my skill at acting. I feel as if I am tipping everyone off. I'm leaving clues so that I actually will be detected. Maybe I have to do something really bad if anyone is going to notice me.

I slip into a bar. He is looking at me. He knows what I am up to. He sees my discomfort with my life. He wants to offer me a way out.

"No names," I tell him.

I can't imagine going home with him. But he is trying to move me in that direction.

"What are you drinking?"

"A dry martini."

I want my drink to speak for me. No deep discussions.

"What do you want to talk about?"

I tell him about a vacation that I have planned for myself. To the desert.

He tells me, "I don't really like the desert. I get nosebleeds there."

He hardly seems invincible. I should already be jumping ship. I imagine him bleeding all over the sheets.

He wants to massage my neck. I know what he is doing. I am not that naive.

"If I wanted to go home with you. I'd tell you straight out. I don't want any of these techniques that you learned from your make out book. I don't want you looking me up and buying me flowers. That's why I said no names. And I can probably drink you under the table."

I can tell that I am making him uncomfortable. But he is intrigued. That is why he doesn't walk away.

“I want you to reach under my skirt and stimulate me in front of everyone.”

I give him the opportunity to be daring. That is all that I want. I leave the place after his demonstration. I call up my hard guy and let him tell me things on the phone. Then I shut out the world and take a long shower. I feel satisfied.

I am not drunk. I don't want any wine. I make myself a light snack and fall asleep.

I wake to go to the gym in morning. I make it in to work all perky.

“What are you on?”

“Wouldn't you like to know?”

It's going to be a long day. I want to keep that edge.

By the end of the day, I am a little drunk on my fatigue. I like it that way. I'm not in the mood for anything else. The dirty guy has been phoning me. I have not been answering. He has to realize that I get busy. And that is enough for my day.

When I finally get home, the day has been just enough for me. I let myself get into a routine. I head to the gym each morning I hope that is enough. After a week and a half of this, it really is becoming a bore. I like that physical part of it all. But I hate being a good little girl. Maybe a young, firm trainer could get me off as I do my abdominal crunches. Anything to add a little spice to the usual fare.

I open a bottle of wine tonight. I am celebrating. I am alone. But that is good. I have put him on hold. I have not dropped him yet. I am preparing myself for what comes next.

I hardly feel tempted to pop into a bar. Even my weekend is without event. I need it that way. The fireworks are going to come later.

I know that there's part of me that has been distracted by the inevitable politics of my social life. Going out all the time and hoping for something better. I am not going to settle down with one of the guys that I meet. There is really nothing substantial. Just a sort of craft that they all seem to bring to the table. That is all.

When you get good at what you do, you want others who push you to new heights. That is why I am in the game. But from the outside, it seems so weak. I feel that I have to test myself. Just to see if I still have it. What does it really take? I just have to ask.

So it is all a pretense about myself. I pretend that I don't want it. He tries to convince me that I do.

I want to take him to the brink. And leave him alone on that precipice. I want him to feel that he needs me. That alone is enough.

It has all seemed automatic. He is on top of me. I am on top of me. Our give and take. And that is that. Over and over again. I let him just pump away. He pushes in with all his might as if he is taking away something from me. There is no tenderness. Almost a bit of hatred in him.

Is this my dirty guy? I can't even tell. It just seems the same in the dark. I let him project all his fear and anger on me. I let him share this core of his passion. He is a machine once again. And he is so empty.

I want to give him a chance to show me something spiritual. I realize what the night is really about. It offers the rare opportunity to reveal that depth inside of us. Something that hides away so well from our daytime existence.

When we see that hunger, we are truly naked.

He thinks that he has it all. He can never know. So I go along with his illusion. That is why I need to break it off now. I can't let him come back.

I need to make him do something that he will really be ashamed of. At the moment, it will only drive him to want more. Finally, it will show his utter disgust. So I let it roll over me in just this way. That feeling.

"I 'm really not into degradation," he tell me.

"Either am I?"

I know that I am. I have to be to put up with his shit. He doesn't have any idea what is going on.

"I don't want you contacting me again," I tell him.

"How can I? You haven't even given me a number. I don't even know your name."

I give him a name, "Sara."

He repeats what I say, "Sara." This is just too much. I've said too much already.

I could have given him any name. I'm not going to tell him who I am or where I live.

I work to erase all traces of what I've done. I wipe off everything that I've touched. I look for a pair of gloves in my purse.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm leaving."

"You can't leave. Not after what you've done."

"What do you want me to do? To suck your cock. I don't do oral on guys."

I smile as I go out the door.