

3 AM Epiphany: Prompt 15

“Why did I agree to this”? I ask myself between my head hitting the base of the bathtub and my knees knocking against the sink cabinet. The ivory shag rug underneath my bare back feels like an overwashed security blanket, and the aureate glow from the vanity mirror is blinding my eyes a little.

I’m trying not to, but I can’t help but glare at this man as he alternates between loud panting and aggressive lip biting. He keeps staring daggers at me as he thrusts his lanky body into my immobile pelvis. I don’t think he notices, or cares about, my obviously stale face. I’m surprised by how underwhelming this is, I could gain more stimulation from my vibrator.

“Now, I’m really gonna give it to you” he whispers into my ear as I flip over onto all fours. The linoleum feels like ice on my hand and knees. I shuddered when I heard the splat of his saliva hitting his hand and the sound of him rubbing it on his miropenis. As he crashes his body into mine, all I can notice is the swishing sound of the shower curtain and liner behind him and the turquoise and gray chevron wallpaper in front of me.

“What in the hell are you doing!?” A voice wails behind us.

“Oh, fuck me” I mumble under my breath. I whip my head around to see who it is.

The Ikea sales associate had on a piercing yellow and blue collared polo with dark washed skinny jeans. The ponytail in her hair had at least three scrunchies that somehow seamlessly matched the color of her shirt. She had the nametag Karen scribbled in white marker, perfectly symmetrical with the IKEA logo threaded into her polo. Her overall outfit looked like a cross between a shitty Golden State Warrior fan and a Vacation Bible School teacher. She also had about fifteen parents, five college students, and a couple of ten year olds behind her.

“WHY WOULD YOU FORNIFICATE IN A FURNITURE STORE”? she screeched as I scrambled to grab my clothes and the decorative towel on the rack beside me. I am going to call the POLICE!!

I did not know what to say to her. I was just as dumbfounded as she was.

“Mommy, why are these people naked?” a child squealed as her mother covered her eyes and drug her to the next room station. The guy I was with (what was his name...? Aaron? Jeff? whatever) pleads with the Ikea girl to just let us go. Of course, the teenagers immediately pull out their phones like some bootleg paparazzi. It feels like a surreal blur. I did not think that this is what Jeffaaron initially meant by an “adventurous first date”.

As we sit in holding (i.e. the industrial-looking Ikea break room), I think of myself as a modern-day Hester Prynne. I know its a stretch, but at least it lowered my anxiety a bit. The other sales associates seemed to think the entire situation was hilarious; I think we were just unlucky to get the one minimum wage worker who actually gives a shit about their job. Fuck that lady.

As my eyes recovered from the blinding flash on the camera, I couldn't help but to thank God for this outcome. I mean, the repercussions could have been so much worse, and the management forced all the teens to delete all the videos before they left the store. As I walk past the makeshift mugshot on us on the wall, I am ecstatic; I can never be in this store again.