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Good Girl

by Michelle Moskiewicz

“When you called home about money, Ma thought you made it. I don’t think she knew you were bouncing from lap to lap like some kind of trollop.” Rodney sat down on the overstuffed couch; his ill-fitting suit clashed with the finery of the room around him.

“Yeah, well the stuff we sell back home is child’s play to these people.” Lexi retorted. Her long fingernails tapped against the glass of the cocktail in her hand. “They use the harder stuff and you know damn well Ma still wants her money. I did what I had to do.”

“You’ve been out here for a year. You aren’t telling me that you couldn’t sell a single ounce of- “

“Rodney!” Lexi reached out and slapped him across the shoulder. Her drink tipped precariously over the edge; droplets hit the fabric of the couch.

“The maids will hear you,” she hissed looking around the open living room. The two were alone, but her words echoed into the vaulted ceilings. The heels of her shoes tapped against the floor as she crossed the room to look into the hallway. Silently, she pulled the door closed. “She gets paid for her product. I doubt she cares how I get the money.”

Rodney ran his hands down the front of his slacks, forcing the wrinkles out. His eyes gaze over Lexi and then around the room, taking in its finery. “So, where’s the new flavor of the month?”

“Paris? Greece? Who knows,” Lexi said as she sat next to Rodney and laced her fingers in his. “He left two days ago and told me to make myself at home, so I asked if my brother could visit.”

“Brother?” Rodney barked out a laugh as he slid his hand away from Lexi’s, “well that certainly makes our history awkward.”

“He hears me on the phone with Ma all the time and asked about family. These men want to feel like they’re dating a good girl. They want to keep their morals. Hearing I come from a nice family from the Midwest sounds better than a trap house in Chicago.”

“Speaking of…” His voice dropped to a whisper and he leaned forward so his elbows rested on his knees, “...what are you doing with everything since you aren’t selling it?”

“I have sex with rich old men for money. What do you think I do with it?” she said, her voice flat.

“They know?”

“A few probably guessed, but the ones who did have to have a few bumps to get them through their work days anyway.”

Rodney’s eyebrows raised, “that’s probably some decent money in that.”

“I guess,” Lexi said, “I’m not in all that though.”

Lexi’s eyebrows raised as she noticed the disgust on Rodney’s face, “I’m just doing this until Ma’s paid back and I meet someone. I’m tired of it. I mean, the clothes and money are nice, but it’s lonely. They don’t love me, I don’t love them, I just need money and they like having me on their arm.”

Rodney put his arm around Lexi's shoulders. He brushed her hair behind her ear, and she could feel what years of living on the streets had done to his hands. This close, she could catch a hint of his sandalwood cologne. The same one he'd worn since their teen years. The heat from his breath against her neck curled her toes.

"Well, you're going to have a tough time of that."

Lexi looked to Rodney, confusion wrinkled her forehead, "why?"

"Why do you think I'm here? That Ma just paid for my flight out of the goodness of her heart?" Rodney said with a smirk. "Come on now Lex, we both know she's smarter than that. Better at business too."

"But, what does that have to do with me? I'm done after this month. She's paid." A tone of dread flooded her words.

Rodney pulled the suitcase he'd brought in with him onto his lap and flipped the clasps. Opened, it revealed a large white brick wrapped in cellophane. "Ma's decided to expand and now you have the clientele."

"I won't," she said, her lower jaw trembling.

"It's on our tab, so you really don't have much of a choice," Rodney said, unblinking.

"It's not mine, I'm not slinging that shit."

Rodney leaned forward right into her face and in a deep, serious voice, "you're going to help me or all these rich dudes will know what you really are and what you've been doing. Think their careers can handle a drug dealing whore on the payroll? Doubt it."

“Rod!” Lexi cried; her eyes wide with tears. “How could you do this? You love me! We grew up together!”

“I don’t love you, girls like you, pretty, dumb girls, you’re a dime a dozen. Fake hair, fake nails, fake love. I love money. It’s the only thing a man can trust,” Rodney said. He smirked at his “sister” and threw a cloth napkin into her face as he stood. “Clean yourself up, we’re going out tonight.”

Lexi sighed, she had been beaten down again.

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