

I Called Him Temptation: Day 13 (Sunday)

I think I want to have an open relationship because I know I don't want to commit to Tino, especially after what happened the other day when our date was taking him to the bus stop. I don't think he'd commit to me anyway. I haven't told him this, yet, because things are already complicated. Plus, today is the day I end things with Don. The more I think about going out now, the sicker I feel. I can't help but play out the same scenarios and echoes of Tino's words in my head. *Has your man ever done this? He's never come up here? You said it yourself, you're with an ain't shit dude.* But what if Tino ain't shit, either? What can I do? What will I do?

To make matters worse, I have a hickey plastered on my neck from a couple days ago. How the fuck am I gonna hide that with a scarf without looking ridiculous? I never wear scarves, and even though it's fall, it's about 80 degrees outside. It's too hot for a scarf, but I throw on a light one, anyways.

Several times, I prepare to leave out, but I can't do it. I keep checking my phone for new messages from Don, picking up my car keys, and searching for the strength to head out. After a while, I just run to my car and start it.

I call his phone. After a few rings, Don picks up.

"Hey!" Hey says.

"Hey, hun."

"I can't wait to see you today! It's been awhile."

My heart beats faster. *More chill than Netflix. I can't.*

“Um...I can't either, haha.” My hands start shaking on the wheel. I haven't even pulled out the driveway. “Actually, I wanted to tell you something.”

He waits for me to tell him what's on my mind.

“Well? What is it?”

Just as I start speaking again, my voice starts to tremble. “Um, it can wait till later.”

“Oh ok, see you then.”

“Ok, bye.”

I take a deep breath and calm down before heading to his place. When I get there, I'm calmed down. Until he opens the door. He's wearing a wife beater, basketball shorts, and wavecap. Damn, I like this look.

“Hey, babe! Come on in.” He moves over and stretches his arm to the inside. I glance in then bite my lip. *If you go in, you'll just be Winnie the Pooh. Crop top, no pants, as usual.*

I look up at him and grab his hand. “Could we...could you actually come out here?”

“Sure, but why?” He steps out and closes the door.

“Less distractions.”

“So what'd you want to tell me? You know I love surprises!”

Not this kind. You're gonna hate this one so much. I don't even know if you can call it a surprise. Come on, Mage, just say it!

I sit on the steps and sigh.

“You know I love you, and, um...I haven’t been happy. It’s just...things are so different from how they used to be, and it’s only been 6 months! And I keep trying to get back to how we were, or something close to it, but I don’t think we’ll ever get there again. Not at this rate. I feel like all we do, when it’s just us, is have sex.” I feel tears in my eyes.

I brace myself for his response, clutching my scarf.

‘You aren’t happy with me?’

I shake my head.

“What’s wrong with the sex?”

I turn my head up and look at him in shock, but I stand firm. “Did you not hear what I just said?” I made my decision long ago, but my execution was cold. A phone call ending things, with my other half for a time, would have been easier.

“That’s all we do when we’re not with your friends or around my parents! Like there’s no dates. No fucking dates! Just sex and it...it makes me feel like a worthless piece of crap. I don’t want to be your little sex doll, I wanted to be your girlfriend.”

“No, no, I would never want you to feel that way. You’re beautiful, you’re not a piece of crap. Hey, how bout this? We can go on a date right now. Wherever you want.”

I run my hands over the black and pink puff on my head, shaking my head. The tears have turned into ugly crying. All this time I’ve been talking about one little date, and he’s acting like its news! I know where it would go after that. Fucking, then I would go home. It wouldn’t just be a romantic date and nothing more. He tries to hug me, but I push him away. I hide my face in my hands.

“I think we should break up.”

“What?”

I uncover my face. “We should break up.”

“What about the trip?”

“That’s months from now.” Months that I cannot handle without jumping off a bridge.

“So you want to take a break, take some time to figure things out?”

No! Breakup! Like not coming back to you, breakup!

I get mad at “figure things out.” I’ve already figured things out! I want a breakup! Then I think for a moment. Could me and Don make this work? Was a little time apart all we really needed? Slowly, I nod.

“Yeah. I think we should take some time for ourselves. I don’t know for how long, though.”

He was quiet, but I felt the anger emanating from him. After some nods and a half hug, I went back home.

“I’m seeing him tomorrow. Then I’ll break up with him and he’ll probably never talk to me again. But that’s ok, I wouldn’t expect him to.”

That’s what I’d said just yesterday. I had no idea it would be so hard though. It really hit me after he unfollowed me on everything. Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Snapchat. Everything.