

While We Fuck

by Christian Yetter

When you push my bra down, so it rests uncomfortably beneath my breasts—your teeth dragging pink trails across my throat and shoulders, pushing your thumb and forefinger into my panties—you don't say that you love me. You say, “Jesus shit. Relax, baby, this'll be fun, I promise,” and then turn the lights out so you don't have to watch me cry while we fuck.

