

Chapter 11

Brett Recalled:

Covering Beth for the last time as she lay asleep on the couch tugged at my heart. So much had happened this weekend, it was a turning point for both of us. So many desires fulfilled over such a short amount of time. I sat on the couch and put her legs on my lap, adjusting the cover to keep us both warm as the cool air from outside came in. No doubt that storm brought a cold front with it as is known to happen in the fall.

I dreamt the craziest of dreams as I held onto Beth until morning. When she woke up, we went back to our room and packed. It was then that I told her of the flashes in my mind during the night.

We were alone on a boat at sea. I was at the wheel as she kneeled in front of me, sucking my cock and refusing to let me cum. My loins ached as she stopped and started while the boat rocked, and the sun beat down on us.

Another scene of an alleyway in a busy city, ravenous for each other we made love, no, we fucked, up against the brick wall. Grouping after grouping passing by without any thought to it being anything but normal.

She laughed and said the other two were a glimpse at the future. But the last one I told her about was a no-go. We were in a triple X theater, and she was giving me a blow job but our feet were stuck to the floor due to the stickiness already in place.

We laughed about the theater all the way to the cars where we found our new friends waiting to say good-bye. Hugs and handshakes took several minutes as we exchanged well wishes and gave reminders to stay in touch.

When I was alone with Beth at her car, I kissed her hand and asked her to text me when she was almost home. We kissed good-bye and with tears refusing to stay inside our eyes we both commented on seeing each other in less than a month.

We each headed for the exits and found ourselves facing each other in an aisle. I text her, *U 8 -with a picture of a bush !*

She quickly sent me fireworks -some cherries on the stems and more fireworks for my anal cherry exploding.

We were both startled as cars behind each of us grew impatient with us hogging the lane and honked. Pulling forward slowly, we each put a hand out the window to touch as we passed.

The drive home was bitter sweet, I was happy to be going home. I was already missing a part of myself, that passionate part that stays hidden from my wife as she is still the love of my life and that will never change, but neither will she release the lust she buried years ago.