THE LADIES ROOM

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A night out clubbing and then home to use power tools.

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The club wasÂ hot and sticky tonight. Girls were hunting men like wild packs of dancing drinking animals. The hapless victims were trophied on iphones, drainedÂ of drinking money then decidedly dumped on their hopeful blue balls. The lights were low, the beer was expensively tripled in cost, boners were free of charge. Welcome to the jungle. Smooth handsome frat boys manuevered their faithful wing men into ugly betty formation but they were shit out of luck. Pack laws were solid and competitive. i cant fuck him neither can you girlfriend, and we all go home they same way we arrived bitchy and horny. The men were either clueless or thought so highly of their appealing moves and playa ranking that they refused to not be taken advantage of. The real dance in the dark of understanding; fear of the viscious pack outweighed desire. The gay packs were down the street in their own happy hunting grounds with different rules, fuck or be fucked. Welcome to the gay jungle. Does anyone even care about dancing any more thought a lone girl in the corner draining her top shelf martini. Her pack was prowling and she was safely ugly Betty. "Pee on me", she thought i shoulda gone to the boys bar at least i could dance and not be in charge of bitchy cheap purses." A gay man loves an ugly Betty friend more than any pet project. A fixer upper minus the catty claws or potential dating tragedy. Mental note***no more straight bars or girlfriends, dump and fly," Hey Stephanie!!! STEPHANIE..." waving and yelling to get the attention of a pak mate engaging in drink mauling a less than innocent victim. Geez the only bitchier name she knew of was her stepmom Barbarra or Barrbearracuda. petnamed for her viscious small biting comments. Steph waved her off, but a bye bye gesture and then a signed cut across the throat got her a turn up the volume bird flipped at her. "Fuck this im calling a cab and heading the fuck home to dance on my patio." Neyo was pounding out a DJ mix of Shes a Monsta and Stay with the Real Thing. Thats ironic and iconic she thought and headed to the ladies room for soundproof calling for her ride home. How many times are these bitches gonna dump me and every guy they find to torment on a Saturday night?? Well im not attracted to them so i guess i got off easy. After pushing through the crowd she pulled open the ladies room door to a mix of catfight and gossip. One set of chicks"Did you see..." The other set," i saw him first..." She went in a stall and dialed the one number repeatedly to summon her bumblebee chariot home. "Yeah, need a ride at club Motton Beach (Morron Beach petnamed)." address given she hung up and took a piss. Most people dont wait and flush on the phone. Gross death of cell etiquette. Flush, no toilet paper that figures. Gross death of bathroom etiquette. Really just five seconds to help a hoe out?? she asked for help and the catfight ignored her while the gossip set laughed and added her to the story byline. "Man i cannot wait for Jesus to set you people straight or volcano god whichever hurts more and lasts longer!! " she yanked up her undies into her wet crotch. "Hatechoooo," She faked a sneeze as she exited the bitchy room laughing. "They wont remember i asked and everyone of em is drinking like a fishy, can you say porta pissy??" Common sense was like having a justice crystal ball sometimes. She headed toward the front door when she felt a hand grab at hers. Male, " Leaving sorry bye bye." The hand dropped the man followed her. "Not interested thankyou." she tossed over her head. "Really? is walking a public offense," he tossed back. She smiled condescendingly her best ugly look. "Feel free to meet the foot patrol Jay." She tossed her retort through the smile and kept going while Mr Jwalker paced behind her. Outside the wind pushed the door closed and the suction seal was hard to break. She made it into the cold night air with her warm breath puffing in front of her at a stumble. Yellow cab was waiting by the curb. "Wait," said Jay "i need a ride." Nickname change, "sure cinderfella ill call ya a pumkin mmm bye pumkin." she climbed in the cab door and he pushed in beside her. "Hi Fergie," he said grinning at his own chunky princess joke. "Weight watchers does not mean oglin my juicy ass Jay." She snorted. "cmon pweeeze." the baby talk sealed her disdain and she physicall booted him out of the cab and slammed the door with the lock. Address , home please she told the driver as they sped away from Morron Beach. ********** At home she peeled off her ugly betty costume and slipped into sporty spice. A Dance minor in college; classical ballet, tap, and contemporary background mixed with pop as she danced in the moonlit back patio to a Bieber fav set. She saw the lit cherry of her audience smoking and probably wanking across the street. "Good for you pervo, yeah keep telling yourself you can touch this pussy someday once ya grow a pole and steal your balls back from your wife." She went

inside grabbed a coke and her own smoke. What a shitty night she huffed and moved to her room to sample her toybox. "I swear if i could stand bitchy tuna i would be a dyke." She tuned into her fav story in erotica and proceeded to love herself like no man ever had. The Bieber set hit If i Was Your Boyfriend as she set up the heavy machinery. Ass vibe, check. Clit vibe, check. Giant dildo bigger than any man alive, check. Insert, and proceed to fitst climax countdown. She switched the song to Major Tom funny and sexy then hit shuffle. She was a juggler with one hand operating all three sweet toys, thank god for porn and plastic. The other hand scrolling through her favorite scene. A man roleplaying hooker with his wife. He was ass fucking the wife/hooker when she came pumping the dildo hard and deep. He was paying her and kissing her goodnight when the multiple climaxes hit. The wife was coming home and pretending to be oblivious to the mess of cum on the sheets, when she came again so hard she couldnt catch her breath. She fell asleep on high speed burning evereadys through the night the feeling and sound were a sweet lullabye to a deep if not sated sleep. ********** She dreamed about the story guy named Carter. She saw him as Arnold Schwatzenager in True Lies as he played the tape in a french accent that said, "dance for me sexy." Her room turned into the club but was empty except for her on the dance floor and her husband/john sitting partially hidden by darkness. No spies or bitches or used carsalesmen showed up in her movie but neither did fucking. Never feels like forever she sang to Arnold and he never moved a muscle to please her. The dream was just the dance of making love to the air and the song. It lasted all night. She thought she heard womens voices calling for toilet paper from the Ladies Room.

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