

Datus Interruptus

by fyiagcg

There are worse ways to end a date... but they usually end in bloodshed.

as opposed to Coitus...

Chapter 1 of 1

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Datus Interruptus

We've just finished eating. I made crumbly chicken, butter-parmesan pasta, steamed vegetables and garlic mashed potatoes. We shared a bottle of wine with dinner and are almost done with the second. It's a big couch but I pretended to only have the one, small, blanket so I'd have a reason to snuggle with him. I've thought about this since the first time I saw him. He's leaning down to kiss me; it won't be our first kiss, but I'm prepared to let this one escalate.

When there's a knock on my door, I almost convince myself that it's my neighbors having a guest... or a fit. When I open my door and see them standing there, I think maybe I'm having a fit. But when my parents engulf me in one-after-the-other hugs, I know I won't be having sex with him tonight, after all.

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An hour later, he's still trying to leave but my father won't stop talking and my mom keeps sending me pointed glances across the coffee table. The candles, the wine, the freshly made bed – she may have only been with one man her entire life, but she's not an idiot. I think she's letting my dad ramble just to punish me for my 21st century, liberated woman's approach to sexuality, with a guy I've only been on three dates with and haven't even mentioned to the people who raised me.

I start yawning, loudly, and stretching like I've never done, naturally, in my life. I ask him what time he works in the morning – early, right? – and interrogate my parents about what hotel they're staying at and what time we'll meet for breakfast.

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When he leaves, he says he'll call me. I want to scream after him, "I'm adopted! I didn't know they were coming! I'm sorry!"

He's not going to call me.

My mother spends the next hour asking me about him – I know enough to fill about ten minutes – and my father pours himself a glass of the wine that my date brought for us to share and falls asleep on my couch, shoes off and feet on my coffee table, snoring like a chainsaw.

I consider moving, and not giving a forwarding address.

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Author notes:

Just a little something I wrote for a Creative Writing Workshop at school. People seem to think it needs a second, and maybe even a third installment. What do you think?

PS :: If you saw the name FYIAGCG up with a new somethin' somethin' and got really excited that it might be a LtMD update and are now considering tracking me down and killing me... I understand. But please don't. Then I'll never get around to typing up the last part of the new chapter.