

Similarities

by Daniel Harris

She was skinny with breasts like a wound up skein of yarn. She stood before me naked. That's not how I knew her.

Chlöe and I go way back. We were in the same grade school, junior high school and high school. It was in the days of homogeneous grouping. I guess we were similar in intellectual capacity. I lusted after Suzy Goldberg's breasts and Regina Somenzi's budding Italian hips, but only traded repartee with Chlöe.

Now she was standing naked over my nude body in a Boston hotel room. I guess my erection told her something.

I wanted to fuck her, but I didn't want to fuck her. She wanted to fuck me, but she didn't want to fuck me. Ultimately her cunt was dry and my cock went flaccid

We had two scotches from the mini bar and went to sleep entwined like mythical creatures.

In the morning I awoke and she was standing fully dressed over the bed.

-We should get married.

-Why?

-Because we are the same and it's not lust that binds us.

-You might be right.

I didn't know what else to say. Finally I asked.

-Could you fuck me?

-Not today, but there will be the best nights of your life.

She left.

