

I stepped off the train and onto the platform. It was 8:20.

The walk to the restaurant was about 5 minutes. Our date wasn't until 8:45 so I had time to kill. I didn't like being late. I also didn't like being early.

Waiting makes me anxious but I'd either be waiting at home or waiting here, so I chose here. I don't like to show up to dates smelling like smoke, but I was starting to bite my nails. I didn't want him to see me with chewed up nails so replaced my biting with a cigarette. I lit the cigarette and started walking to the restaurant. I made sure to hold the cigarette far away from me when it wasn't between my lips so I wouldn't smell more than I needed to.

I was staring at a billboard with the lottery numbers on it. It was at 130million. I wondered if I had that money if I'd be bothering to go on this date right now.

I don't know why I went on most of the dates that I did. Probably for the free food or the feeling of being wanted. A honk interrupted my wandering thoughts. The pedestrian sign had turned from a red hand to a white walking man symbol. I ashed my cigarette and walked across the crosswalk.

When I arrived at the restaurant, he was there. I smiled and awkwardly hugged him. He smelled like must and cheap cologne. I would've rather he smelled like stale cigarettes. I wondered if he was wishing I smelled like cheap perfume.

As dinner went on, I ate my food and wished it was better, more expensive, more filling. I studied my date. His face was unshaven; his nails were too long and had dirt caked underneath them. He obviously didn't care to look presentable for me.

He paid the bill. That was the most satisfying part of the night.

He drove us back to his place. A yellow house with a white roof. The paint was cracking. He struggled to get his key in the door. He smiled at me once it was in and made a joke that would've been funny if he wasn't so bad at fucking.

I felt empathy for his door as he fucked me. I would never go through this again, but his door would have to be mauled and manhandled by him every day for the rest of its life.

He fell asleep shortly after. I gathered my things and left. I closed the door lightly behind me and shivered at the sight of the keyhole. I opened my bag to get another cigarette. I was out. I walked to the corner store. I bought a pack of parlaments and a lottery ticket. I wouldn't win and I wouldn't stop fucking men who treat my pussy like a janky doorknob just because they bought me dinner.