

JUST DREAMING

By: R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2022

R. J. Davies

Visit my website at <http://www.rjdavies.ca>

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through <http://www.rjdavies.ca>

Online Edition

Just Dreaming

By: R. J. Davies

It was such a long week, so much going on, Lisa just couldn't think anymore. She needed to recharge. Not even interested in eating dinner. All she wanted was her bed. Unlocking her apartment door, she locked herself in and kicked her shoes off. Dropping her keys in the tray, she dumped her bag and coat on the sofa. Trodding off to her room, she sighed heavily as she closed the door behind her shutting out the world. Two steps and she flopped on her bed.

Sleep overtook her instantly. Within minutes she was softly snoring and found herself back in that wonderful world she liked to visit.

Pushing open the white picket fence she closed it behind her and smiled looking up at the pretty two-story home. Lisa savored walking up the stone pathway to the steps. Stepping up the stone steps she reached the front door. She knew he was home because she could smell dinner cooking. Turning the knob slowly she sighed happily as she entered the front door.

"Honey I'm home!" she called to him.

"In the kitchen babe," the love of her life replied.

Lisa started walking towards the back of the house, walking down the narrow hallway to the kitchen. Her husband smiled from ear to ear as soon as their eyes met. She walked right over to him; he wrapped her in his arms and kissed her.

"I've missed you," she pulled away and stirred the pot on the stove.

"Me too, how was work?"

"It's good, I love my job it was just a long week."

"Well, I'm glad you came home."

“Me too.” She started to set plates out on the table. “Is this real?”

“What? Dinner?” he laughed.

“No this? This house, you and me? You?”

He paused and looked at her, “Why would you ask that?”

“I just feel like I’m dreaming every time I’m with you.”

He laughed, “I know I’m too good to be real.”

“I’m serious.”

“So am I,” he chuckled.

“Matt,” Lisa frowned.

“Lisa,” he mocked her frustrated tone.

She smiled, “I love you.”

“I know you do, and I love you too.”

“So?”

“So?” he raised an eyebrow.

“Is this real?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?” he walked over and pinched her arm.

“Owe,” she mumbled as her eyes flutter open. The sun had set and wasn’t poking through the curtain gaps. She missed her husband, Matt; he had died two years ago in a car accident. They had been together for nine years and it was just as they were planning on having a baby. When he died, so did her dreams of having a baby and that happy-ever-after ending. Sometimes she felt he was still with her. Rolling over she drifted back to sleep.

“That wasn’t very nice,” she scolded him.

“Well, you’re not dreaming.” He kissed the top of her head. “You’re right where you belong, with me.”

“What would I do without you?”

“You’ll never have to find out babe, trust me we will be together until the end of time.” He leaned in and kissed her neck, nibbling his way up to her cheek and then her lips.

She desperately hope he meant that.