

FIFTY SHADES OF GREY

JIM REESE

The woman next to me on a treadmill is reading her new Kindle and the text has been enlarged. I look over to try and figure out what has her so engrossed. I read,

“Does this mean you’re going to make love to me tonight, Christian?”

Holy shit. Did I just read that?

His mouth drops open slightly, but he recovers quickly.

“No, Anastasia, it doesn’t. Firstly, I don’t make love. I...

I lose my footing. Damn. That’s a good part.

...and thirdly, you don’t yet know what you’re in for. You could still run for the hills. Come, I want to show you my playroom.”

She sees me glancing at her tablet. She turns a bit red in the face.

Good book? I ask.

Oh, yes. A friend of mine just bought me this.

Easy on the eyes.

I bet.

She continues her cardiovascular workout,
moving a bit faster now.

*Don't tell anyone but I downloaded Fifty Shades of Grey.
The first of a trilogy.
I've been going at it for three weeks, now.
I'm a slow reader.*