

Drinks With Jeffrey (adult content)

by Jennifer Donnell

“You sure know what you're doing.” Jeffrey remarks, when I give him a spontaneous hug. I wonder if he's right. Do I really know what I'm doing or is most of it haphazard. Unlike he seems to think, I don't have a master plan. He and I could become lovers, but probably won't.

I loop my leg across his. We are both wearing blue jeans, though mine have rhinestones lining the pockets and taper near my ankles. Later, Jeffrey will ask me to take off these same pants and strip for him. I'll refuse, but I don't know this yet. For now, I'm busy pretending that what's happening isn't *actually* happening. I move my black leather boot across his pant leg. I don't know why I'm even doing it. I'm merely following the impulse of my body- the faulty reasoning of a woman who has forgotten what it feels like to be wanted. Jeffrey's skin feels so warm against mine. He pours both of us another drink and I take a gulp, even though it seems to be half vodka. My body slows, the alcohol confusing my nervous system. I rest my head on his shoulder. He doesn't reach out to me. I wonder if this makes me the aggressor, but, as I'm wondering this, he tells me he wants me to strip.

Forgetting every woman's studies class I ever took in college, I feel flattered by his request. Still, I lie that I can't, as I'm wearing “granny panties”. This was true, initially, but I switched to black lace before he arrived. Even then, it wasn't that I had a master plan, it was a ‘just in case’.

“Not only am I wearing granny panties but they have a picture of your mother on them.” I continue, titillated by my own sarcasm and

the inappropriate visual. He laughs, but I can tell he's still nervous. I wonder who is more nervous, him or I. His nerves seem to be itching ahead. When he tells me that "I'm all woman." his leg begins to shake, despite his brazen request for a lap dance.

To calm him, I place my hand on his trembling leg then slide on top of him, my pants still on. I kiss his cheeks, avoiding his mouth. He slips his hands to my backside and pulls me in close.

"Have you ever seen *Pretty Woman*?" I ask, reclining from the bulge in his pants, so foreign to me.

"No, never." he replies, stroking the small of my back, "Why?"

I want to lecture him on the many reasons why everyone should watch that movie, but am not sure I should proselytize over a movie about a prostitute.

I summarize, "Well, it's about this prostitute, played by Julia Roberts. She refuses to kiss any of her clients. Kissing, she felt, was more intimate." I make an analogy about how I, therefore, can't kiss him. "You're my prostitute." I joke, the vodka talking, taking on the role he wants me to- a self assured woman who knows what she wants.

"It's okay, I understand if you don't want to kiss." Jeffrey sympathizes, adding, "But I want to see your bed."

"You don't want to see that." I blurt out. "My bedroom is beige and I have a giant bookshelf with books everywhere.... and my sheets don't even match." Though I try and talk him out of it, the writing is already on the wall.

He tells me he wants to see my books and pulls me up by one hand. I rise from the couch in the most ungraceful, intoxicated way

ever. Barely standing upright, I play into the role again and tell him to spank me. He does.

“Harder.” I demand, suddenly a dominatrix. He follows my demand and slaps one flat hand onto the backside of my jeans, which hurts more than I expected. “Ouch!” I shriek and he apologizes. Still telling an amalgam of truth and exaggeration, I lie, “It's okay. I like it when it hurts.”

I reflect on my ex boyfriend, the one who always spanked me. Immediate guilt sets in, wondering whether I'm going to think of that fucker every single time I attempt to be with another man, for the rest of my life. I was ten years ago when that happened, so it doesn't make sense, other than the possibility that he was like heroin and, maybe, all I'm doing with Jeffrey is attempting to recapture a drug I can't have again.

Jeffrey is sweet though. He has brown hair and is six years younger. He arrived wearing a jacket, which he took off when we sat at the kitchen counter. We drank vodka and he mixed his with tangerine juice. I cut thin slices of lemon for a garnish and he asked for a slice of orange. He ate it with his fingers, the juice dripping onto his hands.

“It's organic.” I'd told him, out of habit.

“Are you one of those people who is obsessed with that, organic?” he'd asked, smiling, and that was all it took for me to feel our personalities click. It was simple, shallow, but I couldn't help but smile back at his warmth and feel a false sense of comfort. We talked for a little over an hour and eventually moved toward the couch, to watch a movie. He stopped me before we sat down and asked if I was okay with the couch, as couches are more intimate than tables. “Sure.” I said, breezily, confident it wouldn't be a problem. He'd already told me about the twenty-three year old girl

he's dating, though she doesn't want to be exclusive. "Good, then we're okay." he insisted.

He's five foot nine, or so he'd informed me as we began to sip our second, very stiff, drink. I'd asked him questions to fight off the alcohol induced haze I was determined not to fall into. His skin was tan but winter had made his almost as white as mine.

But that was all twenty minutes ago, back when I was a nice girl with values. The room making a dull spin, I now feel desperately in need of an orgasm.

As if encouraging me to proceed to my bedroom, he suddenly becomes more straight forward and unbuttons the top button of my blue jeans. He slides his hand into my panties and flicks at my clitoris, just as I have, so many nights on my own. His thumb stays massaging it as his finger slides inside of me and I have a breathy orgasm, the room feeling fuzzy and soft. It takes a moment or two to recover from the ecstasy. It's not even about him, but how much I needed to be touched.

Drunk, I begin rambling about the time I went to Florida.

Leading me over to my bed he pulls off my pants immediately, ignoring my bookshelf or the poster of Einstein. My underwear still on and I lay out the rules. "I can't be... naked with you or have any contact with... your body. I'm not a freak, I just really care about my safety."

He agrees to follow my rules and I lie back as his hand again slips inside my panties. "These aren't granny panties." he concludes, a bit surprised, tracing the lace with his other hand. As I cum for the second time, I realize that I'm using him.

He asks if I can touch myself and he'll only watch. With the confidence of a lush, I elaborately move into various positions, as if performing my own self touch sex show. I haven't touched him, but notice he's not very hard. Despite the fact that I don't want to touch him, I feel somewhat insulted. He answers that it happens when he drinks or feels nervous.

"Did you know that emotions aren't really the cause of most impotency?" I explain, having recently read an article about it. "Most of the time it's a sign of heart problems or cancer."

That's a buzz kill, right there.

"Great, so now I might have cancer?!" he complains, worried, and flops down on my bed, suddenly seeming younger. He pulls his pants up, the buttons undone. "Would you still like me, if I have cancer?" he asks, trying to stare into my eyes, but I crinkle my forehead.

"Oh my god! Do you have... cancer?" the room is spinning and it's more than I can process.

"No, I don't." he admits, "... but would you still like me if I did?"

The room takes another spin and I mumble, "Well, I don't know if I like you yet... I'll have to see how tonight goes." I wonder if that sounds mean. Taking a deep breath I try and be more vulnerable, adding "I think the reason I feel comfortable with you is because of your smile. Your smile makes me want to smile. That... and the first time we met you at the coffee shop... you were reading one of my favorite books.

He smiles at the compliment, then admits sheepishly, "I was only holding it for my friend."

I'd normally feel disappointed that the book he was holding wasn't even his, but it all seems a moot point now.

I tell him that it's a pity I can't touch him, as I'm really good at giving blow jobs. He tries to bait me into showing him, but I refuse. I begin to suspect this is why you shouldn't hook up with people you don't trust. The writer in me decides to describe it, the perfect blow job, how I'd go about it. I use big words and dirty words, saying things that you probably shouldn't talk about with someone you hardly know, who you'll probably always hardly know. I narrate the experience and it seems to do the trick- he ejaculates onto his stomach and I hand him a tissue.

I'm caught between two realities. In reality one, all is well. I had two orgasms and I didn't have to touch or kiss him. Reality two is another story. Reality two knows that this is terrible, that I've reduced intimacy to something completely compartmentalized. I hand him a second tissue as he cleans up. He asks if he can have a back massage.

"It's three orgasms, per massage, but tonight I'll let you get away with two." I smartly retort, wondering if he believes my schtick. I sure don't. He offers me another orgasm, but I tell him I'll pass. I rub the rose oil I bought in Hawaii all over his back and he's ecstatic at my touch. He likes it so much that I eventually have to tell him that it's time to go home. We hug goodbye at the door and I kiss his cheek. He gently swats my ass and goes on his way, thinking I still like that, not realizing I don't know what I like. As he drives away, I erase his phone number so I don't end up messaging him the next day, in a weak female moment. I realize that I'm not in reality one or two, I'm in reality three... where I'm so lonely I pretend that I'm not lonely... where I'm so desperate for love that I push it away.

“Maybe if he'd read my favorite book, I would have kissed him.” I muse, as I fall asleep. I have a nightmare in which Julia Roberts is a zombie. I wake up sweaty and hungover.

