

youre wrong // im right (curiosity)

by jiji

Willy kicked the bedroom door in like a cop. One swift kick is all it took.

"Hi," he said in an unsuitably calm tone of voice. This was all he had to say. He almost seemed proud of himself, being able to break down any barrier his girlfriend put in place between them, physical or otherwise. Willy had the cold demeanor of a Hitchcockian psychopath.

Mandy lept up from the foot of their bed, holding onto their catlike a refugee mother, as if she was about to get her baby abducted by legionnaires.

"What the fuck, Willy?" she screamed in genuine fear.

"What's up?" Willy asked in the same nerve wrackingly calm tone of voice, as if he didn't just kick his own bedroom door in.

"Don't fucking touch me. I'm leaving and dont you fucking touch me," she said panic stricken.

"You know I'm right. You're wrong. I'm right. You insist on denying it, but I'm right" he stated confidently. He stood there with his arms folded standing over their bed. He tried to emanate a cool demeanor, but ended up coming off like a complete lunatic.

"I don't fucking care! You can't kick doors in, Willy! I'm leaving and don't try to stop me," she said clutching onto the cat and her things and walking backwards towards the other door.

"You can't lock me out of my own bedroom. You can't tell me what to do" he said confidently, pushing her so she would fall back into the bed.

"Stop it! Don't fucking touch me! I fucking hate you! I'll call the cops! I'll never forgive you for this!" she screamed in panic, springing back up to her feet.

"Won't you fucking listen to me for once? I don't care what you do. Call the fuckin' cops" Willy said psychotically, as if he were the victim here.

"Willy stop! Stop it! Stop it! STAHH-PIIIT-" she screamed as her voice cracked.

Willy put his hands up in compliance, but laughed at her panicked reaction.

"Yikes..." he said with a chuckle. He followed her to the bathroom, which had no lock. She slammed the door in his face. He opened it back up. She had herself holed up in the bathroom still clutching the cat. She began to sob and her voice sounded hoarse, like she had been chain-smoking cigarettes.

"I'm not letting you take this cat away from me." Will said in an authoritative tone of voice. He snatched the cat out of her hands and ran outside. She was in her panties, but still ran into the cold of the night after him. He started to get a bit horny despite of all the hullabaloo.

"Hey Mandy, I'm curious! I'm gonna kill the cat! Get it?!" Willy hollered maniacally as loud as he could so she could hear. He walked to his car and unlocked it with one button, suavely putting the cat in

the back seat. The cat didn't have time to react before Willy hopped in the car after it and slammed the car door behind him.

He peeled out in reverse going full speed backwards. He backed into the road, flipped the transmission into drive, and drove off into the distance, as if he had somewhere to go. All that matters to him is that cat. He couldn't stand the thought of her taking the cat from him.

"I'm never going back," he muttered to himself. "All that drama bullshit is to detract from the fact that I'm right for once. You're wrong. I'm right."

He repeated this to himself over and over and over again, driving up and down the interstate with a terrified cat in the backseat.

