

HOLE IN THE FLESH

By Talia Washington

Yuni cleaned her legs in long uninterested drags. Her face felt heavy and sore from smiling and laughing. Her boyfriend Wade had embraced her nearly every second since he arrived. It was the most time they'd spent together in four months. She hated that the company they worked for kept them so far apart.

"I wish," he said. "I want to stay with you."

Wade pushed the door open.

His straight black hair was combed into the middle of his scalp. Yuni covered her exposed nipples with the damp rag. Wade gasped, holding his head back in laughter. He recovered quickly enough to walk to Yuni and kiss her. He took the rag, and dropped it into the water, running his hands through her semi-damp hair.

"Baby, you're past chastity."

"Shut up," I said, smiling. "You leave Monday?"

“Yeah,” he answered. “Today’s Sunday, right?”

Wade turned to look in the mirror.

Wade’s half-open green flannel was missing and covering Yuni’s body before he could miss it. Yuni moved it, hoping for relief. The wind of rushing past him barely pushed a strand of her dark brunette bob. He poked around his ear for a little bit longer before finally rushing behind her.

Yuni leaned onto his chest. His upper body moved slightly to chuckle, and he brought his lips down to hers. Yuni bathed in his touch. Moments like this kept Yuni on the right side of sanity at work. Wade pulled her shoulder, laying his head on hers.

“We’re asking Parker.”

“Yeah?”

“Wear this for me.” Yuni said.

She held her favorite silver earring in her palm. It was the only one she never wore to work. It was like a family heirloom from the orphanage she grew up in. A small tear trotted down her cheek, deep hazel orbs searching for acceptance. Wade stood for a moment, just as he opened his mouth a knock sounded. eased the earring into his ear. his finger through her hair. She kissed where she placed her prized possession.

The weekend was nearly over. Wade started packing to go home and Yuni had been taking work calls ahead of Monday. Wade had taken cleaning the bathroom while Yuni picked up the bedding area. He had been caught up doing something outside of the hotel all day.

“I’ll just do it.” Yuni stormed into the bathroom.

She picked up their underwear from the bathroom. Yuni hoped it wouldn’t look like this in their own home. She cringed, mentally vowing to be cleaner next time around. It took Yuni until sunset to get to the last portion of filth. She found the washcloth she lazily threw down two days ago. Yuni flung the washcloth and missed.

The doorknob smashed a circular hole into the drywall. Ferocious curiosity and a used contraceptive threatened to set flames to the worn room. Wade was perched comfortably against the headboard, twirling Yuni’s earring around his finger. His expression met her with confusion when she snatched it from him.

“What is this?”

Yuni held the object of suspicion like a match.

“Yaniyah,” he groaned.

“What’s so different?” Yuni threw it on his chest. “You wanted this?”

Wade wanted nothing more than their child before. There were so many letters, gifts, and innuendos. Looking at him now, she could tell of nothing changing. For a second, or even two

she thought it hadn't. His green eyes were fulfilled and purposeful. They looked like bold grass in the summer.

"Jayla," he grabbed her hand. "She's pregnant."

"You did this?" Yuni balled her fist. "All this, while your assistant is pregnant?"

"While my wife, was pregnant." Wade corrected her.

Yaniyah pushed her earring back into her ear. It was in the wrong place, and it burned, and her ear was wet. The room might as well have been on fire. She felt hollow, lost in the smoke, choking on dark air.

THE END