

# Swipe Me Off My Feet

A short story by Bogi Beykov

“No way! She sucked your dick too?”

“Of course, she did, what do you think, you schmuck?”

“I wonder how it didn’t get stuck between her teeth...”

“I’d show you if your mom was around.”

For anyone unfamiliar with human interactions, this is how four male teenage best friends talk to each other. With the warmth of a sunbathing rattlesnake, you just stepped on. Dave, Jim, Rob and Max were just about wrapping up tenth grade now which made them cool enough to discuss these matters outside of school, as opposed to sitting at the back of the classroom like they did in the primitive past. Max was doing fairly well at imitating an adult smoking while trying carefully not to shit his pants, next time he coughed. Leaning against a wall, he kept scanning the main entrance of his high school for teachers from the other side of a fence. Adjusting his voice to remove traces of guilt, he continued recalling the events of last night when he lost his virginity.

“So, it’s like that, you know. The girls, they want it, you just got to give it to them.”

Everyone looked at some direction that wasn’t Max. Even the thought of it was scary to them.

“Let me see the conversation again.”

Dave was the last one. He was still marked by the curse of virginity. He knew everything was at stake, were he not to extract all the knowledge from his friend’s experience and nerd his way out of this living hell. He was convinced it was a timed battle too. The chronic nature of his problem, he believed, would result in gradual mental retardation. Before he even noticed he would probably end up like his aunt Jolie, living alone with eight cats and a homemade toothpaste.

“There you go,” Max handed him his phone. “It’s just pick-up at its best, dude.”

Dave looked at the phone and so did all of the other guys.

“‘Whats ur fav movie?’ are you serious? On which planet does this work?”

“It’s a classic, dude.”

“Yeah, and it’s like just winning time over anyway. You need to talk to them about things for a while so they get used to you and know you will be there for them,” Rob was defensive since he had himself used the line over a hundred times.

There was a lot of tension in the air.

“Well, why don’t you install Dinger and try it for yourself. It’s obviously working.” Jim was trying to sell the dating app to Dave on their way back home. They lived in the same area and the twenty-minute walks every day had contributed to a closer friendship. They even knew each other’s penis sizes.

“Ah, it’s just another Tinder clone. This whole thing is just weird to me.”

It was weird at dinner that night. It was also weird over the weekend. It wasn’t just jealousy that made Dave question the sexual prowess of his friends. They had all used the same app and over the course of the last month or so, all three of them had lost their virginities. What’s next? They win the lottery too? This was somehow violating the rules of the universe in ways, Dave couldn’t pinpoint quite yet.

His intelligence, painfully crafted throughout long and uneventful summers, completely sober birthdays, and endless training sessions with his pet rabbit, had come along with an all-permeating skepticism. He questioned so many things, he would regularly question his own questioning. Doubting his own doubts was mainly an act of following international geek protocols but, twice as mainly, it was inspired by pungent insecurities. His judgement, for the most part accurate, was too often clouded by peer pressure. So blinding was this peer pressure, that he could easily get lost in his own room and have to ask his Mom for directions to the sock drawer.

And so, unsurprisingly, he ended up downloading Dinger too the following week. He proceeded with moderate caution. He thought it reasonable to devise a plan and divide the time he invested with Dinger in equal measures to swiping and refreshing the app. The measures were equal insofar as the swiping limited up to a hundred girls a day was equal to 5% of the time and nervously refreshing the app in anticipation equaled the remaining 95% or about five hours every day. In order not to undermine any of the greatness ensuing from a potential success, he of course decided not to share this with his friends yet.

They all went to Jim’s place on Tuesday after school to play some Super Smash Bros Ultimate.

“Are you going to, you know, meet the girl again?” Dave carefully re-engaged interrogation mode.

“Probably not,” Max’s Link was chasing a Pokémon ball across the screen. “I mean there is so much fish in the sea. Summer is coming so it’s like, yeah. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah.”

“Right”

“I didn’t even text mine back.” Jim’s Kirby morphed into a spiky sea mine and dropped right on top of Link’s pointy hat.

“I think mine unmatched me.” Rob landed a Donkey Kong punch and sent Dave’s Dr. Mario flying. “Ha! Gotcha!”

“*So, none of them had seen these girls again,*” Dave thought. It was obvious enough that the boys would deal with their shame in isolation. They would struggle to integrate this experience and update their identity hopefully just long enough for Dave to catch up. But why would the girls disappear like that, was something he had no explanation for yet.

Walking back home, he almost hit a light pole. His phone had notified him he had his first match. He got scared. He put his phone back into his pocket and nervously looked around. He had a small OCD ritual of looking up into the sky, searching for some meaning in moments like this. Then he realized there had never been a moment like this before. His face momentarily jerked into an expression of a confused stroke victim on acid. He added some sound effects he produced with a combination of his throat, neck and left nostril. Then with nothing else to come up with, he ran back home as fast as he could.

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“Someone finally decided to show up.”

Dave was late. They texted him they would be meeting in the bathroom on the third floor because Social Studies was for losers but having slept for four hours last night, he barely got out of bed.

“Did you all shit in here before I came?”

“No, that was your rabbit.”

“Have you thought about becoming a comedian, Rob? It’d be just like your dad - you wouldn’t have to graduate.”

“Break it off, idiots!” Max used his three-inch height advantage for intimidation purposes. “The party in Jenny’s on Friday. What are we going to do to get there?”

“We can try to sneak in.”

“Yeah, 'cause that worked out last time...”

“What if we bring booze or weed?”

The awkward silence suggested none of them were brave enough to follow Jim’s suggestion.

“We just need a girl. If we come alone, we’re not getting in.”

“Your Dinger dates! You can invite them!”

“Nah, dude.”

“A player don’t look back.”

“Been there, done that, forget about it.”

Another quiet moment. Drops of liquid softly splashed on someone’s discarded poop.

“Well then, maybe I can help.”

In an outburst of courage that surprised even himself, Dave suggested bringing his new match to the party. He had realized last night, he wouldn’t have the balls to go out with her anyway so he might as well invite her to the party with everyone else. This would also make him feel slightly safer, considering he was still not entirely convinced this was happening for real. How could a girl swipe him back?

He now had to gather the courage to ask her out but having outed himself like that, he had no other choice. Throughout his successful career of a virgin, Dave prided himself on being a Zuckerberg-level social media creep and stalker. Yet to his dismay, he couldn’t find any trace of this girl anywhere outside of Dinger. It was like she only existed in the app.

“Hey, be careful out there. I heard there’s a big ape ready to snatch a pretty blond girl like you and fight a plane or two.”

That’s what he ended up conjuring as an opening line that evening. After about forty minutes of painful deliberation. On account that she was blond and on top of the Empire State Building on her first photo. He cracked his sweaty fingers in anticipation of the outcome of such a subtle compliment. A compliment, cast from behind a thin protective layer of 1930s trivia and humor, insulating the author’s fragile ego. This could go wrong in so many ways. Maybe the joke was too obvious? How many guys have tried that line before? And what if she was a millennial animal activist in which case she might be triggered by the abrasive speciesism or even the borderline racist overtones in the words of such a white-privileged future rapist...

“Hahaha ur funny :)”

Impossible. Less than two minutes response time. You don't respond that fast even when your mom is calling for the third time in a row.

"Oh, shut up, Dave," he started a conversation with himself. "*It's just your negative mindset again. That's why you're still a virgin!*"

"Hahaha, well. You know. Thanks," he typed back in a hurry.

"I'm Tammy. Nice to meet you, Dave."

"Tammy. Sounds really nice. I really like it. I'm Dave, but my friends call me Melon Head."

"Haha, what?"

"I mean, my head is normal and all, I guess it's because I'm pretty smart in school and also before I had a different hairstyle..."

And just like that his concerns evaporated for a while. Laying with his belly on the bed and his head in the clouds, he kept typing away and pinching imaginary butterflies between his heels. Somewhere on the other side there was a Tammy. She was also awake all night and she found his jokes funny. Dave was hard as a rock.

On Friday he asked his sister to pluck his unibrow. He had never done it before. Both the plucking and talking to his sister more than once a year. In hindsight, when the blood started pouring down his nose, he thought it might have been a better idea to do it earlier and let the wounds heal. He was on his way to the bus stop to pick up Tammy before the party. He felt the chilly evening air cool down his brain directly through the new hole in his forehead. "*Being a married woman in India might not be as bad as being a virgin in Arizona,*" he thought.

By getting there twenty minutes too early, Dave thought he would have enough time to calm himself down and assume a sexy position, depending on where Tammy was most likely to come from. He had to make some important decisions like whether or not to be casually going through his phone or thoughtfully gazing into the distance. He even brought a spare shirt in case he sweated too much and had to change. But all of that went out the window because as he was approaching the old bridge where they were to meet, Tammy was already there. A gorgeous blond girl, wearing a blue white-dotted dress, waved at him energetically. He stumbled forward nervously, afraid to lock eyes with her for more than a second. Even from the distance she was what his dad used to call an "absolute stunner".

"This is for you," he handed her a bouquet of colorful daisies to avoid the dilemma of whether to go for a hug or a kiss.

"Thank you so much, Dave, they are beautiful!"

And then she kissed him on the cheek. Just like that. The blood loss earlier and now this. He might end up in the hospital. Jenny's place wasn't far, so they started walking.

"So, you're staying..."

"Sorry, didn't hear you," she touched his arm and leaned a little closer. "What were you saying?"

"You said you, you told me you were going to stay here only until the end of the month?"

"Yeah, with my dad's job, we just keep moving constantly. I really wish I could stay here, though. I start to like this place a lot."

Dave had only a few blocks left to try to assimilate on his own how polite, attractive and interested in him this girl was. Then his buddies joined and implied the same by silently punching him in the shoulders and concealing their giggles. Tammy didn't seem to mind. They were all excited now that no one would stop them from crashing the hottest pre-summer party in town.

"Dude, she's so fucking hot, man." Max was pouring his third glass of punch. "Did you see Jane checking her out? She's so jealous."

Jane was presently re-applying make-up for the third time tonight in the bathroom. She hoped her Mom's makeup would do the trick this time. So did her Mom, in fact, who was out of town on a "teambuilding event" with an old, also married, high school friend whose veins, popping across his temples, suggested he had popped the Viagra way too early. Meanwhile, someone's poodle was humping Jim's leg on the porch outside. Jim couldn't notice because he was busy wondering if the increased volumes of spit, he kept swallowing were a warning sign of an impending vomit Olympics. Tammy just won another round of beer pong and looked around to find Dave.

"But dude, listen," Rob stepped closer to assign greater significance to what he was about to shout anyway since some white-trash techno was setting the subwoofer on fire. "You don't let her walk around like this. That asshole Chris is eyeballing her all night."

Chris was Jane's boyfriend who looked like someone placed a thirty-year-old witness protection meth addict in their high school. His face knew two expressions - *asleep* and *choking on a joint* - and could combine both if necessary.

"I want to give her space. Let her enjoy herself, you know?" Dave wasn't entirely full of shit. Yes, he was scared that everything was moving fast but he also didn't want to rush this. He had a good time for the first time in a really long time. This was already so much better than anticipated.

"I have an idea, let's go investigate this place!" Tammy snatched Dave's hand and led him upstairs. It was late already, and the place was getting emptier.

Before he realized what was happening, they were making out in a dark room. How was this even possible? He was great at backwards rationalizing events, but this was like following a trail of breadcrumbs from here to the Moon.

“Tammy, you are so nice to me. This is too much...”

“Just relax, sweetie, you are so tense.”

“Yeah, it’s kind of difficult in here. What if someone walks in? This room doesn’t even have a lock.”

“We can go to your place. Forest Heights is not that far.”

“My parents would kill me.”

That was hardly the case. Dave had never brought a girl home before so he had no way of knowing for sure, but he suspected his dad might buy him a car if he knew his son was going out with a girl like Tammy.

They stayed there for a while. Dave apologized a few times, out of the blue, just in case. Tammy was now acting mad even though it was hard to tell in the dark. Dave asked her if she wanted to go back. She said no. They both breathed a little longer.

“I guess, I’m gonna go now.”

“Ok, as you wish.”

“We can go out on the weekend if you’re free.”

“We’ll see.”

Dave left the party alone. He didn’t want to talk to his friends or anyone else that night.

About an hour later, Jake walked out into the street, spat on the ground and lit a joint. A moment later Tammy came outside too. Jake then fumbled through his pockets and produced a pair of keys to an old Pontiac Trans Sport parked around the corner. Tammy followed him inside the car. A cat, sleeping on the car’s hood, hopped off and contemptuously walked into the dark. She had seen many nights like this. Her glossy feline eyes, bearing silent witness to a lot of late-night drama, were not easily impressed. Cruel frivolities, drunken teenage stupor and the occasional fat rat stuck in a half-empty trash can - all equally boring. The cat lazily stretched on the sidewalk, meowed and brushed against Dave’s leg. It was easy for her to see him even though he was hiding in the dark behind a tree.

Dave was on his way back home an hour ago when he suddenly recalled what Tammy had said earlier. “*Forest Heights*”. Did he really hear that? How did she know? He scrolled through all of

the messages he wrote to her in the last few days, but he had not told her where he lived. Maybe she asked someone at the party? He was like the Princess and the Pea. This tiny seed of doubt wouldn't let him sleep all night. And perhaps this very seed protected his gentle heart from being broken by what was happening in the rocking car in front of him.

An unimpressively short moment later the door opened, and Tammy was out. She fixed her skirt and as she was about to peek through the window, Jake just drove off. She then turned around and continued walking down the street alone. For whatever reason Dave decided to follow her.

He wasn't used to being up this late. The excitement and all the conflicting emotions throughout the day had drained him completely. Yet he kept going further and further. Now that he knew his suspicions were not groundless, he was driven, almost stuck to her like a trailer behind a truck. They walked and walked. Dave was worried he would get spotted at first, but Tammy was so reliably set on her course, not once did she turn around even when crossing streets. Dave's feet were hurting but that too passed after a while so he thought maybe a future of a bushman would be a good career alternative. They went up a hill and through an old graveyard, Dave had never been to. As soon as they left town, Tammy started walking in a completely straight line, through graves, rocks, bushes. Fortunately, as dusk was breaking through, Dave was able to see her outline even after they left the streetlights behind. And then she suddenly disappeared. Did he blink? She was right there a moment ago. Dave ran forward, jumped over a shrub of buckwheat and almost tripped over as he stumbled upon some kind of a vertical opening in the ground. There was but the dimmest light shining through. What a surprise. She lives in a hole in the ground.

*"Does she get good reception down there?"* Dave wondered as he walked down. *"What about ordering food?"*

Dave was no speleologist but in his modest opinion this looked nothing like a normal cave. It was too regular. If it was a machine that dug this tunnel directly in the red clayey soil, it did a hell of a job. The surface of the walls was so smooth it was almost uneasy to look at. That and the multiple twists and turns on their way, and the lights, and especially the hissing and smoking exhaust pipes sticking out through the ground. They were too far from the border for this to be a cartel joint but what about one of those secret clubs for rich kids? Or the headquarters of a cult? After yet another sharp turn in the way Dave froze and held his breath. There was a wall abruptly ending the tunnel and Tammy stood there, facing it. With her dress now covered in dust and torn in a few places, she had strangely bent her body over something metallic. Instinctively Dave reached out for his phone. That instinct that drives all millennials to clutch their phones in a moment of distress today. The same instinct that made virgins hold on to their rosaries in desperation before jumping off some cliff after being chased by horny pirates in the Middle Ages. Dave felt stupid so he put his phone down and silently stepped closer. It looked bad and it felt even worse. In some sort of an unusual trance, Tammy was holding on to a pipe widening at the end similar to a bell on a Trombone. It was hard to tell exactly in the dim light, but it seemed like her body, leaning over it, was now shivering, almost pulsating in violent contractions. Dave, seriously worried, carefully approached her and tried to help but she was completely unresponsive. Her face almost like a mask expressed no emotions as if it was completely detached from the rest of the body. With a

pair of dead eyes staring down, she started silently puking a slimy white substance into the pipe. For a second Dave thought he smelled sperm, but he surely must have been mistaken. Then just as suddenly, Tammy let go of the pipe and collapsed on the ground. This shocked Dave the most. There was something about the way she fell that was unreal, almost anatomically incorrect. Even when a person dies, the nervous reflexes in their muscles and tendons still active, help the body assume a position somewhat natural, predictable, recognizable. Tammy lay down in front of Dave not dead but completely undone. As if someone had suddenly pulled her plug, rendering her just a mess of body parts loosely connected together. And before Dave could even realize what had happened the floor underneath them opened up and they both disappeared inside.

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Yeah, it was definitely sperm. Dave tasted some of it when his head smashed against former Tammy's face as they hit the ground below. This moment of awkward intimacy was perhaps more painful than whatever newly acquired fractures his adrenaline gland was trying to suppress and surprise him with later on. Dave, still in shock, disoriented by the fall was looking into Tammy's expired eyes. That's when she moved again. He rolled off of her like an expert stunt double exiting the frame as the claws of a long robotic arm gripped Tammy's lifeless corpse, tearing through the flesh, breaking her bones. Slowly the arm, having established a firm grip, dragged her toward a big black furnace, glowing red through the cracks in its metal shell. Dave knew this was a good time for him to be scared. Maybe the best time so far. But fear comes from expectations, predicated by experience. And he had never been in a situation remotely similar to this one in the past. He was once almost half bitten by uncle Trevor's dog and that was about it. And now he was somewhere in a huge underground cavern, next to a burning corpse, with jizz on his lip.

As he was looking around bewildered, he noticed how big this room was. With multiple furnaces glittering through this dimly lit pit, he saw another female body falling through another hole in the roof.

*"Very well organized,"* he thought as he compared his new grave to his messy room back home.

Laying relatively inconspicuous on the floor he traced back exhaust pipes leading up and through the room into presumably other tunnels similar to the one he had entered through. He saw circular openings in the roof looking like camera shutters. He had fallen through one of those along with Tammy. He took his phone out to try and take some photos. When he unlocked it, the screen showed the messages he was re-reading from Tammy in Dinger.

"Tammy (16) 0 miles away" her profile read.

He noticed something unusual. A few other girls he had matched with, all seemed to be 0 miles away. He was miles out of town for sure. Were they all down here with him? What kind of place was this?

He almost didn't notice one of the robotic arms creeping up on him. He got up like a ninja and walked away. A few other arms curiously turned around alerted by whatever sensors they had installed on them. They didn't follow him, just watched. Perhaps it was not expected for anyone in this room to be in the condition to walk. Either way, Dave seemed to be fine, so he backed out through a door into another room.

He was momentarily blinded by an influx of light. When his eyes adjusted, he saw a huge sphere, beeping and booping in the center of another cavern. It looked like someone had wrapped Christmas lights around a disco ball. Dave was making his way through the room avoiding to trip on any of the LAN cables on the floor. This one, this snowball of random computer parts glued together and yet somehow operating, he had to take some photos of. He noticed he was in range of a wireless network called "DingerGuest\_6G". Did someone poison him at the party?

The next room looked like a server room if *Server Room* was the name of a neo-impressionist painting. There were some storage facilities after that. Each consecutive area looked less like a cave and more like a factory or even a big office. Then he got into something like an elevator with 2 large buttons which he spotted only after a moment since they were located quite low for his reach. He pressed the first one. The doors opened and in front of him a 3D printer was working its way up the torso of a naked girl. A robot on wheels wearing a lab coat was inspecting the 3D printer's job. Both the robot and the printer stopped what they were doing and looked at Dave. Dave looked at them. The girl didn't look yet because they were printing her bottoms up, but her butt cheeks tensed a little. Very slowly Dave reached out and pressed the other button. The doors closed. The elevator went up. Dave was now in something similar to a classroom. At least a dozen attractive teenage girls, all in dresses, were sitting in rows. Dave decided to make a run for the door, but the girls didn't seem to notice him. One of the chairs was empty and Dave caught a glimpse of something like a charger sticking out of it.

"*Are they charging their butts?*" Dave would have time to worry about that later once he got out. He pushed open the door at the end.

"Mr. Dave, pleasure to make your acquaintance! Mind if we have a quick chat?"

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"Dinger is a scam, man!" pacing up and down his room, Dave looked like a homeless evangelist. It was way over twenty-four hours that he was awake by that time and running back home through the desert didn't improve his look. His buddies, now summoned and sitting around him, were wondering if their friendship was strong enough to survive through the thick walls of the mental asylum that would surely be Dave's new home soon.

"Dinger is a scam and probably Tinder too, and God knows what else!"

“So, am...” Max mumbled first since Dave seemed to have finished his speech and was about to loop around for a second crack at it, “You are saying that...some aliens. Aliens, right? Are eating my sperm right now?”

“Yeah, exactly. He, *it*, showed me the star maps, you know? They’ve come a looong way. Oh boy, a long way to get some of that freshly squeezed nut juice...”

A shiver ran up his spine as he recalled the appalling image of the creature, he encountered in that last room of the underground facility. That disgusting blobby pile of scar-pink tissue, resting on the floor, patiently waiting for him.

“...It’s only young guys like us they’re after...”

He saw convulsive tremors, rippling through its surface with each careful step he made. It had no eyes, yet Dave knew he was being carefully, lustfully watched. It had no mouth, but it spoke clearly and eloquently. Every word reverberating inside Dave’s head perhaps through some form of telepathic manipulation.

“...They knew I was there of course. They had detected me as soon as I got in...”

Dave’s young eyes had not seen much yet. But back in that moment, wide open and alert, they shined through with the precision of an instrument carefully tuned by millions of years of evolution to distinguish and filter through all of the diverse life forms we know on our home planet. Every crumb of his terrified soul knew whatever this thing was, it was undoubtedly alien.

“...I told you it was too good to be true, but you didn’t listen! None of these girls were real...”

Was it a higher atmospheric pressure or differences in gravity that contributed to this deformity’s macabre shape? It looked like a deep-sea monster, expelled from the cold darkness where it belongs, and now rotting away on a distant shore. It was not threatening. Maybe it couldn’t be. Or maybe that was another predatorial tool in its arsenal. It explained freely. Elaborated in detail about how much they craved and how sweet and nutritious a treat teenage human sperm was to their species. How difficult it was to ship it back and preserve it fresh and unaffected by the gamma radiation of deep space. How before they developed dating apps, they were in the business of sex dolls and even artificial donkeys in some Middle Eastern countries...

“Wait, wait, hold on one second,” Rob interrupted, “How come he let you out in one piece?”

“Do you think if you have antimatter engines you would be worried about being busted by teenagers? Give me a break.” Dave was adamant. “They’ve probably dismantled the facility by now or somehow made it invisible.”

But the truth was, Dave didn’t know why it let him go. It felt like this creature was just as lonely as he was. Stranded on a primitive planet far away from home to monitor a secret facility producing

sophisticated sperm-stealing machines. It probably never had a chance to see a real human before let alone have a conversation with one.

“All right man, chill,” Jim was scrolling through his phone for the last few minutes. “The good thing is you’re back.”

“Yeah. I don’t know about you guys but I’m still hungover since last night plus I have to help my dad clean the car,” added Max.

“I’m gonna head back too.” jumped at the opportunity Rob.

“Rest a bit, man,” Jim added, “We can play later if you want, though.”

Just like that they were gone. Dave had nothing more important to share with them to keep them around. He had already used his trump card of us not being alone in space and all that. In a classic Dave way, he was left alone. How typically anticlimactic.

He didn’t say much more that weekend. His mom was convinced he must have been raped at the party.

“I’ll check his bed sheets for blood,” she told his dad.

“Just don’t sniff them,” he responded absentmindedly while googling cheap hair transplants in Turkey, “He’ll be fine, don’t worry.”

A week had passed, and Dave had already read Edward Snowden’s book and was trying to convince his dad to finance building a Faraday cage in their backyard. He kept over-hearing boys passing him in the high school hallways, boasting about their latest Dinger matches. He couldn’t help the old familiar doubts creep back into his mind. That whole incident, so unlike any other experience in his life, seemed like a bad dream. A dream that alienated him even more from everyone else.

The desert spread out all around. A mess of dust covered bushes and tires. Cactuses, sticking out of the red, kept scratching the sky. He was staring at this hypnotizing monotony from the backseat of his dad’s sedan on their way to a family weekend spa.

“So that’s the new place where the Jenkins’ went?” his mom asked for the fifth time.

“Yeah, and it’s not even that expensive,” his dad proudly acknowledged, “It’s far out. Quiet. You’re going to love it! They have this new app – SPApp it’s called. I wrote your names and ages and now they’ve prepared special treatments for each one of us!”

Dave thought he looked so silly in this white bathrobe. It even had his initials embroidered. His parents and sister were already melting somewhere in the sauna while he was still in his room,

thinking about things. His toes were getting cold. He sometimes wondered why they were so hairy. Dave walked out of the room and strolled around the empty quiet corridors. He got out on one of the balconies to look at the setting sun. A pretty blond girl, he didn't notice, was standing there already, waiting. She turned around with an incredibly non-threatening smile.

“Mr. Dave, pleasure to make your acquaintance! Mind if we have a quick chat?”

The End.