

When It Wasn't

It is three days before Christmas. It has been raining steadily for an hour now. Your sister and you have been playing FIFA late into the night. It is nearly two in the morning and she proclaims she has to sleep. You are tired too, but you receive a text message from a guy you haven't heard from in months.

You tell your sister to go on ahead, wish her a goodnight's sleep, and try to figure out why the hell this guy is texting you now and what he could possibly want. He tells you to meet him at the local elementary school tucked away inside a nearby subdivision which is only a street over from your house, but you are not walking to meet him at this time of night in this weather — plus, you have an orthopedic boot on your leg that makes walking at all tricky and exhausting.

He keeps texting you rapid fire responses, trying to convince you. You can't help but feel those butterflies in your stomach; this one might have been the one who got away. Two years before, you and him had been hanging out all the time. You had so much fun with him, he was cute, and there was sexual chemistry that made for a lot of fun times. He had even told you that you made him want to be a better person, but you had chickened out and cut him off.

He had an alcohol problem, a DUI on his record, and was known for being a fuck boy in this town. Things ended, but you always wondered what could have been. The fact that he was reaching out now and wanted to see you pulls hard on your heart strings. He tells you he is walking to your house. You think he must be lying, but you know how crazy he is and start to worry.

You look at the clock and abruptly decide what you will do. You run upstairs and grab your keys and tell your sister to cover for you. Your parents are sleeping, but you worry that the door chime might wake them and alert them to your absence. You run outside into the rain. It is cold and dark, and visibility is poor. You jump in your car, blast the heat, and keep your lights off until you're out of the driveway and down the street.

You turn onto the next street and wonder if he is really walking towards you right now. His latest text says he is almost to your house, so you go slow — just in case — looking for a figure along the road. Just as you think he must be pulling your leg, you spot him. A shadowy figure is trudging through the rainy night towards your headlights. Your heart skips a beat. That crazy ass!

You laugh out loud. You can't believe he did this. You pop the locks on the car and wait for him to get in. He closes the door and turns towards you. He looks like the same old fuck boy you used to know, and it makes you laugh again. He grabs your face and kisses you, taking you by surprise. You break the kiss and ask him what in the hell he is thinking. He tells you to drive or go park somewhere, so you start driving the familiar back roads of your hometown.

He is noticeably drunk and that kills most of your excitement. You can't deny how good it feels to kiss him, but you know that he is pulling a typical fuck boy move and wonder how you're going to get out of this. You tell him you're driving him home and he protests like a child.

He grabs you and kisses you again, nearly making you drive off the road. He tells you how much he's missed you. You remind him of his girlfriend at home, wondering if he will feel guilty and call this whole thing off. Instead, he shrugs it off and slurs out excuses that you know to be lies. You know for a fact that he has a girlfriend who is obsessed with him, judging by her social media accounts, the same one who threatened to hurt you when you two were an item back in the day. She was crazy about him in the worst way. You didn't want to get involved with that drama back then, and definitely do not want to be involved now.

You drive in a circular loop as he keeps molesting you and trying to touch your breasts. You push him away and order him to stay on his side of the car. He keeps touching you anyway and kissing you every few seconds. You drive to an old church near your house and park in the deserted lot. You can't help but find him very funny. The whole situation is hilarious. You aren't mad, not really. He is who he is.

You have a choice now. You can either have an illicitly fun hookup in your car or drive him home and do the right thing. Now that you are parked, he is kissing you more intensely and you find it hard to make him stop. He tells you he wants to fuck you and "eat your box." You laugh and push him away again. This is crazy! You tell him again that you know he has a girlfriend and you try to make him realize how he is making her feel. He really doesn't care and keeps telling you that they aren't together.

You don't trust him and never will. You sigh in frustration. You really would like to fuck him again. Just one more time. It has been so long since you've been with anyone, and you can remember the old times with him better than ever stuck in this small car with him now. As he is trying his best to work his hands down your pants, you find your resolve. You tell him no, firmly and decidedly. He pouts and tells you all the things you want to hear — how much he has missed you, that you were the one he screwed up with, that he thinks of your body pressed up against his all the time. He is giving an Oscar worthy performance.

You put the car in drive and ignore his protests. You're driving him home. Throughout the short ride, you have to keep pushing him onto his side of the car. He won't stop kissing you and trying to finger you, and now it's getting annoying. You get stern and yell at him to stay on his fucking side of the car. You pull up to his house and stop the car at the curb, but he is looking at you quizzically now, like you are the drunk one.

"What?" you ask him.

He tells you that this is ***'s house, his best friend. You are very glad the car is dark, so he cannot see your face turn red. He tells you suspiciously again that this isn't his house and you tell him to shut up. You tell him that the two of them always used to have you pick them up here and that you're just tired, and turn around to go to his real house, hoping he doesn't connect any dots. You're not sure that he knows you've fucked his Marine buddy three times in this house while he was away doing time, and you'd like to keep it a secret. You make small talk to distract him, but luckily he is drunk enough to let it go.

He whines that you're not being nice to him and being a poor sport as you pull up to his house (the real one), and he begs you one last time to come inside. You tell him no. You unlock the doors again and wait for him to get out. The rain is slowing and it is almost three in the morning now. He grabs your face one more time and kisses you hard, shoving his tongue in your mouth. You push him away and shake your head ruefully.

"Go home," you say.

He obeys. You make sure he gets inside safely before driving away. You can't believe what just happened. It's hilarious, but sad too. You drive home in silence. You have no problem sneaking back in the house and everything is still quiet here. You try to miss all the creaky steps going upstairs and peek in on your sister. She is half asleep, but acknowledges you and asks you where you went. You tell her you'll tell her the full story tomorrow and close her door to let her sleep.

Once in your room, you strip off your damp clothes and climb into your own bed. You see he has texted you again, asking for nudie pictures. You really can't believe how little has changed. You send him a pissed off picture of you topless and tell him to fuck off and go to bed. He sends you several pictures of his engorged dick which you quickly delete. You turn your phone off and go to bed.

In the morning, you see a photo on Facebook of him sleeping, taken by his crazy girlfriend and time stamped with today's date. You're not at all surprised. You look over at your cat with a rueful shake of your head.

You're now completely 100 percent positive that he is not the one for you, and you are so glad you let him get away.