

Boring Sex Dream by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Althea - F - 30s

Althea speaks to an ex-partner at the pub.

ALTHEA: I had a dream last night that we were having sex on a sailboat. It was a really nice one: expensive, chrome fixtures everywhere and everything was wood planks and shiny and varnished. We were on the deck, on this sort of sofa-thing, and look I won't go into too much detail, because I'm sure you remember. It was standard. I don't mean bad, just ... nothing unusual for us. Except the sailboat bit.

Anyway: we're having sex, we're right in the middle of things, and I was looking at you because you *did* look good, but ... more than that? You looked so bored, Chris. And just as that thought went through my head, you said to me, still going through the motions, "You look bored, Althea. I'm not really into this."

And this is maybe where I started thinking it wasn't real? Because you saying that to me at one point of my life would have made me burst into tears and phone Carla. Instead, I just said to you: "I'm not really into it either."

So we stopped. In the middle of my fantasy. We ... disengaged ... we sat on the sofa-thing and you lit us a cigarette. Fuck knows where you'd been keeping it until then.

I wanted to tell you this because I think it means I'm over you. I think if I took you home right now, there's more a chance we'd end up watching Netflix and splitting take-away than falling into bed. I suppose that's progress, yeah?