

Tin Shack

by Nikki Moen

Always he brought a new girlfriend – as she brought a new man – to each party, each drunken gathering. She frequently ignored his presence, although their mutual friends were constantly calling to him for his twisted insight. His exploits were a popular topic. On occasion, she let slip that she disliked him, but it never seemed to phase him in the slightest.

Almost from the moment they met, they had been at each others throats. He was an oil rig worker who dressed almost dapper, with his hair a constant mess and his young-looking face full of slight sneers, and she hated the fact that she was attracted to him. They seemed to have almost nothing alike in their personalities, and the first night at the Tin Shack years ago seemed almost mystical to her as she looked at him now.

“You do like it though,” He said, and grinned.

His upper teeth were slightly crooked, and somehow that made him simultaneously appealing and antagonistic, and she was sick of this debate.

“You always come up with the same shit. You always make that same muted fucking point, over and over, and it’s not even based on fact.”

“Its just my opinion.” He said.

“Yeah, well, your opinion doesn’t count for shit.”

“I think it does a little. I think it bothers you that I think that way about women because that means I might not be attracted to you. Am I right?”

“That has nothing to do with anything, especially not the fact that you have a sick preference for..bean...pole...twig...skeleton women with flat chests, its how you seem to think that should be the standard for all of us, when *obviously* that’s impossible.”

He started to laugh and shook his head, saying she had misunderstood him. Even at that, he didn’t seem to care. He stood up from his seat and crossed to the bar, still laughing, as she pretended not to be disappointed. She pretended to look anywhere but at his beautiful retreating frame, almost as smallish and petite as her own.

She got up as well, steering herself to the barely lit ladies restroom through the heavy smoke that filled the place. Her thoughts were on the tattoos on his hands, and the size and shape of his hands themselves. This was something that made it hard to go about her business, and as she looked up to the framed pictures on the walls her eyes settled on a series of dusty lithographs. She recognized the pictures from old fairy tales; three scenes about a fox and a rabbit.

“Why are you eating me, Mr. Fox? You promised you wouldn’t,” she muttered to herself as she swung open the bathroom door. “Because I am a fox, Mr. Rabbit.”

With that she wobbled slightly on her feet, laughing. She caught herself and turned to shut the door, only to see him watching her from the bar.

It was past midnight before she looked around, beyond the immediate nucleus of their arguing twosome. They had long ago moved from the table to the stools to continue the age-old conversation, and she suddenly realized that their companions were no where to be seen.

“Why did your date go?” she asked him.

“She left with your bloke, don’t you remember? They looked pretty peeved too, what with all the glares and such,” he said as he tipped back his bottle. “Not a second too soon, either. He seemed to be kind of a twat.”

She blanched, then started to smile in spite of herself.

“Yeah well, don’t get too uppity there, you with your St. Pauley girl.”

“Hey, a St. Pauley girl isn’t half bad.”

“‘Tis half bad been you’re half her height!”

“Hugging a girl twice your height ‘tishn’t half bad either!”

He was smiling into her eyes as well as into her face, and she grew delirious. She supposed her date had no interest in her any longer now, and at any rate, she didn’t care. It had been years of disliking this man while attracted to him, and now he was finally showing interest in her.

“I’m just a bad man, I guess.”

“Ah, you’re not so bad.”

He looked at her and smiled, then scooted her and her stool closer. “You don’t think so? After ever-y-thing you know about me? Not a bad man?”

“Hold that thought. Let’s get a few liquors,”

“I think there has always been an attraction here. Like I’ve always known you.”

“You haven’t always known me. I only moved here five years ago.” He placed his hand on her knee. She felt almost shivery now, and transparent, as if everyone in the crowded, noisy bar could see them. As if everyone in the Tin Shack could see her thoughts.

“Yeah, ‘cause your family was here before you,” he said.

He was still looking at her. She finally made eye contact, and smiled. “Yes, there’s always been an attraction here.”

Two hours later, they headed out to their cab with arms linked. He helped her onto the leather seat before sliding in beside her.

“Third and Main,” he said to the driver, as she caught her breath.

“Hey.” He whispered to her.

“Hey.” She whispered back.

“Remember that girl, Monica? That one I really fancied a few years ago?”

She stiffened for a moment. “Yeah?”

“You told her not to date me. You warned her to stay away from me and told her some stories, right?” His face was slightly dark.

“Yeah... well, I feel bad about that. I didn’t know that you really liked her.”

He looked at her a moment longer, then smiled. “I think it’s because you wanted me all for yourself.” He whispered. Turning her face toward his and kissing her, slowly, with his hand stroking her cheek.

Once they were inside his home, he pulled her to him with more force than men usually used with her. He kissed her and smiled in the moments in between, and looked at her as she trembled, as she tried to hide that she was trembling.

He slide off her shirt and then her bra, and bit her shoulders slightly. He pulled off his shirt and pressed their bodies together, pulling her underneath him. His tongue slid up her chest, and when he heard her heavy breathing, he did it again. She watched him, amazed,

as he kissed her all the way down her body, down to her stomach, and let him slide off her pants. He bent her legs at the knees and opened her thighs.

“Um, you don’t have to do that.” She insisted.

He paid no attention to her words or slight evasive movements. Several times, she tried to pull him up, but to no avail. She was embarrassed, but even more excited, and could think of nothing but the fact that she was there in the room with him, in this position. His mouth was everywhere, his eyes closed. She pushed his hand down between her legs as well, but it didn’t seem enough.

“But... but I want *you*.” She said.

He rose up on his knees and looked at her, and his eyes seemed glassed-over, far away. He began to undo his belt, and then pull himself out. She almost began to protest as he lifted her body up from the bed and onto him.

She took in a breath sharply, but he exhaled. His embrace was almost as tight as a vice, lifting and pushing into her as he was. His breath was in her ear. He laid back down and gripped her hips, grinding up into her, pulling her back and forth. The friction of her against his skin caused her to place her hands against the wall.

“I can’t believe... I can’t believe this is happening.” She gasped.

He looked up at her face and half smiled.

“Especially...since...since I am your cousin.” He replied.

He watched her eyes widen in shock, and again an instant later as she came. He gripped her hips tighter to him as he felt her muscles contract.