

Make a Mistake with Me

by Ben White

Here's the deal: I'm looking for love but I don't have to time to fuck around trolling for pussy in bars. I work in finance. Yes, I have money. Yes, my apartment building has a doorman. I'm 29, 6'1", brown-haired, 4-pack abs (yes, that's right, I'm in shape, but it's what I got—sue me), more than little bit bored and lonely.

The proposition: 2 dates.

Date 1: I take you to dinner. Sushi preferred but steak will do. I'll pay. We meet, we talk, we see if we're compatible. We'll catch a cab back to your place where I'll give you a kiss on your cheek while the taxi idles and then you'll go upstairs. If you had fun, you email me, then we have date 2. If you don't, whatever. You got a free dinner; hopefully I had some pleasant company.

Date 2: Meet at a bar. Get shithoused. You pretend you barely know me (even less than you do), take me back to your apartment like I'm a stranger you're about to make mistakes with.

Then, make those mistakes.

Don't worry, I won't sleep over.

If both dates 1 and 2 go well, I figure we got as good of a chance as anyone. I want someone to take care of and someone who is going to take care of me. If you're willing to give me a shot, hit me up. Attach a full-body photo (no headshots, cheaters).

