

Into the Mirror

by Thomas Shaggy

The room, red with the light from the string of novelty bulbs is filled with the smell of sex. The man kisses her passionately on her neck as she lifts her face from the mirror filled with powder. He stands behind her grabbing her hips and she goes for his mouth again. They crowd each other more and more, but the space is tight so they back themselves up onto the sink. Her eyes roll back into her head and his hands tighten around her buttocks.

The music in the room outside began to slow from the face paced acid jazz. Everyone's motion became slowed and they started gathering on the couches. Empty beer bottles lined the glass table with recreational drugs at every corner.

Back in the tiny red room the man buckles his pants and she dabs her lips with the luscious red lipstick she pulled from her purse. They give each other one last look as the man clicks open the lock. There is no one to be seen. She slips away and blends into the party in the living room and he leans up against the wall with his drink.

Her eyes still fixed on him as if to whisper her concerns of fidelity.

The crowd sat stoned on the couch and talking all at once about anything and everything. She sat next to the man in blue on the couch, still wet from the thought of the man being inside her. The man in blue next to her totally oblivious in his sedated world had no cause for concern as to where she had just been. Her knees shook for the man. The man in blue slides his hand along her leg in a possessive yet gentle manner. She leans in and kisses the man in blue on the cheek and looks at Him standing at the wall.

The man in the suit grinned gently.

Her lips move, "You get what you pay for."

His brow sweats and he mumbles, "We do it for the sake...of a hot night."

The drugs took a hold of everyone. The colors, shapes and sounds of the environment paralyzed them all in a state of rapture as they

laughed and touched each other's moist bodies. She stood up anxious, and nervous of being caught, grabbed his hand and pulled him into the red room once more. The locked clicks shut one last time. Gently, she removes her ring from her left finger and places it on the shelf.

They both bury their face into the white powder and turn to love one another. He picks her up and places her on the wall and uses his legs to hold her up. She hikes up her skirt. He was in her and they moved back and forth as the drugs took a hold of them as well. She bit her lip to hold back the moans as he managed the weight of her on him and kissed her neck. The room changed colors over and over again as if they were in a disco and they were center stage making love to one another. The sweat built as the climax neared as he held her from behind. She grabs the back of his head over her shoulder, holds him close, and grips the rail with her other hand as he finishes slowly.

She dabs her lipstick in the mirror and stashes it into her purse. He fixes his belt and as she walks out. He takes one last hit. There is a knock at the door.

Mmmm. The lady in red.

