

I left my drink on the edge of the bar, and hand-in-hand, followed Josh to the dance floor.

We had danced to a couple of songs, when he tried to touch my butt. I was drunk, but damn it, I wasn't that drunk. I told him to get his damned hands off of me and shoved my way through other drunken dancers back to the bar. I had told the bartender that I was going to be out on the dance floor and to watch my drink. Too bad he couldn't watch my bar stool, because someone had taken it.

I gulped down the rest of my drink, and stumbled to the door. I'd had enough of partying. I was too drunk to dance anymore, anyway. I was also too drunk to drive.

What tipped me off that I was too drunk to drive was not that I was light headed, or the nausea I felt. It wasn't even when I tripped over my own feet. It was my blurred vision and seeing the people who looked like they had two or three different heads. Like I said, I was really drunk. I tried to orient myself the best I could, and stumbled my way back over to the bar. The bartender would have to call a cab for me.

I waited about twenty minutes outside on the curb for the cab to arrive. The bouncer I had given my phony number to earlier, tried to talk to me, but I just looked at him like I didn't know who he was. He backed off.

When the cab finally came, I staggered my way to the back seat and made some noises that I hoped were my address, to the cab driver. All I could hear from the cab driver was, "Huh?" After that, everything faded to black and I was out.

I woke up in front of my apartment complex, and I heard two men talking in subdued voices. I had no idea what was going on, but the more focused I became, the more I recognized the two

voices. One was the voice of the cab driver. I remembered his, “Huh?” earlier. The other voice belonged to... *Him!* *He* was sitting in the back seat with me!

Once I realized that *He* had taken the cab ride with me, I realized that he probably had been at the club with me the entire time, and had been watching me. I let them talk until I could spot the quickest way to get out of the back seat without *Him* grabbing me. My door was locked of course, so I would have to unlock it, open it, and be ready to sprint out of there, pretty much at the same time.

Once I had the plan in my head, I put it into action. I unlocked the door, opened it, and dashed out of the car without a hitch.

I guess *He* assumed that I wouldn't be too quick on my feet because of my condition, because after I ran away, he didn't run after me. Seeing him sobered me up, tremendously. I was able to run faster than I had ever run before, but I was still not as coordinated as I would have liked to have been. I tripped a couple of times over my own feet, but I didn't fall. When I reached the stairs to my apartment building, I looked back and saw *Him* getting out of the car. *He* didn't seem to be in a rush at all. It reminded me of one of those Jason or Freddy Krueger movies. The killer was always cool, and levelheaded, while the victim was in a frenzy. I guess they always knew that in the end, they'd get their victim. I wasn't about to let that shit happen to me.

I rummaged around in my purse desperately until I found the house keys and unlocked the door to my apartment. I shut the door quietly, hoping that he'd think that I just ran back down the stairs on the other side and into the lot behind my apartment. I locked the door just as quietly as I had shut it, and tried to figure on a place to hide.

I finally decided on my walk-in closet. I went in quietly, and looked up and down for a place to hide. I couldn't think. Although I was sobered up a little bit, my thoughts were still impaired. I thought about the fact that, when I got out of the cab, I didn't even scream, or tell the cab driver anything. And, when I came into the apartment, I didn't even try to locate the cordless phone, which was not on its base, or find my cell phone, which was missing before I left for the club and was probably underneath all the clothes on my bed. Why had I not tried to find and take my cell phone with me that night? It would've been in my purse where it usually was and I would've been able to call for help. Because of my absentmindedness, I was stuck in a closet and shit out of luck.

Thoughts of my foolishness were disrupted by Him banging on the front door. It didn't sound like he was knocking. He was hitting the door with something much harder than his fist. He was trying to break the door down with something.

I looked around the dark closet. I had to find a safer place than just being in the open. How stupid could I have been? The closet would probably be the first place he looked. I felt around in the closet, not exactly sure of what I was looking for, until I felt the full-length wool coat my mom bought for me the previous winter. I opened the buttons and stood up on the storage container sitting on the floor in the corner of my closet. I would hide in the coat.

I moved the coat so that it would be suspended over the storage container, so that way my legs wouldn't show. I crouched on the container and buttoned my upper portion inside the coat.

I could hear *Him* walking through my living room and calling my name. He checked the bathroom, then came straight into my bedroom, and I could see the light flick on under the closet door.

I heard the covers on my bed move. He was checking to see if I was under the bed.

He was saying things like, “It didn’t have to be this way. I only wanted a life with you. Was that so wrong?” Then the sound of his feet, heading to the closet and ripping the door open, made my heart pound. He turned on the light in my closet, and I just knew I was dead.

At first, there was no motion, and then I could feel the clothes being moved around in the closet. He was checking behind my clothes to see if I was standing behind them.

His search took forever, and I could feel him staring a hole in me through the coat. He was so close, I could actually feel his body heat. Tears seeped from my eyes and my heart pounded even harder.

It was hard not to shiver, but I had to control it. It was either die or remain calm and hold my shivers. So, I started thinking about being on a beautiful deserted beach with Candi sipping on margaritas. No, no alcohol! Alcohol was what had gotten me into the mess I was in, in the first place. If I hadn’t been out drinking like a fish, and had been more alert, I could have avoided the whole situation. I thought back to the club. I had been so stupid to leave my drink on the bar. Even though I had asked the bartender to watch it, with the club being as busy as it was, He still had the leeway to slip something in my drink. What was done was done, and I couldn’t change the past, but I could damned sure make certain that I lived long enough to change the future.

I had been in some tough situations in the past, but never anything of this magnitude. I could possibly die because of my own idiocy. If only I could turn back the hands of time and do things differently I would. I would’ve never slept with a man I didn’t really know.