

COLDWATER

This white elephant we had bought – *Coldwater*, we were calling it – was a mess. We retraced our steps, easily discernible in the dust as our flashlights created shadows in our footprints like craters on the moon, cut across the kitchen and went out to a porch that led to an overgrown pathway and a cottage-like structure about twenty-five yards away. A three-quarter moon had risen by then, and its light cast an inviting glow onto the tiled roof of the building. Kayman was four steps down the path before I got off the porch, and was pointing her flashlight at the cottage door as I came up behind her.

“I don’t think they want company,” she said.

There were three locks on the door — a doorknob lock, a deadbolt, and a steel hasp with a large padlock. And despite my protests, Kayman cracked all three in less than a minute. The door opened quietly on well-oiled hinges and I peeked in. Another guest suite, but unlike the others, this room was well-kept and tidy. I figured it was a caretaker’s quarters, and probably had been empty since the power was turned off.

Kayman oohed when she saw the bed, and lit up the way she does when she remembers that she can have her way with me any time she wants and any place she wants, and decides that right here a bed with clean sheets and blankets would be as good a place and time as any. She closed the door behind us, slipped its deadbolt, flicked off her maglite, turned back to me, took the lamp contraption from my hand, set it to strobe and handed it back. Then, swaying and gyrating to some beat only she could hear and with a lecherous grin that made me hope my organ donor card was still in effect, she began to take it off, one piece at a time disappearing into the dark intervals between the strobos, and I would have sworn I was watching an old black and white hand-cranked moviola. The afterglow of her California Girl tan lingered at the back of my eyeballs after each flash, and I was fully inspired by the time her jeans hit the floor. I set the strobe light down on the bedside table and stepped out of my pants. I don’t go commando, the way Kayman does, so she stepped up close and slipped my shorts down to my ankles, dropping to her knees in the process. I pulled her to her feet and pressed her down onto the bed, and with the strobe light flashing an erotic shadow play on the wall behind us, the first dance at *Coldwater’s* inaugural ball was a tango.

