

The Fuckers

by Chanel Dubofsky

The fuckers tumble out of the bathroom like clowns from a tiny car. The girl has these huge tits and dark red hair. She rushes past me, smelling like chocolate. A guy's behind her, holding onto the back of her jeans. He's not good looking enough to have fucked her.

I shut the bathroom door and lock it. I take a long, grateful piss, then I climb into the tub and push the window open. It shimmies back down. I jam a roll of toilet paper under it and light a cigarette with hands that shake.

It's the sucking part of smoking that I like the most, the pulling in, how it's all mine. I don't put the cigarette down. I can see it falling out the window and me jumping after it.

I look around the bathroom for traces of the fuckers-hair, a blob of cum, a used condom. I need to know that it was worth their while. I wonder where they did it. I fucked a girl in a bathroom sink once. She got these bruises on her lower back from the faucet. I felt badly when I saw them, after, but she seemed not to mind.

The fuckers cleaned up after themselves, I guess. I sit in the tub and smoke. It's white and quiet. I can't hear what's going on outside at the party. The shower tile has some crud in it. The cigarette is almost gone. I hold it up to my face and stare into the orange and black part that winks as it smolders.

There's a pounding on the door. It startles me and I bang my head against the wall behind me. "Let me in," a voice yells, "Come on, asshole." The door's shaking. I shut my eyes and press my lips against the filter. It burns.

I wonder what she told people about the bruises on her back. I should have known better than to think she'd be here tonight. The sink was her idea. I thought I'd have a heart attack when she got up there, opened her legs and smiled at me. Under the hot lamp, her hair held a million tiny lights.

