

It's Hard to be Your Dirty Little Secret

By justaddkatie

Published on Lush Stories on 07 Sep 2012

© 2013, 2014, 2015 by the author. All rights reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior written permission from me.

All of my stories are available on lushstories.com ONLY! If you steal my stories, I'll call you a dirty pirate hooker to your face and send wishes of Chlamydia your way. Plagiarize at your own risk! ~Katie (justaddkatie)

Novels/novellas are works of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or zombified, business establishments, events or locations is entirely coincidental.

Written for a friend that is dealing with regret after a failed love affair. Hang in there, H.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/its-hard-to-be-your-dirty-little-secret.aspx>

It's hard to be your dirty little secret, a skeleton in your closet that you hope to never be found. It's hard to think that she gets to sleep with you, to roll over and touch you, hear you, kiss you, and make love with you, whenever she desires. . To hear you talk about her, about what's lacking in your life, in your bedroom, what you want, and what you've turned to me to get ... and then to see you choose her above me? That stings. It stings like alcohol seeping in to a fresh paper cut. . To lie to get to you, to worry about my alibi so I can see you and kiss you and fuck you, then send you home to your cold bed with her ... it bites. It bites like that first breath of air on a frozen winter morning. . To want you so badly, to wait for that message that says you're thinking about me, to log-on a thousand times a day, to obsess over you in my thoughts and in my dreams, that's a burden, a burden like that awful secret you were once told that you never asked to hear. . To know that it was easy for you to stop seeing me, to not call or reach out, that our time together meant little more to you than a casual fling, that even though you said she's a "bitch", you treat me like one. That hurts, hurts deep like a torturous memory of a pain decades old. . Mostly, it's hard to be your dirty little secret. It's hard to accept the fact that I've become just another set of hidden bones. . But knowing that I could destroy you, destroy that cold bed you share with her, that I could let my anger and feelings of abandonment easily take over my sensibility, causing you stinging, burdening hurts that never go away ... this is my only solace.