

From *The Mourning After the Night Before* by Chloe Whitehorn

Lucy: (*An orgasm, and then...*) That's pretty much the end of it there. Isn't it? Of the good stuff. The easy stuff. The enjoyable stuff. The thrusting, the lusting, the trusting that he doesn't expect anything more. Isn't satisfied, with me, with my... Satisfying him in that moment, that's easy. Satisfying me afterwards. It's like, he can get blown in a good way, but getting blown off... They call what happens next... pleasantries. But there's nothing pleasant about it, is there? I may want a knight in shining armor, amour, to save me from myself, from my boredom from my... life. But wanting and waiting, and wanton and wading, and wishing and moping, and fishing and hoping. All very different. A knight on a white horse, gift horse, Trojan horse. A night with a Trojan... fuck. Fuuuuuuuck. I feel ill, realizing I need to find a pharmacy, a pill. Plan B. Less a life choice, more a brand. The voice in my head, harsh, disciplining, a parent chastising. How did you let this happen? But I didn't, let it happen. I did it. I made it, happen. I went looking for it. I sought it out. I was seeking. I seeked, I sucked, I swallowed. Oh the aftertaste of poor decisions.