

Imaginary Friend

by Carl Santoro

"Where've you been?" the image in the mirror asked. "I haven't seen you since yesterday," she said.

"Yeah, I miss you too," he said.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, putting one hand up behind her wig, the other on her hip, thrusting one leg slightly forward. "This is a SHEIN slip styled after Victoria's Secret. Got it cheap online."

"You look really hot, I must admit." He looked down. "These white pumps with the white slip is perfect." he exclaimed.

"Do we have time for lipstick and all the rest?" she asked from under her bangs, staring hopefully into his eyes.

"I'd love that," he said. He opened the make-up bag.

"The blue eye shadow too. Please," she begged.

They smiled at each other. Soon a fresh lip pattern was left on the mirror.

"I don't know when I can steal away again," he said.

He took a long, deep look at both images and resolved to keep them memorized in his brain and heart. (Next time, pantyhose would be better on these legs, he thought.)

"This will have to do," he sighed.

The wig, slip and shoes were put away.

The mirror wiped clean.

The bedroom door closed behind him as he left.

