

Playboy Bunny

by Lillian Ann Slugocki

Hannah and I hitchhike out to Lake Geneva. Hit the highway around noon. Visiting our friend Sonia, a Playboy Bunny. I know her as a pretty girl with pretty tits. Wears gold dust on her eyelids, bladder infections from the costume. Orange fingernails.

We smoke a J and stick our thumbs out on I-94. I'm wearing a sweater with rabbit fur on the collar and cuffs. Hannah's fucking another married bartender, but this guy is hot, and I'm jealous. I'd like to fuck him in the bathroom, too. Or was it a closet? I fuck my boyfriend in the backseat of his car, and a few others.

We walk along the shoulder of the highway, headed north. A car pulls up, pulls over. We argue about who sits in the front:

"I can't," I say, "I'm too high."

She counters, "Fuck off."

But I deliberately slow down as he flings open the car door, and she's forced to go first. She turns to me,

"Bitch."

I laugh. But she doesn't get in. Instead, she backs away laughing, her hand over her mouth,

"Oh, my God."

"What?," but I don't move. Two cars shoot past, one going south, another going north. Hannah stomps over and drags me to the open door.

"Hannah, I seriously do not like---"

But I stop because I see what she sees. A thirty year old man, red and blue striped shirt, blond moustache, pants around his ankles, furiously masturbating. Really going at it. Like he's in a cock trance.

"What the fuck."

But Hannah's already got another car pulling onto the shoulder. I don't like it. It's a beat up four door, but according to the rules, I

get the front. The passenger door slowly opens, he's watching me in the rear view mirror. Hannah pushes me.

"Hey," I say, leaning in.

"Hey yourself," the man says, "where you ladies heading?"

He's not bad, but definitely married. Maybe a fifty on the perv scale. That can be tricky, but not impossible.

I say, "We're going to Lake Geneva. My mother's in the hospital."

Hannah leans over, joins me, "Yeah, she might be dying."

"Get in," he says, "I can take you as far as the exit."

Hannah jumps in the back, "Thank you soooo much." The faux Catholic school girl routine. Nobody ever buys it.

I grimace, close the car door. "Hi," I say turning to him, "I'm Mary, and this is my friend Delores."

Hannah tries not to laugh because we say Delores Clitoris. He's Tommy. Traffic is sparse, almost non-existent. Above us, bright sky, big clouds. We are very good liars and never trip up on the details once we get rolling. We never use our real names. We say that my mother had a heart attack. She's dangling between life and death. In fact my real mother is hugely pregnant with child number six. And Hannah's mom likes to drink.

We think we got it down with this guy, but then he says,

"You girls ever tried sexology?"

Hannah discreetly kicks the back of my seat. That's our signal. Get the fuck out of Dodge.

Hannah leans over, taps him on the shoulder, "Mister I got my period. I'm bleeding on your car. I'm so sorry!"

He pulls over so fast I almost get whiplash. We both jump out. Laughing. High five! We can't even stand up straight. Sexology!

I say, "That was better than Masturbation Man."

Hannah replies, "As if that is even possible."

"Hannah," I say, "stay off the road, let me do the hitchhiking. Ok? Guys see your tits and it's over. I don't want to be here when the sun goes down."

"Fine," she said, "go ahead."

Men lose their minds when they see Hannah. No panties, no bra, not even. Favors short shorts, high heeled boots, and big earrings. Even in the middle of winter. Some people call her a gypsy. Some people call her a slut. I walk a little ahead of her, motioning her to keep down. She flips me the bird, it's pretty funny.

A blue car zips past, but then slows down. Hannah races to catch up with me. When the passenger door flies open, I jump in the front before she can say shit. This boy is fine. Twenty-five, twenty-six. Long dark hair, blue jeans, beaded bracelets. The smell of something, but not cologne. I'm talking intoxication.

"Hi," I say, "I'm Lizzy. And I'm not lying." My devastating smile.

Sexy Face says, "I'm Jeff."

I love boys named Jeff.

Heading north, again, the sky still so blue. He can take us to the exit, and we can walk from there. Hannah tries to get in on this, this thing with Jeff, but she's no match for me, not this time. I'm riding shotgun. I am next to him. I unbutton my coat so he can see my rabbit trimmed sweater, my long legs. This is nothing like my boyfriend. This is nothing like the others. This is something different.

I don't know what I'm talking about. I turn to Hannah and pantomime,

"I think I'm in love."

Her response? "I dare you to fuck him in the car."

"Jeff," I say, turning back, hand on his knee, "what brings you out on a Saturday?"

"Going to see my woman," he says.

Hannah kicks the back of my seat.

"Oh," I mock pout, "that's too bad."

"You're cute, baby, but you are jailbait," and then he put his hand on me.

I inch closer to him, smile triumphantly at Hannah. She gracefully accepts defeat. After all, it's not often this happens. She

sits back. She knows she's not having any of this action. It's all mine.

"Lizzie," he says, stroking my knee, "I bet you get straight A's in school."

When he pulls over at the exit, I grab his face and kiss him, and he kisses me back, open-mouth, tongue on my lips. I stop for a minute, turn to Hannah, say,

"You mind?"

I motion her to get out and give me some privacy. She sighs, grabs her bag, slams the car door. In the mirror, I see her standing on the shoulder of the highway, lighting up a joint. Shivering. Sun's going down. I turn back to him, slowly unbutton my blouse. Pull up my bra. He leans in and sucks on my nipples, immediately I get wet. He kisses my lips, my neck, he unzips my pants. Unzips his own. He slides over, puts me on his lap. I raise myself up as he enters me:

"Oh, Lizzie, you are sweet, baby, so sweet."

A car zooms past, doing 90, going fast, but we barely notice. We are half naked and fucking in the front seat. I can't get over how good he smells. And I've never been this wet before. Ever. It's a strange kind of magic. I stick my tongue in his ear as he starts to come. And then I come. I arch my back. I should be fucking this way all the time. What have I been missing? Fuck me.

When it's over, he flips open the glove compartment, and pulls out a box of wet wipes. Very smart. I am impressed. We are a mess. Sticky and slippery. When we are all zipped up, he says it again, not looking at me,

"Lizzie, baby, that was so sweet."

I say, also not looking at him, "Thank you."

I grab my bag. Kiss him quickly on the cheek and get out of the car. I'm just about to lean in, say good bye, when he guns the engine.

Asshole.

I turn to find Hannah. But she's not there. God, did she fucking leave me? God, did she get in that other car?

I call out, "Hannah!"

No answer. The sun is setting. The lights have come on. I walk back the way we came, calling to her, but she's not anywhere. I'm on a deserted highway, wet panties, and Hannah's gone. Vanished. Why aren't there any cars? I can't go back the way we came. I wouldn't get home till midnight. But I don't want to leave the highway, and walk into town either. I don't know the Playboy Bunny. I don't know where she lives. What if Hannah is hitchhiking back home? Alone? What the fuck has happened?

"Hannah," I call out, "Where are you? Hannah!!"

A car pulls over. I walk up, see that it's a woman, maybe late 40's early 50's. Decent hair, good manicure.

"Have you seen my friend? Curly hair, high heels?"

"No," she says, "But you can't be out here. Alone. Are you crazy? Get in. I'll take you into town."

I close the door, and we head east, toward the lake. But I look back one more time:

Hannah?

