

"Sex in Hotels: Fasano, Rio de Janeiro"

It's 3 a.m. You rise from the sea-scented foam of your bath, centered in the acreage of your suite like a throne, and dry off with a towel as thick and white as whipped cream. You can't sleep. You don't want to. Soon it starts: the World Cup. You've been waiting for this since before you could think.

Earlier, in the lobby, you watched the Italian team arrive, kissing the gleaming hardwood floors, humping the Philippe Starck furnishings in metrosexual ecstasy at being back among urbane design motifs after a month of barbaric seclusion on the Bolivian Altiplano. You slipped your keycard to the central defender, the captain of the team. There: that's the click of the door.

He sees you naked and tears off his clothes. You start to speak but he covers your mouth with his. It's hard and rippled like a marble statue: the Greek marble of your sarcophagus bathtub. His thighs, thick and firm as tree trunks, make you think for a second of the pekia tree trunk reception desk downstairs. Or was it the desk that made you think of his thighs, and slip him the card?

The diaphanous curtains shimmer in the balmy Rio air as he forces you back onto the bed, set deliciously on an incline that follows the horizon. You left open the door to your private balcony, shielded by mirrored screens, to let in the sound of the street crowds below. Their chants waft up, buoyant clouds of adoration that lift you both to more passionate heights. You tumble him onto his back; he moans as you take possession of every crevice of his body. This man, whom all the world wants, for the next secret hour is yours.

In two days you will meet on the pitch, captain to captain, in the opening game of the World Cup, and shake hands. Will the hawk-eyed ref notice the electricity that flies between your fingers, like the invisible spark that Michelangelo painted between God and Adam?

Some things are not made to be seen. The Chinese onyx fittings, Mies chairs, and 300-thread-count Egyptian cotton sheets of the Fasano Rio de Janeiro will never tell.