

The Conversation.

You've got to get rid of her!

Not this shit again, why this time?

She's a fucking slag, everybody knows that, everybody thinks she is making a twat out of you.

Well I'm not everybody. I love her.

I hate doing this to ya mate but she's been fucking around again, a blow job here and a wank there, she's always up to something.

How do you know that?

Everybody knows about it, she is so fucking blatant.

If everybody knows about it why don't I?

Because you're her fella.

Well then, I should know then, shouldn't I? And anyway I love her.

Oh everything is ok then isn't it if you love her. You're making a nob out of yourself and out of me as well because you're my mate and I'm sick of talking about it to people.

Well stop then.

What am I supposed to do? You're my mate.

You could stop fucking yapping about me and her or if you can't do that tell everyone it is bullshit.

Like it's that simple.

It is if you want it to be, I've told you and you can tell everyone, whoever everyone is, I love her.

How can you love her? She's a slag, she sucks people off for fun.

I know she does. That's one of the reasons I love her, she sucks me off for fun.

Yeah but what about the others?

What others?

You know, come on, she's admitted it before.

Everyone makes mistakes, the pair of them took advantage of her, anyway I love her and she loves me

But everyone is laughing at you.

I've bought her a car.

You what! Are you fucking mad, a car, you haven't even got one yourself, she's taking you for a prize prat.

I love her and I can afford it.

Everyone is going to go mad about this. You'll be laughed out the pub.

Well I won't be in the pub I'll be in America.

America, when the fuck are you going there?

We're going next week.

We, oh God you're taking her aren't you? You big sap. You're losing the plot, who the fuck do you pair think you are? Thelma and Louise. What's happened to you man? You used to be a player now you are just getting played.

Yeah I'm losing the plot, you'll be talking about me in the pub while I'm in America with the

woman I love, who's the fucking idiot?

You are. You're rewarding her for having more pricks than kerplunk, get rid of her. She has a beer and becomes a slag. And she scavs sniff then gets horny with whoever gives her a line. Ha Ha Ha how do you think I pulled her? I hope I can get sniff in America.

You're weird. You don't care about her being a fucking slag, well when it all turns to shit I'll be there to say I told you so.

Cheers mate, you're one in a million.

Open your eyes, you will have to when you lose the woman you reckon your love.

What do you mean lose?

Well, she will fuck off when she realises the shagging about wont make you finish with her, she wants rid but can't bring herself to dump ya.

What you on about? I'm not arsed with gossip about noshes but don't start making shit up about her leaving me, she wouldn't. She loves me.

She loves your money you fucking idiot. Cars, holidays and sniff, who can blame her. Well some geezer will be able to give her more than you one day so it's a just a matter of time before she fucks off.

So she's not about to leave me it's all in your head, who's the fucking sad one? Me living my life or you worrying about it.

How have you turned this around on me? I'm just trying to be a friend, and I don't like you making a dick out of yourself.

I love her, you dumb fuck. Have you never fallen in love? I love her smell, I love her ways, her sex, her giggle, her nipples, her mom, her snatch, her back gash, her sense of humour, the ways she wrinkles her nose when she yawns, I love her smile, I love the taste of her tears, I love how her eyes betray her feelings, I love the songs she plays when we fuck, I love her heart, her daftness, her follow on double blow jobs and her super fly wardrobe. I fucking love her, get that through your fucking thick Neanderthal bastard brain, she could have a shower of Rasta spunk for all I care and I'd still love her. I wanna kiss her in a bluebell wood, I wanna wake up with her every day, I wanna impregnate her, I want my kids to have her eyes. Don't you understand? Can't you comprehend? No comprende? I love her.

Alright mate, calm down, fair play to you. I can't understand and never will but let's forget I ever opened my mouth. Let's go in, forget about her for half an hour.

Ok

I hope the black one is here again she was a fantastic turn for fifty quid last week.

I'm going to pick a Chinese bird this time, I just hope I can get a hard on, I don't want to waste my money.

Remember prostitutes are fannies to finger and arses to shag not shoulders to cry on and anyway this is my treat.

Cheers mate.