



yours!!!!!!” Oh, boy.

At the end of her visit, having succeeded in not getting arrested over the weekend, Jules hugs me goodbye and offers these words of sisterly encouragement: “Go buy condoms.”

It’s not going to come to that.

“Trust me,” she says. “He’s so young, he has an erection *right now*.”

Eager to educate myself in Nick’s field, I set my Blackberry ringtone to “Mrs. Robinson” and sashay up Madison Avenue to see William Kestin, MD, a board-certified ophthalmic microsurgeon known as “The Wizard of Eyes.”

“You may ask me four questions, even though it’s not Passover,” Kestin says. Can he erase the broken blood vessel in my right eye? “That’s actually not broken—it’s dilated,” he says. “A broken blood vessel is a bruise that paints the eye blood-red because the conjunctiva is crystal clear. It heals itself.”

For a dilated vessel, Kestin says, a common treatment is a vasoconstrictor—but not Visine, which contains tetrahydrozoline, a short-acting vasoconstrictor with a rebound effect. It wears off quickly, leav-

your blood. But the skin can be lifted up, reducing the internal reflection.” He swabs topical anesthetic under my eyes and, to reduce swelling and bruising, pops five arnica pellets under my tongue. “You’ll be tripping in an hour!” he says with a laugh.

Watching Kestin fill a syringe with Restylane, I’m skeptical. Magic? Isn’t this a routine procedure? “No,” he replies. “Let me tell you the definition of a routine procedure: It’s a procedure done on someone else. I use a smaller needle than most doctors—32 gauge—and I fill in a single shot deep over the bone, then sculpt the Restylane into place with my finger. You’re not going to feel a thing, which is good news, because I charge more for pain.” (How much is pain-free? \$800.)

The Wiz he is! Adieu, dark circles! Sayonara, sleepy hollows! *Hola*, Holly! I look almost young enough to attract men my own age. “You know you’ve made a patient happy when they won’t put the mirror down,” Kestin says, prying my fingers off the handle. My last question: Got any advice for a woman dating a younger man? “Just have fun,” Kestin says. “If he dies, he dies!”

of my recollection.

Thursdays become our date night. We go for drinks, dinner, an off-Broadway play. Being old-school (and old-Catholic-school), I hold him physically at bay—not easy. And then there’s the age matter. One friend says, “You have to tell him how old you are.” Another: “Keep your trap shut!” And Jules: “He probably knows. Don’t make an issue out of it.”

But it’s already an issue. It annoys me that he texts instead of calls, and uses hipster slang, as in, “Want to bounce?” (No, I don’t. I want to wear Spanx!) Still, I like him. He’s fun and a great kisser and makes me laugh, like now, when he says, “I always wanted to date a journalist, so I could say, ‘This just in!’” To which I reply, “You should know, I’m 15 years older than you.” He looks surprised, then laughs and says, “No way! That is *so hot*.” I find this irritating. But I get over it.

We’re in the midst of that oft-fantasized-about romantic moment, and he’s naked and so covered in tattoos it’s like he’s still wearing clothes. And I’m naked and so covered in pillows he can’t find me, and when he does...*screech*! I can’t do it.

Nick puts his hand on my leg and says, “I’m really good in bed.” (I swear to God he did, or may I be struck blind.) I put my hand atop his and reply, “I’m really good in bed too.”

ing the eye redder than it was when you began, and you start a vicious cycle. “Try Opcon-A,” he says. “Its active ingredient, naphazoline, constricts the vessel less, and it has an antihistamine for itching.”

Before I can ask my second question, Kestin asks one of his own: “Did you know that you have the rarest eye color?” he says. “The smallest percentage of the population has green eyes. Then blue, then hazel, and the most common, brown. The lighter the iris, the lower the concentration of melanin, which acts as a natural sunscreen. A major cause of fading eye color is sun damage—it’s the ultraviolet rays. That’s why you should wear UV-protective sunglasses. In fact, everyone should wear them, rain or shine.”

Suddenly, Kestin looks at me, mesmerized. “I’d like to impress you with what I do. It’s magic!” Handing me a Costco private label daily makeup remover wipe—“The best! And cheap!”—he tells me to remove my concealer. “You have dark circles, which I can correct,” he says, clearly excited. “There are different reasons they occur—allergies, loss of volume, the migration of fat pads. The darkness is caused by the proximity [of the skin] to

Wednesday night. *Ding!* “Hollyyyy!!!! ...only 24 hours, just sayin!!!!...” Not exactly Keats, but my heart flutters. Twenty-four hours later, we’re in a little boîte, drinking vodka tonics, sitting so close our thighs are touching, as Nick waxes poetic on eyes and how “they’re the only place in the body where you can actually see blood vessels and nerves and even a little piece of the brain in living, active states.” (Kestin says it’s true.) I swoon and, in turn, seduce him with my own eye-related expertise. Did he know that the average blepharoplasty (aka eye job) can last 10 years or longer, and getting a second blepharoplasty is supertreacherous, because removing too much skin from the upper or lower lids compromises your ability to close your eyes? (This warning was given to me by Gerald H. Pitman, MD, a clinical professor of plastic surgery at the New York University School of Medicine.) I close my eyelids, on which I’ve written YOU’RE and CUTE. Nick puts his hand on my leg and says, “You know, I’m really good in bed.” (I swear to God he said that, or may I be struck blind.) I put my hand atop his and reply, “I’m really good in bed too.” At least, to the best

And adding insult to injury—yes, he has an erection, and it’s killing him—I want to analyze everything. Seriously, the lights go out, and it’s as if I’ve turned into Woody Allen.

The next morning, I feel guilty (so Catholic: Damned if I do, and *damn it* if I don’t), and we kiss goodbye, and Nick says he loves that I keep my eyes open when we “smash,” and I promise things will go well next time, and he says he’ll text me later, and that was three months ago. Ouch.

Meanwhile, guess who’s getting all kinds of action—make that reaction. “You won’t believe it,” my neighbor Grace says, coming by for a drink. “I’m receiving all these e-mails from men calling me ‘funsugartits.’ Clearly, this website fishes for addresses and caught mine. It’s outrageous.” *Ruh-roh*. “So, how’s that boy you’ve been dating?”

Must’ve been my age. Or my body. Or me. “You’re not looking clearly at the situation,” my editor Liesl says, over lunch. “When you pulled the plug that night, Nick thought you weren’t into him. Can’t you see that?” I can’t see anything, actually, because the \$600 prescription glasses Nick talked me into are still sitting in his store! I