

A Love Story

by Daniel Harris

The woman abruptly closed her legs. The man pulled back, his erection rampant.

—What's wrong?

—I just don't want to do this.

—But we done it a hundred times.

—I don't want to do it any more.

—With me, or anyone?

She hesitated long enough for the man to get jealous.

—You've got another man?

—No, I don't think I want any man.

He was on his knees looking down on her naked body. Her breasts were like broken eggs on her chest, her beaver a mask. He started to hate her.

She wanted him to leave.

—Please go.

—I should fuck you until you hurt.

—Please don't. Don't destroy what good we had.

He dressed and slammed the front door as he left.

The sheriff's deputy estimated his car hit the tree at over 100 mph.

