

'Hey bud. What kind of spell you putting over her? The fun's over here hun.'

I provided the least amount of smile I could to let them know I acknowledged what they said. All that ran through my head is the lack of empathy I had for struggling men like them. Maybe if you tried to be a little more conservative you'd have better luck. Walking around town like you run it, being the loudest one in the room, or being so straightforward about sex doesn't get you your way. Girls see that displayed on the streets and at work constantly. Being content with yourself with or without a woman is attractive. Then, they are more likely to want to be a part of whatever you have going on. Instead, you choose to be the guy they end up with. My train of thought was interrupted. Emily pulled out a notepad, less to take to my order, more to help buy time. I picked up on the song change. Shigeo Sekito with a song titled the word II. His choices in bland yet charming notes perfectly expressed the mood I was in. Beautiful and depressed with hope pushing through the cracks. That's the pocket I liked to take shelter.

'How come you never drink liquor? Just not your taste?'

'Not at all, I don't mind a Captain and Coke. But I know myself well enough that I'll end up having too many...and then booom.' I leaned my head back in slow motion and brought it forth, 'It all hits at once and the original 3 hours I was to spend at the bar turns to 1 with a throbbing headache and stomach pain waiting for me in the morning.'

'Ha, I've never met someone so calculated with their drinking. You think too much sometimes.'

'It's my best and worst trait.' I replied.

I caught her thinking for a few moments, I minded my business till she was ready.

'With all of the shit men that I've seen, I'm surprised we never got together.'

'Damn, I'm sure there was a more polite way to say that.' I chuckled. 'Small chips and spinach dip by the way. No rush.'

She didn't write the order down but instead looked up to the ceiling, in thought.

'No, no, no. I apologize. I meant I've given such see-through men chances after a few conversations. We've been talking every night and we seem to get along fine. You're a handsome guy. We share plenty of laughs. I wonder why...'

I had to stop myself from the obvious temptation. At the end of the day, I was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Just like any other man I'd love to take her home and see what would come from all of it. Deep down I just didn't feel the opportunity that I gave other woman would connect with her. If that makes any sense. You've seen how I spend my nights. You know me personally. I just think we're on different paths. What you want is something I don't think I can provide. I know exactly how I could pull the best from you but I don't think you are capable of pulling the same from me and that is my fault, not yours or anyone else's. Something I must work on. That is why I drink, I suppose. I jumped in to save the conversation, smiling.

'I can't tell if you're seriously considering it or not.' It was the safest response I could give. A volley to see what she would do with it.

'Me neither.' She sighed.

And that was that. I chose to leave it there, motionless, for her to sleep on.