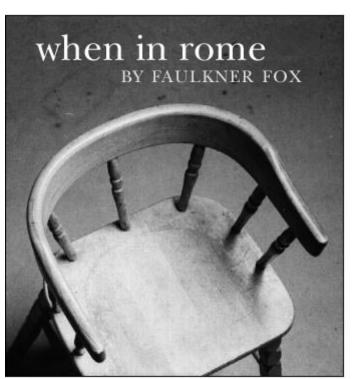


## ..Nerve.com..



×.



This is wicked. I'm within a stone's throw of the Vatican, and I'm fucking your brains out in a cheap pensione. You're the friend of my boyfriend there's the sin. My boyfriend's an intellectual, so am I, so are you — but you're dumber.

You ask me how I want to do it. On a chair, I say, face to face. In this room, there's a bed — double-sized, sheets all threadbare and damp — and one scuffed, wooden chair. Lucky for us, that's all we need.

🛐 send feedback 🚾 read feedback 🖂 email to a friend

© 2000 Faulkner Fox and Nerve.com, Inc.

nerve home | the regulars | photography | personal essays | fiction | dispatches | poetry | opinions nervecenter | personals | horoscopes | advice | boards | chat | instant gratifier | homepages | email create/edit member profile | account status | about credits | buy credits | logout | TOS | help retronerve | print magazine | nerveshop | about us | send us feedback

https://web.archive.org/web/20011106120239fw\_/http://www.nerve.com/poetry/fox/whenInRome/main.asp

-**⊿** 1/1