

## Such a large amount of ass

She walks into the kitchen with determination in her steps only to collapse in one of the chairs at the table with an air of resignation. She does not even have time to heave out a frustrated sound before Michael is at her side with a large glass of blood slushie and his never-ending support. He puts down the glass in front of her and pushes it as close to her as possible before sitting down with an expectant stare and a smile on his face.

“Hit me with it sugar” he drawls in his perfect Texas-small-town-accent. If sighs could kill, she would have murdered someone with the sigh that followed. She leans onto the table and puts her head in one hand, the other slowly starting to stir the slushie with the pink straw he had put in it.

“I’m just so restless. Some days I don’t know what to do with myself” She stabs the slush with the straw. He watches her quietly for a moment, contemplating what she said.

“Why don’t you take a walk like you always do?” He ask her, the tone of his voice one of utter incomprehension. She levels him with an unimpressed glare, as if he was joking with her. He stands his ground, a look of confusion still on his face. She eventually sighs and look down into the slushie again. This time she actually puts the straw into it, moving her finger to cover the top and slowly lifting it again. Inside the straw is a small amount of delicious slush trapped. She moves the open end of the straw to her mouth and raises the finger, allowing the slush to drop into her mouth. She swallows with a satisfied sound before turning towards one of the windows. Outside there is nothing because that was ever relevant to this memory.

“I’ve tried that. It didn’t work this time around” She seems deflated. He reaches out and pats her lovingly on the shoulder.

They sit in comfortable silence for a while before he seems to get an idea. His whole posture changes and he looks at her as if he has cracked a hard riddle.

“You, sugar, needs to get laid” he states with large gratification over his idea. She snorts once more and her whole face looks unimpressed but her eyes show mirth. She takes the straw between her teeth and take a large sip of the slush before answering.

“Sex isn’t the solution to everything in life, Mike. Just ‘cause you and Derek has shared a hot, steaming plate of such a large amount of ass in here doesn’t mean that that is the solution for everyone.” She sighs and tilts her head, looking at him for a short while. Before he could answer she continued.

“Anyway, who do you propose I actually do that with, then?” she says and she has a smile playing on her lips as she cocks her had in challenge. He looks almost affronted by the question.

“With Amee of course!” His dialect thickened when he got upset. She just shakes her head, a sad look on her face suddenly.

“Nah, man. She is my best friend” she leveled him with a look. “Besides, she is so busy with her redemption thing and I have my own problems to deal with. We made a deal early on to allow each other to have secrets and well, I think that prohibits it” she takes the last slurp of slushie before standing up. “Besides, why would she feel like that about me? Have you seen me recently? I’m a hot mess” she gives him a small smile and turns to leave.

“I think I’m gonna’ go with the first advise and try to walk it off” she says and disappears out the door. He doesn’t know what to say to that so he only nods at the now empty room.