



**Scott Hyers**  
Untitled

I grab a handful of taco sauces knowing I won't need all of them, and scatter the plump packets across the tray I'm balancing with one hand. I have strategically placed the soda on one side, and two bean burritos on the other, but not too far apart. They are more toward the center of the tray than the outside, actually. It still takes talent.

Now I'm walking toward my best friend who's sitting at a table by the back wall. Why does he always like to sit as far away from the counter as possible? I guess a lot of people do that.

I set the tray down and sit. My best friend has not touched his food. He was waiting for me to get my food. I like that. He offers me a napkin but I'm already biting into my bean burrito. Needs taco sauce.

He asks me a question about this girl I'm kind of seeing. He wants to know if she and I are going out. I wish he'd stop asking me about it. I can't figure out if he's just making conversation or if he really wants to know. I like her, but not enough for her to call me her boyfriend. No way. I would like to have sex with her though. That'd be nice. I haven't had sex since I broke up with my first girlfriend. I found out she was cheating behind my back. Bitch. Sex would be nice, though.

I tell him that I don't like her and I don't want to go out with her. He seems confused. Probably because I kind of led him to believe that she and I were having sex lately. I suppress a grin. Maybe he'll think she and I are going to have sex tonight. Maybe.

I have finished eating and am working on my soda. I watch my best friend finish his taco supreme. The lettuce keeps falling out but he doesn't seem to care. I steal one of his cinnamon crispas.

He wants my girl's number. I know why he wants it. He wants to talk to her about her best friend, who he likes. I know this, but still I don't give him her number. Maybe I'll give it to him in a week or two. Just to let him know I don't want him to call her. He tells me he can get it from someone else so I tell him I'll give it to him later. I'll give it to him tomorrow.

I fucked my girl. It was good. I had gone out and bought a box of condoms before she came over because I'm responsible. I don't want to catch any diseases if she has any. That wouldn't work out. I wouldn't like it if she got pregnant, either. I don't know what I'd do then. We did it three times. Twice during the night, and once in the morning. She liked it a lot. I was afraid I had forgotten how to do it, but I was good. We were really going at it. We did it in the shower after I woke her up, and that turned her on, I'm sure. I even made her breakfast, but she wasn't hungry.

I told a couple of people about it. I call her my concubine. My friends giggle when I call her that. I refer to her as my concubine to everyone except my best friend. He'd probably get mad.

He's been calling her. I don't like this. They even went to the



movies together before I fucked her. They talk on the phone every night, but my girl says that they're just friends. I really don't like this and I'm going to put a stop to it. I love my girl now. She and I are boyfriend and girlfriend now that we did it.

Why is my best friend calling her? If he wants to talk to someone about that girl he likes he should call me. I don't know her but I know her type from what my girlfriend tells me. I am very upset. She is my girl and they shouldn't be talking. He probably wants my girlfriend but he can't have her because he's just a guy. She doesn't want a guy. She wants me. I can give her things no one else can. We talk on the phone all night long sometimes. We don't go out and do things because we don't have to. Guys like to go out. I don't. This is why she likes me. We can have a good time just being together. She's gone out with guys before. She knows I'm not a guy. He probably wants her.

I've finally put an end to their socializing. I told her straight, like sometimes a man has to do. I told her she and he can't be friends anymore. I told her if she keeps talking to my best friend, then I'm going to call it off. She can say goodbye to me, and then where will she go?

In fact, I told her she should just drop all of her friends. She should not be friends with anyone but me. Especially her guy friends. I know they only want one thing. And she's naive. She doesn't know what they want. Guys like her friends can't be trusted. Guys can't be trusted. And she likes to go to parties. She could get raped at one of these parties. She doesn't know. Even worse, sometimes people get high at these parties, and they'll fuck anything. Fuck anything.

I told her she could keep talking to her best friend. That's okay. Her best friend's a girl. Some girls are okay, but some want to take her to parties. Why does she want to go to parties? Parties are where people go to meet other people. And people only want one thing. I know. People are looking for other people. Now that she and I are boyfriend and girlfriend, she doesn't need to be looking. Plus she could get raped. I'm going to have to tell her she can't go to parties. I'll tell her tonight when I call her.

Bitch. She made me call things off. Bitch. Bitch. I told her that's what would happen if she didn't listen to what I said. She thinks I'm being stupid. That's because she's naive. She doesn't know what people think. That's what happens because I'm not a guy. A guy wouldn't care. But I do. I know what's best for her. She'll see. She'll understand one day. I'm sure this is just temporary anyway. She'll

call me by tomorrow. Bitch.

I pick up the phone and it's her. Bitch. Whore. Slut. Ten days she waits to call me. I try to listen to her, but she's making too much noise. I'm telling her to be quiet and hear what I have to say. She keeps talking until I hang up on her.

I wait for an hour and when I'm rrrrrready to take her back, I call her. I'm telling her I forgive her but then she tells me something I knew would happen. Bitch. She's saying she and my best friend are going to be boyfriend and girlfriend and she wanted to tell me so I wouldn't think she was cheating on me the whole time. I knew they were seeing each other behind my back. Whore. That's why she broke up with me and pretended it was my fault. Slut. If she likes guys so much she can have him. I don't need him either.

I pick up the phone from where it's lying next to the door across the room. She's still there. I'm telling her if she and he don't end all relations then she's never going to see me again. I mean it this time. I'm not playing games here. I was soft last time but now I'm hard. Sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do. She says something about me making ultimatums. I'm not making ultimatums. I'm giving her a choice. She's still making noise but I have nothing left to say. I hang up on her. I hang up first.

It's been five months now and I still haven't talked to either of them. Actually, I did talk to her a couple times after, but now we don't talk. I heard that she and my best friend aren't going out anymore. That's good. I knew they wouldn't last.

