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Pumpkin Spice

R. J. Davies



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“Do you want another one?”

She nodded.

He slid another pumpkin spice rum shot her way. Watching as shaky fingers picked up the glass and carried it to her lips. Sipping she closed her eyes, then she drank down the rest. Resting the empty glass on the counter between them.

“Do you want me to call someone for you?”

She shook her head no.

“Are you alright?”

She slowly nodded yes, staring at the wall in front of her.

“Are you hurt at all?”

Turning, she looked at him. Her eyes were wild and lost. Her mouth curved into a wicked grin. “I’m pumpkin and spice and everything nice. I’ll take another one.”

Hesitating he paused, then poured another. Sliding it across to her. She took the glass and stared down at it. Rolling it back and forth in her fingers. “Sometimes we do things we never dreamed we would do. Never imagine we were capable of. Yet there is a burning inside our soul that you just can’t ignore. Starting in the pit of your stomach one day, and it grows. Grows so big it can’t fit in your chest anymore.” She looked at him. Smiled. Drank the shot down. Nodding at the empty glass. “That’s some good shit.”

He didn't offer her another one. Just cleaned empty glasses keeping an eye on her, out of the corner of his eye.

"You know what I mean?" she suddenly asked him.

"No, I'm not sure what you mean."

"Well, when I woke up this morning, I didn't plan on doing anything today. I was just going to stay home and wait for tomorrow to come. Yet here I am. Halloween night, out on the town."

"Did you go out to a party tonight?" He didn't want to mention that it was November first. Halloween passed, midnight came and gone. Most of the Halloween party goers went home.

"Party?" she laughed.

Her laughter was maniacal, a chill crept down his spine.

"Oh honey, you're serious." She appeared a little surprised. "No, no party."

The bar had closed twenty minutes ago. He had thought everyone had left. He was just cleaning up, when she came out of the ladies' room. Asking for a drink. He had told her they were closed but the look she gave him, he had found himself pouring her a drink. He just wanted her to leave. He couldn't wait for her to leave. He just wanted to go home. She wasn't moving.

"Have you ever done anything that you regretted? Wished you could take back?"

He thought about how he cheated on his girlfriend. She was the only woman that ever cared about him. She supported him in so many ways, and he felt like a jerk. Slept with her best friend when she was at work. Her best friend told her and then they both left him. He nodded, "I think we have at some point in our lives."

"What would you give to go back into the time and change that moment?"

He would give anything to change that. “Well, just a reminder the bar is closed. I should be locking up and heading home.”

“Sure, but I have to ask you before I go.”

“What’s that?”

“Would you give up your soul to go back and change that moment? Erase it, like it never happened.”

Looking into her eyes, he felt like he was swimming in a pool where reality and nonsense danced together like lost lovers. Nodding, he pressed his lips together in a frown. “I would.” He came around the bar and walked her over to the door. Unlocking it he held it open for her.

She grinned, leaned over and kissed him. “Oh baby, I’m pumpkin spice and everything nice comes to me. Don’t fuck it up this time around.” She winked and disappeared into the night.

He locked the door and turned off the lights. Stretching, he headed out the back door and walked home a few blocks. As he approached his apartment, he noticed the light was on. He was sure he had turned all the lights off when he had left for work. Shrugging he must have forgotten.

Within minutes he was closing the door behind him, locking it and tossing the keys on the counter.

“Trevor?” Mandy called.

“Mandy?”

“Hey babe, you’re late tonight. What happened?” she came out of the bedroom and hugged him.

“I was, I had a customer that didn’t want to leave.”

“Well, who could blame them.” She kissed his lips, “I left you food in the microwave.”

“Thanks. Wait, Mandy what are you doing here?”

“What do you mean?”

“Here?”

“I live here, are you alright?” she checked his forehead and cheeks. “Why don’t you go grab a quick shower and I’ll heat your food. Meet you in the bedroom in five minutes, okay?”

“Sure,” he headed to the bathroom, wondering if he was going crazy.