

Bean Bag Chair

by Steph Dietz

Up to the loft we went, shedding clothes all the way. No one is home, but the place smells like the fresh cookies my mom had made before she left. It's dark and my lips hit his as we stumble over the coffee table onto my little brother's bean bag chair. He kicks the table over by accident, spilling controllers and xbox games everywhere. I clutch the chair. His hands tangle up in my hair pulling my head in for a kiss then pushing it back again.

He seems to know what he's doing as my mind tries to stay here in this place, but I can't help let it wander. How are my parents doing on the plane? Is my brother still at the movies? Will he be home soon? Is his bean bag chair going to survive unharmed?

My nails unhinge themselves as I continue to worry about the chair. Where should I put them? His hair is flawless. I mess it up and hair glue sticks to my fingers as his bad breath mists onto my face. He sounds like he might have a heart attack as he breathes faster. My Grandpa had a heart attack last year. I was with him and he survived, but he didn't sound this bad.

He rolls onto the floor leaving my body bare and it's done.

"Come here." He still sounds like he might die. I slide onto the carpet and it irritates my skin. I nuzzle into his side, rest my leg on his torso, and pillow my head with his chest hair. His chapped lips scratch my forehead and then he whispers, "Can you go grab my clothes?"

