

I woke up to the familiar buzz of my iPhone, the faint light illuminating the otherwise dark room. Still half-asleep, I clumsily reached over to my bedside table and grabbed my phone. Staring back at me was a single text message.

hey

It was already half past two in the morning on what was now a Wednesday, but this wasn't something I couldn't ignore. I'd been waiting for this for days.

I sat up, not bothering to turn on the light and slid open the message. What does he mean by that? It's been three days since our first date and I hadn't heard a word from him since. He said he'd text me the next day. I swore I heard him say that. Was I wrong? Maybe I didn't hear him right.

I have to play it cool. I really like this guy.

hey

The moment I hit send I felt a pang of regret in my chest. Am I playing too coy now? I didn't add anything to the conversation. What if he doesn't reply? I didn't want to seem too eager but maybe now I won't seem eager enough.

A memory of his hand holding mine brought me back to Saturday night. He seemed so aloof, as if we were just friends, but about halfway through the movie he reached over and grabbed my hand as if it was the most natural thing in the world. As if he'd done it a hundred times before. I remember feeling my face go beat red and it wasn't just the reflection of the blood and gore from the movie screen. I sighed in contentment as another tank exploded.

u busy?

I stared at the screen for what felt like an hour, trying to figure out what he could possibly think I'd be doing at what was now 2:30 in the morning. Was he that kind of guy, to be out in the middle of a school night? What was he doing? Will I seem like a total nerd for being asleep?

I started to text that I was sleeping, but the moment I saw it on the screen I deleted it. I wanted to lie and say that I was out too, but that would just lead to a lie that I was too tired to elaborate on. I tried out a few different responses until I was content, then hit send.

not really.. wassup?

just thinkin

About what? About me? My heart was racing.

oh yeah?

yea

Fuck it.

about what?

stuff

I groaned and nearly threw my phone out the window. Where was the guy who stood by my locker, waiting for me to ask me out? Who decided not to skip fifth period solely for a chance to walk me home? Is he even interested in me at all?

mostly u

There he is, I thought as I nearly squealed against my pillow. This is it, this is it, play it cool.

been thinking about u too

yeah... wut r u wearin?

And just like that the second wind went right out of me. I put the phone face down on the desk and covered my face in disappointment and embarrassment.

I supposed that I should have guessed from the first. Who texts someone in the middle of the night to talk about their feelings? I wanted to tell him to just fuck off right there, to never speak to me again, but something stopped me. I picked up the phone and started typing.

what makes u think im wearing anything..? ;)

o yea bb, i liek that. r u touchin urself?

mmhmm, ya definitely

where????

I took a second to think about where I was going with this. I definitely didn't want to turn him on. And I definitely didn't want to give him anything to show off to his friends.

my nose. i loooooove my nose its such a turn on 4 me.

Oh my god, what was I thinking?

im licking it rihgt now bb, oh yea

Holy shit.

feels so good, yeah. keep doing it

ur nostrils r so hawt

hawt 4 u

oh yea keep talking

I couldn't stop myself from laughing at him, at the situation I'd created for myself. I had no idea what I was doing, where this would lead. If anything, I was kind of panicking at the idea that he actually had a serious nose fetish. As ridiculous as this was, as stupid as he was turning out to be, I couldn't keep going with this. I needed to get out of it, but how? I glanced around the room, brainstorming for answers, until I knew.

i'm gonna sneeze

wut?

i can't hold it in, ican't, it's coming i can feel it

u serious?

achoo

bb its not funy nemore tell me wut ur nipples look like

I grimaced, feeling ashamed that I ever really liked this guy. As if the jerk he was most of the time was some façade, and in reality he was this really sensitive guy who needed someone like me to help him. My life is totally not a Nicholas Sparks movie.

My body started to buzz with anger and I furiously texted my reply.

hey im not the one with a nose fetish

wtf r u talkin bout

i mean, to each his own, but thats just messed

fuck u weirdo

how about you never call me again - or i send a screenshot of you saying youd lick my nose to all my friends

u wouldnt

im not your booty call, asshole

fuck u

you wish ;)

I put the phone down, ignoring the constant buzzing that once seemed like a blessing. For all I know that conversation will end in high school embarrassment and misery but, for now, it felt nice to turn the game around on him. My anger subsided and I fell asleep to the lullaby of desperate texts.