

The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

"I'm going to kill him." Annette shrieked, jumping to her feet.

We were on her brown vintage couch in her apartment. I could hardly get a word out when she came to meet me in my car, so we'd switched places and she'd driven us to her place.

"I'm going to find that piece of shit and I'm going to rip his dick off and feed it to him."

"Annie," I sniffed, rubbing my forehead where a headache pounded against my temples like a drum. I'd cried for what felt like hours, and it had to be hours because the sky through Annie's window glowed orange and pink. The sun was already dipping below the horizon.

Valentine's Day was ending. What a fucking day.

"No, I'm serious." She paced around the room, her slippers slapping against the hardwood.

"Four years, Abs. FOUR YEARS. You gave him everything."

"I know." My voice cracked.

"And he repays you by fucking other women in your bed? On VALENTINE'S DAY?" She spun toward me, her dark eyes flashing with anger. "Oh, he's asked for death."

Tears burned behind my eyes again. I pressed my palms against them, but they came anyway, hot and unstoppable, sliding down my already raw cheeks.

"I can't stay here." I sobbed, wiping the tears and snot off my face.

"Annie, I can't. I lost my job. I can't see him. I can't be in New York right now."

She plopped on the sofa, pulling me into another hug. I buried my face in the crook of her neck as I fought the sobs that kept coming in waves.

"That motherfucking asshole," she cursed under her breath, her hand running circles on my back.

"Okay, we'll get you out. Where do you want to go?"

"My grandparents." The words came out muffled against her sweater. My grandparents lived in California, in the house I'd grown up in after my parents died, where everything was safe and warm and didn't hurt like this.

"I need to see Meemaw."

I'd lost my job of over two years and my fiancé on the same day lovers looked forward to. It felt like the universe was scheming against me, and I couldn't remain here in New York or I would shatter completely.

"Done." She pulled back, cupping my face with one hand while tapping rapidly on her phone with the other.

"There's a flight tonight. Leaves in two hours. I'm booking it, okay?"

I nodded, my throat too tight to speak.

"Hey, hey." She tilted my chin up, brown eyes soft and fierce at the same time. "You're getting on that plane and you're going to your grandparents, and you're going to take all the time you need. I'll handle your stuff from the apartment. I'll get your things and you don't have to see his face again. Ever."

Another sob broke free.

Annette tugged me off the couch. "Come on, let's get you changed. But first, we need to fix this crying situation."

She disappeared into her kitchen and came back with two wine glasses and a bottle of red. "Airport traffic is hell right now anyway. We have time for a drink."

"Annie, I don't think—"

"You need this. Trust me." She poured generously, filling both glasses nearly to the brim, and pressed one into my hands.

"To new beginnings and forgetting assholes who don't deserve us."

The wine was smooth and warm going down, spreading heat through my chest. I drank too fast, desperate for anything to dull the sharp edges of this day.

"That's my girl." Annette clinked her glass against mine. "Another?"

By the time we left for the airport, I'd had two and a half glasses and the world felt softer around the edges, like someone had wrapped everything in cotton. The tears had finally stopped, replaced by a pleasant numbness that made breathing easier.

I stood in her bedroom, replaying the scene over and over while Annette stripped me out of my work clothes and helped me pull on soft black leggings and an oversized cream sweater.

"Your eyes are really puffy."

I turned toward her mirror. Red-rimmed eyes stared back at me, blotchy cheeks, swollen lips from crying. I looked like I'd been hit by a truck, and I felt like one had hit me too.

"Here." She pressed oversized square sunglasses into my hand, the lenses so dark they looked like portals to another dimension. "These will help."

The glasses hid most of the damage. I still looked rough with my hair a mess and my face pale, but at least I didn't look completely destroyed.

Another sob caught in my throat and I slapped my hands over my face. "Oh god, Annie, what do I do?"

"You're going to be fine." She pulled me close. "You'll meet someone else and you'll forget all about that disgusting sewage of a person. And by the time you get back, we will figure something out. That stupid bloke doesn't get to do this to you and go scot-free." A mischievous smile curled on her lips.

Two hours later, we stood at the airport terminal with the departure board glowing overhead and flight information scrolling past in bright white letters.

"Flight 247 to Los Angeles now boarding at Gate 17," a voice boomed through the speakers.

Annette pulled me into a fierce embrace, squeezing so tight I could barely breathe.

"I am here for you, love. You're going to be okay."

"I don't feel okay." My voice came out hoarse and wrecked.

"I know, but you will be. And when you come back? We're going to make Drake regret the day he ever met you."

I managed a nervous laugh. "You're the best."

"Only for you, baby. Call me when you land, okay? Or I'll go all *mama-zilla* on your ass!"

That got another weak laugh from me.

The security line moved slowly with my boarding pass crumpling in my shaking hand as I shuffled forward.

The TSA agent barely glanced at me before waving me through. The plane was half empty when I boarded. I found my seat near a window, three rows from the back, and collapsed into it with the sunglasses staying firmly on my face.

I didn't want anyone seeing my red, swollen eyes, all because of a fucking man. A flight attendant stopped by my row. "Can I get you anything to drink before takeoff?"

"Red wine, please." The words came out automatically. I needed something to keep the numbness going, to stop my thoughts from spiraling.

She returned moments later with a small bottle and a plastic cup. I poured it all in one go and drank half before the plane even took off.

The alcohol mixed with what I'd already had, and the world blurred even more. The scene kept playing in my head, but it felt more like watching a movie now, distant and unreal.

Drake's flushed face. The blonde beneath him. The brunette's hand on his balls. His mocking voice echoing in my skull.

She just lays there like a dead fish.

Weren't you going to break up with her anyway?

I finished the glass and signaled for another when the seatbelt sign went off. The flight attendant brought it with a sympathetic smile that said she'd seen plenty of heartbroken women drinking on planes before.

I leaned my head against the cool window as the plane climbed higher. The wine and the crying made everything feel surreal, like I was watching myself from outside my body.

My chest tightened despite the alcohol. I couldn't breathe properly. I unbuckled and stumbled down the aisle toward the bathrooms at the back of the plane.

The cabin lights were dim with most passengers already dozing or absorbed in their phones, and no one looked up as I passed.

My steps were slightly unsteady, the wine making the floor tilt more than the plane's movement. There were two bathrooms side by side near the galley.

I grabbed the first handle I reached and stumbled inside, locking the door behind me. The space was tiny, barely enough room to turn around, and I stared at my reflection in the small mirror above the sink.

Then the sobs came.

"Fuck him!" I slammed my palm against the wall. The sting felt good and grounding.

"Fuck Drake and fuck his friends and fuck those whores."

My voice rose and cracked. "Four years! I gave him everything and he threw it away for what? Some meaningless fuck? An orgy on Valentine's Day!"

He'd made me sound pathetic, like being with me was some chore he had to suffer through.

"That bastard. That absolute piece of shitty vermin." I paced the tiny space, two steps forward, turn, two steps back, and my voice kept rising.

A knock rapped on the door.

"Occupied!" I snapped.

The ranting felt too good to stop. I'd suffered all day with Mr. Morgan's hands on me, losing my job, finding Drake balls deep in another woman.

"And on VALENTINE'S DAY!" My voice rose higher, shrill and furious.

"We were supposed to go out. We had plans. I bought lingerie, expensive fucking lingerie that I'll never wear now because the thought of him touching me makes me want to vomit!"

Knock knock knock.

"Are you DEAF?" I whirled toward the door. "It's OCCUPIED! Go use another bathroom!"

Silence stretched for a moment before a deep voice filtered through the door, low and rough.

"Wrong bathroom."

I froze. My eyes flew to the sign on the wall with its little stick figure in pants and the word MEN beneath it.

Heat flooded my face and burned down my neck. "I... shit. I'm so sorry. I didn't realize."

"Rough day?"

The two words, spoken in that low rumble, made goosebumps erupt down my arms.

"You eavesdropped?"

"Hard not to."

My cheeks burned hotter behind the sunglasses. The wine made my thoughts slow and syrupy, made this whole situation feel even more unreal.

Silence stretched between us, me on one side of the door and him on the other while the plane hummed around us. Somewhere overhead, the seatbelt sign dinged.

"He's an asshole."

My throat closed up and the tears threatened again.

"I'm sorry."

"I hate this." The words spilled out before I could stop them, loosened by wine and exhaustion and the strange safety of talking to someone I couldn't see.

"I hate that I'm a mess. I hate that I'm crying in a bathroom, the wrong bathroom, over someone who clearly never deserved me in the first place."

A soft sound reached my ears, like he'd shifted closer to the door.

"What do you want?"

The question caught me off guard. *Not "are you okay?" or "can I help?" but simply what did I want.*

A wicked thought curled in my mind, emboldened by the wine warming my blood. Bland Abby wouldn't think something like this, but I wasn't bland Abby anymore.

