

**book:::ANGRY BREEDER:**

*Tales for the Domestically Challenged,  
the Conspicuously Single &  
the Suspiciously Married*

**short story:::Resolve to Resist**

I felt the car lock press into the base of my spine.

He's heavier than I thought.

His hand was gripped on the hair at the nape of my neck, steadying himself as he thrust his tongue deep into the back of my throat. Our teeth clicked. My belt was hooked on to the lock on the inside of my car door, keeping my hips locked, angled and strong against his adolescent humping.

Felt so good. How long had it been since my last sex ...?

As his lips did some kind of snail-like move over my collarbone and down to my right breast, I saw my daytimer. Flipped through it in my mind, tracing the weeks one by one with a jagged fingernail since Adam at the Circuit Club.

6 weeks and 6 days.

I felt my underwear bundle up and cut into my ass. I was hot, some anger.


"Mmmph," he sounded and thrust a hard thumb into my vagina, like a hand cradle I was fastened to.

The Santa Ana winds were gearing up. My favorite thing about Southern California. Here in the light of the Hamburger Hamlet sign, I was trying to remember how I met this guy tonight. I could smell his sweat already in my hair.

I pushed him away and shot him.

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I thought this guy was pretty cute. Pretty damn cute. Sweet.



He pushed my head under the water. I clawed for the elastic band of his shorts, pulled myself to his body, cold, clammy clean. Wrapped my legs around his chest and came up for air. He was laughing.

“Awwwww, you trying to play?” He dipped an eyebrow.

I laughed back and grabbed his face with both hands and came down on his mouth hard. He still smelled like the lobster hors d’oeuvres, beer and now chlorine pool water.

He was cute and warm in the eyes. He was going to make some little girl a great father.

The sky had just begun to peek pink and orange at the beginning of the new business week. I had some lame deposition scheduled for around noon? One? His wet chest hair had worked themselves into my bikini bottoms, tickling me. I felt his generous hands on my ass, caressing palm first, then laying slow fingers on my skin. He felt something in that moment – he didn’t just want me. He wanted to love me.

I pulled myself off his hungry kiss and snapped his neck.

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The first guy: met at the Oasis.  
The second: at the next-door lesbians’ party.  
Adam: from the record contracts I consulted on.

6 weeks and 6 days since Adam. I was doing better. Feeling calmer...

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I picked up the phone, later, that morning and called Mom ...

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## short story:::dirty laundry

Picking up my clothes from the room – marine layer overcast coming in from the cheap sheers in a Sunset Boulevard hotel. I replace the covers next to him so he doesn't feel compelled to check on me, moving around in the room.

On the way to the shower. On the way to a different day. No – just on the way to the shower.

*If it doesn't want you, move on.*

I'm palming my contacts in the solution. I'm going to have to take a good look at myself. A twinge, a pull at the back of my throat, the feeling I had moving out of my dad's house – wanting to leave, needing to be asked to stay, lurching forward with only \$46 in my wallet.

*If it doesn't want you, move on.*

Zippering up my boots, fastening wrist and ankle bracelets on, I sit hunched, eyeing this man of uncontained sex. He lies, jerking in the morning restlessness, precious, face down in the pillow, an American flag tattooed on the arm where I was just laying. He comfortably misses me ... No, he doesn't.

He snores softly, not too.

I smile – straddle this body I will never touch again, whisper goodbye, waking him, and then, a little too loudly, "I'm going out for breakfast."

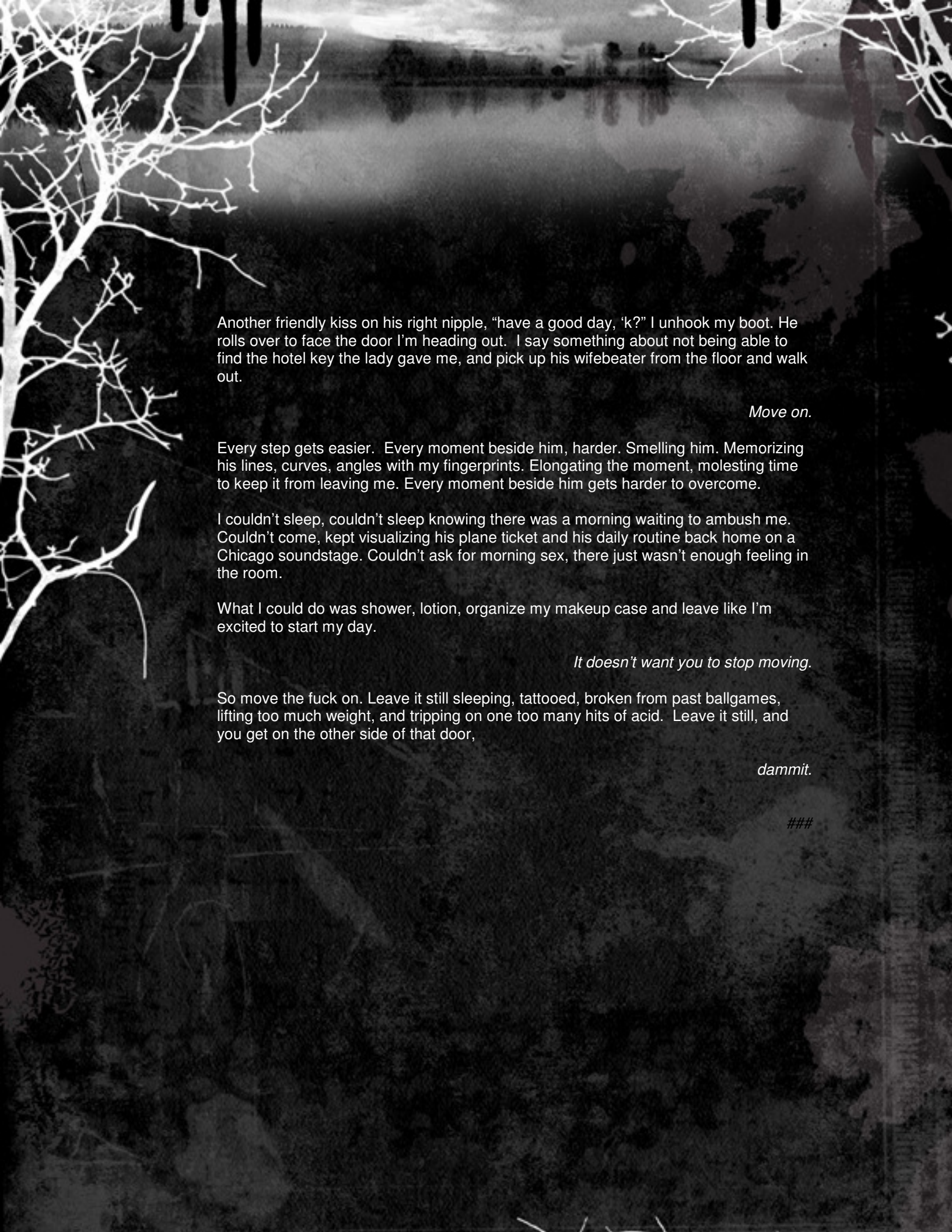
"You want me to come with you?" like maybe I would need some help with that.

A smirk. "No, I'm gone for the day."

A friendly kiss on the cheek, and I pull away. I'm almost off the bed when my boot gets tangled in the bedspread. He grabs the back rim of my camos and pulls me back into him. I'm convinced this is all he's got to show me of his heart and libido in this murky marine layer morning.

He kisses the top of my head, lazily drapes those tattoo skulls and barb wired arms around me. I'm lying on his chest, blinking, thinking of his vampire fascination, his John Belushi fixation, and wondering when and how I will pull away.

*If it doesn't want you, move on.*



Another friendly kiss on his right nipple, "have a good day, 'k?" I unhook my boot. He rolls over to face the door I'm heading out. I say something about not being able to find the hotel key the lady gave me, and pick up his wifebeater from the floor and walk out.

*Move on.*

Every step gets easier. Every moment beside him, harder. Smelling him. Memorizing his lines, curves, angles with my fingerprints. Elongating the moment, molesting time to keep it from leaving me. Every moment beside him gets harder to overcome.

I couldn't sleep, couldn't sleep knowing there was a morning waiting to ambush me. Couldn't come, kept visualizing his plane ticket and his daily routine back home on a Chicago soundstage. Couldn't ask for morning sex, there just wasn't enough feeling in the room.

What I could do was shower, lotion, organize my makeup case and leave like I'm excited to start my day.

*It doesn't want you to stop moving.*

So move the fuck on. Leave it still sleeping, tattooed, broken from past ballgames, lifting too much weight, and tripping on one too many hits of acid. Leave it still, and you get on the other side of that door,

*dammit.*

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