

I woke up to Dave standing over the bed staring at me. A wave of nausea came over me as I sat up. I felt dizzy and disoriented, and my head was pounding even though I'd barely touched my tumbler of whiskey the night before. I was also incredibly sore in and around my vagina, which made little sense. At first, I figured I hadn't had sex in at least eight months, so that must be it. But that explanation didn't quite sit right, considering the sex I'd had with Dave.

Meanwhile, he was pacing the room saying I had to leave because he was expecting a call from his girlfriend. "I'd like a cup of coffee first," I said. "I promise I won't make a sound." After he told me he didn't have any coffee, I got up to use the bathroom. When I put on my watch, I was horrified to find that it was three in the afternoon. When I asked Dave why he didn't wake me up, knowing I had to write, he said he knew my body needed the sleep...