

Seamstress

by J. Bradley

The cab split the thread of oncoming traffic into water barrels and telephone poles.

“Why did you have to tase the driver?” xTx said, her eyes pried open by terror, mouth wet with want.

“I didn't want him to watch”, Sarah said, before the tattoo on her wrist disappeared up xTx's skirt. The crack of the guard rail drowned out xTx's moan.

