

[BVB8]

[Vanessa loves Paul]

I'm now a distorted version of myself, reshaped by my sweetly affectionate and promiscuous girlfriend.

As I knew perfectly well, Vanessa insisted on the freedom to have her affairs.

There had been only a few during the years, none lasting more than a week, and some briefer than the parties where she would pick an unattached man and slip away into the night.

Often she reached home before I did.

She always apologized, smiling hopelessly over a social gaffe, as if she had dented my car or ruined a new electronic razor.

She took for granted that she had earned the right to these impulsive gestures.

Her painful childhood entitled her to indulge her whims, to play her own games with chance and a tolerant boyfriend.

I knew that the affairs would go on until she found a convincing explanation for her traumatic infancy.

I know Paul, since he is my client at the Adler institute: he's constantly affected by money and obsessed with power.

He wants to own everything, even women, he catches them like flying bucks, plays with them and throw them away after a day.

Huge obsessions floating around them. It's useful to see just how odd apparently sane people can be.

Only the deepest obsession could assuage that kind of sadness.