

Breaking Up, Chicago Style, On Hardwood Floors

by Jerry Ratch

We shut the door of her new apartment while Andy went back down to the car for one last load. Terry went into the bathroom and pissed blue. Blue, for God's sake! Some pills she was taking. But she came back into the living room completely naked and pulled me down on top of her for one last fuck right on the bare wooden floor. What month was that? January, maybe? It was cold out, but steamy inside that apartment. Or if she was chilled, she didn't care. "One more time, Gerald," she breathed out. "Before Andy gets back up here."

She was just skin and bones, I remember, from our fiery battles and break-up. She couldn't eat, and was maybe getting an ulcer. And taking pills.

Then right in the middle of our (supposedly) last fuck, for old time sake, there was Andy pounding on the door. "Hey," he yelled. "What the heck?"

And she just said, "Come in me, one more time, Gerald."
(which was not my name.)

"But Andy's standing right outside the door."

"I don't care. Come in me, once more. This is our last time. Why don't you love me anymore?"

