

Sycophant

Man, fuck you. You know, the **only** reason I came here tonight was because I wanted to hang out with you, and you blew me off. Again. Like. fuckin'. Usual. So I'm done. That's it. Three strikes. More than three. 'Cuz I did this all already. I already spent too many goddamn years of my life being that sycophantic lacky to some douchbag who didn't *really* care about who the fuck I was. I've already blow way too much fucking money on rounds of drinks for everybody except for me, because **I'm** designated driver. I already stayed up waiting all night for those texts to "hang" that I *knew* wouldn't ever really come. So when you showed me that modicum of respect, I ate that shit up. Because you called me your friend. And *you* made the plans, and *you* called first. But now? Fuck you. You barely fuckin' recognize me because the last time you saw me was six months ago. Because you're sooo busy. And sooo tired after work. And sooo stressed that you "just want to unwind by yourself tonight". Well, go for it. Go ahead take all the time you need with whoever you want to spend time with. Because I'm not your goddamn groupie and I'm not going to be a footstool for you to shit on. Because you know what? I'm better than that, I don't need you, goodbye and fuck. You.