

COFFEE, WITH VASECTOMY

Rain pelts the windows of the coffee shop, a constant drumming sound that distracts me. I've been sitting here most of the morning, trapped in my anger and unable to write so much as a line of my story. Recent news floods my mind and I can't concentrate.

Alabama bans women's rights.

It's hard to think of anything else with this fucking newspaper staring at me, taunting me. I close my eyes and attempt to force my brain back to the story.

White men in Alabama cancel women's rights.

I need more coffee to deal with this hell. I open my eyes and notice a young man staring at me. No.

"What are you writing?" He flips a mass of blond hair away from pale blue eyes.

"Not today."

He lets out a low whistle. "Why you have to be like that? Is it that time of the month?"

Pushing my chair back enough to stand, I walk past him towards the counter. I know he's following me, close enough I can smell his cheap pine scented aftershave. Sigh. I glance at him over my shoulder.

"I know what you want and I'm telling you no. I can't be clearer with you. No. I came here to write, not to get dick."

He lifts palms into the air as if surrendering to police and takes a step back from me. "It's like a sin nowadays if a man talks to a woman in public. It's too bad, you sound bitter and angry. You could use some dick in your life."

"Next," the barista says, and I step to the front of the line.

I'm trying to breathe, trying to calm the rage. *Don't stab him in the coffee shop. Don't stab him in the coffee shop.* I order my drink and step to the side, waiting and counting in my mind.

"I'll make you forget your own name," he whispers in my ear.

The barista places my coffee on the counter. "Is he bothering you?"

I shake my head and return to my table with coffee. The blond boy follows like a puppy and sits without an invitation. He grabs the newspaper and scans the headlines.

"I support this. It's about time they stopped women from killing babies."

No. Just no no no. I close my notebook and stuff it inside my backpack. "Men are all talk. Are you ready right now, right this minute?"

He smiles and nods. I sling the backpack over my shoulder and walk towards the door. Without turning, I say, "Are you coming or not?"

He follows me to the car and jumps into the passenger's seat of my Firebird, slamming the door shut to escape the rain. "Cool fucking car. I can't believe the hottest chick in town drives a sports car."

"You'd be surprised at the things women like if you just listen. Some of us even like to fuck." I gun the accelerator and the tires squeal as I turn onto RT 16. His eyes are on me and I wonder what's going on in that pea sized brain.

"Where are we going?"

"Somewhere private." I turn off the main road towards one of the public dams. "Nobody comes out here on rainy days, I can tell you that much."

I park and stomp the emergency brake into place. The rain increases in intensity and I wait, but the boy remains silent and staring. Another one that needs fucking training wheel help.

"Well, I'm waiting for you to make me forget my name. When's that gonna start."

"Ahh..." he stammers and tries pawing at my chest.

I sigh and motion for him to get into the back seat. "And take off all your clothes."

He does as I command with haste and in moments is naked on his back, knees bent trying to fit his tall body in the confines of my car. A rather mediocre cock salutes me and again I sigh before joining him.

"This isn't going to make me forget anything." I open my backpack and remove the items I require. I tie a rubber band around the base of his testicles, smiling when he yelps in pain.

"What are you doing?" he asks as I blindfold him.

"Do I have to explain everything? Are you a virgin?" I stroke him with my hands and wait for him to answer. He tries to respond, but only manages to shake his head in the negative. *Men*. "Well, did you bring a condom?"

"No, aren't you on the pill?"

A wave of anger passes over me and I squeeze until he screams. "Are you kidding? You're against abortion and don't have a condom?"

Grunting noises escape his lips as I continue to pull and twist his cock. Sweat forms on his temples and he grips the seat, knuckles turning white from the effort. I finally release him and smile when he groans in relief.

"Looks like I have to take care of everything."

I retrieve my knife and place the blade flat against his testicles.

"That's cold. Is it ice? You're a dirty..." he says, but I don't let him finish. I can't listen to another word escape his ignorant mouth.

I slice through his testicles with one quick cut, laughing as blood gushes from the gaping wound. Screams of agony and the stench of fear tickles my black heart. I smile as he thrashes in pain.

He presses both hands against the wound to stop the blood flow, but it's futile. Blood spurts through his fingers, his screams getting weaker as his life splashes onto the seats.

Leaning towards him, I press my lips against his ear.

"You shouldn't have worn that shirt. You were asking for it."

