

ALEXANDRIA MONOLOGUE, 1
From *Taking Up Serpents*
By Mark Chrisler
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ALEXANDRIA

I followed. Found him on a chair where he pulled me over by hand and sat me across his lap. I could feel it in his pants running perpendicular to my ass. I was breathing so hard. I could feel my heart beating. My pulse traveling all the way down my chest to my clit. Like a kind of possession. We didn't kiss. We just were sort of... tensing and untensing. His breath was on my ear and his hand was on my leg, moving its way up my thigh; like an explorer, like a gentle marauder, reaching higher and higher until it hit a barrier.

There was this long pause, like he was waiting for me to say something. Frozen in amber. "These stupid tights," I said, trying to sound nonplussed. So nervous. I was hoping he'd tear right through them, I wanted his fingers in me. I wanted to feel him glide back and forth across beneath me while he pinched and prodded and penetrated me with those big, long hands.

What? I'm not ashamed to admit that. Where would that get me? You suppress your wants and they only worsen. But that's not what happened. He reached my tights, I said what I said and he let out a little sighing laugh. Almost apologetically. Like that his hand moved away, patted my leg twice all chummy. His eyes met mine and he smiled for a second, like we were sharing a joke. And then he broke contact. Looked down. I sat for a moment, waiting for things to resume, even though I could feel they wouldn't.

So I got up, back to him, and said “fuck you.” I said, “you’re a fucking slut.” Then I walked away. I cried that night over that bullshit. Unbelievable. And he didn’t say a thing. Was still sitting there when I closed the door and left him behind.