

A Good Compromise

[Fiction]

Dane Graham

"I've had enough of your talk, Jan."

"Well, I've had enough of your blathering, Mike."

"Well then, it appears we are at an impasse."

"I concur."

"Shall we go our separate ways?"

"Yes."

"Alright, I'll call Fred and have him draw up the papers."

"Okay, when might I expect them?"

"I'd have to say, knowing how busy Fred is—oh, I don't know—a week and a half, tops."

"Good."

"Alright, I guess you can stay, I'll take the beach house for now. Would you help me pack my things?"

"Of course."

"Are you sure? I've quite a lot of belongings. We've collected so much together. But of course, I would only be taking half—"

"Certainly I'll help you!"

"Okay, then would you make a run to U-Haul and get the largest they have available? Here's my card."

"Alright, jumbo truck. Good. See you soon, Mike."

"See you, Jan."



"Well, I've already got half of my things boxed up and ready to load."

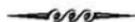
"Excellent. I filled the tank, for I know how long the trip down to the beach house is."

"That's very thoughtful, Jan! Now shall we put our backs to work?"

"I think I'll get my lifter's belt first."

"Oh, smart thought. Grab mine, would you?"

"Sure thing."



"Well, I guess I'll be off, I've got a long drive ahead of me."

"Yes, well, will you need help unloading?"

"I don't want to put you out."

"No, I insist."

"Okay, then should you trail me in the Prius?"

"That would be quite the waste of gas, seeing how you have to take another load tomorrow."

"But of course. I'd better grab a sleeping bag then, and you can have the bed."

"No, I'll take the sleeping bag."

"Don't be silly, you've got a dreadful disc, remember?"

"Actually I do, it's smarting as we speak."

"Here—Advil, liquid gels."

"Thank you."

"We haven't eaten, would you mind if we stopped for a bite?"

"Applebees?"

"It's still happy hour if we leave now. Nachos and potato skins? I'll run and grab the sleeping bag."



"These nachos are very tasty."

"Yes, these potato skins are delicious as well."

"Shall we order a side of sour cream?"

"Excellent thought, Jan—we could share it. Both potatoes *and* nachos call for sour cream!"

"Indeed!"

"Waiter! Waiter! Uh, Terry! Yes you, Terry. Grab a sour cream for us to share, would you? Oh, and another soda. One regular for me and one diet for the lady."

"You remembered I take diet. How thoughtful."

"Of course, Jan. How could I forget that? Wait, what are you doing? You've placed your hand upon mine!"

"Oh, sorry Mike. It's just habit, I guess."

"No, I like it."

"Me too."

"Shall I call Fred and have him cancel the papers?"

"Well, if you feel the same way?"

"Yes, Jan, I do."

"Should we just bring the U-Haul back to the house for tonight and sleep in the same bed if we are to remain together?"

"Yes, that seems the proper procedure."

"You're so sweet, Mike."

"I'd like to grab your thigh under the table if you don't mind, Jan."

"Go ahead. May I rub your balls through your jeans with my toes?"

"Why yes, of course you may."

"Oh, Mike. That feels excellent."

"Ditto, Jan. Here, you've got nacho cheese on your face."

"You've got potato in your moustache, may I lick it out?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Here waiter. Yes, we'll share the sour cream—yes, that was the same observation I had—two very different foods that use the same condiment! Curious, isn't it! Oh, the lady has the diet."

"Mike, you've gotten my heart—along with the rest of me, particularly my privates—racing."

"Ditto, Jan. Shall we close out and head home for the night cap?"

"A splendid suggestion."



"That was good, Mike, but not excellent."

"I will try harder next time, Jan. I really will."

"Oh, it's not that important. Now would you finish me off?"

"Sure thing, Jan. Sure thing."

"Excellent. I've orgasmed, you can come up now."

"Was that satisfying?"

"Yes, Michael, it was. Thank you. Shall we cuddle?"

"Of course, but first might I run the sink, I've got to wash your smell from my moustache."

"My smell?"

"Why yes, the smell of your cunt."

"It has a smell?"

"Yes, sort of sweaty and salty."

"Oh, well that would be unpleasant under your nose all night, better wash it off."

"Yes, it would be, so I think I will."

"Okay, then I'll be waiting here when you get back."

"Okay, Jan."



"Jan, I can't sleep with you tucked so tightly in my nook, it's quite uncomfortable."

"But it's comfortable for me."

"Well, could you cuddle to a pillow similarly?"

"I, I suppose?"

"Here."

"But, but Mike, you are warm and the pillow is—well, it's just a pillow."

"It looks like we've reached an impasse."

"Yes, it appears that we have."

"Shall I give a call to Fred?"

"No, it's past ten, much too late, we can call first thing tomorrow."

"But tomorrow is Sunday."

"Yes, yes, naturally. Well, is the offer still on the table to help me move?"

"Oh, always!"

"Good, good. I suppose I'll sleep on the couch then, but it's rather cold in the living room."

"We could sleep head to toe if you're comfortable with it."

"Yes, if you don't mind?"

"Would it hurt if I hugged onto your leg?"

"It might be uncomfortable, but I suppose it's alright."

"Oh, swell."

The End