

# Laws of Attraction

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By William Currens Devol

Shelby applied her lip gloss for the hundredth time. She couldn't get it right and she couldn't decide which shade of pink to wear.

"It's not like Jamie is going to notice," Shelby told herself in the mirror. He wouldn't notice her lip gloss or how nice her auburn hair looked with the turquoise prom dress.

"He'd call it green, anyway. I don't know what I see in that boy," she said. "But I know what he sees in me."

Shelby looked at the clock on her bedside table. The Federal Hocking Prom was going to start in about 90 minutes. When the doorbell finally rang, Jamie was 20 minutes late, "What's new," Shelby asked herself.

"At least," Shelby thought, "Jamie drives like an idiot. He can get from Amesville to the high school in Stewart in less than 15 minutes."

Shelby's mother called up the stairs to tell Shelby that Jamie was there.

"Shelby got her boobs from her mom," Jamie thought to himself as he snuck a look at Mrs. Dempsey's impressive rack.

He felt stupid standing in the Dempsey entranceway with a corsage in a plastic box and wearing a stupid rented tuxedo with rented shoes.

"Shelby better put out like a whore tonight," Jamie thought. The tux and shoes had set him back \$65. The orchid corsage had been \$35. How could a fucking flower with a bit of ribbon and a pin cost that much?

"Here she is," Mrs. Dempsey said. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"He's wearing a red tuxedo," Shelby thought as she stood at the top of the stairs. "What kind of moron rents a red tuxedo and doesn't tell his date ahead of time?"

Shelby smiled down at her date and started walking down the stairs.

“Holy shit,” Jamie thought. “She’s doesn’t have a bra on. Look at those nipples.”

Jamie grinned up at Shelby.

“That’s right, big boy,” Shelby thought. “Look at my boobs and not my eyes, you shit.”

Jamie didn’t bother to open Shelby’s door for her after pictures were taken and they walked out to the curb. He slid into the front seat of his dad’s Chrysler 300, shut his door and waited for Shelby to let herself into the front passenger seat.

“Thanks, I love a gentleman,” Shelby said in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

“What,” Jamie said.

“Nothing,” Shelby answered.

“Your tits look incredible,” Jamie said and reached over to honk Shelby’s left breast.

Shelby slapped his hand away and said, “I know that move worked on your last girlfriend, but it doesn’t turn me on a bit, Romeo.”

“Who,” Jamie asked.

“Nothing,” Shelby said.

That was good enough for Jamie. He turned the car on, put it in gear, and sped away from the curb.”

“Where was your dad,” Jamie asked.

“Out at Alli’s in Glouster with his drunken asshole buddies,” Shelby said. “Don’t worry, he’ll be home later.”

The pair rode in silence after that.

“The best thing about Jamie as a lover was that he could never last longer than a couple of minutes,” Shelby thought as Jamie strained and moaned on top of her in the backseat of the Chrysler.

“Well,” she thought. “He never lasts long, and he never argues about wearing a condom.”

Jamie was pulling his pants up and Shelby was smoothing her dress down when Shelby asked Jamie if he was still willing to go through with it.

“Hey,” he said with a hurt look on his face. “When the J-man promises, the J-man comes through, Babe.”

“When did this mental midget start calling himself J-man,” Shelby thought as she tucked her herself back into the bodice of her dress.

Shelby turned her back to Jamie and said, “Fasten me.”

Jamie tried to run his hand down Shelby’s shoulder and grab her breast, but she grabbed his hand and pushed it away.

“After,” Shelby said trying to sound sexy. “After, and this time I’ll strip all the way.”

“Jesus,” Shelby thought as she saw Jamie’s eye widen and his grin go from ear-to-ear. “Men were all penis. Flash them a couple of boobs and you could get them to do anything.”

“She wants it bad,” Jamie thought. “I am going to destroy that like it has never been destroyed.”

“Now,” Shelby said. “Let’s get to the Prom. If we aren’t there by 9:30, they won’t let us in.”

“Fuckin’-A,” Jamie said as he started the car and put it in gear.

After the Prom, Shelby and Jamie sat in the Chrysler three houses down the block from Shelby’s house. Shelby was blocking a frontal assault on her breasts.

“Later, Jamie,” Shelby snapped. “Mom and Dad will be in the living room watching the TV. Well, Mom will be sitting next to Dad watching him passed out in front of the TV. She’s scared to go to bed without him and she’s scared to wake him up. Give me time to tell Mom the Prom was fabulous and get my pajamas on before you come in. Watch my window. Wait 10 minutes after my light goes out. Understand?”

“What do you think I am, an idiot,” Jamie said. “Don’t answer that. Ten minutes after the light goes out, I’ll remember.”

“Don’t forget to take that tux off and wear the coveralls,” Shelby said as she got out of the car and shut the door. She walked two steps and turned back to the open window. “For Christ sake, remember to change your shoes. All we need is for somebody to see you and spot those horrible red, patent leather shoes.”

As Jamie watched Shelby turn back toward her house and walk away he softly said out loud, "Horrible? J-man totally rocked those shoes." Jamie lit a cigarette and sat back to smoke it.

Jamie finished his smoke and flipped it into the street where it exploded into a shower of sparks when it hit the blacktop. He got out of the car quickly and walked around to the trunk. He kept one eye on Shelby's bedroom.

Jamie used the key to open the deep trunk. He had removed the trunk light bulb like he had seen in a movie where the hero is totally cool and never makes a mistake. He began undressing.

Shelby had made nice with her Mom for about 15 minutes which was about 14 minutes more than she could stomach. If that asshole Jamie didn't screw this up, that was the last time she was ever going to have to speak to the woman. The last thing she was ever going to hear from her father was his drunken snoring...how appropriate.

When Shelby got to the top of the stairs, she opened the towel closet and grabbed a red towel from the bottom shelf. She shut the towel closet door and went into her room. Shelby flipped the light on as she shut the door.

Jamie saw the light go on in Shelby's room as he buttoned the top button on the coveralls. He was nude under the coveralls, "J-man goin' commando." All his Prom clothes were crumpled in an untidy pile at the back of the trunk.

"Fuck 'em. For \$65 bucks they could put the fuckers back on the hanger."

Jamie tossed the red shoes on top of the tux pile in the trunk, pulled Sketcher skateboard shoes out of the trunk, and wiggled his feet into them one at a time.

He never broke eye contact with Shelby's window.

Shelby dried her face on the red towel. She looked in the mirror, and, when satisfied that she got all her makeup off, she undid her pony tail. Shelby threw the red towel over her right shoulder and turned off the bathroom light.

When she got back to her room, Shelby neatly folded the red towel over the back of her desk chair, shut her door, and turned off the bedroom light.

When the light in the window winked out, Jamie's breathing and heart rate quickened. He wiped suddenly-wet palms on the legs of the coveralls. He reached into the trunk and pulled out a ski mask. He set the ski mask on the top of his head and pulled it down to his eye brows.

“You can do this, J-man,” Jamie told himself. “A couple of funerals, sad face, cry, cry, cry, yes, it is awful, what is this world coming to, Shelby turns 18, she gets the insurance money, J-man is up to his eyeballs in money, big tits, and tight pussy.”

Jamie reached into the trunk and flipped the latches on the gun case. His grandfather had given him the double-barrel 12-gauge for his sixteenth birthday. Too fucking bad it was going into the creek later; it was an expensive gun.

Jamie thumbed the latch that broke the gun open. He put a shell in each barrel from the box in the case. He put four extra shells in his right-front chest pocket. “Holy shit, I better not need six shots.”

Jamie snapped the two halves of the open shotgun back together and decided he had waited 10 minutes. Jamie transferred the shotgun to the crook of his left arm and eased the trunk of the Chrysler shut with his right hand. He pulled the ski mask down and adjusted it so he had a clear line of sight.

He held the gun pointed at the ground and quickly walked to Shelby’s house. Jamie tiptoed up the steps to the porch. When he tried the door, it was unlocked just like Shelby said it would be. When the door opened, Jamie heard the sound of canned laughter coming from the living room to his right.

Jamie left the front door open as he stepped through the threshold. He could see blue shadows dancing on the wall of the front hallway at the bottom of the stairs. In the living room Jamie’s Mom was sitting with her back to the front door. Jamie’s old man was passed out on the couch to his wife’s left. If he woke up, he’d be looking right down both barrels of the shotgun as Jamie raised it to eye level and fitted the stock snug against his right shoulder.

Shelby had been expecting the first blast, but jumped anyhow when the roar of the shot filled the house. Shelby jumped to her feet and pulled her pajama top over her head.

The shot had vaporized the top half of Shelby’s Mom’s head. In the dark, the brains and blood and bits of bone looked like black paint on the television screen. Jamie stared at the nearly headless woman in awe at what he had done.

Jamie was yanked back to reality when he heard Shelby’s dad roar, “What the Fuck,” just to the left of his line of sight. Jamie snugged the gun back against his shoulder and swiveled toward the man on the couch.

Jamie fired into the middle of the mass struggling to get off the couch. Shelby’s Dad never said another word. He fell back against the couch and tried one last breath which gurgled back through the giant hole in his chest. Then, the man moved no more.

Jamie turned to get the fuck out of the fucking house as fast as he fucking could. Just before he saw Shelby at the top of the stairs he registered seeing the commercial where the baby bear gets dingle berries from bad toilet tissue.

Jamie forgot the dingle berry bears at once. Shelby stood at the top of the stairs naked.

Jamie had just killed her Mom and Dad and should be running for his life, but he still got frozen solid by some boobs and some pubic hair. "What an idiot," Shelby thought as Jamie lowered the shotgun and started to grin.

Shelby raised the Colt Woodsman with her right arm and steadied it with her left hand. Jamie never even saw the .22. With the skill her Dad bragged about at the gun club, "That girl can shoot better than nearly anything with a dick," Shelby put the first two rounds in Jamie's forehead, "I taught her everything she knows," the next four went into Jamie's chest. He was dead before his legs buckled. Shelby didn't need to check. She went back in her room and put her pajamas back on.

Shelby went back to the top of the stairs where she had fired the first six shots. She fired the last four shots into the wall well above where Jamie had been standing. This got gun shot residue all over her pajamas and made it look like the first few shots missed.

"Daddy kept that Woodsman wrapped up in a red towel in the closet at the top of the stairs Sherriff," Shelby imagined saying. "He said that way he'd not go searching around for the gun if he ever needed it. If it was on the bottom shelf wrapped in the only red towel in the closet, you couldn't miss it."

Shelby dropped the pistol and watched it bounce down the stairs. One grip panel splintered before the gun came to rest three steps from the bottom of the stair case.

Shelby walked through Jamie's blood in her bare feet. She left bloody footprints as she stepped out onto the front porch.

Some lights were already on in the neighbor's house to the right. Many more started blinking on as Shelby began to scream herself hoarse on the front steps.