

Cool Girl. Men always use that don't they? As their defining compliment. "She's a cool girl." Cool Girl is hot. Cool Girl is game. Cool Girl is fun. Cool Girl never gets angry at her man. She only smiles, in a chagrined loving manner, and then presents her mouth for fucking. She likes what he likes. So evidently, he's a vinyl hipster who loves fetish Manga. If he likes girls gone wild, she's a mall babe who talks football, and endures Buffalo wings at Hooters. When I met Nick Dunne I knew he wanted the "Cool Girl". And for him, I'll admit, I was willing to try. I wax-stripped my pussy raw. I drank canned beer, watching Adam Sandler movies. I ate cold pizza, and remained a size two. I blew him, semi-regularly. I lived in the moment. I was fucking game. I can't say I didn't enjoy some of it. Nick teased out in me things I didn't know existed. A lightness, a humor, an ease; but I made him smarter. Sharper. I inspired him to rise to my level. I forged the man of my dreams. We were happy pretending to be other people. We were the happiest couple we knew. And what's the point of being together if you're not the happiest? But Nick got lazy. He became someone I did not agree to marry. He actually expected me to love him unconditionally. And then he dragged me, penniless; to the navel of this great country, and found himself a newer, younger, bouncier, Cool Girl. You think I'd let him destroy me and end up happier than ever? No fucking way. He doesn't get to win.