



The
Chronicles
of
Moxie

Z. B. Heller

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THE CHRONICLES OF MOXIE

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Formatting: Polgarus Studio www.polgarusstudio.com

To my Moo.
Thank you for helping me
bring out my Moxie.

mox·ie
'mäksē/
noun informal
noun: moxie

1. force of character, determination, or nerve

“She wore that fugly dress? Boy, she’s got a lot of moxie!”

Prologue

My name is Moxie Summers. I'm sure one wonders why the hell a parent names their child Moxie. The story goes something like this. When my mother was pregnant with me, she constantly had morning sickness up until she gave birth to me. I also gave her gestational diabetes, major heartburn, kicked her ribs and sat on her bladder so she constantly had to pee. Therefore earning the name for the spawn that she bore.

I'm 5'7", have long red hair and gray blue eyes. They say that the eyes are the windows into your soul. If that's the case, people had better be able to handle the head case that they see within my soul. I am beautiful, sexy, and a size sixteen. I've never been self-conscious about my curves in the past. They just give a man a little extra flesh to grab onto when we are in the throes of passion.

With that explanation out of the way, my name is Moxie and I am being punished.

Thump, thump, thump.

Apparently, the man above me thought that me squeezing my eyes shut meant an orgasm was near. It really meant that I hoped my brain wasn't being thrown around too much and cause me a concussion.

There I was, laying there, in a bed with a mattress that was approximately 40 years old. The box springs squeaked so loud, the noise could easily have been mistaken for barking dogs, well...more like injured barking dogs. The sheets felt like they had not been washed in about two months and I believe I just saw a spider crawl across the pillow. Wait, was that a half-eaten sandwich underneath me?

"Oh, Moxie baby, are you ready to come?"

"Umm..."

What I really wanted to say was when earth freezes over, your dick grows about 3 inches and gains about an inch in girth. I believe the name pencil dick was coined for this man. Joel lay on top of me pushing my body into the squeaking mattress. The hair on his legs and chest was coated in sweat, ruining my beautiful triple D lilac Wahcoal bra. I was going to have to run my next wash on high heat with extra detergent.

It was time for a choice to be made. Unfortunately, it involved faking an orgasm. Here are my thoughts about faking an orgasm. It takes way too much energy. This is energy that should be used for an all-out fuck fest. The kind of fucking that leaves you almost breathless and in pain. In order to perform a perfect faker, you have to practice your "oooo's and ahhh's" to gain a certain pitch. Luckily for me, I took improv classes, so faking was my specialty.

"Oh, baby. Yeah, do it harder," I moaned in my best fake-moan voice.

In my head: *No, seriously, do it harder.*

"Oh, I think I'm coming," I cried out in my best seventies porno voice.

Again, in my head: *Did I remember to rotate my laundry?*

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I screamed as he did this ridiculous pumping motion into my body.

Finally, in my head: *Oh, I have leftovers from that amazing dinner Renee and I went to last night. Score!*

I believe I pulled off an Oscar-worthy performance. I just hoped Joel didn't realize I faked it, but I had two thoughts about that. One, I didn't think he ever felt a woman really orgasm, and two, his penis wasn't large enough to feel an earthquake. Then I heard something that kind of sounded like a dying cow. I was ready to go find the barn it'd come from and provide CPR, but realized it was Joel finishing his triumphant release.

Joel was what I would describe as mediocre. He would be the equivalent of going to Wisconsin Dells, when really you wanted to go to Disney World. I met him through my stepmother, who thinks

she is the wisest and smartest Jewish matchmaker in Chicago. We refer to these as “Yentas” otherwise known as psychotic women with nothing better to do.

When I met Joel, he took me out to dinner at Chili’s. What date can you possibly take seriously when they take you to Chili’s? Maybe if I were still in high school, I would have thought it was the Ritz Carlton, but as a twenty-six-year-old adult, it was a disappointment. To add insult to injury, he suggested we split the check. Our conversation during dinner was a little mundane and went something like this:

Me: So, you’re in finance. That must be exciting.

Joel that Blows (my nickname for him for the purpose of this dialogue): I guess so. I didn’t know what I wanted to major in college, so I picked something.

Me: Well, do you have a passion for anything?

Joel that Blows: My main interest in college was smoking a shitload of pot.

Me: Then maybe you should have gone into botany or horticulture.

Since it was early spring and the weather was warming up, we walked to his apartment building which was in Bucktown. When we got there, I had every intention of heading back to my place, until Joel asked if I would like to see his Bar-Mitzvah pictures. I knew what this really meant. It was cool for I want to have sex with you, but I’m using my sad excuse of a childhood milestone to lure you in. The last thing I wanted burned into my brain was a picture of a thirteen-year-old with braces and acne. However, being that I hadn’t had sex in a while, I figured this was a chance to feed the angry beaver.

We entered his apartment, which looked like someone vomited up a dorm room. There were clothes on the floor, a laptop on a desk, with what looked like a half-eaten burger next to it. His couch seemed to be a hand-me-down from his grandma or a steal from a dead neighbor. The carpet had cigarette burns in it, which I figured were from previous tenants, since Joel didn’t smell like smoke. Unless the heavy drenching of cologne was masking it.

Ok, I realized that I hadn’t stumbled upon gold here, not even bronze. But I was horny and my beast was getting restless. So I did what any ladylike woman would do. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, prayed to the sex Gods, and jumped towards him, knocking him down onto his moth-infested couch. This is what led me to where I am now.

After sex, I always like to do a post-sex recap like ESPN Sports Center, with my pussy as the lead quarterback. As I lay in Joel’s slimy sheets, I thought about what my newscasters would say.

“In tonight’s game we had a horrific tragedy that just might put our lead player out of commission.”

“Yes John, I agree. Did you see the size of the balls he was playing with? I know squirrels with bigger nuts than those!”

“I can’t believe he tried to perform the backdoor play. What was he thinking?”

“John, I don’t think you can score a touchdown with a cocktail-sized frank.”

Joel’s sprawling stretch brought me back from my play-by-play. I had to question whether he wore any form of deodorant. The odor coming from his pits smelled like a McDonald’s Egg McMuffin. I could now cross those out from my breakfast options.

“Oh, baby, that was so good.” He sighed as he rolled onto his back and ran his hand over his balding hair.

Exactly what planet was he on? It certainly couldn’t be earth, or in this bed. I simmered, staring at the ceiling, wondering which one of my fantasies I would be using later with my handy-dandy

vibrator, Carl. Yes, I named my vibrator Carl. I needed a name to scream out during an orgasm, and Carl seemed sophisticated. That was when I thought about something that could be a solution. Well, for me anyway.

“Maybe we can bring in some sex toys, like a large, thick dildo,” I said softly. But I didn’t get so lucky. He heard me.

“Gross! Don’t say dildo,” he said with a disgusted look on his face.

Did I mention that Joel was not a fan of dirty talk or anything that seemed dirty in his mind? I tried to spice things up during our coupling, mainly because I was bored out of my mind. I threw out phrases like ‘ride me hard’ or ‘blow your load’, only to be shushed by the dirty-talk police.

Joel turned his head to me. “I’m all the pleasure you need. Why the hell would you want to do that?”

Retreat, retreat! Mayday, Mayday! What I was really thinking about was the Subway jingle, a dollar footlong. At this point I’d pay 1000 bucks for a foot-long.

“Well, I’m not into that kinda stuff. What’s the purpose of getting something that will do exactly what I do to you now? That idea is so lame,” he snarled.

Stay silent, stay silent. Don’t let the crazy out of my head and into my mouth. At this point, I would come out to be verbal diarrhea, and I would just have to clean up the mess along with all the tact I had left. I stretched. “I’m super-tired now. You know, long day at work and then meeting up with you...”

I’m going to hell for all my lies. I just pray the devil has a bigger dick than this guy.

“Ok, well, I’ll just put on my underwear and we can go to sleep,” he said.

Underwear? Who says underwear, unless it’s your old Aunt Phyllis?

“You know, I have a huge day tomorrow, with a field trip and shuffling around twenty kindergarteners. I should really get a good night’s rest and I know that you’ll want round two and three tonight.”

Who’s coming with me to hell?

“Yeah, that’s fine. I’ll call you tomorrow and see if we can do round two and three tomorrow night,” he said.

Can a person sprout a larger penis overnight? I thought that was only Pinocchio’s secret power. “Right. I think this whole week is going to be tied up. I have to go visit my grandma in hospital.”

Does hell have cookies? I really hope so, since I will be there for a long, long time.

“I didn’t know your grandma was in hospital. Anything I can do to help?”

If you want to go to the cemetery, unearth her body and put her in a hospital bed to cover up my lying, then sure.

“Oh, that’s really sweet, but totally unnecessary. She’s very frail. Skin and bones, you know,” he responded, thinking of my poor grandma laying in peace in the ground.

“Well, give me a call when things settle down so we can go out again and work it like rabbits.”

Oh my God, he officially scared me. Did they make disinfectant for cleaning my ears after they heard something completely disgusting?

“Umm, sure,” I croaked as I got up and picked up my clothes from the floor. With that, I got dressed and walked out of his place, taking my little cotton tail with me.

Chapter One

I walked into Montgomery Elementary with coffee in one hand and a donut in the other. My work bag was falling off my shoulder due to the amount of work I was supposed to get done in the time I wasted with Tiny Tim.

Montgomery Elementary was a kindergarten through fifth grade school. It was an older school, but it had charm – if you didn't mind the asbestos seeping from the walls. It was my first job after college, and at the time I couldn't be picky. I had a choice: either get a job quickly, or be an endangered slave to my stepmother and her boutique. I'd rather shovel horse shit for the rest of my life.

My best friend and fellow teacher Renee spotted me slipping into my classroom and followed me in. Renee was tall, had auburn hair, and was thin, the type of girl you would see getting nominated to be prom queen in high school. I, however, was the type of girl who would have been pulling a Carrie-like prank on her, pouring the pig blood over her head from behind stage. Yes, that's right, I'm classy.

I met Renee on my first day of teaching here five years ago. She had come into my classroom to borrow tape for her Garfield "Hang in there" poster. If I remember correctly, our conversation went something like this:

"Hi, I'm Renee. I teach fifth grade down the hall. Can I borrow some of your tape?"

"Sure. I'm Moxie. Obviously the new kindergarten teacher."

"Is that a chocolate chip muffin on your desk, next to the People Magazine?" Renee asked.

"Yup. I was reading about Heidi Klum and how she lost her baby weight in two weeks by eating nothing but kale. So I decided to start my own diet of chocolate chip muffins and see if I could put off the baby weight she lost."

"That's one way to rebel at society."

"That, and I plan on killing her in the middle of the night."

"Do you want me to bring the rope and duct tape?"

From that point on we became inseparable. She was the Bonnie to my Clyde, the apple to my sauce, and the chocolate to...well, everything.

Renee stood in the doorway, eyeing my donut, knowing the true meaning behind the tasty morsel. "There is a donut in your hand, which means something bad happened. Which also means you have 30 seconds to tell me what it was before the bell rings," she said.

"If you ever tell my evil stepmother I'm eating a donut I will officially disown you. She already gives me enough shit about my diet habits and my size."

My stepmother Martha and I had a complicated relationship. Most of it was due to my weight. She had always been stick-thin, and the fact that I was not dampened the prospects of suitors in my life. This would also spoil the chances of a house full of grandchildren to taunt like she did me growing up.

Yes, I was a little thick through the hips, but I decided to love my curves instead of obsessing about them. I believed in being a strong confident woman who enjoys her chocolate donuts. If there were any skinny bitches out there that had a problem with it, I would squish them between my DD knockers. So I kept telling myself.

"I won't tell her. She would only lecture me that I need to come over and eat since I'm too skinny. Something about it being the job of a Jewish mother to make sure everyone gets fed enough, even Shiska."

"Yes, she has to make sure the whole world is fed. She has, however, threatened to wire my mouth shut," I explained.

"Isn't that abuse?" Renee asked.

"Not if my looks get in the way of catching Mr. Right and having many grandkids." I shrugged.

suggesting that I really didn't care.

"So what happened to you last night?"

I couldn't help but squirm at the question. I was recalling Joel's bad breath when he attempted to whisper sweet nothings into my ear. Something about having sunshine stream through my hair.

"Really, there isn't much to tell. Martha set me up last night with one of her Mah Jong friend's son."

Renee rolled her eyes. "Why do you insist on going on these dates that Martha sets up? We have been through this before and we have decided that plucking out your pubes one by one would be a better choice."

Renee was right, and in this case I would have plucked out an entire bush full of hair. "Well, I ended up sleeping with him anyway. I haven't gotten laid in a long time and ivy was starting to grow on the Golden Wall."

This was true. I hadn't seen any action for a while and I was wondering if my parts were in working order. Yes, I had my collection of vibrators at home, but it's always nice to feel another human being give you an orgasm instead of something with batteries. That and the fact that batteries are becoming a way too expensive.

The bell rang and the kids started straggling in one by one. Renee slipped past the kids, but pointed to me on her way out. "We are so not finished with this conversation," she said, and walked to her class.

I have been teaching kindergarten since I started working at the school. They say it takes a special person to work with kindergarteners. I, however, think I'm mentally ill. Although, it does warm my heart to see my kids grow up into young adolescents and know that my teaching didn't send them into therapy for the rest of their lives.

"Ok everyone," I waved my hands in the air like I was trying to land a 747. "Put your stuff in your cubbies, then come have a seat on the carpet for morning meeting."

Twenty little bodies scurried around the cubbies like a pack of dogs that lost their tails. I called that area "the cock fight pit" because every day the kids would try to get their favorite hook. They would peck at each other until the final cock won, which was usually Drake Finley. Let's just say that is a kid you wouldn't want to be alone with in a deserted alley. I truly believed that he was a seventh grader disguised as a kindergartner.

Finally, we were all in place and I could start teaching about some very important life lessons. Such as, be kind to each other, take responsibility for your things, and get Miss Summers her Snickers bar that's sitting on her desk.

"I hope everyone had a great weekend," I said in an animated voice. "Why don't we share what you did this weekend to start our morning meeting? Andrew, why don't you start us off?"

Andrew is a little ginger-haired boy with freckles that blur together to look like he just got back from Mexico with a nice tan. "I went to the zoo with my mom and my brother. But my brother peed on his pants, so we couldn't stay that long," he said with a hint of a lisp.

"Well, I hope you got to see some interesting things while you were there," I replied, remembering that Andrew's brother was ten.

A little girl named Riley shot her arm in the air and waved it around like she was having some kind of epileptic seizure.

I pointed at the flaying child. "Riley, what did you do?"

"My mom took me to Vagina," she squeaked. "She likes to go down there a lot."

I tried not to seem outraged. "Do you mean Virginia?"

"I said Vagina; it's one of the fifty states. Geez, Miss Summers, you should know that, you're our teacher!"

“Yes, I suppose I should,” I exhaled, while rolling my eyes.

~~“Miss Summers?” asked a little blonde girl, Katie. Katie is my kindergarten nemesis.~~

“Yes, Katie?”

“You know, those shoes you are wearing are made from leather. Leather comes from cute little cows. Did you know that you’re wearing dead cow?”

The whole room erupted in a chorus of “Ewww.”

“Katie, it’s all about the circle of life,” I said.

“You mean like the Lion King?” She looked at me with excitement.

“Yes. Do you remember what happened to Simba when he became too inquisitive with his uncle Scar?”

“Scar had the wildebeest trample over his dad, Mufasa,” she responded.

“Do you know what my favorite animal is, Katie?”

“A cute lion cub?” she asked.

“No, a wildebeest.” Katie’s eyes grew and she had nothing more to add to the conversation.

“All right, everyone, good morning meeting. Let’s go over why sticking your fingers in your nose can cause your friends to become sick one more time.”

The rest of the day flew by relatively fast. I suppose that is what happens when you have twenty kids, all with attention deficit, to teach. We were able to do a lesson on the letter P, until Riley came up with the example of pussy for a word that starts with P. That was when I surrendered and offered free choice for the rest of the day.

I was eager to go out with Renee for a drink and confess about my night out with Slim Jim. I started cleaning up the room and was putting papers in my bag when the principal, Mrs. James, came into my classroom.

“Hey, Mrs. James.” I held my hands in the air. “Whatever it is and anyone who said I did it, I plead the fifth.”

I was lucky to work with an amazing principal. Mrs. James was a fifty-year-old mother of three teenage boys. The words boobs, babes and butts were featured in her daily conversations at home. She was also extremely smart and loved the school like a fourth child. She often had the best gossip.

“Moxie, as much as I would love to tell you that I have gossip on the music teacher, sadly, that isn’t the case.”

I had a quick mental image of Mr. Carmichael trying to stick his penis into the hole of a guitar. Gross.

“We have a new student starting on Monday and he will be coming to your class,” she finally said.

Great, another rug rat with snot dripping out of his nose, sticking his hands down his pants to “pet his alligator”.

“Lovely,” I replied. “Does this child have any special needs? Any peanut, latex, pencil shaving or carpet mite allergies?”

“Don’t be a smart ass. He’s coming from a tough situation. His mom died last year and they are moving here from Maine,” she said with a sullen expression.

“There are actually people who live in Maine? Huh, I thought that was an old wives’ tale.”

“Do you really have carpet mites?” She glared.

“Touché, Mrs. James.”

“His name is Dillion and he’ll be here Monday,” she concluded as she left.

I finally grabbed my stuff and headed to Renee’s room. Poor Renee teaches 5th grade and always has some story to share after a long week. Last week’s story was about her catching a group of girls in the bathroom feeling each other up to see if their breasts were developing. I would never have been one of those girls, considering my boobs were fully developed at the age of five.

“Ready to go? I’m dying to get a drink at Dickies,” I said as I walked into her classroom.

Renee looked a little green in the face, sitting at her desk.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“It happened again,” she sighed as she stared at the front of the class.

“No!”

“Yup! Paul stood in front of the class, giving his report with a huge boner sticking out,” she said and she turned her head to glance at me, looking for support.

“Shit.” I sighed. “How does he not recognize that it is socially unacceptable to stand in front of a group with a raging boner? Well, unless you’re at a strip club and you’re trying to get a Ben Franklin into some guy’s g-string.”

“I don’t know, but I’m going to have to have a chat with his parents soon because the other kids won’t stop snickering and are calling him Penis Pauly,” she quipped.

I tried not to laugh at this, but it came out. Renee laughed with me, even though I knew she was dreading speaking to this poor boy’s parents.

“That will be a rough conversation. What do you even say to a parent? Excuse me, can you strap your kid’s penis down with duct tape in the morning before sending him to school?” I said sarcastically.

Renee laughed. “Or maybe I can ask them to tuck it back like drag queens do.”

“Well, at least you didn’t have to tell a kid to stop picking his nose thirty times today.” I smiled.

“Who says I didn’t?”

I gave Renee a disgusted look. “Well, come on and get your crap. There is a drink waiting with my name on it.”



Dickies was a tiny bar in Chicago that no one would really ever go to unless they were already drunk on a pub crawl. The atmosphere was casual. There was a U-shaped bar in the middle of the room, bar stools surrounding it and booths encompassing the outer walls. One thing that I really liked about Dickies was Simon, the bartender. He didn’t storm you with questions, but always had an open ear to listen to your shit.

It was a perfect place to chill out, and they made an amazing martini. I was really in need of one to nurse my fragile state of mind and to apologize to my Tiny Dancer in between my legs. Renee and I got into the bar and sat in our favorite booth. Simon nodded in our direction and didn’t even need to ask what we were having. He was a good bar husband that way.

“So, are you going to tell me what happened with Jim or what?” Renee asked with a smirk.

“His name was Joel, but I think the name Tiny Tot suits him better.” I snickered.

“Ouch! That bad, huh?”

“Let’s just say that I might have had better luck with a chicken’s dick.”

Renee’s brows raised. “Chickens have dicks?”

“Seriously?” I quipped. “You’re a fifth grade teacher and you are asking me if chickens have dicks?”

“I just assumed that female chickens create an egg and lay it when they’re ready,” Renee replied.

“And I thought I was leading little children down the road of destruction,” I said, shaking my head in disappointment.

“Moxie, I don’t think your luck with men could get any worse. Do you remember Blow Job Rob?”

I looked at her with squinted eyes. “We swore we’d never speak of that again.”

“Yeah, the guy who wanted you to give him head and there was this big scab on it. He claimed ~~was just there because he was picking at it and swore it wasn't an STD.~~”

I groaned, recalling the story in my head. The guy was smoking hot and we were having a heavy petting session in my college dorm room. I was trying hard not to vomit from the incense trying to cover the smell of pot in the room. I was anxious to see the package that this guy was carrying because I'd heard major rumors from different girls on campus. That should have been my first clue that I had been around the block a few too many times.

We got to the part where I met his Johnson and I could tell something was off right away. His size was definitely impressive, but there was a large oozing scab on his shaft. He tried pushing my head down for me to blow him and between the smell of the room and his monster wound, I ended up puking all over his lap. Needless to say, there was no second date.

“Or what about Hand Job Bob who came all over your hands before you even touched him?”

“You know pre-ejaculation is a real and serious problem in today's men.” I laughed as Simon set down our drinks.

“Whatever the fuck you two are talking about just made my penis crawl into itself,” he said as we both took sips of our drinks.

Renee and I clinked our glasses in a cheers and I began to drown my worries away.

A few hours and way too many drinks later, I was slightly tipsy. Ok, that was a lie. I was piss-as-drunk. Renee didn't drink that much, as she'd offered to be tonight's designated driver. That, and she knew I was desperately trying to erase the memories of ghosts of penises past.

“And what made that guy think that waxing his balls was sexy? Does he like pain? Does he think that smooth balls makes it easier to suck on?” I yelled in my drunken stupor.

Did I mention that I'm a loud stupid drunk?

Renee laughed. “I think you should take a bar poll about hairy balls.”

“Exactly!” I slammed my hand on the table. “These are very important issues that must be discussed. Fuck foreign policy, if they have hairy balls, then they shouldn't be running countries!”

Right then the bar door opened and a very fine looking specimen walked towards the bar. He was all man from the top of his head to the bottom of what had to be a size sixteen shoe. He was tall, about 6'4", with brown hair, cut short on the sides and messy on top. His hair screamed *I really don't give a fuck, but I still look perfect anyways*. He was wearing a blue button-down shirt with its sleeves rolled to his elbows and that showed off his thick biceps, and jeans that curved perfectly around his firm ass. He also sported a five o'clock shadow on his face that I wanted to lick all over.

I pointed a finger at him.

“Hey, you!” I yelled. “Yeah, you with the tight ass. Do you have hairy balls or smooth balls?” I staggered out of the booth towards him.

“Excuse me?” the Adonis said. His ocean blue eyes were gazing back at me and had me breathless. Well, I think it was one pair of eyes. Again, the alcohol was having an impact on me deciphering between human and alien.

“Smooth or hairy? Lay it out for me,” I slurred. The room looked like it was starting to sway a bit.

“Umm, last time I checked I didn't think it was appropriate to talk about someone's balls.” He smiled, playing along.

Dear God. When the Adonis smiled, it was like the gates of heaven opened and the heaven light shone down upon him. A choir of angels was singing and little cute cherubs flew around shooting arrows. Or maybe that was a fly buzzing by. Again, I wasn't quite sure because I was so wasted.

“Testicles are an important part of the human body,” I continued to ramble. “They hold the special sauce that makes babies, and babies are cute.”

“I'm pretty sure I'm familiar with the workings of the male testicles, considering I'm a man.”

“I know you’re a man!” I screeched. “But all men suck and they don’t like the word dildo!”

The Adonis moved so close to me that I’m sure he was able to smell the multiple martinis I had consumed. He smelled divine, like musk and sweet cologne. He spoke softly, so only I could hear him. “Well, maybe those men don’t know what kind of pleasure you can give a woman using a dildo, which she begs you for the real thing.”

Holy shit. I stared at him, speechless. My whole body started to burn and I felt my cheeks flush. I didn’t quite know how to respond to that, so I said the first thing that came to my lips. “I like pussies.”

“Excuse me?” He smirked, putting one hand in his pocket and the other on the bar.

“I mean puppies! Puppies are cute and you’re cute. You remind me of a dog, a big wet slobber dog. Maybe one of those bulldogs with the spiked collar.”

At that point my foot was so far implanted into my mouth, I could taste my toenail polish. After that, there was no backtracking. I could only go out with my head held high and my tits pointing out.

“Well, sir, thank you for taking part in the poll of the week at this lovely establishment. Simon, this nice man deserves a drink.” I quickly walked back to the booth where Renee was trying, not very hard, to hold back her laughter.

“How bad?” I asked.

“Well, on a scale of one being an embarrassment to ten you being a complete stupid fucker, I would give it a fifteen.”

“Why didn’t you shut me up, you wench?”

“And miss out on the very important bar poll? Never.” She laughed.

I dared myself to look back at the Adonis, who was now sitting at the bar, shooting the shit with Simon. Even though I was drunk enough not to feel my feet, looking at this man made my cocoon of love stir and I wanted his caterpillar nestled in it.

Renee pulled me out of my butterfly-themed daydream. “So, Moxie, are you going to give Jonathan another shot?”

“Another shot of what? Steroids to make his dick grow larger?” I sneered.

“I thought steroids are supposed to make your balls shrink,” Renee said thoughtfully.

“In that case maybe he needs some of that mutant shit that Superman takes.”

“You mean kryptonite? I thought that stuff kills him.”

“My point exactly,” I mumbled.

“Listen, why don’t I drive you home and we can put on a sappy romantic comedy and eat all those Girl Scout Thin Mints you have?” Renee smiled.

I did have a large number of Thin Mints. My student, Katie, was selling them at school. I told her I couldn’t buy any, that I was watching what I was eating. She then said she was also watching what I was eating and the Snickers I had at lunch looked pretty good. Since when was it ok to blackmail your teacher? She made a killer sale on that one.

“I have a better idea. Why don’t we go to my place, watch porn and make fun of fake boobs and ugly men on there? Oh, and also eat all the Thin Mints I have.”

“Sounds like a plan,” she laughed.

We both got up from the booth and started to head out. As we were walking out, I caught the Adonis’s eyes burn into me like a branding iron. I started to feel the world spin, thinking that his beauty was making the earth’s axis turn.

“Thanks again for taking part in my very informative poll,” I said to him, slugging his shoulder.

“And what do I get for adding my two cents?” he said, taking a long sip of his beer.

Oh, so he wanted to play hardball? Well, I had hope something of his was hard. I watched his lips as they curled around the glass. His lips were smooth and all I wanted to be was the chapstick he used to make them that way. In my mind, I imagined those lips tasting and drinking in the wetness between

my legs.

~~“You get the knowledge that you’ve made a difference in the world of hairy balls,”~~ I slurred, wanting to lick the beer from his tongue.

He stood up from the bar stool he was sitting on and stood in front of me. His massive frame didn't scare me. In fact, it made me want to climb all over him as if he was a jungle gym. “What’s your name?” he asked, brushing a piece of hair that was stuck to my cheek.

The room started to spin very quickly when he touched my face. I was about to answer him, but instead of words, I threw up all the drinks that were meant to erase the nightmares of my dating life. Right in front of my Adonis’s feet.

Chapter Two

Monday morning came quickly after I spent the weekend hiding from the world. I could not believe what'd happened at Dickies the other night. Even though I'd been piss-ass drunk, I still remembered some of it. The memory of the Adonis had my insides turning. Both at the thought of how gorgeous he was, and the fact that I vomited all over him. All I could remember after that was Renee getting me into the apartment.

"Good morning, sunshine," Renee called as I was putting my stuff on my desk. "How are you feeling? Are you finished sticking your tail between your legs and done licking your wounds after the triumphant performance?"

"Unfortunately, no one's tail was stuck between my legs and certainly no one licked my Ax Wound." I pouted.

Renee grimaced. "Really? We're going that route today?"

"Since nothing was stuck or licked, then yes, we are going that way. Plus, I've got a new kid starting today and I am in no mood to play Mary Poppins."

"If you're Mary Poppins, then I'm the fucking Genie of the Lamp."

"Great! Can I wish for the events of last Friday to disappear?"

"Only if you rub me the right way, baby," she taunted.

"Seriously, I don't think I can ever show my face in Dickies again."

"You've shown more than just your face there in the past. Remember St. Patrick's Day last year? You thought it was Mardi Gras and proceeded to show the entire bar the new bra you'd bought."

"I was getting paid by the company to model the bra."

Renee gave me a *you've got to be kidding me* face.

"Ok, maybe not, but I was very proud of that new bra and I wanted to share my excitement," I tried to defend myself.

I heard my phone vibrate on my desk and I walked over to check who it was.

"It's Martha. She sent me a text." I looked at Renee.

"Does it say that you were really switched at birth and her real stepchild is a doctor's wife somewhere and has a billion dollars?"

I simply shook my head as Renee walked away and the bell rang. My kids came bounding into class and shoved their way over to the carpet.

I looked at the text from Martha.

Martha: Moxie, did you remember to go to your Weight Watchers meeting last night?

I'd told Martha that I'd joined Weight Watchers, to get her off my back about losing weight.

Moxie: I did. They were serving Krispy Kream and I took a stand against their wrongdoings and quit.

"Miss Summers?" Katie yelled, bringing me back to the present. "Can I feed the rabbit?"

Chloe, our class pet, was bouncing in the corner, waiting to be fed. I'd adopted Chloe, the Flemish Giant rabbit, from the Humane Society back in September. I felt bad for Chloe because I truly felt she was meant to be a dog, but got stuck in a rabbit's body. She likes to lay by me and constantly begs for food. She and I have that in common.

Luckily, Chloe is litter trained and can roam free around the room, but has a pen to sleep in.

night. I occasionally take her home with me because, honestly, she makes nice company. She's too big for a carrier, so I just walk her on a leash. This provides for some interesting conversation on the trail.

"Sure, Katie. Why don't you try selling her some Thin Mints while you're at it?" I said sarcastically, but Katie giggled and ran to feed Chloe. I swear I was going to take her girl scout sash and burn it at night and feed her the ashes.

"Excuse me, Miss Summers?" Mrs. James called as she walked into the class followed by a little boy. "I would like to introduce you and the class to our new school mate, Dillion."

Dillion shyly waved to the class. He was a very cute little boy with floppy brown hair and steely blue eyes. Those eyes hid behind glasses, and just a hint of freckles splattered his nose. There was something about him that seemed familiar to me. But then again, all the kids blend together at some point.

"Welcome, Dillion. We are so excited that you are here with us. Why don't you hang your things in that empty cubby and sit with us for morning meeting? That way we can introduce you to each student," I said in my most cheerful Mary Poppins voice.

"Thank you, Miss Summers," Dillion spoke in a sweet soft voice.

Suddenly, all hell broke loose. There, before me, stood my Adonis. He had walked right into my room. At first I thought I was hallucinating, like the one and only time I smoked pot and thought that Dave from Dave Matthews Band had snuck into my room. At that moment I decided that I was being punished for all the horrible things I had done in my life. Like mentally hoping that Katie would be crushed by a big box of Caramel Delight cookies.

He looked just as amazing as that night I saw him at Dickies. This time he was wearing khaki cargo pants and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Even the hair that grazed his arms was beautiful. I just wanted to lick him like a popsicle.

"Miss Summers, I would like to introduce you to Miles Dane, Dillion's dad."

Holy shit on a shingle. The man I so casually asked if he had hairy balls was standing before me and his son was in my class. He was probably thinking, "*Shit, now she's going to corrupt my son's education and ask him about hairy balls.*"

But instead, all he did was smile. No, it was more like a smirk. A knowing smirk that confirmed he remembered who I was. My stomach started to churn.

"Miss Summers, it's a pleasure to meet you." He shook my hand. The connection was electric, like sticking a fork into an outlet.

"Umm, thank you..."

"Mr. Dane," he confirmed, and then he pulled me in a little and whispered close to my ear. "You know, like a Great Dane. Do you like dogs, Miss Summers?"

No. This was so not happening. My face immediately flushed, but then suddenly I became pissed. This guy had a big set of balls, hairy or not, to have started this game with me.

I straightened my posture to indicate that his presence didn't faze me. I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing he made my Triangle tingle.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Dane. Actually, I'm more of a pussycat person. I love how soft they feel when you run your hands through their thick, luscious fur," I said, putting a strong emphasis on thick and luscious.

I saw his jaw drop just a hint and then his lips curved up in a smile, so I knew he caught my innuendo. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with those lips, and yes, it did involve running them through my own pussy's fur. I wasn't going to go down that road. His son was in my class and I had a strict rule not to sleep with my students' parents, ever.

"Well, Miss Summers, I thought Mr. Dane could sit in on your class for a while and observe what you do. I'm sure he would love to know what kind of education Dillion is getting," Mrs. James said

she smiled deviously at me.

~~“Yes, I would love to see Miss Summers teach,” Miles said. “Maybe she could teach the kids how to take informative polls.”~~

It was my jaw’s turn to drop. I felt my cheeks flame in humiliation. I never was nervous about teaching children. However, with adults in the room, I suddenly felt self-conscious about everything I did. Now, when one of the kids asked me who the 3rd president was, I couldn’t fake it and make something up, like Fred Flintstone.

“Mr. Dane, why don’t you come and have a seat?” I said.

“I’ll be back in a little bit to check in, and then Mr. Dane has some paperwork to fill out,” Mr. James said. “Behave,” she whispered to me as she walked out. Glad to know I have her complete support.

“Class, as you can see, we have a new student, Dillion Dane, and Dillion’s dad is going to hang out with us a little bit to see what our class is like,” I explained.

“Miss Summers?”

I groaned inwardly. “Yes, Katie?”

“We should tell Dillion about the time we went on the school field trip to the apple orchard and your skirt caught on the ladder and ripped off when you fell off.”

The kids erupted in laughter and I could see Miles in the back silently chuckling.

“We should tell Dillion the rule that we aren’t allowed to talk to you when your blood sugar is low and you are in need of a chocolate pick-me-up,” another girl, Annie, jumped in.

“Alright, alright. We don’t need to go over past events or class rules with Dillion now. Let’s just introduce ourselves and make him feel welcome in the class,” I interrupted the laughing.

After our morning meeting, I had the kids work on science centers around the room. I kept my eye on Dillion to see how he was interacting with the other kids. I felt the Great Dane’s presence behind me before I could even turn around.

“I like the way you interact with the kids. You’re a natural,” Miles said.

I turned around to look at him. “Are you saying that I have the maturity level of a five-year-old?” I gazed into his blue eyes, which was probably the wrong move considering the heat I was feeling went straight to my Pussy Cat.

Miles looked at me. “I wonder if he is going to come home asking why his balls don’t have hair on them.”

I felt myself turn red. “Look, I’m really sorry about the other night. I had a little too much to drink. That’s not how I normally act.”

“Hmm, that’s too bad. Honesty is refreshing.” He grinned.

“Well, that’s good to know, because honesty has a habit of coming out of my mouth whether I wanted it to or not.”

He stood there and looked at me with hooded eyes. His ocean blue eyes had a sparkle in them. But there was something else there that I couldn’t figure out.

“Yes, well, I apparently found your honesty. It’s all over my pants and shoes, from Friday night.”

I scrunched up my face. “Yeah, sorry about that, too. Can I at least dry clean them for you?”

“Nah, that’s ok. I’m just honored that I could partake in the very important bar poll about hairy balls. I can now die a happy man, knowing that I made a difference in the world.”

“Hilarious. You won’t be laughing so hard when you see my name published in medical journals on the subject of testicles.”

Miles’s face contorted as he looked down at his leg. Apparently, I wasn’t the only one in the room who wanted to hump Miles senseless. So did Chloe.

“Why do you have a dog in the room?” asked Miles, shaking Chloe off his leg and then reaching

down to pet her.

~~“Shhh, don’t let her hear you. She’s a rabbit, but really thinks she’s a dog. I just don’t have the heart to tell her otherwise.”~~

“Mr. Dane?” Mrs. James returned to the room. “We have the new student paperwork to fill out for you in the office.”

“Great,” he replied to her. “Miss Summers, thank you for letting me sit in on your class. I really liked what I saw.”

I couldn’t help but feel that comment didn’t refer to my teaching style. He winked at me as he walked out of the room. Mrs. James followed him out, but not before she turned around to look at me and made a motion like she was squeezing his butt cheeks when he wasn’t looking. Fucking cougar!

Chapter Three

After school, I met up with my other best friend, Ryan, at a local coffee shop. Ryan is the most fabulous gay man I've ever met. It might seem cliché for a girl to have a gay guy for a best friend, but if it wasn't for Ryan's powerful Gaydar, I would have made a complete ass out of myself flirting with a guy I had no chance of hooking up with. Some people don't believe Gaydar is real. However, Ryan could possibly make a good living out of it, since he is right ninety nine point nine percent of the time.

He once explained to me that "If a guy is wearing a v-neck cashmere sweater over a button-down shirt and a fedora on his head, he's gay."

"What? That makes no sense. Aren't you stereotyping? If a guy has a nice clothing style, you assume he's gay?"

Sure enough, a guy who was dressed up like an Armani model walked past us and winked at Ryan. I threw my hands up at Ryan in a what-the-hell expression, and he just smiled back at me. Great, I was now doomed to meeting guys who wore track pants and sweat shirts with burger stains on them.

Ryan was adamant about giving me these helpful tips because the first time I met him I tried to get up in his business. His penis business. Ryan is hot. No, not hot, ragging fire, smoking good looking. Someone would have to not have a heartbeat or blood flowing to their genitals not to feel attracted to this man. I even dare asexuals to stand in front of him and not get turned on.

We were at a party on New Year's Eve a few years back and Renee dragged me to her friend's place, promising it would be the event Chicago would be talking about the next morning. It was really just six people eating fondue and playing Yahtzee.

"I thought you said this was going to be the ultimate place to be tonight?" I squealed. "And who the fuck still plays Yahtzee? That is such a pussy game. Why not Pictionary, like normal people who draw stick figures with huge junk?"

"It was supposed to be a hemorrhoid, not someone's junk," Renee snarled. "Anyway, there is a guy I've been crushing on who said he was going to be here. I thought New Year's Eve would be the perfect opportunity to get our first kiss, or laid, or whatever."

"Yeah, if you are living in every John Hughes movie in the eighties," I snorted.

"That's blasphemy! Do not speak of Sixteen Candles, Pretty in Pink and Breakfast Club in that way or I will have to wash your mouth out with soap," Renee gasped.

That's when I spotted Ryan and suddenly forgave Renee for dragging me to the Saddest Group at the Month Club Party.

"Excuse me," I told her. "I just found something better to wash my mouth out with."

I casually strolled up to the makeshift bar which was really just crates stacked together with random booze sitting on them. I don't really know what I was expecting here, being these people were fresh out of college. Perhaps I could coin a decorating term called Salvation Army Chic.

Ryan was standing there, pouring himself some Jack and Coke.

"I bet that Coke likes to get Jacked around." I smiled towards him.

Ryan let out a gut-busting laugh. I melted and thought for sure I was a shoe-in to get lucky later.

"I like your outfit," he said. "J. Crew?"

Fuck, this boy was hot and he knew his style. I could tell by his dark faded jeans and cashmere v-neck sweater.

"Good eye," I said. "Mind mixing one of those drinks for me?"

"For a beautiful lady, of course. What's your name, pretty lady?"

"Moxie Summers."

"Moxie? That's an interesting name. I bet that gets a lot of guys' attention." His eyes were

smoldering.

At this point I wondered if I should excuse myself to the little girls' room to make sure that my Party Box was primed and ready to go. But instead, Ryan and I sat together on the couch and proceeded to laugh and talk well into the night.

After a few drinks of rum and Coke I was drunk and horny. I was getting frustrated because Ryan wasn't making his move. We had tons in common and I was beginning to wonder if I had rotted corpse drinking breath that was turning him off. I figured he was being shy, so I pulled up my big girl panties and dove right in.

"You know, I'm not wearing any panties and you're making me so wet that the couch will be stained with my essence," I whispered in his ear.

Who uses the word essence? I wanted to smack my forehead with my hand.

"I don't think that's all that hygienic, considering I know this couch's past history. It's seen a lot of action in its past and I can't confirm that it's been tested for STDs."

I laughed. "You are too cute. You're like a little present I want to wrap up and stick in my pocket. Would you like to see the pocket I would want to stick you in?" I said in my most seductive tone.

"I'm sure it's a very nice pocket, but I'm going to have to take a pass," he said.

What the fuck? Who denies a drunk pocket to stuff? I even had gotten freshly waxed to ring in the New Year.

"Oh, but I have a very warm and comfortable pocket with lots of room to move and get comfortable," I tried again.

Ryan looked at me. At least I thought he was looking at me. I really wasn't able to focus. "I'm gay."

"I thought your name was Ryan." I laughed at my little joke. "It's a good thing you didn't give me an orgasm yet. I would have shouted the wrong name," I added with a drunk hiccup.

"No, Moxie, I mean I like dudes."

"Me too! I like dudes who stick their presents into my pocket," I continued.

"Maybe I have to go with the blunt approach with you. I fuck guys, not girls. I like to fuck them whichever way I can. I like to put my cock in their mouths and come all over their faces. When I'm done with that, I stick my dick in their asses and screw them until they can't see straight."

I stared at him.

"So that means we're not having sex?" I asked.

That's when I passed out. I woke up the next morning in my own bed with one hell of a hangover and went into the kitchen for some ibuprofen and water. Ryan was asleep on the couch. Apparently, Renee got lucky with her crush at the party and Ryan took me home to nurse me back to reality. We have been friends ever since.

Coming back to the present, I heard Ryan say, "Moxie, do you want your coffee with extra cream?"

"If you're offering me some of your delicious cream to accompany my dark hot liquid, then yes."

"Is everything a sexual innuendo with you?" He smiled.

"Do you believe that Lady Gaga was put on this earth to serve as the gay Messiah?"

"Good point," he said.

We grabbed our drinks and sat at a table in the corner.

"I have a situation at school." I sighed.

"One of your kids slapping you with sexual harassment again?"

"It isn't sexual harassment when you walk into the bathroom in the kindergarten room and a kid is poking at his dingle because it won't go down."

"Well, you are one hot piece of ass." He laughed.

"As much as I appreciate the compliment, I told the kid to pee and the boner disappeared."

“Yes, male genitals are very mysterious in that way. So what happened?”

“I was at Dickies with Renee last week and got a little tipsy. I made a complete ass out of myself in front of a delicious looking guy.”

“And how is that different from any other day of the week?”

I shot Ryan my middle finger and he blew me an air kiss.

“The problem is that after I quizzed him about hairy versus smooth balls, he showed up in my classroom today. His son is my new student.”

“No question, smooth balls. The last thing you want is to dental floss with pubes after visiting the playground.”

“Ryan! Focus. We’re talking about me here, not your Pee Wee’s Big Adventure going down on a guy.”

“Relax, I’ve seen you drunk and it could be worse.”

“I puked on his shirt and shoes.”

Ryan howled in laughter. “I take it back, you’ve pretty much just humiliated yourself into a leprosy colony.”

“Fuck off and thanks, I feel so much better.”

“So what did he say when he saw you this morning? Did he offer you an airline sick bag?”

“No, that’s the thing. He was smug, cute, hot and completely flirty.”

“Horrible. What a fucking bastard. What is he thinking, trying to be flirtatious with you? I’ll cut off his balls.”

“You aren’t helping.”

“What’s the problem, Moxie? It sounds like you have a hot guy flirting with you even after you regurgitated over his shoes. The guy deserves a congratulatory blow job.”

I pictured myself bowing in front of Miles after vomiting and offering to suck him off. I think I just committed myself to nightmares for the next decade. Ryan was not helping me feel better, as I suspected when I considered telling him about it. But I still wanted his perspective on it. Even if he didn’t like it.

“I think I need to go home and drown myself in vodka and Xanax,” I told Ryan.

“Oh, God, don’t do that. Then you’ll end up all River Phoenix overdosed, with foam coming out of your mouth.”

“Well, at least I’ll have something white and creamy coming out of my mouth.” I smiled.

“Get your shit together and call me later,” said Ryan. “I’ve got a big cock waiting for me when I get home. Tom is back from working in Seattle and we are having dinner and drinks with his parents.”

“Ok. Thanks for meeting up with me. Love you.”

“Love you too, Moxie girl.”

Ryan walked out of the coffee shop. But not before a guy wearing a cashmere v-neck sweatshirt winked at him.

Fucking bastard.

Chapter Four

I had to get my mind off Miles. Maybe if I refer to him as Dillion's dad it will feel more formal. Or maybe I'll say I don't fucking care whose dad he is, I just want to lick him like a Ben and Jerry Funky Monkey ice cream cone.

I was mentally imagining Miles and putting whipped cream on top of his very large and thick ice cream cone when the phone rang. I glanced at the caller ID. Crap. It was my stepmom, Martha. Mom died when I was nine years old from breast cancer. The memories that I have of her are great ones. She was loving, attentive, and I remember that she loved to do art projects with me. I miss her fiercely and she would have been a perfect person to talk to about the incident with Miles.

About a year after Mom died, Dad went to a singles' mixer at the temple. Martha was there perched like a vulture, waiting to stick her talons into unsuspecting men. My dad is an exceptional man who is way too trusting. Martha smelled security, both finical and emotional, and went in for the kill. She didn't have any children when she met Dad and he didn't want any more besides me. Hence Martha felt that she needed to take over the role of mother figure in my life. Unfortunately for her, I wasn't having any of it.

Her calling was the last thing I wanted. I think I would have rather smothered my naked body with dog food and lay down in a dog park than started that conversation. I do try to like her, but Martha has an image for who she wants me to be and I don't fit that image.

"Hi, Martha."

She hates it that I don't call her Mom.

"Moxie, what took you so long to answer the phone?"

I was waiting to see if I would be struck by lightning.

"Oh, I was just walking in from work," I lied.

"What? At this hour? Moxie, honey, you work way too hard. Teaching kindergarten should be a breeze. What does it take to teach someone to count to ten?"

It's about as hard as it is for me not to hang up this call.

"I've got conferences coming up, Martha, and I was just getting everything in order," I said as I let out a long breath.

"What can you possibly have to say to a kindergartener's parent?" she asked. "Do you tell the parent that little Jonny is wiping his tushie ok? By the way, did you get that hand sanitizer I told you about from Costco? All those little Bubalas walking around with their germs. You could get typhoid fever or chickenpox."

I groaned.

This is Martha, the doctor. Well, she thinks she's a doctor. I honestly think that she has this delusional concept that she went to Harvard and was awarded an honorary degree in medicine. She quickly tries to diagnose you with whatever ailment she is currently obsessed with. A few weeks ago she told the rest of the family that my aunt had scarlet fever and she was worried that she would become deaf and blind. My aunt only had a cold.

"Martha, I've got good news for you. They now have vaccines for those things."

"Moxie Rachel Lynn Summers. Do not sass me. It is my job to protect you as my one and only daughter. But, I wasn't calling you to lecture you on your sanitary obligations."

Oh, no.

"The other day I was at the grocery store."

Oh, shit.

"And I ran into Diana Goldman."

Fuck.

~~“You know she’s got a boy about your age, David.”~~

The bile started to rise.

“He isn’t seeing anyone and she wanted to know if you were still single.”

Would anyone notice if I suddenly disappeared to the Antarctic?

“I told her of course you were, because you work too much with the babies to go out on a proper date.”

Do they have cookies in the Antarctic?

“So I gave her your number and David is going to call you.”

“Martha, you know I’m very capable of getting my own dates.”

“Oh, sure you are. That boy you brought to your cousin’s wedding was too busy looking at the groom’s tushie to know how beautiful you looked in your dress.”

“Martha, I told you a long time ago that Ryan was gay and we were good friends.”

“Gay, smay. You looked amazing. Even if his Pee Pee doesn’t stand at attention for beautiful women, it should have for you in that dress.”

“Ok, Martha, have to go now. I think someone is trying to break in and convert me to Hinduism.”

“Moxie...”

I hung up the phone. I needed to escape from reality for a while so I went to my number one escape plan. Tumblr. I’ve become somewhat of a Tumblr addict, searching for hot men to drool over and images I can become creative about when using my Carl. I booted up my computer and found that I had a few emails waiting for me.

To: moxieburn86@ibsglobal.net
From: frenchfrylver@ibsglobal.net
9:26 p.m. CST
Subject: Ryan

You little wench. Why did you go to coffee with Ryan without me this afternoon? You know I need my man-on-man action report for the week. God, his boyfriend is so hot. Any chances of me turning him to the dark side =) Well, I suppose he thinks being with a woman is considered a dark side. Fuck! Princess Mary Weather just scratched my arm! Anyways, I need to head to sleep. I’m talking to Penis Pauly’s parents tomorrow.

XXReneeXX

To: frenchfrylver@ibsglobal.net
From: moxieburn86@ibsglobal.net
10:05 p.m. CST
Subject: Tame your pussy

Listen, bitch, I stopped by your room after school and you weren’t there. I had class 1-A emergency that needed immediate attention and caffeine. You will not believe who my new kid’s dad is. Hairy Balls!

Moxie
P.S. - Will you please take that pussy of yours to get declawed or threaten to euthanize her.

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