

Afterparty

by H.T. Yim

I wake up to everything shaking, my head pressed against the frame of the bed, the frame repeatedly hitting the wall.

Wha – earthquake?

I open my eyes as wide as possible, trying to blink away the sleep and make sense of everything through the darkness, and know I'm not alone.

There's someone on top of me, shifting back and forth, their skin hot against mine.

You've woken me up with some morning oral action in the past – never sex, which is a little weird. And except it's not morning. But hey, I'm not complaining. I reach up to hold you, and start moving back.

Just as I start getting into it, realization hits me and it's like blood is literally being drained from my fingertips. *Chris went home for the holidays.*

You are not Chris.

'What the fuck?!' I try to get up but you keep going, slamming your weight down on me. I push you, hard, and finally you get off.

'What?' You're panting. Your tone is nonchalant and slightly annoyed, as if I've interrupted you. Your voice is somewhat familiar, but I still don't know who the fuck you are.

I swing my legs over the bed and rush to the door. I turn and hit the lights, and it takes me a moment to recognize your face.

You're the chick from last night's party. The chick who kept trying to cling onto my arm even when I said to stop, that I have a girlfriend. The chick Rob refers to as 'the hottest piece of ass' he's ever seen. The chick who's fucked Jim – and Mike and Jason and Tommy and God knows how many more from the frat.

'Get out.'

You actually scowl at me. ‘What’s your problem?’

Incredible, audacious, un-fucking-believable is what you are. *This is unreal.* ‘Are you fucking kidding me? I told you I have a girlfriend. I told you I’m not interested. And you just come in and start *fucking* me as I’m sleeping?!’

You actually roll your eyes at me. ‘God, it’s just some harmless sex. Stop being such a pussy.’

I’m shaking and I can’t control it. I’ve never hated anyone, never visualized bashing anyone’s face in and sending blood and teeth down their throat – until now.

‘GET THE FUCK OUT!’

You jump off my bed and have the decency to look scared – maybe you’re not a complete sociopath, after all. You grab some clothes off the floor and run out the door. I slam it shut behind you, and try to think.

What will Chris say? Would she break up with me? I look down at my dick and see no condom.

Holy fuck. Oh, Jesus Christ.

I try to calm down but it’s impossible. All the stats from Bio are running through my head. Genital herpes: 1 in every 6. Hepatitis B: 1 in every 20. Chlamydia: 1 in every 15 for sexually active adolescent females. HIV: 6 in every 1000.

I try to tell myself it’s illogical, that it’s moot to panic before getting tested, but I’m already imagining my life with HIV. How much do the drugs cost? Will my insurance cover it?

Somehow, I get myself across the hallway to the washroom. My hands are still shaking as I climb over the bathtub ledge and turn the hot water knob as far as it’ll go. I’m aware venereal diseases can’t be boiled away – but I still feel like trying.

I stand there wincing as I let the water scald my crotch, and know I won’t go back to sleep. I wonder if I can just go to emergency and get tested now – what would I even tell them? – or if I should wait until morning.

My chest heaves. I place one hand against the mosaic wall, the other over my mouth.

I think I’m going to throw up.

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