

In and Out

by Timothy Gager

She came to bed wearing the same blue button-down shirt John saw her wearing at work this morning. "You looked nice at work today but now you're lying with me," John said. She rolled up her sleeve and showed John the Campbell red stain which ran up her forearm to her bicep to places unknown. "I've imagined doing this with you," John said, freeing her hair out of the bun.

Emma held her arm up to John's eyes. He looked, nodded. "My burns are on the inside," he told her. "I'll never show you." She pushed him onto his back and kissed him. He touched her breasts through her shirt, then sliding his right hand under the starched fabric to massage her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "Don't fall in love with me," he said when her breaths released quicker and she started to push into him.

He stayed in bed for a long while, until she came back. It took as long as a series of knocks before John threw on a shirt and answered the door. She stood on the porch. "It's been a week and I'm not," she said. John opened the door and motioned her into the house.

