

# The Afterglow

by Emily Smith-Miller

I knew we were going to fail. The night we met, when we got out of the car, I dropped my green glove in that puddle, you picked it up but it was ruined. That set the precedent for our whole life together. You can't look at me anymore. My cigarette always goes out like a rain drop hit the tip when you walk in a room. You are a wet blanket and I can't see around you. The sex has gone bad. Even our orgasms are clichéd. Sometimes when I've been doing heroin I feel like I cum the same, but its only when I take a full oxy or blow a line of opium. And the sad thing is you don't even know the difference when I'm junked up and cumming. You just think you finally did something right. But the truth is my body just feels so good how can I stave off an orgasm? It's not you, it's the drugs. I think that's why I've been doing more of them and not telling you. You like me so much better when I'm doped up because you can't tell. You just think I'm happy and the sex is good.

I can tell. You just don't seem so unhappy when you're on the stuff and we have sex all night and you tell me you love me like you used to.

Well I guess even that plan failed then.

Would you rather me pretend I didn't know?

No, because now I know you know, so either I'll stop doing so much shit or I'll just start doing it in front of you.

You should probably just stop and we should fail.

And be alone?

Isn't that what you're saying anyway? That you're over this? That this is over?

No I'm just, I don't know, preparing you for the day when I fuck someone else.

Maybe I don't want to wait around for that.

You love me.

I know.

So you'll stay, even if you can't stand me.

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No, I can leave.

I don't think you can. I'm calling your bluff.

Let's order Chinese.

I'm gonna do a line.

Good, I wanna fuck you later.

Ok.

