

Crooning

by Adam Sifre

It was a lover's dark. They had been talking for hours. At some point daylight lost interest and the two were left with the lesser light of vanilla scented candles.

"I'm a terrible singer."

"Let me hear."

"Never."

There was a pause. Not awkward. Not exactly. He leaned in and touched her hair.

"Please?" Laughter.

"Not even if you said pretty please."

His hand found the back of her neck and he leaned in closer. Lips brushed a cheek. It was the first kiss.

"Pretty please," he murmured. She inhaled and tentatively touched his hair.

"Never."

He brushed her neck again, mouth replacing hand. His lips were dry -- the only sign his boldness outpaced his confidence.

She was pretty when they met. Beautiful as the day wore on. Magic in the candlelight. He raised his head, just a little. He kissed her earlobe, soft and warm. Their second kiss. His soft breath was a hot wind in her ear. She tried to press his head closer and move away at the same time.

"I don't ..." Another kiss on the ear, making her squirm.

"I will make you sing," he whispered. Lips at last found each other and they were lost for a time. Forever came and went.

"Promise?"

He did not answer. Or if he did, it was lost in the flush of song.

