

Dead Sexy

For Minke Amelia.

I remember the way Alexandra's baby pink underwear clung to her skin
and pushed her breasts up to meet. Her chest reminded me of a rolling
meadow squeezed between two hillsides.

She was so delicate.

Like a child.

Frightened by her own shadow.

White skin and her pale blue eyes.

Blue in the way I'd imagine a polar bear's longing eyes as it searched
the sea. Peering over the edge of a drifting iceberg.

I was a fish caught under her paw and everything went black.



A part of me resented the power a woman could have over me, using their sex to get what I thought was love, while I was doing the opposite.

I guess you ought to know I've always liked the idea of taking life easy.

Alex: the moment we met, the grin on her face seemed to ask me how easy I wanted to take things, and I'd have my feet up on a cushion with a fresh cigar in my mouth.

But my life so far, as easy as I tried to have it, well it had its share of speed bumps: The bruise around my left eye already turned purple. I caught this in my reflection, shining off Alex's black chrome PVC miniskirt. By the looks of it I needed a shave. If the Serge Gainsborough look ever came back in I reckoned I'd be set.

Red flecks popping up around my eye lids wet with bloody cuts.

A throbbing reminder of Minnie.

Minnie, who started speed-dialling my number as soon as I retreated from her. Minnie, to whom I'd promised to be faithful. When I checked my phone it was already 9pm and I had 7 missed calls from her. Then it died.

In case you're wondering, I had no plans for recharging it anytime soon. Once the wind and rain started, I was pretty much regretting leaving Minnie. You see I was only wearing jeans and a t-shirt. I guess it all gave my swollen eye a decent gloss. Music played from the open front door of a hostel.

How could I anticipate that Alex would be clinging to me two hours later as we felt our way through Central Park to her building? Her accent meant she could say anything and get away with it.

“Sa-hum, Sa-hum! Look et me!” She shook me against a stone archway in the bushiest part of the park. “You can fuck me. You can fuck meh friends.” She looked so serious. “I only want to know about et, yes?”

For midnight on a school night, it wasn't what I'd call dull.



To be honest I had trouble accepting myself. My recent default was hating myself. Now I'd stumbled in from the rain straight onto her table. Alex was part of the hostel's mixer and everyone there was three drinks ahead of me.

"I work for *American Express*," she said turning close to me. "You know et?"

I may have been failing college by day and dodging Minnie's kitchenware the rest of the time (but what did this chick take me for?)

I pretended to think hard.

"Uh, yeah!"

She giggled like she hadn't seen it coming. Steam from the hostel boiler heaters fogged the windows. Red, white and green lights cut through the haze, reflected on the street outside. I couldn't help

thinking she wasn't just staring at me but the purple shiner around my eye.

Speaking of earlier tonight and Minnie's attack, the last time I saw her was about three and a half hours ago. She was standing on the verandah of our house screaming at me not to leave. An eggbeater swung in her grip like it was one of Minnie's designer handbags.

That utensil dangled level with the raised goosebumps over her legs. Even under layers of generously applied bronzer, I could see she was more excited than angry.

Late nights kept catching up like a train wreck, Somehow her lips seemed plumper. Even so, she'd been fighting me over anything lately: A tactic she used to force our make up in the bedroom.

That kind of thing was becoming the only sex we were having. I didn't realise my face was bleeding until I noticed red drops of my own blood dripping off the egg-beater onto the wooden deck.

That wasn't going to wash out easily.

Now Minnie wanted to "make it all better".

The *me* who wanted to be Minnie's denim shorts with the rips, clinging like they were sculpted around her step-Reebok-ed hips. That was a world away from the feelings I was feeling about her now. I needed a drink to clear my head.

I have to confess about an hour and a bit later I was sipping on an ice cold beer like my girlfriend didn't matter anymore. At the same time I was wondering if Alex's laughter was the authentic mating call of the truly unexpected French giggle.



Kicking back at Alex's was a relief after bush whacking what she called 'ze Rumble'.

Not only because of the sofa.

Namely *her* sofa.

And it wasn't the cigar of hers I was enjoying either.

It was the view of the trees and bushes we cut through in the park outside.

35 floors below us outside.

This 'armless rumble' was the forest in Central Park.

Now it looked well, a lot tamer. Like the match sticks smouldering in her ashtray.

An ultimatum seemed due to college, and the more I thought about it, to Minnie as well. That house we lived and fought in, and then there was Minnie's dad. Since our house was actually his, and since I was also working for him, well it all started fading.

Shrinking.

Disappearing under Alex's fly-swat.

I've got to tell you, it only occurred to me right then and there that for someone who had Cuban cigars at the ready for houseguests I'd never actually seen Alex smoke.

I didn't realise we weren't alone there until her roommate walked out into the lounge room in a nothing but an oversized football jersey, wiping her eyes like she'd just woken up. Nobody I knew had friends that looked like Alex's. They were both impossible to ignore.

Alex's body perfectly framed outside the kitchen entrance popping the cork off of a dusty looking bottle of something or other. It was like I could hear the forest below us. Her body and ass, well it had a state of the art curve that reminded me of Minnie's sports car. I caught little glances back at me while Alex and that roommate of her's whispered to

each other in the kitchen. I was wondering if that roommate was German, French, or I don't know what.

The one thing I was sure of was those little looks.

Alex sure had taste when it came to music. That track playing on her stereo fit the whole scene like we were actors in a movie. Hidden speakers around the place drowned out the girls giggling in the kitchen looking at me as I tapped my one of my feet with the beat. Part of that conversation had to be about me.

I looked up from the stereo, and her roommate was standing right in front of me. Close enough to feel her cold breath against my face. I was wondering how she changed outfits so quickly: To call that strip of red tartan around her waist a skirt seemed like a stretch when it didn't do much more than tantalise her panties. Then her tongue locked me into her eyes, grey eyes, like moons under her black eyebrows.

A second ago she was talking to Alex way over in the kitchen. Up close her eyes were green. I know I could've been wrong but they were emerald and at the time I swore they were getting deeper. And they weren't just getting richer and deeper. I could hear her voice call out like she was a mile away from me, but she was right there caressing her top lip with her tongue from one end to the other.

“Kess me, Sam.” She knew my name.

I pulled away, but her eyes swirled larger.

Alex's words underneath that archway in the park told me everything I needed to know.

Technically, by Alex's own admission such 'kessing' wasn't exactly off limits. She only wanted to know about it.

“Uhm ‘ungry.” Roommate’s breathing deepened as she reached closer to my mouth. “Kess me!”

“Suki!” Alex called as she stepped towards us. “Ze wine!”

Her firm breasts pressed against my side as she handed me a ice cold bottle of imported beer. Her roommate, now revealed to be a Suki, withdrew. Her fingers crowded around the glass like she was dying of thirst. Her eyes locked on to me from behind the rim.

What I thought was French champagne was actually bright red.

Alex smiled at me. I smiled back and held her hand. Suki’s top lip was stained with a thick red moustache. I swear it was right then that her green eyes shifted back to grey.



From the moment I came to well I needed to spit.

The air tasted like dust.

I haven't passed out since I was seventeen and why was I naked?

"Kess me, Sam."

"Noh, kess me!"

Alex and Suki. It was like they were calling out in a huge hall. I couldn't see much of anything it was so dark, and their voices were deafening.

I turned over against the wood floor wondering what the hell was happening and what'd happened in the bits I couldn't remember.

I felt bruises all over my body.

The last thing I remembered was that drink Alex gave me (something told me they both knew all about Minnie).

My Minnie, who only wanted to hit me where it hurt for the thrill of coming together again. Wounded lovemaking in the master bedroom of

her dad's holiday house.

And I thought *that* was sick.

I turned on the floor. The back of my head hit the door behind me.

When I felt for the door handle I realised I was outside the bathroom.

The light switches weren't working anywhere like the fuses were out,
and tell me what chicks don't put a mirror in their bathroom?

"Kess us!" They called.

"Shut up!" I cried.

Crying at myself.

Alex and Suki's voices were only in my aching head.

My clothes, my dead phone, my wallet for God's sake.

All gone!

I started picking at the lock on one of the windows in the living room

outside. The more I concentrated on that window lock in the blindness of the dark. The more I felt a wave come over:

Alex and Suki were sleeping in a bed big enough to fit five people they were under red satin sheets. I thought I was only thinking it, but I was standing there like I was still picking the window lock.

You see, I could see it all like I was totally there: It felt warm, and I saw the walls (stone walls by the way) flickering with the orange light from candles on brass candle sticks bolted to these walls.

There was only one ornament hanging on that stacked stone wall that kind of reminded me of Stonehenge: a little gold framed painting of a woman dressed in an sort of old fashioned pink dress. It was hanging over my head. It stared at me in a way I've never experienced before or

since. That lady in the painting even looked like Alex looking straight at me. It made me feel naked, maybe because I *was* still naked. Naked and frozen from my head down to my wriggling toes in the warm fur of the bear skin rug. I was looking at the cuts and bruises all over myself under the light.

Enough light to see they had all of my stuff.

There was even a polar bear's head on the end of the rug looking up to me with his teeth out. Like a bear cave. Except that's when I realised the dripping wax off the candles down the stone was actually dripping up to the floating wood floor below us.

"Sa-um?" Shot Alex, propping herself out of that bed like she knew I was going to be standing right there with my dick hanging out for the chop. It was the way she whispered that she "only wanted to know, Sa-

um.” like she was going to say some more. But all she did was stare me down.

Then there were the shadows cast by the candlelights under us: *Eight feet under us* on the floor. Believe you me, you do not want to see Alex’s ugly face, especially when I realised we were all suspended upside down on the bear cave ceiling.



I fell up to the floor: back to that *living* room. The wood connected to me with a stinging shot.

Hell if I knew what was going on.

I'd cut myself on that lock.

Then the smell: the room started becoming clear. Like the chemicals coming together in an instant photo.

Details popped. This was their living room all right. Four windows. Where there were long dark satin curtains last night, now there was nothing.

The windows were painted in what felt like a matte paint, but the last one was half open blowing in freezing cold air. It wouldn't budge, either way I started to wonder if I could still squeeze through it. My

blood on the window lock popped like I couldn't ignore it. And with that, the room felt bigger and bigger. Like a warehouse, big enough to make your voice echo.

But it wasn't the room that was changing.

It was *me*.

Getting smaller and smaller.

Behind the bloody drips falling under that window something stopped me.

A paper thin strip crept over the sky from the open window.

Dawn light: Tiny flecks of orange peeked behind one of the buildings.

Like the blast radius of a nuclear explosion.

Alex and Suki.

Black webbed wings flapped wildly where my arms had been. I was hovering in a dark corner of the room.

Oh, they planned it alright!

The daylight crawling across the room was deadly - to vampires?

I'm a vampire bat that Alex and Suki infected.

And I also knew they were watching.

“Come on?” I screamed from inside. “I did not ask for this!”



Put Alex and Minnie in the ring: I give it no more than a round before Minnie's on the ropes and there's blood on that fight night floor. Alex dances backward into a baby pink boxing robe. The crowd stamps, and pants, and boos with every struggle Minnie puts in from the floor, faltered and crumbled to the ground. The referee counts to seven and keeps going.

I'm standing rows and rows back in the cheap seats. Air conditioners blow a gale from the ceiling but I'm still sweltering in the squeeze.

Minnie's skin glistens wet with sweat under the lights. Even with everything from the crowd I can still only just hear myself thinking things like "it serves her right."

And it does.

Except for when I see Minnie's angel face on the ground.

And I kind of wish she could see it too.

She looks so peaceful when she's unconscious.

Red stilettos heels step over her quivering body dripping life all over the ring.

But man, the body on that girl in the fringe stepping over Minnie.

Wet blow-dried hair down her shoulders in a blood red bikini.

It's Suki raising the K.O. placard to the crowd.

Right now it'd be safer being in the ring than this audience:
Everybody's teeth are out. Twenty thousand mouths wide open for blood.

Alex's longing eyes searched the sea. Peering over the edge of a drifting iceberg. I was a fish caught under her bear paw and everything went black.

