

We drank beers and then we did it.

I'd reached that perfect place of tipsy. I could feel the alcohol warming my cheeks. I knew if I went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror I'd think I was the hottest girl alive, or at least in the bar. I looked across the table at him, the object of my affection for the past 15 years. I had him memorized, like a favorite song. And like a favorite song I often turned to him to abate loneliness, closing my eyes and picturing parts of him: the constellation of moles on his back; the way his eyes changed shades depending on the light; his thick, dark hair; his small mouth.

He was talking about his fiancée. He was trying to convince me, and probably himself, that their divergent religious beliefs were not an obstacle to their impending marriage. This was a conversation we'd had before. I'd lay in my empty bed, in the dark, across the country and masturbate to the sound of his voice while he droned on about how he didn't really care that she insisted on being married in a Catholic church, nor did he mind raising their kids Catholic because, well, look at him, he'd been raised Catholic and he'd turned out ok. Now that I was in town he needed to discuss in person. I'd long since stopped trying to point out what I saw as the obvious flaws in his arguments. I'd stopped trying to convince him she was only the girl who'd been in the right place at the right time, the girl he'd started dating at the same time he began to feel ready to "settle down." I pretended to listen and at the appropriate time excused myself to go admire myself in the bathroom.

When I returned to our table I sat down and sipped my beer while remembering the last time we'd slept together. It had been shortly before he met his fiancée. A snowy night in March, I remembered our footprints in the snow as we walked back to his car after the movie. Both of us feeling the electric sexual tension that seemed to be ever-present in our interactions, combined with the anticipation of knowing that this time our desire would be satiated. Back at his house we raced up the stairs to his room, tearing off our clothes, tumbling into his bed and losing ourselves in the excitement of each other's bodies, bodies we knew almost as well as our own.

Since that night there had been attempts by both parties to seduce the other but, with the exception of some groping after a goodbye hug the last time I'd been home, they had been failed attempts. It was rare that we were both in the same city at the same time and willing to commit a betrayal of whatever relationships we were in.

I'd spent all of my late teens and early twenties assuming that once we were grown ups we'd end up together. I wasn't sure if I'd reached that milestone of "grown-up" but regardless it was beginning to seem that we were not going to end up together after all. Not that he didn't desire me, I knew he did. I knew he wanted to fuck me, and I knew it wasn't just because his fiancée had stopped having sex with him out of Catholic guilt. What I didn't know was whether I should take advantage of this knowledge. We had both cheated on plenty of significant others with each other but this was an entirely new ballgame, this was a fiancée. This was supposed to be forever.

I listened to him talk and tried to judge how drunk he was. After I'd failed to seduce him the last time I'd seen him I'd adopted a new strategy and was wearing a shirt that showed so much cleavage my breasts were falling out of my shirt. I'd seen him eye them several times. Our legs were intertwined under the table, I was positive that were we each to have a few more drinks the night would end with us in his bed together. I gave him my best "fuck me" look which caused him to say, "You look really good." I rolled my eyes at him and ran my fingers through my long hair. It was so easy it was almost boring, but I still wanted him. Still, after all this time, and all the distance, and fights and everything that happens to two people who are close for 15 years I still wanted him just as much as I did when we were teenagers with an excess of hormones pumping through our bodies having sex in my car before school, in empty classrooms during school, again in my car after school.

We sat in the smoky bar listening to the hipsters' jukebox choices and continued drinking beer. I stopped weighing the pros and cons of fucking him and lost myself in the comfortable familiarity of him. The night grew later, we grew drunker. Finally, after several hours he announced it was time to go.

"But you're drunk! Who is going to drive us?" I protested.

"I'm not that drunk."

We walked out to his car, he came to the passenger side to unlock the door and I grabbed him. I pushed him up against the car and pressed my body against his. I looked him in the eyes and began to tell him how much I wanted him but before I could get the words out his lips were on mine and his tongue was in my mouth.