



# Power of Three

Decota a Jaymes, Illustrated by Samantha Potter



You know I can tell youre looking at me. Didnt anyone ever tell you its not nice to stare? he said as he closed his laptop, sitting it on the table. I watched as he clenched his jaw. Oh can you now? I think I remember something along those lines. You may have to teach it to me again. I moved closer to him. Youre going to get in trouble, little girl. You are playing with fire. Well, trouble may need to be my middle name from now on. Im not doing anything. Im just sitting here. I moved a little more toward him. Baby, you have no idea what youre going to start. He grabbed me and pulled me onto his lap until I straddled him. Oh, Im definitely in trouble now, I thought. I could feel his erection. The heat and the wetness from my p\*\*\*y made me want way more than I even knew. Is it bad that I want you and Brett? That you both make me feel things I know I shouldnt be feeling? Help me. Help me find out what it is, I demanded of him, as I put my arms around his neck. Sweetie, Ill show you what it is, he replied and kissed me so powerfully that I forgot where I was. I was falling into a well of feelings that seemed to assault me. His lips moved over mine in a very dangerous way. I could feel his control slipping. His hands were all over me, almost tearing at my clothes. It felt more like a dream than reality. As fast as it had started, I was being pushed back on the couch. I cant control myself around you, Sof. I cant control this situation surrounding us, he said while gesturing between the two of us with his hand. As if John knew he had to defuse what was sure to turn into something that neither one of us were ready for, he nervously picked up his laptop from the couch and began walking toward the door, but stopped and looked at me with a look of hunger in his eyes. This wont happen again, I dont think I could stop myself if it did. Goodnight. The desperate cry of hopelessness filled the room, silent, yet spoken. I could feel tears bursting from my eyes, and the whole world had felt as if it had stopped. Discarded like a piece of trash, but I understood. What did I expect to happen? I knew it would only complicate things. I left it at that. I just couldnt help how I felt.

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