

## 5. Tomorrow

**By Amanda Hurley**

It's the scent of her that lingers, long after he's changed the sheets, remade the bed. Thrown the window wide open. Until he realises it's him that's carrying her fragrance, she's still there on his body, impregnated in every pore.

At first, he'd been shy with her, timid really. Now when he touches her back, it's as if her skin is making way for his fingers so he can burrow inside, stir her to the bone.

He thinks of tomorrow, the ring of his doorbell, the knowledge of her shape standing behind the door, deciding whether to risk him again.

*(Finalist – Globe Soup Micro Writing Challenge 2021 – Lust)*