

“Master of the Game”

by C. N. Nevets

I pride myself on being on top of the game, whatever the game is. I'm an observer, a watcher, and I use that gift to get a handle on people and stay two steps ahead of them. Whether we're engaged in an actual contest or just navigating the waters of interpersonal communication, I know how to play without being played.

“Hey, Colin.”

Oh, god, it's Samantha. Her eyes are so damn big and clear. Can't afford to look at them. Not that there's a lot of other parts of her I can look at safely.

“Hey, Samantha.”

“How are you on this fine, wintry afternoon?”

Her voice was so rich and sweet. It was pitched low, but had a high resonance that still sounded so very young and feminine. It was like having syrup poured in my ear. I could listen her forever. Damn, distraction again.

“I'm okay. You?”

“Not as good as I would be if I were spending it with you.”

Clever – rubbing my cheeks to hide that I'm blushing. Men don't blush. Besides blushing is a sign of vulnerability. Can't show that. Damn, what's wrong with my breathing?

“What is it you're doing, Samantha?”

“I have to go into Muncie. I'll have to get a ride from a girl in my dorm, but usually at least one of them is going that direction.”

“I can take you.”

What did I just say?

“You can?”

“Sure, I'd love to.”

What just happened?

“Then my afternoon would be complete, Colin.”

Oh yeah. That's what happened.

© 2010, 2009 by C. N. Nevets

Originally posted at FlashyFiction.blogspot.com.

<http://flashyfiction.blogspot.com/2009/12/tuesday-charm.html#comments>

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2009

Tuesday Charm

"Charm is a way of getting the answer yes without asking a clear question." - Albert Camus

POSTED BY CASEY MCCORMICK AT [12:05 AM](#)

LABELS: [QUOTABLE QUOTES](#), [TUESDAY PROMPTS](#)