

24. GETTING IT RIGHT

“You’re really the only person that I can trust. I’d love to share these things with my wife. I used to be able to. Things are a little strange now. That’s why I made the appointment with you. I’ve got to say that I don’t feel like myself. I don’t think that I’m going to do anything dangerous. But things are definitely out of the ordinary. There’s this woman who works in the perfume department. I went by there to get my wife a gift. And the woman had such a way. She was like magic. It just drove me crazy. She affected me in a personal way.”

“Don’t you think that’s her job? That’s how she makes sales.”

“She just seemed to go out of her way.”

“Go on.”

“I wanted to get her number. But I wasn’t sure if she was married. I didn’t want to embarrass myself. So I followed her. I know how strange that is. And she met this guy. I think that he sells cars or something. I’ve seen him in the mall before. When she left, I found an opportunity that he was alone. And I confronted him. We got in a bit of an argument about the way that he had parked his car. Nothing too big. But just enough.”

“I have no idea why I did this. That was all that I did. And I know that’s it’s a little crazy. I was jealous over her. And I’m the one that’s married. I never even said a thing to her. But I can’t get out of my mind. Even after what she did. Even after what happened with that guy.. I’ve never met anyone like her.”

“You say *even after what she did*, but there was nothing that she did. Nothing unusual. She didn’t mean to hurt you. She simply doesn’t know you.”

“I know that. It’s all in my mind. And there’s it’s going to stay.”

“But you did confront her friend. That was strange.”

“Would it have been stranger if I had befriended him?”

“The only way that you know him is because you followed her. You’re confusing reality with wish-fulfillment. You are in a very dangerous place.”

“I told you that I didn’t do anything.”

“You talked to him. You got in an argument with him. You were looking for an excuse to hurt him.”

“I didn’t. I’ve never even gone back to the store.”

“That’s not the point.”

“What am I supposed to do now? I can’t turn myself into the police.”

“I’m not suggesting that. But you have to own up for what you did.”

“I’m trying. I want to be a good person. I want to follow the rules.”

“But do you still feel some anger towards him.”

“I admit that I don’t even know him. It’s all something that I created in my imagination. But I do feel the need to go back to the store. I want to say something more.”

“You’ve got to put that kind of thinking out of your mind.”

“I want to. That’s why I came here. How can you help me?”

“You have to stop feeding this side of yourself. You’re very much condoning this kind of behavior. Then you come to me with these crocodile tears asking how you can change. You’re not going to change as long as you take pleasure in your obsession with this woman.”

“But this is something that I realistically feel.”

“Of course it is. But the realism is based on a vague impression. You give it all kinds of meaning that it simply doesn't have. She could be a wonderful person. But you have barely met her. You give significance to these random gestures and pretty well ignore what might be the essential features of her personality. You are obsessed with your own impression.”

“But isn't it always pretty much that way.”

“Sure it is. But you have taken your contact to be other than it is. You are assuming that you have found a route to the soul. In a sense, you have taken a detour from the actual route to the core of her personality. Once you see that, I think that you might be able to dismiss the fascination that you have for that feeling.”

“I think that I need you to hear that from you. It helps me come to a sense of futility about my actions. I really don't imagine showing up there again.”

I feel that she is in danger. She doesn't know that she risks harm. I will need to do what I can to help. I have tried to assert myself. It just doesn't seem to be the right moment. But time is running out. He is going to do what he must to complete his mission. It is his destiny. I am the only one who stands in his way. Even she doubts the harm that awaits her.

It took me a while to establish that something was going on. At first, I watched her innocently. One might assume that I was interfering in her life. That was not my intention. I simply wanted to observe.

I admit that the more that I watched her, the more pleasure that I acquired for myself. It gave me a special satisfaction to watch her frolic in her habitat. I almost felt that I was watching a wild bird. She was so full of life.

It is only recently that I have seen the dangers that await her. There is someone who keeps track of her every move. He seems much more vigilant than I am. What makes me particularly afraid is the stealth that he brings to his search. That is why I feel practically helpless to stop him.

I have already brought attention to myself. Although she does not know that I am watching her, I have been told on a number of occasions to vacate the premises of her work. I have tried to be as subtle as possible. But it is difficult to control my vantage point without drawing some scrutiny to myself.

On the other hand, he bears none of the risk that I undergo. I would almost surmise that he works in security by the access that he seems to command. But if he was in security, she would know him. At least if he worked in security here. It is freaking me out.

I cannot allow him to get that close. He really is putting her in jeopardy. I benefit from my hiding place. I will not reveal myself until my time is right. But that moment is coming fast. And there is little that I can do to stop him from doing his harm. I must do what I can.

She suspects neither of us. She assumes that she is safe. She needs to be made aware of the dangers that await her. If she only knew that both of us spend so much time thinking about her. He will crush my precious creature.

She gives meaning to my life. I have seen such terrible consequences happen to others. I just wish that I could do more. There are so many obstacles in my way. He moves freely. He is becoming stronger. I am only becoming frustrated. I can't keep doing this. There will be a moment when I take my attention off her, and he will use this as an opportunity to strike.

He knows that he is being watched. But he does not know who I am . I need to use his lack of knowledge to my advantage. While I am here, I do not take my eyes off him. I watch him more closely than I watch her. He is the threat. When my eyes are on her, I derive such pleasure. She is truly an angel in my midst.

“I have tried to take your advice. I know that I am giving in to a detrimental habit. But I felt the need to go back to the store. I even walked by her counter again. And she smiled. I talked with her briefly. She convinced me that my suspicions about her were correct. She really seems to be a wonderful person. Almost divine.”

“Did you ever feel these thoughts about your wife?”

“We always got along. And she did make me feel special. But it was never the same thing. I never felt the kind of magic that I felt when I look at this woman. I simply don’t know what it is. She is so captivating. The way that she moves her mouth. The way that she touches the perfume bottle. I’ve thought about asking her out.”

“There’s nothing inherently wrong with what you are doing. But this would hurt your wife if she knew what you were doing.”

“I haven’t done anything as of yet. I really don’t want to do anything. That is the reason that I come to see you.”

“You’re very much getting a charge out of your fantasy. It’s almost like a dessert treat. A sweet. It gives you a kick. A burst of energy. Now you’ve met her. But you haven’t met her in any traditional way. You don’t see her as part of your real world. She is part of the same fantasy. So it’s like adding whipping cream to your dessert. It only makes you savor it more. You’re seeing all these experiences as part of your imagination. What makes all this so difficult is the fact that this is based on an actual experience. You have seen this woman. You have even met her. Potentially, you could ask her out. There is really no apparent risk in what you are doing. She is unlikely to disappoint you at this stage. If she says yes, it would be a terrible idea to go out with her. But if she says no, her interest alone will be enough for you to continue your pursuit. You are attracted to the danger. It adds to the jolt.”

“Can I simply quit this behavior?”

“Of course you can. But you are turning it into more than it’s worth. And you shouldn’t think about things that way.”

“But we’re talking about. It gives me a little charge thinking about her.”

“I know that it does. You imagine her short skirt. Or tight blouse. You think about the contours of her body.”

“Look what you’re doing. You’re drawing attention to my watching.”

“That’s what you want me to do. I am doing all this intentionally. By working through it, it gives you a better opportunity to see your actual intentions.”

“But you’re only making me want her more. There is nothing that I can do to stop myself with this kind of encouragement.”

“I’m showing you that it’s all an effect of your attitude. You don’t know her at all. But you believe that do. And you are just carrying on.”

“But we are carrying on together. You are getting caught up in the same fantasy.”

“I’m trying to break it down.”

“But in some ways, you make me want it more.”

“Want what. You’ve got your wife waiting for you at home.”

“*Waiting at home*, you are making it sound as if she is in a prison.”

“If it sounds like that, it is because you have made your home into a prison. Have you thought about that? How would she feel if she knew what you were doing?”

“That’s the whole point. I am hiding it from her.”

“But it turns you on to keep her in the dark.”

“I really feel that I am making progress.”

“The next time that I see you, I really hope that you’ve taken some time to talk with you wife. And do your best to keep away from the store.”

If she only invited me back to her place, I think that I could resolve my confusion. I bear her no ill will. She is almost the center of my world. I would do nothing to harm her.

I have tried to speak to her. We have exchanged only a few words. But I am sure that she likes me. And I will get up the courage to ask her out. I don’t want to seem too forward about it. I want to make sure that she feels the same thing about me. I am doing the best that I can to draw her in.

I have tried to study her habits. I want to learn what it is that motivates her. I can’t really change who I am. I wish that I could. But I would like to do anything that I can do to get her interested in me. I know that I have many talents that might attract. I want to know what I can do to get her to look my way.

All of this is going to be difficult. I don’t want to reveal too much about myself until I have the opportunity to get close to her. I can really feel that my life is about to change. I have to prepare myself for the inevitable.

It is extraordinary what you can learn by watching a person. Even her slightest movements indicate so much about her. She is fastidious about organizing all the bottles on the counter. She is very careful to maintain order in her work space. She does what she can to make her customers feel at home. There is nothing false about her. She really gives of herself.

I know that I am projecting by believing all these things about her based on only a few clues. Believe me. All of it is true. I know who she truly is. I can feel it in my bones. And every time that I try to test my knowledge, I am proven correct. I can almost predict her every gesture. I have watched her open in the morning. Every move on her part is routine. She conveys a sense of clear organization. The store is wasting her skills. Perhaps that is her intention. She has her own life and doesn’t want to get too caught up in the day to day operations of the place.

One day all of this will make sense. For now, there is an element of confusion in my quest. I am forced to remain too far in the distance. I have only felt her touch once. She handed me a package, and I felt her fingers brush mine. This chill ran up my spine. If I only could have kissed her lips at that moment, it would have settled me down.

Her make up is very muted. Her lips are appealing. But not too brassy. Everything tells me something critical about her character. She takes care. But she does not want to draw attention to herself. I watch her because she is such a flower in this desert wasteland of false glitz and commercial veneer. She is the real thing. I welcome her approach. I can’t wait for the moment that she picks me out.

The next time that I talk to her, I will say more. I will draw her into my world. I will make her want me. For the time being, I remain on the outside. I want her with all my soul.

This is not obsession. Obsession is a false emotion based on fantasy. I know that she is a goddess. My belief comes from the clarity that I feel when I watch her. I have no doubt. I was made to be with her. She is the answer to my entreaties to heaven. Thank you!

I feel so reassured when I watch her. This is not a childish crush. She is an adult. She appeals to me by her maturity. I can really imagine making a life with her. I will do anything that I can to get closer to her. I ache just to be part of her world. Her kisses on my lips would burn deep in my heart. I could last forever on her least attention. Take pity on me my wondrous soul. Love me!

“I have to admit that my feelings have not subsided. I have stayed away from the store. I have tried to do things with my wife. I really love my wife. But not it that deep way. And this woman from the perfume counter, she is driving me crazy. I want to stroll through there just to smell all those wondrous spices. I can feel her calling me. I am doing everything that I can to restrain myself.”

”It is good that these feeling are finally in the open for you.”

“I think what particularly attracts me is her maturity. My wife just seems frivolous compared to this woman. It’s the same sort of maturity that I see in you. It’s something that is lacking in my life.”

“The woman works at a perfume stand. I don’t want to take anything away from her. But your wife seems to be a woman who accepts an intellectual challenge.”

“The woman at the store runs a department. She is always pouring over documents. She does the books. She keeps track of inventory. She is aware of ad campaigns. She is a very articulate person.”

“I’m sorry if it seemed that I was insulting her. I just feel that you are attached to the wrong things. You know that too.”

“For the moment, imagine that you are this woman struggling in a department store for recognition. Other people put you down. Look how we talk about her. She is nothing like that. She has a lot of the same qualities as you do. Do you ever feel that no one takes you seriously. That you have these deep emotions that everyone ignores.”

“I don’t think that I really suffer the doubts to which you refer.”

“But if you did. Imagine what that would be like.”

“I know what you’re talking about. Things are different for me. I’m sure that they’re different for yourself as well. That is why you can’t involve yourself too deeply in her world.”

“She turns me on. All that glass and chrome around her. It makes her seem as if she is from another world. When the lights shine on that world, it makes me feel alive. Nothing is like that. It is almost like a temple or a shrine.”

“Don’t get carried away.”

“I’m not. It’s just that’s how they want you to feel when you’re at the mall. This feeling that you want to buy something more. I feel that way all the time that I’m there. I can’t come down. And it’s all because of her.”

“You really haven’t let go of your feelings. You’re still hanging on to them.”

“Of course I am. I think that’s why I come here. You give me a voice. I can say to you all the things that I am unable to share with her.”

“That seems almost silly.”

“We share our dreams. We come closer and closer to each other.”

“Are you talking about her?”

“Of course. It’s just that when I come here, I feel that I am in her presence. You’re this special messenger who can get my message to her.”

“I feel flattered. But I don’t think that it really makes any difference for her.”

“Maybe you could really help me. You could say something to her.”

“I need to say some things to you. You can’t give in to these feelings.”

“But the more that we talk about her, the more that I realize that I was right all along. If I took the time to get close to her, then it would all be perfect. We need to be together.”

“Stop it now!”

“Why should I? You have invited me to bring that world to life. It is only natural that I follow through with my feelings.”

“Your actions will be hurtful to yourself and, ultimately, to your marriage. This is not good for her or for you. You need to cease this immediately.”

“I can hardly stop now.”

The wolf is able to transform. The wolf can assume the identity of one of the sheep. This is the trick of the wolf’s nature. It is similar to the nature of the chameleon. The wolf can adapt to the surrounding. This is the basis of the threat. The predator is able to infiltrate the world of the sheep. The wolf is aggressive. But if the wolf puts on the sheep’s clothing, then the wolf can lie down with the sheep and not even be suspected by the Shepherd.

Somewhere amidst the sheep, the wolf makes its way. Try as he may, the Shepherd is helpless before the guile of the wolf. That is why the Shepherd needs to take on all the trappings of the wolf. The Shepherd needs to think like the wolf. His nature needs to be more chameleon-like.

It is a quiet night. The wolf has already adopted a position among the sheep. From the Shepherd’s point of view, the wolf might as well be everywhere. The Shepherd surveys all the land where his sheep are grazing. He looks for some sign that might betray the wolf. If one of the sheep even adopts a contradictory pose, this will be a clue.

The wolf is circumspect about the habits of the sheep. The wolf wants to adapt the ways of the sheep. The gait. The manner of eating. The manner of braying. Everything in the repertoire of the sheep.

The wolf will lie down with the sheep. The wolf will wait for its moment. In utter silence, the wolf will attack.

The wolf can be male or female. The wolf can be animal or phantom. Even when the wolf is not present, it can be in the hearts of its prey. That is why it is truly fierce.

The Shepherd can do nothing to stop the wolf. That is why he must infiltrate his flock as well. If the wolf is to become one of the sheep, the Shepherd must perfect this method. He must sharpen his teeth for the coming conflict.

The Shepherd loves his sheep. But he knows that one amongst them is a wolf. And he will do the utmost to root out this villain. The Shepherd will go to the point of laying down his life for his sheep. He knows that he can get closer and closer to his flock until it will seem that he is no longer there. Hence the very brilliance of his method. He is in the head of the wolf just as the wolf is in the heart of the sheep. He is way beyond the wolf.

The wolf moves confidently among the flock. It is ruthless. It is waiting to strike. It feels all powerful without the presence of the Sheperd. But the Sheperd is all around. He is right there. He is in place to strike.

Here is the danger. It is not the wolf. It is the Shepherd. The Shepherd is righteous. He will not yield. His powerful hand is ready to come down and smite the wolf. Wolf, begone!

The calm is the friend of the Shepherd. He slips into this tranquility. He blends into the countryside. He will never howl. He will not let himself be known.

He breaks down the pack. He sends the wolves on their way.

"I am not cruel to you. I am doing what I have to do. You wild dogs have disturbed my flock. I cannot let you go off to your prowling. Your days are numbered. You have disturbed my loved ones."

When he strikes, the sheep will not even know what hit them.

"I was at the mall, and I bought her lingerie. They put them in a pretty pink bag with ribbons and crepe paper. She is going to love the panties that I brought her. They combine modesty and provocation."

"You are crossing the line. I told you to stop it."

"They are lovely little things I want her to model them for me."

"She is going to be insulted. You don't even know her. She might even call the police."

"No, she won't. She wants these. She wants a man who can care for her. I can see the loneliness in her eyes. She is begging for someone like me."

"Have you been back to see her?"

"I saw her from a distance. I never went in the store. I am following your advice. But I am still attracted to her."

"You shouldn't have gone back to the mall."

"My wife sent me on an errand. I couldn't tell her about what is going on."

"You could have gone to another mall."

"That would have been silly. It is close to my home."

"You shouldn't have bought the lingerie."

"Shouldn't, shouldn't, shouldn't. I did. I even brought them with me."

"They look nice."

"You should try them on."

"I thought that you meant them for her."

"I did. But they are so nice. You are the same size as her. You have great legs."

"We're not here to talk about me."

"Are you married? You don't have a ring."

"Let's get back to your life. That is what you are paying me for."

"I'd pay you more if we could talk about you. You like the feel of the panties. I bet that they'd feel great next to your body. When you slide them on, they'll feel all cool. Sleek. Do it for me."

"And what good would that do."

"We could play a game. You could play the part of the woman in the store. I could test your reaction."

"I'm not that sort of person."

“If you were. You need to live. You seem so frustrated. I can sense the understanding in your voice. You want to open yourself up. But you have all these rules about what is OK.”

“I don’t want you analyzing me.”

“But I do. I think about you a lot.”

“This isn’t how it’s supposed to be.”

“But you’ve thought about it. You’d like me to watch you all day. Maybe watch you change. You could let these panties slip up your long legs. They seem very smooth.”

“I’m not really here to talk about me.”

“But do you ever get the chance to really talk about you. What about your man? Does he care enough about you.”

“You’re trying to boil personal relationships down to a sentence. That is why you are ignoring your wife. That is why you are drawn to this mysterious stranger. It is all more ordinary than you think.”

“I bet that you would be a great lover.”

“I probably already am. But it’s not like something that you’ll ever find out.”

“Take the panties. I’m never going to give them to the woman in the store.”

“Give them to your wife.”

“She would think that I was fooling around on her. I can’t give them to her.”

“Why not?”

“I think that you really want to take them for yourself. Or maybe I should give them to my woman in the mall.”

It doesn’t take much to open her door. I am able to do it with a credit card. I have brought her a present. A negligee. I want her to try it on. I want to see the contours of her sex underneath the luxurious lace and satin.

She will be surprised that I am here. But she will accept me. I have work to do. She will submit to my commands. Of course, she will be afraid. But her fear will quickly vanish. She will know what is expected of her.

I am a gentle lover. I have waited a long time for this. I wanted to approach her at work. But there is always someone in the way. This is my chance go one on one with her. She will not deny me.

“Maybe our analysis is not progressing fast enough. I wish that there was something more that I could do to move along the process.”

“Give me drugs.”

“That is not really going to help. You are only giving in to the fantasy. More recently you have made these advances towards me. How are things going with your wife?”

“She doesn’t expect a thing.”

“You mean that she doesn’t suspect a thing.”

“That’s what I said.”

“No, you said *expect not suspect*.”

“I did. I wish that there was something more that I could do for her. She is such a gentle person.”

I hate hiding in the shadows. This is not like me at all. I am losing my grip. I am just trying to hang on.

I knew it would come to this. We were meant to be together. She was shutting me out. I knew that I needed to take a chance for us to be together. It was pretty easy to get in here. I am making myself comfortable. Soon she will be here.

I know how she will first react. She has to realize that response is all wrong. I don't want to hurt her. I want to protect her.

“Your protection syndrome is the primary source of your delusion. She doesn't feel secure with someone breaking into her world. There are no circumstances that you will be able to sell that to her. That is why she resents you approaching at work.”

“She practically asked me out to dinner. I was so close to her that I could kiss her.”

“But you never did. This is all a useless fantasy.”

“You're not going to tell the police.

“Of course not. But you have to make sure that you don't cross the line. If you harass her, or if you threaten her, or if you go anywhere near her apartment, I won't have a choice.”

“I just need to see if a guy is there before I make my move.”

“You can't make any move. It won't be right.”

“It is perfectly all right.”

She is becoming part of me. My sessions with her have renewed my faith in life. I have to admit that I was becoming a little despondent. My wife was depressing me. And I was getting nowhere with the woman at the store.

But my analyst really turns me on. I think that she is with some guy. Btu I love it when she comes in wearing a tight sweater. She has the most friendly perfume. Almost a cinnamon chocolate. I want to kiss her ruby red lips. I long for her. I love these adventures that we share together. I don't want any of this to stop.

“You simply haven't responded to treatment so far. You're going to have to go away for a little while. It won't be so bad in there. It's all for the best.”

“I'm fine the way that I am. It's not your right to tell me what to do.”

“It is now. You just can't say some of the things that you're saying. The rest of us don't feel safe.”

She is the only one that can get me out of here. If she only would take a look at this place. It is simply crazy. The food is terrible. They just dump us in our rooms. Everyone is screwing everyone. The nurses and the attendants are abusive. They pump us up with so many drugs that I no longer even know who I am.

I can't take it in this place. I really did nothing wrong. I have been censored for having ideas. I really liked her. I trusted her. I told her all these things about myself. I wanted her to help me out, not put me in an asylum.

I don't need help. I will not be brainwashed.

“I saw the guy. You need to have him arrested. He's going to hurt her. By the time that you realize what he's doing, it's going to be too late.”

“That guy is with the police.”

“He's the one.”

“When you're with the police, people trust you. You can go places that you can't if you're a civilian. They just love doing things for you.”

“You didn't threaten her?”

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Since he's been in here, he's been seeing things. He's not just a danger to himself. He really shouldn't get out of here for a while. He needs to be quieted down. Once he stops acting up, then we can let him out of here."

"Have you ever thought about taking some time off? Maybe getting away?"

"Not really."

"If you don't take some precautions, we'll have to take them for you. You can probably figure out what I mean by that."

"Since I bought the panties, I really haven't done anything out of the ordinary. You tried them on?"

"I have to admit that I did. They felt good. There are some things that I felt difficult talking about with you. I never felt any attraction for you. I was in a similar situation before. I met this man. A former patient. After he discontinued treatment, he began to pursue me."

"I was flattered by his attention. It's not that I lack for affection. There are loads of guys who ask me out. Some have even proposed to me in the street. But this was different. He was an articulate guy. He was married. At the time, I believed that he hated his marriage. He planned to divorce. So I felt OK with things. Except, of course, the fact that he was a former patient."

"I accepted gifts from him. I thought that it might stop there. But it didn't. And I could feel that I was being pulled into a compromising position. But the more that I felt the pull, the harder that it became to resist."

"I guess that I'm not always that comfortable expressing myself sexually. And I know that it just makes things worse. It try to get all technical with my life. I analyze myself constantly. It almost paralyzes me. And when I finally give in, I'm like a young girl. I can't control the flood of emotions. And that's just what happened to me."

"You wouldn't put me somewhere just because you feel uncomfortable with my expressions of love for you."

"You don't really feel that way towards me. You know that I can't act out those feeling towards you."

"If you just gave me a chance. If you thought about it for a while."

"I enjoy the flattery, but it's not right. I'm supposed to be curing you of that kind of attachment."

"I really am a wonderful lover. You don't how much you could benefit from having a good lover."

"I told you that I'm with a man."

"Just let me take you to dinner."

"I can't do that."

"I don't want to take no for an answer."

"That's part of living. You have to learn how to deal with rejection."

"But it hurts too much to get rejected by you."

"I can't do anything for you if you're going to act like that."

"You can't tell me what I'm supposed to do. I can restrain myself. But I can't change my feelings. And neither can you."

"Maybe you do need to check into somewhere for a while. Just call it a rest."

"I'm not crazy."

"We all need help. We shouldn't be ashamed of that."

"Why do you want to send me away?"

"This is for your own good."

"You're the one who's denying her feelings. Mine are out in the open. I'm learning to deal with them."

"First, you're in love with a woman in a department store. Now it's me. There's no focus in your life."

"This is how I am."

She arranges the bottles on the shelf. Then she takes them all down to place them again in order. Nothing is making sense. The police officer has been by again. He claims that he is protecting her. But she doesn't feel safe around him.

"I feel that I can tell you anything."

"I'm not sure that I want to hear this."

"I've had my eyes on this woman at the department store. I followed her back to her place. I pretended that it was all accidental. I told her that I was going to a store in the area. We went to have coffee, and then she invited me back to her place. When you're married, you know about things like this. You aren't afraid to take risks. You live on risk."

"So I was sitting around her place. She got me a drink. She told me that she wanted to make love. Just once. She seemed very lonely."

"I don't think that you could pay me enough to listen to stuff like this."

"She felt guilty after it happened. She got mad at me. She said that I made it happen. She told me to leave and never come bac. I really liked being with her."

"You love making up shit."

"It really did happen. I can prove it to you. I stole her panties."

"They're perfumed. I don't recognize the perfume."

"Either do I, but I know someone who can."