

Further Adventures of a Hot Chick

A short story by Sonia Ramos Rossi

OK, OK, so Boyfriend sits on the couch watching his bloody football, slurping beer, and not paying sexy me much attention at all. I don't mind. I'll just go and open my own bottle of wine, thank you.

Actually, I'm quite understanding when it comes to football. It's not that he doesn't love me or anything; it's just that he used to be a semi-professional footballer, so it's very important to him. He could have been a professional y'know. Had trials for one of the big national teams. I can't disclose who. He did give me a sexy look as I went to the kitchen, which made me feel quite good actually. I look especially desirable from behind.

Cold Bollinger from the fridge, now that's the business. There's a chilled champagne glass in the freezer compartment. The anticipation is making my mouth dry up already. The cork gives a satisfying pop as it flies out of the bottle. Another mark on the ceiling, but I don't care. No, really, I don't. The flat belongs to Boyfriend. Well, he's renting it. He says that in the current market conditions it makes more sense not to buy. He should know because he's a Corporate Executive Finance Lawyer. Did I tell you that before?

Renting makes it easier for us to change address, too. We move into a new flat every six months or so. Something to do with taxes. We put a different name on the contract every time. His company pays the rent so I don't care. No, really, I don't. Thank God I don't have to do any decorating or cleaning or anything like that. Boyfriend makes sure there's a new kitchen and a new bathroom, and gets the bedroom ceiling mirror hung.

One of those funny little Latin American girls comes in to do the cleaning three times a week, but I do have to shout at her a lot. Her English isn't very good, so I speak very loudly and slowly. I'm sure she puts the air conditioning on during the day, even when I've told her not to quite a few times already. She pretends not to understand and just starts spouting Señora this and Señora that. How dare she. I'm a Señorita, for fuck's sake.

I'm going to get some of those spy cameras installed so I can check up on her. One in the bedroom too; I'm convinced she's bringing her Juanito back for a quick shag in our bed (extra king size, satin sheets, super springy mattress). I'm not having her waving her podgy little legs in the air in MY bed and looking at herself in MY mirror, wearing MY heels too, no doubt. Hope I catch her. I'll give her Señora. Better talk to Boyfriend about it first, though.

When the glass is full, I place it carefully on the kitchen table and contemplate it. God, it's almost indecent how I love those little bubbles, the way condensation runs down the side of the glass. The first sip is always glorious, the cold making its way slowly into my flat tummy. I can feel it right the way down. Yup, I could do that all day.

I pour a second glass and carry the bottle through to the bathroom. He's on the phone as I pass through the lounge, talking about some 'business', waving a cigarette around in his hand and jabbing it into the air as he makes his point. I try not to listen too hard or to seem too interested; I'm a career girl, after all. I have my own important job to worry about, thank you. I do catch the word 'bastard' as I swish past. Wonder who he's talking about. Someone's going to get in trouble if I know Boyfriend. I do wish he wouldn't wear that string vest around the house.

Bottle of bubble-bath in the tub and the taps on full blast. The sexy Manolos, the Versace suit and the silky Stella McCartneys end up in a heap on the floor, and I slip under the bubbles. I deserve this so much after my hard day at work, and it just feels so, I don't know, just so, sexy, y'know?

I'm on my fourth glass when Boyfriend starts shouting something from the other room. I can't hear what he's saying, so I push my tits up to make sure they're visible through the bubbles and wait for him to come into the bathroom. I'm very proud of my rather large breasts. Boyfriend put up for the operation, says he likes to feel he's paid for at least a part of me.

A couple minutes later he arrives, carrying a new bottle of beer held between thumb and forefinger swinging slightly to and fro. The bathroom's not small, but he's a big guy, and he seems to fill up the whole room. "Didn't you hear me?"

I push my titties up just a little bit more and smile winningly. "No hun, you know I can never hear you when you shout from in there."

He looks at me for a few seconds. My back starts to ache, it's so arched. He puts the beer bottle on the toilet lid and comes over to sit on the edge of the bath-tub, dipping his hand in the water. When he sits down like that his beer belly sticks out a lot more, but I don't mind. "I said that my team won the game." His hand runs up the inside of my leg, big hairy arm up to the elbow in bathwater. I open my legs wider for him and he slips a chubby finger in. "You remember we have to go out with the Johnsons tonight?"

"Mmm."

"At DiMario's."

"Mmmm." I don't think his finger can go in much further, it's already in up to the knuckle, and he's pushing hard. At the same time he's rubbing my clitty with his thumb under the water, and with the other hand he's pinching my right nipple.

"Ok, get ready by nine then, sexy."

I love it when he calls me sexy.

He gets up and dries his hands on one of the towels hanging from the towel rack. Goes out, walking funny. He doesn't forget to take the beer bottle with him, which is good. I hate it when he leaves his stuff lying around.

The Johnsons. Don't know Mr Johnson very well, but Nicky Johnson is a real cow. That husband of hers is some kind of a hotshot in the City and she doesn't work, spends all day every day shopping, she says. She can't tell Ferragamo from Biagiotti though, that's for sure. Its not that I feel superior to her, it's just that my job is so important, and not only to me. My girls depend on me for so much. Everything really. Sometimes I think the magazine would never be published if it weren't for me. All that charity work she does is such a pile of crap. Handicapped kids. I ask you, how's that for trying to make yourself look all caring and lovey dovey. Ha! And she's got smaller boobies than I do. Honestly.

Ten minutes to study my naked self in the mirror and inhale a quick line of coke, and its time to get ready. No question about who's going to be the hot chick at our table tonight. Thirty minute make up session and then its Dolce & Gabbanna, Gucci, Armani, Versace, Alexander McQueen, Prada, DKNY: I just have to choose anything from my wardrobe and I'm gonna shine.

I decide on a little black cocktail dress, can't go wrong with that, mid thigh, skinny shoulder straps. Black four inch Manolos. Check myself out in the mirror, and boy do I look good. I think this particular dress makes me look especially innocent, in a grown-up, mature kind of way.

The last glass of the Bollinger goes down nicely while I'm waiting for Boyfriend to get out of the shower. I swirl the few remaining drops around in the bottom of the glass to catch the light in the golden bubbles before I swallow the mouthful that finishes it off. I love

everything about Champagne, the way it tastes, the way it looks, how expensive it is, the whole idea of it.

When Boyfriend comes down, wearing one of his generous cut sharp suits, I make a big show of putting some sticky red lips on, pouting at myself in the hallway mirror, face framed by my blonde bob. He just loves it when I make myself look sexy.

We're in the Hummer tonight (black, this year's model). I always think it kind of suits Boyfriend, y'know, it's such a masculine car, and he's such a macho guy. It's so cool the way all the other little cars have to get out of the way when he drives up close behind them. Once he told me that the secret to driving a Hummer is to pretend there's nobody else on the road. All the other cars will shift over if they know what's good for them. Doesn't apply to buses or trucks obviously. Or military convoys. Everybody else though.

DiMario's is a small Italian restaurant where half the tables are in private cubicles and the pasta is the most expensive in town. You have to reserve weeks in advance unless you know the Maitre D, which Boyfriend does, of course. It's the place where he always meets up with business associates and other acquaintances. The Johnsons are waiting for us when we arrive. That's another one of those basic rules. Always make other people wait for you, not the other way around. At least half an hour, three quarters is better. I don't know why I have to explain this stuff. It's so self evident.

As we make our way to where the Johnsons sit waiting, Boyfriend greets the people at the tables we pass. Some people he shakes hands with, others he nods at. One guy he points his finger at, thumb in the air making an imaginary pistol, says "Pow!" I don't know what that was all about. The whole restaurant thought it was really funny though. I'm right beside Boyfriend, holding onto to his arm. I love it when everybody looks at me.

The Johnsons have funny looks on their faces when we finally arrive at our table, but they quickly switch to smile mode. I give Nicky a peck on each cheek. Don't actually touch her, of course. Mr. Johnson gives me a little squeeze just above my elbow as I air kiss him, then lets his fingers run all the way down my arm as we part, says "Delightful". Makes me feel a bit sexy. Boyfriend doesn't notice, he's busy doing the same to Mrs. Johnson.

We order drinks, Taittinger for a change. Boyfriend and Mr. Johnson talk shop. Something about "those fucking assholes." I'm not really listening. Decide to be pleasant to Nicky. "Anything good on daytime TV recently Nicky?" She starts telling me about some charity dinner she's organizing, so I excuse myself and go to the ladies. That outfit really doesn't suit her, all that yellow, euch.

I know everybody's looking at me as I glide through the restaurant, but I act as if I don't notice. A quick pee and a little line of coke in the ladies and I'm ready for dinner. If anything, it's even more fun walking back to our table than it was going. Must be something to do with the coke. It does make me feel ever so generous and giving, so I flash a big smile at Nicky as I sit down.

She's not looking at me though. She's staring at the two guys, mouth hanging open. Boyfriend looks angry. When he curls his lip like that it makes me frightened sometimes. I can't tell what Mr. Johnson is thinking, he's just glaring at Boyfriend. Someone has knocked over a champagne flute; there's broken glass and a spreading stain on the white linen tablecloth.

I don't know what starts it all off, I suppose I don't need to know. Boyfriend just goes crazy, throwing punches at Johnson, shouting "You're gonna die, motherfucker! You're gonna die!" Problem is, the table is too wide and all quick-foot Johnson has to do to avoid the blows is stand back from his side of it. Nasty Nicky starts screaming as loud as she can so I give her a hard slap to shut her up. The silly cow starts attacking me! Can you believe it! I manage to rip one of her earrings out, right through the lobe, and can't help but smile as her lovely yellow twin-set gets nice and bloody.

Boyfriend has one knee up on the table in an attempt to climb over and attack Mr J., but he kneels on a shard from the broken glass and ends up unbalanced. Johnson has the champagne bottle in his hand and smashes it into Boyfriend's face with a loud crunch. Boyfriend goes down hard, sprawled across the table, nose down. I know it's all over.

Mr J. reaches over and grabs my arm so hard that I have to stop banging Nicky's head on a dinner plate. He shoves me and I go flying under a neighbouring table. When I try to stand I bang my head and find that I've broken one of my heels. I start screaming "Did you see that? He hurt me! He broke my Manolos! Can you believe it!"

The Johnsons leave without a word. I carry on screaming until I realize everyone is looking at me again, and not in a good way.

Somehow I manage to get Boyfriend to the Hummer. He's groggy, he's lost one of his front teeth and he's got a deep gash in his knee, but he can just about walk. The Maitre D bans us as we leave. Asshole.

It's difficult to drive with a broken heel, so I drive barefoot, taking Boyfriend's advice to drive as if there was nobody else on the road. It's true; all the other little cars get out of the way.

When we get home I put him in the shower. He's very quiet. I've never seen him like this before. When he's finished I bandage his knee, then take a shower too. That nasty bitch Nicky scratched me in various places, but I'm OK. I scrub myself until my skin is red.

The bedroom is dark when I go in to him, but he's not asleep. He's lying on his back with arms and legs outstretched, belly sticking up in the air like a little mountain. I crawl into bed and put my head on his shoulder, snuggling into his armpit. His eyes are open, staring at our shadowy reflection in the ceiling mirror.

I reach down and scratch him gently at the base of his penis, the way he likes. No reaction, none at all, so I slide down the bed until my head rests on his stomach. I lick off the hanging drop like a sad tear, then move down and take the head between my lips. It's shriveled like an old man's, so small I can suck the whole thing in my mouth. No reaction. I suck and lick until I give up and go to the bathroom.

Staring at my reflection in the mirror I say to myself, "I will not cry, I will not cry", even as the tears run down my cheeks.

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