

Pectoralis Minor

by Johnny Dantonio

Pajama pants and a grey tank top.

White pajama pants with vertical stripes, blue and yellow ones of different widths. It reminded me of the IKEA version of that zebra gum everyone used to eat when I was in elementary school, if that makes any sense. She wore them with no socks. We always wondered if anyone sleeps in socks. Elizabeth had this grey tank top she would sleep in, but I think it was really just a wifebeater of mine that she accidentally shrunk.

It wasn't day particularly. I don't think it was late or dark. We were in no room, no house, no place really — no walls or floors or ceilings; no light, no bed.

I was sitting upright, floating, my legs outstretched. She was laying on them, quietly listening to her vertebral column click against my shins as she rocked, foolishly smiling at the sound.

As she arched her back, her braless chest protruded, her hard nipples attempting to penetrate the grey cotton. Her laugh purred gently, her throat bobbing back and forth to expel the light sounds from her gaping mouth, her head tilted back and up. Her clavicles boasted from her shoulder shrugs as I watched her grin. I moved my bones beneath her to intensify the echo.

There was no time. There was no noise or street cars or ambulances or wind.

I pulled my legs back to myself from under her. She kept her back arched, her bust still firm as she closed her mouth and stretched, audibly yawning and grabbing the bottom of the shirt, pulling it up to expose her pale, smooth stomach. Her hands climbed her ribs, which pushed against the material as hard as her nipples. She squinted at me and grabbed her breasts teasingly. She shot her head toward me with her tongue out and her eyes crossed.

There were no two bodies. It wasn't any season. There was no taste or smell.

We pulled parallel. I heard her close her eyes and softly moan through her stomach, my ear pressed to her skin as my warm, wet lips kissed her side. Her thumbs tucked beneath the waistline of her pants, slightly pulling them down to expose the eternity between belly button and bliss. I looked up at her as I slid my tongue along the rail of her hip, sucking at its point.

No more was tomorrow, or today even. There was no chance for interruption or destiny or cliché; no language, no universe.

Elizabeth's blue eyes caused mine to bat, my lids shutting as my flat palms slid beneath her sacral curve, my fingerpads hooking to the sinking stripes and slowly drowning them. She slid her top off as her back remained arched, pushing her tits together as she watched me watch her between her legs. The point of my tongue circled her clit slowly as my fingers curled inside of her, her hands running through my hair, pulling it with each contraction. I moaned softly with her in my mouth, the vibration exasperating her.

Lizzy's long fingers traced the unvisited skin between her breasts and navel, her light-brown hair curled around her neck in a hand-twisted pony tail, dipping down her collar and flirting with my left shoulder, whispering and tickling upon my back as I bobbed within her symmetry.

There was no future.

Breathing heavily on my back, I pushed each exhale out with a simultaneous blink, my body spread like a Da Vinci drawing. She laid beside me staring at the outline of my profile, tracing my neck and jawline with her eyes, her weight causing the veins in my arm to thump beneath my skin. The sweat from her back made us adhere to one another.

"Velco epidermis," she said to my inner elbow causing us both to laugh. She moved closer, eyelashes whispering on the nape of my neck.

"Just hold on a sec," I gasped, smiling, eyes closed. She ignored.

"I could love you in hell. In winter. Or I guess I mean hell's summer," her nasal bone burrowed into my levator, her wet smile

making the hairs along my neckline straighten, each one exclamated with a goosebump.

“Keep talking,” I breathed through a smirk.

“I could love you in war. In a battle. In the mud. With all of my men dead around me,” she giggled.

I grinned, my breathing more rhythmic, both of our eyes still closed. A low hum urged her to continue.

“I could...”

My headboard knocks when I wake this morning. I slightly jump to the alarm. My sheets are black and white. My comforter is black. It's a Tuesday. The sky seems fine; flat cirrus wisps in the sun's face as it rises with me. A dog barks over a truck that beeps to let the world know it is backing up. The wooden bedroom floor is hard and smells cold in winter. My socks cause me to stumble a bit when I put my feet down to shuffle toward the shower.

