

ToDo LIST

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The qwest to Mark something off the list of life goals

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"I miss you baby," Timothy breathed into the phone. Talk dirty for me so i can stroke it to your voice. The girl in his lap choked and swtched to licked him noisily instead of sucking to recover. I heard the sound over the phone. "Asshole," i hung up the cell and turned off the ringer. It winked at me instead of ringing. What a total dickweed. Why you gotta lie, i dont care about anything but lies and hiding. i fumed to myself. Go fuck all the girls you want but trying to play me is a losing game since i got pussy and lie detectors built in.Â Good thing i didnt love Timothy. I deleted his number and all his missed calls. The guy i loved was a friend who had me at arms length and refused to make any romantic move. Michael, a hard core womanizer but the smartest guy i ever met. He could actually lie to me and come off as charming but he told the truth where it hurt. Scoundrel. I was attracted to his sense of humor and adorable wit but never met the man. He reminded me of someone i adored who was completely off limits. Oh and both were so alpha male it was like being saturated in testosterone just talking to them. Michael and that damn guy i couldnt touch. my warped brain, i need some cure for stupid i guess. ***** "Skip dahling," he drawled in text. "Be my lil gurrri," Fucking gross i thought and typed gottaÂ go bye bye. I need to change my name and pick a new state. Are there any that ban computers?? i thought about home. Yeah pretty computer illiterate in Tennessee. Or the backwoods of Pennsylvania but my ex lived there and he was lying trouble. i wanted to go West but didnt know anyone on the coast. My fav rocker started singing in my head. Well at least the net is good for viewing naked famous crushes, blehhh. My phone beeped. Michael again, its so cute hes pretending to be a new guy to talk to me but its getting kinda old after the ninth or tenth change already. hmmm did i mention his friends are allÂ cyber stalkin and harrassing me??Â just like a buncha rednecks and i had dated a long line of the worst of them. nothing new. I knew from experience how dangerous the situation was and kept them talking for information. I had my eye on something better for myself for a change but i just wasnt sure how to reach it. My head ached looking for solutions.Â Constantly turning the idea like that idiot rubicks cube and only matching three sides at best. i had a todo list of accomplishments i wanted that was short and very challenging. Just one achievement could be life changing and i had taken actions on all of them with limited results. One of these days it just wont matter any more and ill resign myself to putting away my classical piano, dance, art, writing, and drama training. Just resign myself to working at walmart and find a sweet stockboy to fuck, both part time. My phone beeped again, shuttit Michael. im in no mood. blehhh what a varmint. ***** California, swimming pools movie stars and mediocrity. Yay, mmm just visiting but still pretty cool. My son was getting married to a Cali girl thank God she wasnt a surfer. More California bohemian and very sweetly gorgeous. But when they were together, despite her blond long hair; they struck me as shaggy and thelma from scooby doo. Both of them played a little more stoner than they actually were. The rental car was a tiny piece of tin foil and i was shopping for clothes butÂ wondering if one bag would fit inside it. Also thinking man i would so love to run into Edward Nortan and trash Bradd Pitt over coffee. oohhhh fun thought. Maybe he would get mad and reveal a horrible casting coincedence that he really was the hulk. Naw dating body builders is a sad penis proposition. Usually large egos big muscles and small penis go together. Hope i meet someone while im here. A connection to a creative team of any kind would be welcomed. Talent and training is a waste without opportunity or connection. The rolling coke can took my bags just barely and i poppedthe key in the ignition. I couldnt even hear the engine and realized how much i missed the last red car i had owned. A sweet 74 Ford Maverick sold to me by the proverbial little old llady who only drove it to church. It only had 74,000 miles on it when i bought it and what a cherry. The disstraction of remenisceing was playing on the radio and driving in my head when the other car came out of my blind spot. Crunch, the plastic bumper connected with it as we bumped into each other. A gorgeous marine was soon at my window gesturing roll it down. He was in the casual uniform and my military fetish kicked in and combined with his good looks and our bender to really send me a brain cocktail of dumbass. The window roled down and i barely registered his one sided conversation. He startes snapping his fingers and saying, "hello." Registering my hormonal brain injury and trying to get my attention. "we have to wait here for the cops," he said. "oh and hand over your insurance info." Silly i couldnt remember where it was right off

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the bat or even the most logical place it would be. I started feeling dizzy, maybe its more than lust this time i thought and passed out. ***** I woke up not recognizing my surroundings. Unfamiliar room and laughter somewhere close by. Glad someones having a good time while my potential death or recovery is imminent i thought. "Hey," i shouted. "Mom, mom" the familiar voice hollered back from the next room. "You gotta hear this!! You hit Sargent Carter with your car!!!" Fuckin hilarious. They were cracking up over retro TV characters while i could have a fatal case of death. Laughter and the slew of jokes about the name and show were trickling in my room. Fine dont check on me. i closed my eyes and wondered how long an anurism took to explode. ***** Hmmm aftershave and honeysuckle?? Opened my eyes to a wildflower bouquet and a very sexy marine. "Mornin maam," he smiled and it hurt my eyes. "sargent Carter i presume?" i squinted into the dazzle. He did his Gomer Pyle impersonation and said, "Surprise, surprise, surprise." Dead on gomer. "hi Mrs Carter," he said winkin. "i wasnt aware anurisms came with a handsome wedding package??" i laffed and it hurt my head. "ok you are hilarious and i officially want a divorce sarge!!". He frowned, "no can do i cant afford child support for those two mutts i met out there." more dazzle. "hmm do you think you could tone down the wattage on your grin before my retinas burn out." He frowned, "no problem, i gotta step out anyway just brought you some flowers and your ticket." He pointed to the handpicked bouquet and a potentially expensive card on the nightstand. "So what time is the honeymoon i dont wanna be late??" He ran his hand through his short hair and left a few standing in the wake of his fingers. "um pick me up at half past fuck you" i laughed. "Sounds like a plan Stan Lee its how to start the day anyway." He left me with a peck on the cheek and a real bad case of smitten to go with my anurism. ***** Michael was texting me again and Carter was pissed. We had been together since the accident and brutal bumping of fenders. I had recovered from my anurism which had been sorely misdiagnosed as heat stroke at some Cali quack office. I had a new daughter and Sargent Carter jokes had been officially banned a strict fine of smak down for any of us using them again as we beat the joke to death and drove him nuts. Over a year later and i was living with him and biting my tongue evvery day. At least gomer was still on the table and his impression was surpurb. It earned him a big sloppy kiss every time he did it. i barely went home long enough to pack up and move to Beverly. Well nearby anyway. My dreams of walmart stockboys and fucking in a ladies room on break were caput but i think ill be ok. Carter was planning a covert opp on my tiny team of cyber toads. Bunch of retardedsocial rejects led by Michael king reject with ace porn skills. I really didnt care about the hassle or any plans for vengeance since i was kindof happy for the first time i could remember. Not the fake happy, or just doing okay kind but like on cloud nine. Carter was a blast and in bed he was everything i had prayed for and more. i was totally in love but no way i was saying it out loud. For a first i was gonna follow his lead and he had no problem setting the pace or giving orders. Yeah especially in bed, oh my dawwgggg!!!! "Hannah, hannah barbareass," Carter hollered mmy nickname from the bedroom. i came a runnin and plopped on the bed next to him. He was online and looked like he was logging off and shutting down his computer. "Guess what babe, i rounded up your whole posse of cyber nutjobs and put out the hacker APB on em. They are gonna be to busy with computer viruses to fuck with you again. "cool beans," i said and batted my eyelashes in my best southern belle. "my hero." "cumere fender bender," he laughed and pulled me onto his lap and a lovely hard on under his shorts greeted my arrival. "Are we discussing the first thing that pops up??" I winked and wiggled. "remember i play the piano not the flute." He laughed "i beg to differ, bender" His first order of the night, "play me my favorite song the one that lasts all night long." i worked my jaw "okay but only if you fix dinner and pussy is on the menu!!" He squinted at me, joking, youre doin it wrong." He hugged me close and whisper in my ear, "i love you even if your not funny." It took my breath away. The normal way i felt around him went from being a tummy flip to a double backflip triple summersault. My todo list top line got marked out. "i love you too Sargent Carter. " ill take the penalty of being fucked senseless by this guy as long as i could get it. My flute playing was truly inspired and did last all through the night. i guess stamina is standard issue in the marines. Semper Fi...Hoorahh.

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