

Lisa

by Jeanna Goodrich

Lisa. I met her on a Saturday. She wasn't what I expected.

I mean, she was what I expected. But I was speechless; well, we both were. Blonde—very blonde, almost unnaturally blonde, but not unnatural enough to be sure either way—with too much eye makeup and obnoxiously shiny lips. Her ass looked firm enough to bounce a quarter off of—isn't that what they say?—though the girl had never exercised a day in her life. I guessed her tits at a 32C but found out later she was just wearing a push-up bra; I wondered why, if they were silicone anyway, she wouldn't have gone just one cup bigger.

All bitter resentment aside, I couldn't help but feel sheepishly belittled by her presence. Her bright, open eyes; her perfectly narrow, size-7 feet inside perfectly hand-crafted Italian leather high heels; her lacy, black and pink thong peeking from the top of what already barely covered her: she was the bane of my existence and the harbinger of my emotional demise. Yet, all doomsday metaphors aside, she was my palliative, my only way out. She was Lisa.

Lisa. I met her on a Saturday. I felt sorry for the girl. With looks like this, living in a room the size of a closet with no windows, no AC, and clothes fit only for a cheap whore. I couldn't help it: I asked her if she wanted to come stay with me, maybe crash on my couch for a while. She didn't say yes, but she didn't say no. She didn't say anything. So I helped her to the car and we didn't talk along the way. I opened my mouth to say something, once. I think she opened her mouth, too.

She stayed with me for twelve days. She seemed bored. I wasn't bored but the novelty had definitely worn off. Anyway, after twelve days, my boyfriend still hadn't had the balls to ask me, even nervously, if I'd seen his sex doll.

