

An Affair of State

by

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DESCRIPTION

The Senator from the great state of [fill in the blank] has something to say to the Ethics Committee

CHARACTER

The female Senator from the great state of _____

SETTING

Senate hearing room

* * * * *

The Senator seated at a table, microphone in front of her. A copy of her prepared statement in front of her. Around her the sounds of a busy Senate chamber: buzz of voices, movements of people, snap of cameras. Strobes of cameras going off under bright interrogatory lights.

The sound of three heavy strokes of a gavel, and the room goes quiet. SENATOR speaks into the microphone.

SENATOR

Thank you, Mr. Chairman, members of the committee. I thank you for affording me the opportunity to present to you an explanation of the actions at issue here today, and before we begin the questioning, I would like to offer a statement, as is customary. I believe that, when all is said and done, I will be able to lay these allegations to rest. My statement will be brief. Thank you.

SENATOR hesitates. She looks at her statement, then up at the committee.

SENATOR

(clearing throat)

Thank you.

Yet SENATOR doesn't begin. Then, with a determined gesture, she puts the paper to one side and instead starts speaking without notes.

SENATOR

In fact, my statement will be “briefs”—that is, about briefs—because I readily admit the charge that has brought me here today. I did, indeed, give my office intern—my legally adult 20-year-old athletically endowed Georgetown intern—a blow job. Several, actually, over the course of six months—in my office, after hours, following a drink or two from the office scotch. And I did, on each occasion, without hesitation, completely swallow—let that be known for the record.

However, lest any of you think that that was all that happened—the misguided judgment of an otherwise mature woman—let me put your mistaken assumptions to rest, for there is more—much more—to this tale. I knew, from the day he walked in, what I wanted from him—and it didn't take much to convince him that what I wanted was what he should want as well. Let me tell you what it was like that first time—to shut the door and lock it, only the desk lamp on to throw shadows against the wall. My moving closer to him, and then closer, and his backing away until the backs of his thighs bumped up against the desk, stopping him cold—or, rather, stopping him hot. My hands—these hands—yes, these hands—unbuckling his belt, pulling it free from its loops—snap!—dropping the leather to the floor. The thin soft wool cloth sliding down his legs—well-defined, sculpted, even—the useless cloth puddling at his ankles. The boxer shorts—he had his fraternity logo sewn onto the right leg—those boxer shorts slithered easily southward over his hips, past his knees, resting gratefully on his feet—

I am sure at least some members of the committee have experienced, from one side or the other, this sexual congress—from both sides of the aisle—the spray of adrenaline, the squeeze of excitement—those of you who know, know exactly what I am talking about. Those of you who don't—or say you don't—well—my condolences.

The blow-jobs, of course, were not all—why should they have been? He took me in the ways I wanted to be taken—and why not? Two adults—one more adult in age than the other, I'll admit, but what did age matter?—late night, shadows on the wall, all by choice—let all that linger in your minds—

Let it linger—for we have all had these desires, these imperfections, these temptations of the flesh—and oh did it feel wonderful to give in to them, to let flesh slide against flesh, let bodies do what bodies do, let the darkness pull us into its warm cave and let pleasure flood into every opening—and I mean every opening!

Now, who among you has not, at least once—at least once!—indulged in thought if not in deed those dark slippery urges that can make life so tasty—those shadowy cravings that make your thighs go tight and your breath go shallow, that prickle your skin and make you sweat like you’ve never sweat before—I’m not taking a poll, but who among you has not? That warm cave has such sweetness.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I would be glad to entertain any questions you have—any questions at all. From anyone. Any question at all.