

Giving all of it away

I walked out onto the street with a mild smile. Just a mild one, mainly due to the fact that I had just fucked a virgin but it was still mild. I mean a lot of men would've had a huge smile walking out onto the street. Though I didn't have a big smile on me I was at least content to say the least. I began walking down the middle of the street because it was around three am and no one else occupied the empty streets. I quickly reached down the left pocket on my pea coat and found my pack of Marlboro Menthol cigarettes and light one up real quick. It began to slowly burn and I got a quick head rush, I still wasn't used to smoking yet, but I thought it went with my new personality. The bad boy personality. As the light began to diminish I reached the bench outside my college dorm and enjoyed the lasting effects. I then flicked my cigarette into the street and slipped into my building. I reached my room and took a long gaze at myself; I had short brown hair, basic brown eyes, light skinned. But what I really took notice to was what I was wearing; I had a well-fitted v-neck, classic dark blue 501 Levi jeans and a pair of black working boots. It was somewhat reminiscent of the classic bad boy image of the fifties, the classic bad boy. I then took my pack and rolled it up on my right bicep so it was held up by the shirt. I liked how I looked more so than ever.

"So how's it with the girls?" John asked me as we sat across from each other in the middle of the cafeteria the next day.

"You know shit happens right"

"Yeah, I totally know what you mean, bitches man,"

"Dude don't say that word it just sounds wrong coming from you,"

"What bitches?"

"Yeah, it's like nails on a chalkboard, have you even kissed a girl since you came to college?"

“Well no, but that’s not the point. I mean if your such an expert what have you done that’s so cool?”

“Well it’s like this, I meet this chick about three weeks ago named Norma, she not ugly- just not girlfriend type. Anyway she’s kind of awkward so I talk her up make her feel pretty and stuff. Anyway she calls me up last week tells me to over to her place cause she’s got this new fuckin movie that’s supposed to be scary and what not. Anyway I go over to her place, we watch the movie and start making out. She tells me she’s a virgin, so I begin to whispering a bunch of sweet nothings in her ear about how it’s okay and she can trust me and shit. Anyway all I get her to do is to take her top off. I leave annoyed and get wasted that Saturday and make out with some random chick that bore a huge resemblance towards my bitch of an ex. Anyways the random chick at the party starts texting me and I think I might have something going on there. So long story short, I fucked the Norma yesterday and am just kind of satisfied. I think I’m going to continue sleeping with her just to practice a little then in like two weeks I’ll dump her.”

“So I see,”

“Yep, so you know bitches be crazy. And I can pull of that line, you can’t,”

“Well have a good time, I guess,”

We then sat in silence. I suddenly realized I was annoyed more than anything else and that’s why I had exploded towards my friend. I tried to trace back to reason of my sudden outburst, and it was because of Norma. The night before when I went over to her place I knew I was going to get laid but I wasn’t nearly excited as I should have been. The thing with Norma was that I could never see myself calling her my girlfriend happily. So when we had begun making out I really didn’t enjoy it. Every time I kissed her lips it was harsh it was more painful than pleasurable, in absolute truth I had more fun sucking on her tits. And when we did start doing it, I hadn’t finish. It was because she was a virgin and I

knew that it hurts the girl a lot the first time so I made sure she felt comfortable at my expense. I hated being a nice guy all it ended me up with was a case of blueballs.

“So we still up for that stats study session?” John quietly asked.

“Yeah sounds good I really want to see Jess again,” I replied.

“Yeah she is pretty isn’t she?”

“I wouldn’t be studying with her if she wasn’t,”

“Good one,”

Later that day John texted me that he wasn’t able to come to the study session so naturally I became elated because it meant that I was going to be left alone with Jess for hours on end. I arrived to the smallest well covered corner of the library so I could be given the most privacy. I set up all my stuff in simple row with my textbook to the far left, my notebook in the middle, the study guide to the right and my calculator to the most right. I was starting to feel the butterflies and then quickly sat and waited. A couple minutes later Jess walked in, and I have to admit I’ve always had a sweet spot for women. So when they asked for simple favors I always felt inclined to say yes. So here I was tutoring a hell of a girl, big blue eyes, long natural dirty blonde hair. I even took peek at times down her loose fitting shirt to steal a look while I constantly reviewed her miscalculated work. She told me she was from Russian, Czech , eastern European descent, and well whatever it was a damn well good mix. And she also had a perfectly shaped nose which of course came to be from a plastic surgeons good work rather than Gods. So I here I was tutoring her about z-scores and margins of error and what not using real life examples all while being so nice and somewhat bearing my soul for her. Soon enough the conversation lead to a different topic.

“So thanks for this, it’s so helpful,” Jess says.

“Yeah I here to just to help you out,”

“So you know I could help you out with like girl advice and stuff,” I was angered. I had spent so much of my precious time for nothing.

“Girl advice is useless,”

“What do you mean?”

“Have you ever seduced a woman?”

“Well no,”

“So then you just proved my point, all you understand is the concept of picking up a woman not the actual experimental part. Concepts don’t always come through in life. And I take the advice of people I envy, and sad to say I don’t envy you,” A just wanted to fuck her.

“Well thanks anyways,” She says as she quickly leaves and begins to check her phone for new messages. Probably from guys she’ll actually sleep with. When Dan a nice kid I know walks over to the table.

“Dude you don’t have to be so mean,” Dan says as he walk over.

“Well I just tutored her for essentially nothing. So I’d say it’s okay to be a little irritated.”

“Well girls don’t like you being a dick,”

“What do you know about picking up girls? I bet you don’t know shit.”

“I know it’s not cool to be mean to them,”

“Well fuck you too,” I say as I finally collect all my stuff and storm out of the library.

I searched around for my smokes and light one rather quickly and allowed for myself to enjoy the small high. It suddenly started making sense I felt used, sad and angered all at the same time. I suddenly felt what women would feel after being used for sex. I guess it was weird because here I was on this bench outside of the library smoking myself to death alone, all while knowing that Norma was down to fuck whenever I was ready to call her up. I then took a huge drag and still felt lonely thinking about how Jess left me with nothing. It was because I was nice to her, and most of the time I’m just

mean to both sexes. The reason is because deep down I'm a good kid that wants to help everyone, but at the same time it's just ended my up in annoying places. So when I'm mean I don't let people see who I am I keep them all away by being a dick hurting them before they can hurt me. But when I'm nice its and absolute true emotion, it's who I am and when I show it takes away a part of me. And usually I'm only kind to girls easy on the eyes and rarely do they ever return the favor. So I don't like to be kind towards women because there have been plenty of women who took their slice of me and what's left of me I want to keep. A good man would be able to balance himself, but me, I'm selfish now and I want to keep my emotions to myself and only live out my base physical needs not my emotional.

I then realized I was down to my third cig, I quickly threw it to the ground and put it out under my huge right boot. I waited for something to change, and suddenly I received a text. It was Norma, she wanted to see me again, I replied that I'd be there in twenty. I took out another cig and lit it up and waited. Maybe I didn't like Norma, or even cared for her but a man still needed to fuck at the end of the day, especially after giving some part of himself away to a pretty girl. The smoke began to rise from the cig, why do men love fire? So I'll go over to Norma's and actually finish this time even if she doesn't want to, even if she tells me it's too painful and what not. I want to finish, and then I'll dump her. Finally after years I understood why men pumped and dumped, you never left anything that you didn't want to give away. I like going over to a girls place means I can leave whenever I want to. I then watched my cig finally go out and this time flicked it out to the middle of the empty street. I then rolled up the pack onto my bicep and began walking over to Norma's. I like how I looked, a classic bad-boy with a v-neck, dark blue jean and work boots while reeking of smokes.