let’s play hooky

by Peter DeWolf

There is just something about a thin, white cotton v-neck t-shirt, he thought, as he ran his hand over bleary eyes and dehydrated lips.

He wanted her, as always. But he needed just a little more rest.

She pulled her hair back into a ponytail. It bounced around, as she sat up in the bed and looked for something or other.

Fuck rest.

He sat up. He gently took the ponytail in his hand and moved it aside. He planted a long, sweet kiss on the back of her neck.

“Baaaaabe…”

He wasn't sure if it was a protest or a greeting. So he kissed the side of her neck.

“Mmmmmmmm…”

He knew what that was.

He took the bottom of her t-shirt. He pulled it up. She raised her arms to help the process. He threw the shirt on the floor.

He kissed the back of her shoulder. His hands explored. His hands caressed.

She put her head back, rubbing her soft right cheek on his stubbled left.

She nibbled on his ear.

He pushed her down on her back on the bed.

He kissed between her breasts, as he grabbed the top of her black lace underwear.

He looked up at her.

“Baaaabe…”

He pulled them down.

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She loved having her head on his shoulder. She loved the closeness. She loved the security. But most of all, she loved the kisses he placed on top of her head.

And, as if on cue, he kissed her again.

Her swoon was interrupted by the sound of a plastic wrapper.

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“What are you doing?” she asked, not really trying to hide her mild annoyance.

“Snack.”

“What is it?”

“Carob-coated almond butter cup,” he replied.

“That sounds terrible. Gimme a bite.”

“Ask nicely,” he whispered.

“They say that you lose taste buds as you get older. At your age, the thing is completely wasted on you.”

He ate the treat in two bites, then licked his fingers clean.

She gasped.

“No kisses for you for fifteen minutes!” she informed with a huff.

She rolled over and left a little distance between them.

“Your loss,” he replied.

“YOUR loss,” she thought she corrected.

She got comfy. He grinned.

“It was VERY tasty,” he whispered.

“TWENTY MINUTES!”

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The sounds of birds, dancing on the early autumn breeze, roused him slightly.

He tried to recapture sleep.

It was being annoyingly elusive.

He realized his hand was on her stomach. He pulled his little spoon in closer. She sleepwiggled her cute butt into him.

He drifted off.

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She punched the keys on her laptop.

He gently tapped the keys on his.

“You frustrate me,” she pointed out.

“Really? You hide it well.”

That didn't help.

She looked over at him, in his slightly more reclined version of her laptop-on-knees-in-bed position.

He was reading up on fantasy sports sites.

She was giving the stink eye to Facebook Scrabble.

She power-tapped some keys.

“Fine. Your turn,” she hissed.

He yawned. He switched to his Scrabble browser tab. He gentle-tapped a few times.

“Your turn,” he said, going back to his fantasy sports research.

She looked at her screen. She looked at him.

“Eighty-six points!?!”

“I guess so,” he replied, trying to conceal a smirk.

“It's not even a word!!!”

“Sure it is,” he replied without looking at her. Which only enraged her more.

“Use it in a sentence.”

“Okay… ‘I kicked your butt in Facebook Scrabble by playing the word abfarad.' How's that?” he asked.

“I hate you.”

“Naw. I don't think that's at all true.”

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He stood on the foot of the bed in his dark blue boxer briefs. He surveyed his surroundings.

“I know it's not manly to admit it, but I'm a little scared,” he told her.

“That's only natural,” she reassured.

“I can do this.”

“I have faith in you.”

“Okay,” he said. “So I have to get to the bathroom without stepping on the floor, because it is covered in lava and alligators?”

“That is correct,” she nodded.

“And the lava… doesn't hurt the alligators?”

“It's an evolutionary thing. Don't make me explain it,” she replied with a sigh.

“I see…”

“So?” she asked.

“I'm doing it!”

He jumped off the bed and landed, on one foot, on her t-shirt. He then hopped to the yellow pages. Then awkwardly to a chair cushion. Then onto one of her shoes. And then a long jump onto her other shoe.

But he didn't stick the landing, and went tumbling into the bathroom and out of sight.

She waited in shocked silence.

Then he hopped back to his feet, dusting himself off.

“I made it!”

“More or less…” she answered.

He limped over to the door casing, and leaned against it goofyseductively.

“Care to join me in the shower?” he asked.

She raised one eyebrow.

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She was wrapped in a poofy white towel, and his arms.

He made sleepy sounds, with his face buried in her hair, as he snuggled up behind her.

“Baby…” she whispered.

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

“Mmmmm. I love you too,” he said, planting a little kiss on the back of her neck.

She swooned.

He removed his right arm.

She frowned.

Then his arm returned, as he placed something on her pillow.

A carob-coated almond butter cup.