

Monopoly Money (Or the Lesbian's guide to seducing Straight Women)

by Alice Harper

I met Lizzie after her break up with Brad. Big-Dick-Brad she used to call him. That's ok, I'm not a man, I don't have penis envy, I feel sorry for men who can't please the masses like a fruiterer.

Lizzie was devastated, and as I happened to be there, I took it upon myself to provide a comforting shoulder. I find women on the verge of melt-down a turn-on. Their defences are low and they're looking for answers. That's when they seek the companionship of other women. I met her at a garage sale when she was crying into a box of old Bob Dylan records. I offered her a tissue and told her I had lost my silverware due to flood damage (why else could I be at a garage sale?) We ended up going for drinks.

"We both have tickets to 'insert hetero 3-piece indie-rock band' and I know he's going but I don't feel I should forfeit my ticket, come with me wont you? It may even make him jealous." This is always the first step they take. He's not going to be jealous, if anything he's wishing he changed his sheets in his bachelor pad for a 3-way that is only going to make *you* jealous.

"Ok, sure, I'll be your plus-one" I say with a wink. The key is to make them feel like you want to date them, these women are looking for flattery anywhere. The truth is, I didn't want to date Lizzie, God no, far from it. After the 3rd gin and tonic I knew all her faults and was not in the least bit surprised that B.D.B left her. I had no desire to turn her and make her my own, but there was something about her hopelessness.

The following week you're that listening ear, you're the one with all

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the great advice, the one who can make her laugh when she's crying. You wonder: Why am I putting up with all this shit? Surely it's just the chase you say. But why am I looking forward to this date that isn't a date? You wonder, am I in as much denial as she is?

"If you were a man, you would be exactly what I go for" is usually what happens after the 3rd drink. After the 6th, you're telling her that you don't understand why she's not been snapped up, while touching her arm.

For the first time in a week, Lizzie hadn't mentioned the Big Man. And for once I wasn't laughing at her jokes because I wanted her to feel secure. I wasn't telling her all the things she wanted to hear post-break-up, I was playing it cool because I wanted her to want me.

This is where you should end it. But you wont.

We shared a cab home and she leaned her head into my shoulder, whispering into my ear "I want to go home with you". For all I knew she just didn't want to be alone, but I had that cab spin around so fast there was no time for second thoughts. I pushed her into my apartment elevator and pressed the 12th floor, even though I live on the 3rd. I wanted to kiss her and not give her the chance to back out. She didn't stop for air until we got back down to the 3rd and into my dark apartment. We hesitated at the hatstand. Started pulling clothes off in the hallway. The thing about straight girls is, they're reluctant to go into the bedroom. They're scared, so you should opt for the couch- to alleviate the pressure. Leave the lights off and don't talk dirty.

Lizzie and I didn't get though all the motions and it certainly wasn't mind-blowing- she'll never go back to men- kind of sex, but for a few brief moments, she could feel strong again, and I could feel weak.

The next morning we sheepishly laughed about it, while drinking coffee from bowls, like cats. She didn't question the lack of flood damage on the 3rd floor, or realise that my apartment had been ransacked by my ex-lover who left me a week ago.

That's the thing you must remember about straight women- it's all about them.

