

# Decided

*by* David James

Millicent asked me to stop over at her place for coffee after work because we needed to talk. While pouring, she said she was torn about telling me what her father used to do to her when her mom was not around, but she thought I needed to know how twisted her life was growing up.

Through her tears we talked a bit about how he abused her. As I stood up to go, I thanked her for not hiding how her life was all fucked up as a young girl by her sexually abusive father, that I understood and I said I'd call her the next day and maybe we could go out and do something. We cheek-pecked kisses and we walked out to her porch. I turned, we smiled. As I was walking to the curb, I turned again and waved a light goodbye.

Sitting in my car at the curb for a couple of minutes I thought about the choice I faced with sweet Millicent. I was tempted to go full steam ahead, but I sensed big problems. Her secret infuriated me and I might hurt her goddamned, abusive father, so maybe it was best if I wrote her a note when I got home to explain why I didn't think long term for us would work.

As I pulled away, I glanced over and saw that she had pulled back her curtains and was watching me drive away.

I'll call her. Fuck the note

