

Ardor

Ardor. Ardor is the only word that comes close to explaining the way your inner thighs made me feel. That gnawing of my loins, that churning of my throat. That dark-matter vacuum tucked between my belly button and solar plexus. Ardor. That red hot chili passion like spicy ghost peppers sliced into diamonds, or julienned into thirty-two tooth-aching cavities. Ardor. Are-dur. Aye, are, dee, oh, are: the noises you vibrated with modulated ecstasy. Those vowels. Those thighs. *Your* thighs! But, specifically, your inner thighs.

Ah, enough! Linda, you, you, you! I need to get last night off my mind. Write you this letter. Change my clothes. Wash the fluids off my chest: the ones you combed into my chest hair with those fat labias of yours. Last night...last night. Really, more like five hours ago. I haven't even gone to bed. Have you?

We were left alone, almost on purpose, and suddenly. A pop-quiz in fidelity, perhaps. You got up and picked up my dirty plate first, left yours. You never did let me clean up after dinner, huh? Any guest, really. But especially me, last night. Five hours ago. Remember when you came back to grab your plate, you pinched your skirt and pulled it up a bit? Just a pinch, just a bit. A tick so exact, so particular it seemed, that, I remember thinking it could've been on accident. Then you grabbed your plate, scrapped off the bits of burnt stir-fry, and threw the ceramic in a cloud of wet hot running steam.

I tried to picture you naked, before the sink, while you took off your rings. In this picture, for some reason, the word "dorsal" was tattooed to your back with the letter "S" in bold, giving my illusion the hook to peg that hot gap of yours to the tip of my cock.

Then, the dishes were done. And after the dishes were done, you put your hands on the counter and, somehow, looked at yourself in the reflection of an open window. A minute went by, not a word spoken. You turned around and there, I swear, I saw the spark—the spark of *ardor*—as if to say: "Yes, Robbie, you can fuck me." And there was no going back. Even with the tan line of my brother's wedding ring still on your finger.