

Motel

by Laurie Stone

The motel was in the undergrowth of several weedy small towns. A flashing sign made it visible from the road. We used it as a safe house, but Brody didn't know the room was bugged. I fumbled with his belt. He stopped me and said, "Do you mean this, or are you handling me?" I smiled, brushing hair off my cheek. I said, "I don't know." I liked not living in a house, not having friends, not eating regular meals, not caring for children—as Brody's wife did. He kissed me. He made love like a boy who was angry at his toys for being important to him. I didn't know how I made love. Afterward I wondered what kind of sex we would have if he was no longer on the run. If we were living a normal life, would we look at each other? I was mad for the long muscle of him and the lace of scars across his skin. I was plain mad, too. To have the thing you want is to see what else there is, and I could feel my happiness rooted with the men in the van, hunched over their screens. They could hear the headboard slam against the wall. They could see Brody and me naked and hear us huff like cars that take a long time to turn over. I didn't mind. I was doing my job.

