

## I Called Him Temptation: Day 11

I see him every day after class. Sometimes, I stay up at the college hours later just to see him at a time that works for him. Every time, every day, he's started "warning" me. He has become a bundle of contradictions, and it feels like he's playing mind games. He tells me to stay away from him, but he keeps finding me, that he's no good for me, but he doesn't want me with anyone else, that he wants to have sex with me, but that he can't have sex with me. Sometimes, I wonder if I made the right decision to keep talking to this dude. I wonder if I should tell Don everything, just confess a little, or lie. I don't know what to do.

And for some reason, I find Tino just that much harder to resist. Despite all of this, there still hasn't been a date. Instead, it's the same scene every day, except now there's a new scene. In the same place. The campus parking lot near the park has been where we spend most of our time. I tried to resist him, tried to keep my standards up and do what I told myself. No making out, no kissing, no sitting in this man's lap, no driving him around in my car, and absolutely no sex unless I break up with my boyfriend.

"We can do one of two things. Either we can make out or we can have sex. In your car." He took a sip of, what I'm sure is alcohol, from his blue bottle.

I buckled my seatbelt and looked out the window at professors and students walking to their cars. I thought about Don and what he might be doing. But I already knew what he was doing—sleeping. I looked back at Tino and his lips. I wasn't making out with him. Also, I wasn't not making out with him. I licked my lips.

"Are you gonna take me out soon or not?" I asked, but didn't look at him.

“Look, we can go out right now! Well, not right now,” He looked down at his pants and I shook my curls and made a face. “But right after this. Promise.” He said, grabbing my cheek.

“Why not now? And what?” I pulled his hand off my face.

“Because I—it’s part of the process. So you can climb in my lap or...why you got your seatbelt on?”

I shrugged and unbuckled it but still didn’t move. He patted his lap like he wanted me to jump onto it like a dog. My face heated up, and I shook my curls madly. Silently, I prayed for God to forgive me. I looked back at him, his eyes searing into me, waiting for an answer. Or an action. The invitation was tempting, but I promised myself not to do anything. No matter how badly I wanted to, there were too many red flags. *The contradictions! Mage, think about the contradictions!*

“Fine.”

And I thought about those contradictions as I wiped my sweaty palms down my pants. I thought about them as I put one leg across my cupholder and into his lap as he pulled me the rest of the way. I thought about them as he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to his chest. I thought about them as his lips found mine and gently tugged at them with his teeth. Forget the contradictions. I wanted this, too, and couldn’t lie to myself anymore. Just one time, but no sex, not in my car.

“Scratch my back and bite my neck,” He whispered into my ear. I did as he said and his breath grew heavier and grip on me tightened. I pushed away from him.

“Let go, let go. I need to get away.”

Things were getting too intense and we both wanted more, but I couldn't do it. I could feel it and so could he. This was all lust, no love. Slowly, he loosened his grip on me. I wiped my mouth and rubbed my neck where he'd left his mark on me.

“Shit!” Looking in the mirror, it was clear. I rubbed my neck as if it would go away and almost cried. Then he touched my arm, forcing me to look at him.

“Wait, so if I'm not your boyfriend, what am I?”

“I don't know, whatever you wanna be.” I side-eyed him for a minute, then said, “That's if you keep that promise you made.”

“Oh yeah! You right. Alright, I'll give you the directions.”

I couldn't keep from smiling as I followed his directions.

“We could date. Or fuck. Or be friends. Or friends with benefits. You pick.” He said in between directions as I drove. “Right here.”

I stopped the car. It was a park.

“Oh? So, you want to be my fuckboy?”

“Yeah I—wait, did you just say fuckboy?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Text me this! We gone talk about this TONIGHT! I gotta get to work Gimme a goodbye kiss first.”

“Say what?”

He was actually getting out like he was about to leave. He acted like he forgot about the date we were supposed to have right then. That was the place he wanted to take me to. A park. Who did this dude think I was? I slapped him until he grabbed my wrists to stop me. He put his face close to mine and I got scared. I knew he would hit me, I could feel it and closed my eyes. He squeezed a little tighter. I couldn't break free.

“Magenta.” I could feel his breath on my face and held my breath as I waited for his next move. “Magenta, you're better than this. You acting like my baby.”

I stared as he dropped my hands. He didn't hit me. He didn't do anything I expected. “His baby”? What did that even mean? I was still angry he just gave me directions to the nearest bus stop but couldn't move. My hands were in the same position he left them in. I was shocked, disappointed, and confused. Even as he kissed my cheek and stared at me with those big eyes.

“Next time, I promise. I'll make it the best date ever and make it up to you!”

That was a few days ago, but it sums up how every day has been going since. Well, minus the park and hitting. Today, I took a break from him. I didn't call or text. It was like a breath of fresh air, riding alone. Then he called. He keeps calling, but I'm leaving my phone on Do Not Disturb.