

Lana

My own snoring wakes me out of a dead drunken sleep. Fuck, my head is pounding. Should have laid off the wine and rum. I squint through my fog and see Val curled up on the floor with the empty bottle of rum. She probably cried over it like she did last time when she realized she drank it all. We may need to look into an intervention for her.

I slowly sit up, careful not to step on Val on my way to find a glass and also to not fall over. A friend of mine told me the best way to beat a hangover is to drink room temperature water and eat bread. I don't know how, but man it works wonders.

I slowly walk into Val's kitchen and grab a glass. I have spent many a drunken night over here, so I know where she keeps everything. It's to the point I can remind her when she moves something and forgets where she put it. Now over to the faucet for some water and I drink it all in one gulp. I do need to get back to drinking more water. I notice I've been feeling pretty dry.

Speaking of dry, Leo sure has been ignoring me a lot lately. I wonder what bug crawled up his ass. I check my phone and see that he answered my text at some point after I passed out.

"Hey sorry I was helping my mom get groceries. I REALLY need to see u. Let's meet up at Thompson Park."

Tempting, I think to myself. Val is passed out, so I could totally sneak up there, get some real quick, and come back before she even knows I'm gone.

"U still up?" I text back. It's only been about 20 minutes since he texted me and hopefully, he's still awake. My phone beeps and I quickly silence it.

"Yeah Im up. Been thinking bout u all day. Y R U ignoring me?"

What? I check the time on the message before his first reply. I can clearly count that it's been two hours and he's just now replying. Why do I feel like I'm 16?

"Im not ignoring u," I type. "I was wondering the same bout u."

I wait about a minute and feel my phone buzz from his text.

"Im sorry sexy. I been real busy w/mom. Shes not doing so well so Ive been helping her out more."

Such a good son, I think to myself. *See, Val, no wife and kids in the picture.* "U still want to meet up?"

I wait with bated breath until I feel the buzz of my phone. I pick it up and click on the text message icon. "Hell yeah. Im ready to see you NOW."

I want to squeal but I remember Val is asleep about two feet from me. I quickly text back that I'll meet him. Fuck, I gotta find my keys in the dark. And my shoes. Eh, I've driven barefoot before after I had to run out that guy's house who was married and didn't tell me. I hope his wife or dog enjoyed those shoes.

I somehow scope out my keys in the dark. I get the thought in my head to turn on a light for her in case she has to stumble to the bathroom. I

instinctively snake my arm around the back of her couch and reach to turn on the little lamp her grandma gave her as a graduation gift. Then I spot my shoes, but they are under Val. I shake my head and proceed to tiptoe barefoot to the door.

“Girl, where in the hell are you sneaking off to like I’m your mama?”

My shoulders and head drop and I chuckle. Busted. “I swear I felt like I was back in high school trying to sneak off to see Marcus.”

“You sure did love that trifling ass boy,” Val slurs through her sleepiness. “Except this boy is named Leo. You know I’m not going to stop you from going, but I just wish you would think it through.” She reaches under her, pulls out my shoes and tosses them my way. I slide them on.

“I have thought it through, and I know we will somehow end up being together. Even you said I need to settle down and fall in love. Well, I found a guy who is definitely marriage material.”

“Then go ahead with your bad self,” Val says, giving me half a wave. Good, she’s about to pass back out and probably won’t even remember this conversation in the morning.

“Good night, Val. I love you girl.”

She mumbles something as I grab her house key from the table, lock the door, and ride off to see my lover.

I pull up to the park and see his truck parked in the corner. He’s lucky his truck is black so it blends in with the shadows better than my silver truck. Why in the world did he park all the way back here? I hope he didn’t order someone to kill me.

He climbs hurriedly out of his truck and gets in my passenger seat. He doesn’t even say hi, he just immediately attacks my face with the most passionate kiss I have ever felt. I push him back so I can catch my breath.

“You know, you do see me at work,” I say, gasping for air.

“Yes, but you’re fully clothed at work,” he says, fumbling to unzip my jacket.

“Okay, let’s slow down,” I say, pushing him back again. I can’t believe I’m calming *him* down! “Hi, Leo, how are you doing? How is your life?”

He stops and closes his eyes, taking a deep breath. He smiles and opens his eyes and it’s almost like he’s looking right through me. I immediately get this sinking feeling, but then it seems like he starts to focus and for a minute, I see a smile in his eyes.

“Oh, Lana, you just have no idea how much I have missed you. I feel like talking to you at work just isn’t enough anymore. I needed to see you.” By now, he’s starting to kiss me all over my neck and down my chest. I bite my lip remembering how much I have missed this. How much I have missed him and his kisses all over my body. We seem the most connected when we are fucking and I love that he opens up that side of himself to me.

I feel him nibble on my ear and he knows it tickles me. I can’t help but start giggling and he takes his hand and starts rubbing on my nipple. I’m biting my lip trying to be sexy but he’s making me giggle with my ear and soon I’m laughing uncontrollably, trying to apologize to him.

“Well, I’m sorry that my technique is funny to you,” Leo says, sitting back in his chair and pouting.

I’m confused. “I’m sorry, baby. You know how ticklish I am.”

“I can understand the giggling is from being tickled, but then you just started laughing like crazy and that was plain rude.”

“I said I’m sorry.” Now I’m *really* confused. “Can we get back to what we came here for?”

“I’m not in the mood anymore. Matter of fact, I think you are rude and maybe I shouldn’t see you again.”

“Wait, what? What are you talking about? You were tickling me. I wasn’t laughing at you. Come on, can we please finish what we started?”

“I’m not in the mood now, Lana. And I would appreciate it if you would just never call me again.” He gets out, slams my door and huffs over to his truck. Before he even climbs in, I had already dashed out my door to his driver’s side.

“Leo, just talk to me. What is all this about?”

“Don’t worry about it, Lana. Obviously, you are too immature to understand anything. You can’t even keep your comments to yourself during an intimate moment.”

“Those weren’t my comments,” I say, standing in front of his car door. “WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME!”

He looks right through me again. *What the hell is going on here? Is he on drugs?* “Lana, don’t ever call me again. I’ll see you bright and early on Monday.”

He pushes past me and gets in his car. I step back to let him close his door and watch him turn it on, flick on his lights and speed off, tires squealing.

I get back in my truck, completely dumbfounded. This has to be an episode of Punk’d because I can’t believe he just broke up with me over...well, over nothing. How childish was that? I start up my truck and head back to Val’s apartment. I hope she’s awake because maybe she can fill me in on what I’m obviously missing.