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Candlelight and Flowers

“Fuck me,” he said, “is one of the sweetest things I’ve ever heard a woman say. I don’t mean a fuck me said while sitting side-by-side on a couch or while waiting on a bed for the clothes to come off—a fuck me as in let’s fuck. I mean a fuck me said while she’s naked on her back underneath you, her legs apart and pulled up by her hands in the crooks of her knees, her eyes closed and mouth opened, you naked and hard and pushing into her, pinning her down, and her engulfing you in the moments when the both of you are at your most powerful and your most vulnerable, while the wet spot growing in the bed underneath her is still warm and she wants to be with you, has opened her warmth and softness to you and it pleases her, *you* do, you are pleasing her, you, skinny and snaggle-toothed, helping her to reach a place inside herself where it’s not about you anymore but rather it’s passion and a sort of joy and courage you’ll never understand and a woman who opens herself to them and is opened by them so much that she abandons fear, half-whispering to you sweet trusting words that could cause no end of trouble if you turn out to be not quite the person she thought you were when she asked you into her bed. Fuck me—it’s practically I love you.”

“No, it’s not,” she said. “It’s not.”