

## Kinkade



The guys who I dated, had sex with or otherwise, who were lucky enough to get me in bed, or, I got in their bed on my own, all said I even have a sexual way of putting on lotion., which I don't give a rat's ass if they were complimenting me or not because I don't need their stupid compliments.

The ones who were lucky I didn't get in their bed all said I look like a damn tomboy. Especially with the way I dress, they say it, but you know what? Fuck them too. They're just jealous I look cuter than them, when I wear a dress, which is not often. But I'll tell you what; they better not say that to my face, even if I do dress like a boy. Hell, I can dress the way I want. They don't buy my clothes.

I don't have a problem with the way I dress and my opinion on what I do is the only one that matters. What the hell does a tomboy look like anyway?

This one guy gonna try tellin' me to wear these mustard color jeans I wore once. 'Talkin' about how juicy they make my ass look. I told him I wear what I want to wear when I wear what I want to wear shit and not when he wants me to wear it. I'm not modeling shit for him.

After that, he got that telling me to wear shit straight out if his head because I dumped his ass, right then and there. I told him, " You almost had it good now you have no goods."

I used to call myself Good because I naively stood by and catered to whatever guy I was dating at the time but after being stood up more times than I want to remember, I said to hell with them. Now people can just call me Kinkade. That's my name.

That fool got to cryin' an' shit. Tryin'a get me to stay wit his ass.

First off, he went about it the wrong way. 'Talkin' about girls are so sentimental sometimes, easy to upset, moody as all hell and take advantage of a guy.

Well, I damn near lost it because, first off, I don't get sentimental. I guess that's the tomboy side of me. I'm easy to upset, stay moody as hell and I always take advantage of guys. Shit, they're always taking advantage of girls.



"Riddle me this," I continued, because frankly, I didn't have shit else to do or nowhere to go that day and he did have a warm bed, hard body and a hard dick, not to mention, he fed me and bought me some things.

"There are no riddles about me Maxine," he said, because that's the name I gave him when I met him, which he slid off his tongue like a damn sex crazed maniac and he was pissing me off.

I almost wanted to get out of his bed but I couldn't. Hell, every guy has some sort of a riddle to his life but since I was in a comfortable, but moody, warm place, I didn't push the issue or my departure right then.

"Okay so, appease me," I said, continuing my riddle question. "Why do guys always feel the girls they date have to have an hourglass figure and straight white teeth, and guys don't have to have the same?"

I asked the question because I could never understand that logic, as silly as it sounds and is true. Either that or my understanding may not be up to par with everyone else's, which I highly doubt. It's still some sort of riddle to me because I can't figure that shit out on my own.

"That was stupid," the asshole responded.

"And your ass is dumb," I said, mainly because that's how I am and I couldn't find anything else to say. Then I left.

I mean, who the fuck was he to judge me or any other girl who doesn't have an hourglass figure and straight white teeth?

Ok, so, I had sex with a dead guy's ghost and it was some of the best sex I ever had but fuck that guy. He can't judge me.

I admit, girls do dumb shit like, being attracted to guys who do dumb shit and every time we see a guy wearing nice clothes we get all giddy and shit, with no explanation, not to mention being attracted to ghost but whatever. We're not dumb in the literal sense.

Girls may be a little further out there when it comes to being vulnerable but guys do silly shit all the damn time like, getting fucked up looking tattoos for some stupid ass status that doesn't mean shit and nobody says anything to them about it.

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