

The

INTIMATE

LIFE

of MONICA P.

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*This book is dedicated to Celine – my friend
who has stood by me through thick and thin.*

THIS STORY IS BASED ON FACTS...

...MOSTLY.

SOME NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES BELIEVE THAT PEOPLE ARE MORE COMPLEX THAN WE NORMALLY REALIZE. ACCORDING TO THESE BELIEFS, WE ACTUALLY HAVE THREE SOULS INSTEAD OF ONE. THE FIRST IS THE METAPHYSICAL PART, THE SECOND IS OUR BODILY LIFE. NOTHING CAN BEAT THE THIRD ONE, THOUGH; IT LEAVES THE BODY WHEN WE'RE ASLEEP TO WANDER THROUGH ASTRAL REALMS OR – IF YOU PREFER – THE WORLD OF DREAMS AND RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY. THIS THIRD SOUL BRINGS US WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE THAT FEW PEOPLE CAN PUT TO GOOD USE. NATIVE AMERICANS HAVE BELIEVED IN THE EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF ANCESTRAL SPIRITS SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL. SOME EVEN CONTINUE TO BELIEVE IN IT TODAY...

THAT STORY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BOOK IN FRONT OF YOU.

I

“Forgive me, father, for I have sinned,” I muttered in a faint voice, humbly lowering my gaze. I was kneeling on a cushion, but I still felt pain in my knees.

“What evil deeds have you come to confess, my child?” a male voice sounded from behind the curtain.

“I’ve been really naughty,” I said. My awkward position only made me realize how unfit I was. “I disobeyed my husband, faked a headache, avoided intimacy...”

Silence. I could hear a slow breath that gradually accelerated, becoming shallower.

“These are grave sins,” he finally replied in a melodious voice.

“Can I hope for forgiveness?” I asked, knowing the answer was a foregone conclusion.

“That depends, little girl. You’ll have to do something for me.”

This time I could clearly hear a rustling sound as the man’s breath became more feverish.

“Anything you ask, father...” I squealed like a little girl.

“Open your legs, you sinner!” he called out as he tore off the curtain that separated us.

It was my husband, Adam, dressed up as a priest. He pulled up his cassock and threw himself at me. Clearly aroused, his cock was rock hard as usual, so he had no trouble ramming it inside me. Luckily, I’d used some lube, or I’d be in pain now.

The whole show lasted all of three minutes, but it took even up to a week to prepare for. Adam was no ordinary man, and he loved role-playing. At first, the novelty of it turned me on, too. By now, I’ve played a maid, policewoman, librarian, nurse, hooker, lawyer, doctor, accountant, too many parts to count, really. However, his ideas have been getting a little bizarre lately. The other day, he made me dress up as the fucking mother of dragons. He even wanted to come to the sound of me crying ‘*dracarys*’.

Yes, Adam is a complete moron, and I’m even more so for playing along! Anyway, I’m fed up with his fetish, but I can’t just say that to his face and break his heart, right? As I mentioned, preparations for the – what should I call it? – ceremony would stretch for days, and outfits had to be ordered from a rental or tailor-made. Nothing left to chance there, it had to be handled like a military operation. Sometimes I took the easy way out by buying a ready-made costume from the store, happy that he at least paid for everything.

“Almost there!” he groaned, shutting his eyelids tight.

I nearly forgot we were in the middle of a bang. And there he was, close to completion after a rapid two-minute hump.

“Me too!” I sighed with mock relief.

I knew this would speed up his release, and it did. I faked an orgasm just so he’d finally get off me. Even if I told him I was still a long way off, he wouldn’t be able to go on. He’d just roll over, snuggle up to me and ask awkward questions like: ‘What’s wrong, honey? Don’t you like me anymore? Did I do something wrong?’

Oh... for fuck’s sake. Yes, in fact, you did everything wrong! I’m not a machine and can’t come in two minutes because someone pulled a lever. And I don’t appreciate all the hoops you’re making me jump through.

I wanted to yell it in his face, but couldn’t get up the nerve. I don’t know why. We didn’t have any kids. I’m still young, I could certainly get a divorce and settle down with another guy. Except... what good would that do? I’ve heard all men are twisted in some way...

My best friend Angela had been cheated on countless times. She wouldn’t believe even when people told her they’d seen her guy groping another woman. Finally, I talked her into installing a spy app on his phone. Have you ever heard of spy apps? I hadn’t, either, until I googled them. The app was simple to use but had some amazing features: it could copy files from the infected phone, track the user’s movements, take secret photos, and record calls. All you needed to do was open the app’s website. Best of all, it could hack every messenger and

retrieve history logs for websites viewed in incognito mode. A brilliant invention!

Back to Angela: when she discovered that her guy was dating other girls, she confronted him. He predictably denied it, so she showed him proof. He then said he knew all along it was a set-up, he was aware of the spy app and deliberately faked an affair. He claimed he only messaged and talked on the phone with other women, but they never went out. Silly Angela swallowed the story hook, line and sinker, then forgave him. She finally came to her senses and broke up with the jerk when she caught gonorrhea a month later.

Do you want more examples? No problem! Sarah, my next-door neighbor, divorced her husband of twenty years after he made her lick his feet, a routine they kept up in the bedroom for the longest time until she couldn't stand it anymore and simply threw up on him. Then, she got up and announced she was filing for divorce. It's actually amazing that she took so long to make the decision. It had me wondering what I'd do if Adam told me to lick his feet or – let's just go all out – his anus! Eww! My stomach is turning!

Another example is Maya, a friend from college days. She hooked up with a guy who had no balls. I mean, literally! She explained that his testicles were smaller than peanuts without the husk. 'Is that even possible?' I asked her on more than one occasion. 'Maybe he had some kind of surgery or experienced childhood trauma?' But it wasn't that. Apparently, it was genetic. It must have been pretty damn upsetting and embarrassing for the guy – his

sense of masculinity shrunk to nothing, especially in bed. That was also the reason why she eventually broke up with him. I felt a little sorry for him. Poor guy, so brutally marked for life by the size of his testicles...

Now, you're probably thinking that I have total bimbos for friends and that I'm a bit on the dumb side myself, judging men solely for their performance in the sack. But have you never done this? Haven't you dreamed of a superman who will give you multiple orgasms, one after another? Why not? Why should it be a male thing? Are they the only ones allowed to let their imagination run wild? True, this is how we were brought up. A woman was supposed to take care of the house, give birth and raise kids, have sex only in the missionary position, under blankets, with the lights off. A woman in her thirties should know better than to be a promiscuous single. An old maid, at that age? It's a downright disgrace!

However, *I* am different. I like to watch porn, even though it's made for guys, not women (again, I feel excluded). Don't you feel like anything that's enjoyable is reserved for men? Sex, drugs, social position, and even hierarchy in the Church! Why can't a woman be Pope? Apparently, it *did* happen that a woman became the head of the Catholic Church, but only because she fooled everyone by disguising herself as a man.

Back to me: I don't have typical female hobbies, and it has never been my goal in life to give birth and raise children. I respect people who sacrifice their career, education and passions to start a family. But the fact remains: I'll never be like that. But I digress... Let me give you

another example of how discrimination affects women at every turn. Let's take drinking. When a drunk guy is coming back home on the bus, everyone has a great time making light-hearted fun of him, as long as he's not aggressive.

When the same situation happens to a woman, it's not so funny anymore. Have you ever wondered what others think of her? 'She probably let someone fuck her for a drink, the alcoholic! The state she's in, the tramp! She's the worst! I feel sorry for her children...'

Worst of all, it's other women who have these kinds of thoughts. It's like we're short-changing ourselves!

Forgive me for going off on a rant like this without even introducing myself. You'd probably like to know something about me. My name is Monica, I'm thirty-two years old, childless, married for six years to Adam; I'm a teacher but currently working as an editor in a publishing house. I live in Poland.

I would like to give you my opinion about the world and, if you allow me to, take you for a ride. I promise it will be a short one. Would you like to take that roller-coaster ride with no holds barred? With me?

2

On Monday morning, the alarm clock rang too early. I hated getting up at the break of day. Seven o'clock is the best time to sleep, but I had to start getting ready for work.

I rolled out of bed with a massive headache and went to take a shower. The hot water gave me a little boost of energy, but not for long. Half an hour later, with a few sips of strong coffee in my system, I could finally open my eyes all the way. Then, I put on some light make-up, just a touch to the eyelashes and lips. I looked really good. I'm not going to lie – I'm an attractive blonde with incredible blue eyes, and guys tend to stare at me, even when I'm not wearing full make-up.

When I got dressed, I reached for the keys on the table and saw a note. Only Adam could have left it – after all, no one else lived here except me and him. I was pissed even before I read it because I knew what was coming. He was probably assigning me a new role to play.

He usually gave me a few days after we had sex to cool down. Only then did he choose the character which

I was to act out next. It looks like he really enjoyed the ride last night.

Hermione Granger

I read the card and froze. Was he out of his fucking mind this time? A Hogwarts student? No way... That is way over the top! Don't you think it smacks of child molesting? After all, Hermione was an underage witch. Again, if you think about it, a lot of men are into young girls. Twenty-somethings are the hottest deal in their book. I wonder why. Is their inexperience a turn-on? Is it the fact that, as the current slang goes, they have a low body count? Bedding a virgin must feel to them like hitting the jackpot or winning the lottery.

Frustrated, I crumpled the note and left the house. I wasn't going to bother my dress-maker friend again. On my way home, I'd drop by the costume rental I've been going to quite often lately. They should have some kind of witch outfit. I just kept wondering what that sales assistant was thinking. We know each other by name, but she never dared to ask why I'm always on the lookout for outfits. I already had a nice excuse lined up, just in case one day she should get up the nerve and ask.

I arrived at work in less than a quarter of an hour, but it was already two past eight. I threw my things on the empty chair, fired up my computer and went to make myself another cup of coffee.

“You’re late,” my boss, Howard, greeted me with a cackle. “Not cool...”

“It’s only two minutes,” I replied, not even glancing at him. I didn’t want to feel sick first thing in the morning.

“Naughty, very naughty...” he said in a voice so creepy that I finally looked up at him.

Howard was an obnoxious little greaseball. He looked as hideous as could be: a ratty mustache, greasy hair and a face pimpled enough to make you retch. He was pushing forty, but everyone thought he was in his fifties. The worst thing about him, though, was his personality. Thinking of himself as a pick-up artist, or even a gigolo, he made dirty jokes and comments that bordered on harassment. I let it slide because it’d sometimes helped me score some favors from him. I’m sure if I let him fuck me, I would have been promoted to editor-in-chief a long time ago.

I worked as an editor in a publishing house. I liked the job, but I often felt the books I worked on were written by barely literate primary school dropouts. No proofreading, several spelling mistakes in every sentence – hopeless. True, we occasionally got rough diamonds in the mail, some of them from first-time contributors, that later turned out to be a major success. However, the company was all about making money, which meant that we published only things that would sell well. There was no place for important niche publications or serious content, which was a shame.

“The traffic was a nightmare,” I replied to brush him off and poured myself a cup of coffee.

I sometimes did unpaid overtime, staying at work after hours, so I definitely wasn’t going to apologize to the fatso. On the other hand, I often took a sick day, so perhaps I should be feeling guilty?

Howard gave me an obnoxious smirk, showing his crooked teeth, but luckily kept his mouth shut. I stormed out of the kitchen with a hot cup of liquid caffeine in my hand and settled down to start my painstaking work.

The clock showed 1 PM and I hadn’t even finished editing the first five chapters (simply because the book was a complete load of crap). “Young Drug Addict’s Guide” – what the hell is that? Do they really want to publish this bullshit? The title is catchy, I’ll hand them that, but after reading the first couple of pages I could tell the book had little to do with an actual guide. Who cares how to prepare heroin, or how much a hit of cocaine costs now compared to previous years? But Howard said this would sell, so I had to work on it.

I could no longer stare at the computer or the author’s pathetic scribblings, and besides, it was lunchtime.

“Mona? Wanna *do* lunch?” asked my colleague Eve, who appeared as if out of nowhere.

In my company, people *did* lunch. Using this kind of corporate newspeak made some of them feel more important and valued. It made no difference to me, but hey – when in Rome...

“Sure, I’ll be happy to take a break from this agony,” I replied. I saved changes, grabbed my bag and followed her.

“I have to say I wouldn’t like to have your job,” Eve announced. She was in charge of proofreading at the publishing house. You know, she gave manuscripts the finishing touch, hunting down typos, adding missing commas and what-not. But first, each text had to go through my hands: I had to slave over the draft to make it presentable. “Can’t think of a worse one, as a matter of fact.”

“Well, thanks for the sympathy.” *I wonder what she was really trying to say*, I thought. “It’s one thing to just read through such trash, but trying to make it presentable is another story.”

“True. Anyway, where are we going today? The Chinese place?”

“Sure,” I replied, though I wasn’t really fond of Asian cuisine. It had too few raw vegetables in it, and I loved fresh, crunchy greens, preferably straight from the patch.

“Howie’s in a good mood today,” said Eve.

Howie is what we called our boss behind his back. He reminded us of some pathetic oaf who had to be pitied for his ogre-like appearance and nasty personality. Do your bosses also come across as such assholes?

“Who knows, maybe he finally got laid?” she chuckled.

“Gross! Who would lay *that*?” I asked, laughing to overcome my disgust.

“Well, you know what they say: there’s a hole for every stud.”

“I probably wouldn’t fuck him even if I was on LSD,” I muttered, drawing a ripple of stifled giggling from both of us. I’ve had too much of that Young Drug Addict’s Guide lately.

“Well, you never know!” she exclaimed theatrically, faking indignation. “Maybe he’s a sex god! Just think! Maybe he has such a long dick that...”

“I need a bucket to puke in,” I said to the seller across the counter as we were about to order our food. The man just gave me a weirded-out look, and we laughed for a good minute before we were able to pay for lunch.

The last hour at work dragged on, as always. The upside was that at least if I did my best, I would finish editing this strange book the day after tomorrow, and start a new one after the weekend (let’s hope it’ll be better than this garbage).

The ringing of the phone tore me away from the screen.

“It’s bombshell Monica, how can I help you?” I said in a goofy voice as I answered a call from my friend Angela.

“Hello? Monica?” Her voice was breaking on the other end.

I understood straight away that something was wrong.

“Angela, what’s the matter?” I asked, now in a serious tone.

“I... don’t... know,” she whimpered into the receiver.
“Please. Come at once.”

“But what’s going on? Something with your heart?”

Angela, despite her young age, once came close to having a heart attack. Maybe someday I will have time to tell you about it.

“Call an ambulance!” I called out. I felt blood drain from my head, I started getting hot, and my heartbeat was already racing.

“No... it’s not me... It’s him...”

“Who?” I asked seriously worried by this point. I had heard her like this many times. Perhaps her boyfriend crossed the line, or maybe her father’s had an accident? After all, he lived alone, and he was elderly. So many things could have happened.

“He is... d... dead. Do you understand? He’s lying here dead.”

3

My head was crammed full of negative scenarios. It's true, though, that Angela had on earlier occasions made a big deal out of something that later turned out to be quite trivial, so perhaps there was no need to get so alarmed?

One time she failed an exam and acted so miserable as if she'd been kicked out of college. Another time, her boyfriend didn't give her a gift for Valentine's Day, and she was so upset as if she'd been slapped in the face. Eventually, I stopped falling for it. Last year, she called, bawling her head off about something being wrong with her mother. I brushed it off and only told her to take a deep breath. The funeral took place four days later...

"Calm down!" I said over the phone. Her jittery state was quick to rub off on me. "Who's dead?"

"Him...please, come!" she mumbled.

She said something else, but I couldn't make it out. Finally, she hung up without any further explanation or even a goodbye.

Less than an hour of work remained, but after all, a friend was in need. I sprang up from my seat, shut down my computer, and ran to my boss's room.

"I have an emergency! I have to leave work early today!" I called out in a fluster.

Howard was sprawled at his desk, munching on doughnuts. There was jam leaking out of one of them that the fatso licked off by obnoxiously tickling the rose filling with his tongue.

I turned my eyes away as I felt I was about to lose my dinner. When he noticed that I was looking the other way, he finally spoke.

"When are you going to make up for it, though?"

"I'll stay longer on Friday," I replied quickly. I threw on my jacket, ready to head for the exit.

"Well, I don't know about that..." he gasped, reaching for another doughnut in the pile. "A fine mess it'd be if I let everyone come and go as they please..."

"Yes, but this is different," I interjected. "I'll stay longer on Friday. Two hours."

The boss's beady pig-like eyes lit up and he finally nodded. He couldn't say anything out loud because both his cheeks were clogged with doughnut. I rushed out without a word and headed straight for the car. Fortunately, Angela lived a few blocks away, so I reached her in less than fifteen minutes.

Once there, I rang the intercom and a moment later the door buzzed open. The door to her apartment was unlocked, so I let myself in without knocking.

Inside, there was no smell of decaying flesh, as I naively expected. A modern, stylish studio apartment – neat, with well-chosen furnishings and textiles.

It was clear from the attention that went into every detail that a woman lived there. I normally felt very comfortable in this place, but today was different, with Angela in such an agitated mood. I finally found her – she sat in tears in the kitchen, looking absolutely miserable. Her disheveled brown hair was sticking up in all directions. Her low height and delicate features made her look like a teenage sister beside me rather than an adult woman. The moment she saw me, she gave me a hug without saying a word.

“I’m sorry,” I said, although I didn’t yet know where her father or boyfriend lay. “Did you call an ambulance?”

“What?” She replied surprised. “No...”

“Where is he?”

“In his room,” she said, sobbing and wiped her nose with a tissue.

Something didn’t add up here. After all, Angela lived alone, so it was more likely that all the rooms belonged to her alone. Unless something had changed recently that I didn’t know about. I definitely talk to her too rarely.

“Do you think they’d send out an ambulance for him?” she said, puzzled.

“It’s their goddamn duty!” I yelled, as a rush of adrenaline that had built up evaporated, only to be replaced by unexpected anger. “All it takes is for someone to lose