

~ IMPOTENT or maybe not ~

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SUMMARY:

Jolie is having a hard time these days her life is in a shambles. Michelle left without explanation and all Jolie wants is to understand why and for Michelle to come back. See if this shaggy blond gets her raven haired love back. I believe in happy endings, don't you?

Disclaimer:

This story does contain love and sex between women. Be advised and warned.

This story is rated **ADULTS ONLY** for sexual content

You know what is legal in your neck of the woods so keep that in mind before reading.

Disclaimer:

There is no violence, but there are some bad words. Are there really bad words or are they just misunderstood? Hate the words, not the writer.

Disclaimer:

Hurt/Comfort - no, I don't think there is that, but there is some heart ache. However remember I believe in happy endings.

I would love some feed back on my writing and the story in general so please drop me a line or more and let me know what you think.

This is my first attempt at writing fan fiction or anything else for that matter so please cut me some slack when you're telling me how much it sucked.

MONDAY AUGUST 10

The start of my day is pretty much the same every day, feeding my son. Today it's mini wheats and a banana. He's trying to use his toy hammer as a spoon.

I keep telling him it won't work, but he insists on trying anyway. He's like that, has to figure it out for himself. I think he gets that from me. I rarely listen to others.

I'm trying really hard not to let my pain show or affect him. He seems to be okay, and still eats like a sumo wrestler.

I make sure my fingers are out of the way because when he starts to eat everything is fair game.

FRIDAY AUGUST 14

Dexter and I are having dinner. Dexter is my son. He's almost two. We're having his favorite, cheese pizza and sweet peas with milk.

He's such a connoisseur of fine food, always on the cutting edge of the new dietary trends and food combinations. Of course he also likes to use the peas as missiles.

I find them in the oddest places. He also likes to pour some of his milk in his plate and dunk his pizza in it.

Well, it's been a week. She left at 1:47pm on Saturday the 8th.

I honestly thought she would be back today, just needed some time to her self, some room to breathe. I really don't understand. We were getting along fine, no real arguments in a long time.

We even made love the night before, she seemed so into it. We haven't had a night like that since before Dexter was born. She was so responsive to everything I did.

To every touch, every caress, it didn't matter what I used, my fingers, lips, tongue, a thigh, she couldn't get enough, for that matter neither could I.

We both came repeatedly and at times loud and wild. It was truly wonderful, though I was a little sore the next morning.

She came home for lunch as she sometimes does. I thought she wanted to have an afternoon of love making, you know continuing on from the night before, but she went straight to her office down the hall and closed the door.

I was a little hurt, but was busy putting Dexter down for his nap at the time so I didn't dwell on it.

An hour later she comes into the kitchen. I'm putting her lunch on the table, and she just stands in the doorway and looks at me. She has this look on her face, so resolved . . . resolved . . . to something.

I open my mouth to speak but she interrupts and says she's leaving. I tell her ok, to wait a minute and I'll put her lunch in something so she can take it with her. That I wish she would take the time to sit and eat instead of eating on the go all the time that it isn't healthy.

Still, she just stands there. I go to the cabinet to get a container to put her lunch in and she says no, not to do that. I say it won't take but a minute.

She says no, that she's leaving . . . not to go back to work . . . just leaving.

The container in my hand hits the floor and I turn to look at her. She still has that same damn look on her face, resolve. I tell her I don't understand. Where is she going?

That's when I look past her and see the bags at the end of the hall, three of them. She says she

needs something, she doesn't know what, but she has to find out.

There is this lump in my throat and my stomach is trying its best to push past it with everything I've recently eaten.

She says she'll be in touch and that if I need anything to call her brother that he'll be happy to help out.

I'm so shocked I can't think, talk, or move, hell I'm not even sure I'm breathing because when I finally come to myself I'm breathing like I just ran a marathon.

I see her pull the door shut and as I hear the click of the lock I realize I'm sliding down the wall to the floor. I remember my only thought was 'what the hell just happened?'

SATURDAY AUGUST 15

I still can't believe she's gone. All I want to do is understand. She hasn't even called to check on Dexter. I want to hate her for that, but I can't. I love her too much and I know she must have been in deep pain to leave us like that.

I didn't see it, sometimes I'm so blind, looking back I can see things now I should have paid more attention to then. Looks of disappointment, pain, and confusion, at the time I just explained them away.

They always seemed to come at the oddest of times. Like when I would complain about my manager pushing me or that time when at the last moment I decided I didn't want to go to that awards dinner the publishing house was having.

And there were lots of mornings that I would wake up to find her sitting in bed looking upset and confused, she would always say it was just a bad dream.

I don't know. I still can't believe she's gone.

SUNDAY AUGUST 16

I'm going to take a nice, long, hot bath, so I go to our . . . well, my night stand and slide open the drawer. I reach in and pull out one of our/my toys and hold it in my hand. I stand there and look at it. I flash on the last time we used it.

She had been grumpy all day so when I put Dexter down for his nap I had come in here and gotten it, determined to put her in a better mood.

When I returned to the livingroom she was laying on the sofa all sprawled out, arm bent and

covering her eyes. God, she was a vision. Her not even shoulder length raven hair splayed out on the pillow.

One long leg bent with her foot on the floor, the other bent with her foot resting on the cushion of the sofa her knee gently bumping the back rest.

The only thing in my way was her shorts, which is to say there was nothing in my way. I turned the toy to its lowest setting and gently touched the back of her knee with it, she jumped and almost kicked me, but I move fast.

She pulls the ear buds from her ears and asks what I'm doing, as she starts to sit up. I tell her to lie back that I'm going to take care of that bad mood of hers. She just grins and rolls her eyes at me.

She watches as I slowly move the vibrating toy up the inside of her leg, she giggles, she's so ticklish. I love to hear that giggle, even more, I love to be the cause of it. I'm on my knees in front of the sofa, watching her face as I move the toy. God, she's beautiful, especially in the throws of a giggle fit.

Finally she can't take it any more and starts to try and move away from the toy. I relent and stop just inches from the good stuff. She's out of breath and holding her side as she turns those 'oh my God blue' eyes on me.

That's what I call them 'oh my God blue', because you can't help but fall into them and get lost. I can't tell you how many times she has made love to me in public with just her eyes.

Them telling me everything I need to know, every touch, every caress, every lick, kiss, and bite, taking me all the way to orgasm on more than one occasion.

Ever try to control an orgasm while sitting at the Christmas dinner table with about twenty co-workers and friends?

Anyway she turns her eyes to me and I can't help myself, my eyes on hers I reach up and grasp her shorts and start to tug them off. Before they even hit the floor I'm between her legs, she tastes so good.

I'm having a great time kissing, nipping, and licking, I look up at her and she is so stunning. Her head thrown back, mouth slightly open biting her lower lip occasionally, her eyes closed in pleasure, her hand on the back of my head.

As my tongue slides over her not so little nub, she gently thrusts into me saying "please." I know what she wants, it's what I want too. Gently I urge her to spread her legs even further and she does.

My hands then slide under her thighs and up to her hips grasping firmly. All the while I'm rolling my tongue over her nub and in between her folds trying to keep up with the flow of juices. God,

she tastes amazing.

She's thrusting every time my tongue gets close to where she wants it and she's making all the sounds that drive me crazy. I know I'm going to go over when she does I almost always do. She excites me so.

The knowledge that I affect her this way gives me such a feeling of power and awe that my body can't help but respond. I have a firm grip on her now and she knows what I'm going to do.

Her hands are white knuckled grasping the sofa cushions, her breathing is out of control, and she's thrusting, coming up off the sofa trying to get my tongue where she wants it.

Finally gasping for breath she says 'now damn it . . . now . . . give it to me . . . please' as my tongue enters her she moans loudly and I think there was a squeak, she thrusts into my mouth hard.

I hold on pushing into her as far as I can as she takes all she needs. I'm giving her all of me. All there is. As she comes, so do I, it's strong and wild and literally breath taking.

Her thrusts slow and become gentle as they stop. My tongue is still being grasped gently from within her, I stay until they completely stop, she likes it when I do that.

As I slowly slip out of her I start to lick and kiss, I don't want to leave anything behind. It's a crime to waste something so luscious.

Her breaths have slowed and evened out as I make my way up her body, as I get even with her she gently caresses my nose, cheek, chin, and jaw with her finger tips. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" She asks with a smirk.

I answer with an oh so innocent smile. "No, you didn't, just a few loose teeth, that's all." That earned me a slap on the stomach and one of her beautiful giggles.

As I come back to myself, the toy still in my hand, tears streaming down my face. I realize I have no desire to use it anymore. I place it back in the drawer sliding it shut.

Maybe I should get rid of them, get all new ones. I decide to take a quick shower and get on with my day.

TUESDAY AUGUST 18

I just got back from dropping Dexter off at Linda's. She's been keeping him for me during the week, for three or four hours a day since the 11th.

I've been writing. I haven't written in so long, I didn't think I could anymore, but ever since

Michelle left, I . . . I . . . I don't know, it's just flowing out of me.
I haven't told Linda or anyone else that Michelle has left me. When I do, it'll be real.

Right now I can pretend that she's on an extended business trip with no phone or computer access. I know that's pathetic, but when I let it be real I'm going to fall completely apart and I'm not ready to do that just yet.

God, I can't believe she left. I miss her so much.

FRIDAY AUGUST 21

Dexter and I are having breakfast: eggs, toast, and grits. He likes to style his hair with the grits. It's amazing how strong a hold they give, rivals any salon strength styling gel.

Linda was acting strange yesterday when I picked Dexter up. I asked her if something was wrong, she said there wasn't, but something was definitely up.

Maybe she suspects something. Maybe Dexter has been asking for Michelle. He does go around the house calling for her at night, which breaks my heart. Hearing his little voice call out Honey! Honey! then jabbering something.

That's what he calls her, Honey. He calls me Mama and her Honey. Damn her for abandoning him . . . and me.

It's now been two weeks since she left.

I'm going to tell Linda today. I don't think I can hold it in any longer, but I don't want anyone else to know. She won't tell anyone. I trust her.

We pull up in Linda's drive and I sit there. I'm nervous, I don't want to fall apart and I know I will.

Dexter is jumping in his car seat and kicking the back of mine. He's so excited. He's been getting more and more that way every day I bring him. He really likes Linda. I'm sure they have lots of fun, she's just a big kid herself, always has the latest and greatest toys.

I compose myself and get out of the car. I've been crying myself to sleep at night. Maybe by talking to Linda, letting some of it out, I won't do that every night.

I hate being so emotional, I feel like I'm pregnant again. Since that's not possible, there'll be no pay off at the end, just more tears.

I remember Michelle holding me one night. I was eight months pregnant, tired, back killing me, feeling like I was as big as a whale. I was sobbing telling her I was hideous, how could she

possibly love me or find me attractive.

She cupped my tear streaked, reddened face and said I had never been more beautiful to her. The knowledge that I was carrying our child . . . her child, was so overwhelming to her she didn't have words to express how she felt.

That the love she had for me had always been the most profound thing she had ever experienced, but since I had become pregnant that love had grown, had multiplied and was beyond calculable.

And as for my being attractive, she had never been so horny in her life. She was aroused almost all the time. The only break she got was when she was at work and even then she had to be careful not to think about me and my luscious full lips or my full inviting breasts.

I remember looking up at her as she held me to her chest. I felt so loved and desired, I could see it, in her oh my God blue eyes.

She had to rush me to the hospital later that night. She made me orgasm so hard I went into premature labor. After that my doctor forbid us to have sex anymore until after Dexter was born.

She earned a new nick name that night too, doctor Stanley started calling her stud.

We didn't even get in Linda's door good before Dexter was yelling Honey! Honey! I look at Linda then him. I ask how long he's been doing that. She says the whole time he's been coming.

Tears are stinging my eyes as I tell her that Michelle has left me that I don't even know why, and that I hate her for doing this to Dexter . . . and me. By this point I'm sobbing uncontrollably and Linda guides me to her sofa where I collapse.

She puts her arms around me and tries to console me. When I calm down a little, where I can talk, I tell her everything. Everything that has been said and done. Even about the night of passion we shared before Mitch had left.

I hope she can give me a new perspective on things maybe even some hope that Mitch will come back. She tells me that I should give Michelle time that she's sure she will be back. That she's sure Michelle has a good reason for doing what she's done and once she gets things figured out she'll be back. I just need to have faith and trust in mine and Michelle's love.

God, I pray she's right. I tell her that it just doesn't make sense. Michelle always puts Dexter and I first that she doesn't have a selfish or deceitful bone in her body.

I smile as I tell her that of all my friends she was the only one that liked Mitch at first. All the others had said that Michelle was a player, only out to get what she could from me.

I laugh as I tell her if only they knew how wrong they were. Linda smiles as I tell her it took Mitch two months to get up the nerve to kiss me and that was with us seeing each other three to four times a week. Of course we also made love for the first time that very same night, so I guess it evens out.

God, I miss that.

As new tears stream down my cheeks I give her my best fake smile and tell her that I've finished my book and the outline for the next one. So at least that's one positive thing.

FRIDAY AUGUST 28

Dexter and I are getting ready for bed. He has on his little footie pajamas. He's so cute running around the livingroom picking up his toys throwing them at the toy box in the corner. He misses most to the time of course, but that's ok, it's the thought that counts.

He sleeps with me now. I know that's a mistake, I'll never get him back in his bed, but I can't take sleeping in that rocker in his room any more. And I can't sleep alone in my bed, that's what it is now . . . my bed, no longer our bed.

It's been three weeks now. She hasn't even called, damn her. I hope she's alright.

Linda has been keeping Dexter more. My need to write has become so overwhelming. She keeps him six to eight hours a day now or has this week anyway and he's going over there in the morning to stay for a few hours. I'll finish my book tomorrow, I think. That's a record for me. I've never completed a book in a week.

I wake from my dream. Dang, I'm all sweaty and . . . wet. The orgasm woke me. It's funny, I can have and enjoy them in my dreams, but I have no desire to even try when I'm awake.

Fuck. She was beautiful. All spread below me, writhing with passion and need as I thrust into her with Bob - our strap on toy. Her calling my name as she came, making me go over as well. Damn, I miss that . . . I miss her.

I look at the clock on the night stand. It's 3:45am. I need a shower or I'll never get back to sleep.

I turn over and throw back the covers, as I do I glance at the open doorway and think . . . 'I closed the door'. "Shit! Who the fuck is there?! I have a gun!"

As I scramble to my feet to get my bat, not gun, I see the figure in the doorway. "Please take whatever you want just don't hurt my son. Leave us alone and I won't tell anybody, I promise. Just take what you want, please, please don't hurt my son, please."

His hands are out in front of him and he's saying something as he walks toward me, but damn if I can make it out with the rushing in my ears. I'm terrified and about to attack when suddenly he reaches over and flips the light switch on. I fall to my knees, almost to the point of passing out . . . it's Michelle.

I'm on my hands and knees, bat forgotten at my side, breathing . . . hell hyperventilating. I feel her hands on my shoulders trying to comfort me as I try and catch my breath.

I look up and she is on her knees in front of me, she's scared to death. Slowly I get my breathing back under control, taking slow steady breaths.

Staring into her eyes "What the hell are you doing?! I could have hurt you!" As these last words come out of my mouth I'm pushing her down to the floor and crawling on top of her. "No, I don't care. Don't say a word. Just fuck me. Even if it's just for tonight, I need you. And you owe me this much."

I'm all over her, uncontrolled and wild almost forceful, almost forcing her. She's not pushing me away but she is trying to calm me down. Michelle is making shushing sounds and calling me baby, her tone gentle.

She has her hands on the sides of my head gently grasping and caressing. I'm kissing her forcefully, she's returning the kisses, but hers are gentle. I hear her grunt and realize I'm between her legs and thrusting into her, roughly.

I freeze, not moving a muscle, after a moment I move so I'm straddling her hips. I then grab her hands from my head and hold them down to the floor on each side of her head. Leaning down inches from her face, looking her straight in the eyes I ask in a whispered tone "Why don't you love me anymore?" this is asked as tears are escaping my eyes.

As I look at her, I realize she's crying too, her hair getting wet, tears pooling in her ears. "Oh baby, I do love you" she barely gets out as she sobs.

She pulls her hands out from under mine and pushes my shaggy blond hair back away from my face, tucking it behind my ears as best she can. She always does that when we make love, she says she likes to watch my eyes shift to different shades of green as I make love to her.

She caresses my cheeks removing the tears as they fall. We just stay like that, me on my hands and knees straddling her, her laying on her back, hands on my face caressing my tears away, looking into each others eyes.

God, I can't believe she's here. I hope she's real and not a dream, or that I haven't totally flipped.

Her hand leaves my cheek and moves to the back of my head. She's running her fingers through my hair. What she whispers takes my breath, "Please baby, let me make love to you, please." I swallow hard trying to keep the sob from coming out. It doesn't work.

I fall to her and burrow my face into her neck and hair, God she smells incredible. She wraps her arms around me and holds on tight as if not to let me get away.

Slowly she pushes me to my back and moves on top of me, our bodies never losing contact. With one gentle finger she pushes the tear saturated hair from my cheeks as she hovers mere inches

above me. Damn, I love it when she's on top.

She's looking at me with such love and desire. She's already making love to me with her eyes, I can see it, hell . . . I can feel it. Her finger traces my lower lip, then my upper, her touch is so gentle and feather light.

As her finger pad returns to my lower lip, she lowers her lips to mine, her finger making its way down my chin to my neck, where her hand then cups the side of my neck.

Michelle's lips are so soft. More tears leak from my eyes. She's going to make love to me, slow and gentle, probably all night, that's what this kind of gentleness means.

She kisses me gently but deeply until we're both gasping for air, she pulls back and looks into my eyes . . . she's asking . . . she doesn't need to ask . . . I'll give her anything and everything she wants.

God, I've missed her so much. She pulls back even more rising to her knees. She's straddling my hips. I grab her hand. "Wait!" I'm panicked. I think she's getting up to leave.

She cups my cheek and leans down. "Come on baby, lets go to bed." She says as she gives me a tender kiss on the lips. I take a long, deep breath and watch as she pulls away again, this time holding on to my hand, pulling me with her.

We stand, our fingers laced together, she looks over at the bed then at me. She then gently disengages from me walks over and picks up Dexter. Who is still sleeping soundly despite the light being on and the yelling I was doing earlier. Mitch tenderly, carefully kisses his brow and walks out of the room with him.

I'm still standing in the same spot when she comes back a few moments later. She walks over to the night stand and turns on the baby monitor, I hear Dexter take in and release a deep breath, he's still sleeping soundly.

Her eyes haven't left me since she walked back into the room, nor have mine left her. She walks over to me and takes my hand again lacing our fingers together. I swallow hard, I want her inside me so bad I can barely breathe.

She leads me to the bed. I wonder if it's our bed again or still just mine, but I push that thought away. I need her . . . even if it is just for tonight. I'll worry about the rest tomorrow.

She turns me so I'll sit on the bed, I do. She then lets go of my hand and bends down to the floor and unties her sneakers, removing them and her socks. Michelle then stands and unfastens her jeans. I watch as they slide down her long legs to the floor, she steps out of them.

She's a vision standing in front of me, with her black silk boxers with the hearts on them, the ones Dexter gave her for her birthday. Her long sleeved white shirt is half way unbuttoned now. I can see her lacy silk bra peeking thru.

I want her to make love to me like that "wait, leave them on" I say before she removes anything else. She looks at me just as she undoes the last button on her shirt.

She smiles as her hands drop to her sides, her shirt open just enough for me to see her mouth-watering cleavage and her oh so ticklish bellybutton. I'm trembling with anticipation. God, she excites me so.

She moves in front of me, dropping to her knees, her hands on my thighs, gently grasping then letting go, over and over again. "Are you ok baby? You're never this quiet and still. You're not hurt are you, from earlier I mean?" She says this while looking into my eyes with the most beautiful expression of concern and love on her face.

"No, I'm not hurt. I just scared myself. I've never been that rough and forceful with you before. It scared me that I could have hurt you, that you would have just let me. You wouldn't have let me hurt you, would you?" I ask this with tears threatening to fall.

She smiles and cups my cheek with her right hand, saying. "First of all Jolie, you did not hurt me and you never would, you were over loaded with emotions is all.

Me scaring the hell out of you not being the least of them, you just needed to release some of it, that's all. You wouldn't have hurt me. So please don't worry about it.

Just relax and let me make you feel better. I really want to make you feel good, to give you what you want . . . what we both need." This last is said at a whisper and gets my full attention. She needs me as much as I need her.

I'm still in shock a little over my lack of control earlier and find it hard to respond as I normally would or maybe it's all of it. Her being here out of the blue, the scare she gave me, the fact of how aroused I am, and the fear that this is just for tonight. I won't ask, I don't want to know . . . if it is.

She stands, reaches around me and pulls the covers back more. I slide in, to the middle of the bed and lie on my side facing her. She's beside me before I even get settled, she tenderly brushes my shaggy hair out of my eyes and tucks it behind my ear smiling at me.

I smile back, my eyes traveling from her lips to her chin, to her neck, and finally to her cleavage, peeking out at me, begging for my attention. Her finger gently sliding down my nose to my lips gets my attention.

She caresses my lips with the pad of her finger then slowly makes her way to my neck where her hand then slips into my hair cupping the back of my head. Damn, I love the way that feels, her hand on the back of my head. I love it even more when I'm between her legs.

She leans in and kisses me so tenderly, pulling me to her. We kiss for long moments her hand cupping the back of my head, my hand having moved to her hip gently grasping.

She kisses my chin, slightly sucking then moves to my throat and neck kissing and sucking her way to my pulse point where she stays for several kisses.

Her hand is moving to my breast. She loves my breasts. Most times after making love she'll suckle for a good while, keeping us both in a sensual haze. God, I've missed that, the feel of her lips and tongue caressing and the gentle suction.

I jump slightly when her palm makes contact with my erect nipple. I'm so sensitive. She squeezes gently and we both moan. God, I don't know if I'm going to be able to hold out for her to go slow.

Sometimes I think she's a mind reader because she reaches down and grasps the hem of my shirt and starts to pull it up. Damn, she stopped. I whimper at the sudden change.

Moving from my neck she kisses her way down to my breast and through my night shirt she kisses and licks my nipple getting the shirt wet. It clings to me causing some very nice friction. As she starts to suckle, I realize, I very much like this, this slightly rough barrier making me even more sensitive and responsive to her.

I remember after I had Dexter she didn't even touch my breasts or anything else for that matter for about three months. I asked the doctor if that was normal that she had apparently lost interest. He said that men sometimes feel a little out of sorts after the birth of a child, to just give her some time. I asked him if he realized just how out of sorts that comment was. He just laughed.

Michelle's pushing me onto my back and moving on top of me. I love it when she's on top.

She's kissing her way over to my other breast and as her tongue is circling my extremely erect nipple, her hand is moving under my shirt, my abandoned nipple is painfully taunted from the attention and the cool air now hitting it.

As she starts to suckle my now saturated, T-shirt clad breast, her warm palm covers the other. Making both breasts warm and happily stimulated. God, I'm in heaven.

I bring my hand to the back of her head, arching my back slightly, urging her to take more of me in. God, I want her to devour me. "Harder baby . . . please, don't stop." At that she leaves me, cold air rushing in to replace her.

"Please!" The word is strangled with need as it leaves my lips, but I can't help it. Suddenly my T-shirt is ripped from my body and Michelle's lips are on my bare breast, her tongue slowly circling my nipple.

My hand is back on the back of her head and this time my fingers are tangled in her hair so she can't get away.

There's . . . I don't know, almost a reverence in the way her hand is cupping my breast, gently squeezing. And in the way her lips and tongue are working together to get as much of me into her mouth as possible.

It's like that first time after I had Dex. She was so gentle and loving the way she took me into her mouth, almost scared to actually do it.

I remember caressing her cheek and telling her it was ok that she wasn't going to hurt me that I had missed her loving me that way. I kept caressing as she started to suckle and I knew the exact moment my milk hit her tongue.

She was startled and jerked away for just a second only to go straight back and suckle hungrily. She came up and kissed me gently, letting milk dribble from her mouth to mine. Damn, it tasted good coming from her.

We made love for hours that night. Coming over and over again gently, no screaming or out of control orgasms just tender and loving, warm and gentle.

You wouldn't think she could be like that to look at her, her looking all wild and untamed. You would think that hard and fast is all she's capable of, but you'd be wrong.

I can't be still, my body has a mind all it's own pushing up against hers seeking more of her, needing more of her. I'm concentrating hard, trying not to come . . . right this second.

If she doesn't hurry though, I'm going to, I can't hold it much longer. "God, honey please . . . I can't hold it" I say this gasping for breath.

I hear a slight pop as she leaves my breast "Baby don't hold it, let it go. I'm not going anywhere, I'm going to make love to you all night, nice and slow, over and over again." The words aren't even out of her mouth before I'm going over the edge.

She pushes down and into me creating more friction as I push up into her. God, she isn't even between my legs yet.

As my orgasm plays out she's back on my breast, she slowly moves one of her legs and gently urges mine apart so she can move between them. She moans loudly when she feels how wet I am for her, her stomach getting coated in the evidence of it.

I moan at the feel of her between my legs, wiggling to get in the right position. God, she feels incredible. I feel the softness of her skin brushing against mine then, "honey . . . boxers . . . off . . .

. take em off" I realize I can't take any barriers, I don't want anything separating us.

She leaves my breast again and is hurriedly jerking her boxers off. I'm pushing her shirt down off her shoulders as she grabs it and yanks it off as well.

She's back on top of me in seconds, but something is wrong. My hands go straight to the fasteners at her back. The bra has to go as well. No barriers.

It's unfastened and the straps being pushed down waiting to be removed. "Up honey . . . please . . . this has to go." She's already latched on again to my breast and only raises enough to let the material slip out from between us.

It is the most delicious feeling as our bodies make full skin to skin contact, but I need to feel more of her weight on me. I love the feel of her full body weight on me, slightly pressing me down into the mattress.

My hands on her sides, I pull gently letting her know I want her to move up. My juices coating her stomach, lower stomach, and curls as she moves up my body, kissing and sucking her way to my pulse point, where she latches on. God bless the fact she's so orally fixated.

I know what she's doing. She's marking me, once again staking her claim. THANK GOD.

Her hips begin to slowly and gently thrust into me. My hands are running up and down her back grasping and pulling her closer. As I spread my legs further apart, my hands settle on her butt, pulling her further into me with every thrust.

Between the sucking at my neck and the thrusting at my core my whole body is tingling, almost painfully so. My hand frantically seeks out hers, grabbing it and tugging it to where I need it the most. "Please honey . . . I want you inside . . . please . . . I need you." As I breathlessly whisper these words, her hand is sliding between us.

I gasp and jerk up against her as her fingers slide through my wetness. "God yes . . . please honey" she runs her fingers back and forth, circling my nub before finally rubbing across it, gently at first then with more pressure.

"Inside . . . honey, now . . . please . . . oh God!" My voice is still soft, but a little louder, conveying my need. She hums with pleasure as she slides two fingers inside me then moans low and deep. "Jolie . . . oh God baby . . . you have no idea what you're doing to me." She breathes this in my ear as she slowly slides in and out of me adding a third finger.

She feels so good inside me. I'm slowly pushing into her hand gently thrusting. I want this to last forever, this feeling, this connection, her inside me, I want it forever.

She pushes a little deeper as I thrust a little harder and I fall over the edge calling her name "oh God . . . Mitch." I'm still thrusting into her, getting every bit out of it I can, I've gone without her for too long.

As the contractions slow and stop Michelle gently slips her fingers out of me, a few tears escape my eyes at the loss, but she doesn't see, thankfully. She's kissing my lips now and slowly moving her fingers up my body leaving a trail as she goes.

She pulls back and watches my lips as she paints them with her fingers gently slipping the tip of one in my mouth. I suckle drawing more of it in. I watch as her eyes roll up and the lids slide shut.

She knows I taste myself on her finger. She loves it when I do that, I can bring her to orgasm by doing just that. Her whole middle finger is in my mouth now, happily being suckled and I can tell she's on her way.

"Not yet baby, there is plenty of time for me later, now is about you." She says this as she pulls her finger out of my mouth. My protest gets cut off by her kissing me tenderly. How can I object to that?

We kiss for long moments, gentle but deep. She then starts to move down my body. She kisses, licks, and sucks her way down my neck, throat, and chest. Michelle stops at my breasts momentarily, giving them some more attention as she moves lower.

Her tongue delves into my belly button, I gasp and she smiles, she knows what that does to me. While hers is ticklish, mine is extremely sensitive, especially to her tongue. "Oh God" escapes my lips before I can stop it. She smiles even more, she's enjoying the effect she's having on me.

Michelle has always taken pride in the talent she has for giving me pleasure. And she is truly gifted at it. I've actually passed out a few times from the intensity of the orgasm or maybe it's the connection I don't know but, it always scares the hell out of her when it happens.

There's something about our connection, it goes beyond our physical responses to each other. Sometimes when we make love we are so connected, it's as though we're the same person.

I can feel her heart beating, her skin tingling, her brow beading with sweat, her breath coming in and out, her orgasm taking her over and spreading over her body from head to toe, her love for me washing over her.

It's the most amazing feeling in the world to feel not only my responses to her, but her responses to me, as though . . . they're mine too. It's like having two orgasms at the same time . . . that's when I pass out. I don't think my brain can process all the stimuli. I wonder if it's like this for everyone . . . or is it just us?

She's kissing and lightly sucking her way as she slowly shifts her shoulders between and then under my thighs. Michelle knows exactly where and how to touch and kiss and lick to make me go crazy, she gently kisses my curls and looks up at me, our eyes locking.

She knows I love to watch her loving me, for as long as I can stay coherent that is. She lowers

her mouth to me once again, still our eyes are locked. As soon as her tongue touches and starts to part my lips my head slams back into the pillow and my eyes slide shut. God I've missed this.

She's humming "uummm . . . baby . . . so good . . . so sweet, I've missed you baby . . . I love you." I can't be still. She's driving me insane. She's licking and sucking, kissing and rubbing all the right spots, of course there are no wrong spots as far as she's concerned.

She's moving her hand up and down my inner thigh, then as she sucks my nub into her mouth and gently suckles she slowly inters me with three fingers pressing into me as far as she can. "OH GOD! . . . YES! . . . MICHEELLLLEE!" When I come back to myself, she's still gently thrusting and sucking.

I only get two quick, deep breaths before I go over again, the release just as strong if not stronger. My whole body is shaking from the intensity and I can't control myself any longer and I start to sob as my orgasm calms.

Michelle's fingers are still inside me being grasped by my inner walls and her tongue is busy trying to get every bit of the juices she so easily makes my body create.

I feel her raise her head, she's expecting to see me looking at her with that all encompassing look of love. That look that tells her, she just turned me inside out . . . but she doesn't see it.

"What's wrong baby, are you ok?!" She gently and slowly slides her fingers out of me and rushes up my body, hovering over me. "Did I hurt you?"

A whispered "Yes" is all I can get out.

I push at her, letting her know I want her to get off of me. "Please Jolie, I didn't mean to, you know I would never hurt you on purpose."

"Wouldn't you?! I mean look at the last three weeks Michelle, what was that if it wasn't hurting me?!" She looks stunned. I'm kind of stunned myself. I hadn't intended to say anything tonight. It just slipped out . . . like the tears, uncontrolled.

"Jolie I didn't mean to hurt you. I guess I got too carried away. I've just missed you so much. I didn't mean to, I really did think I was being gentle . . . and slow the way you like it. I'm so sorry." This last is said at a whisper as she rolls off me and sits up, her head dropped, hands covering her face.

I turn onto my side away from her, my tears still streaming. I hear the first sob and in an instant it puts a knot in my stomach. I look and her whole body is jerking with sobs.

Her hands have moved and I can see the anguish on her face. Her eyes closed in pain she's hugging her knees to her chest and slightly rocking. I've never seen her so upset. I did that to her and that thought rips my heart out.

Even with all the pain I've been in over her leaving me, I would never want her to hurt like this . . . like I have. I sit up, slowly sliding to Michelle and put my arms around her, my cheek resting on her shoulder blade.

Her sobbing is so strong it shakes us both. "Please honey don't cry. You didn't hurt me physically. I meant your leaving. You have never given me anything but pleasure when it comes to making love. You have never hurt me. Please don't cry. It's just, being with you is so intense for me. My emotions got away from me, you do that, make me loose all control. Most of the time it's a good thing, but this time . . ."

My arms are wrapped around her and my hands have a death grip on her forearms. "Please don't leave me again Mitch. I don't think I will survive if you do, I barely did this time. Please, I love you so much I'll do anything, give anything you want . . . anything."

After a few minutes she has calmed down and the sobs have all but stopped, she turns slightly and looks me in the eyes. "I didn't hurt you a few minutes ago then? I wasn't too rough or anything?"

I smile and shake my head no. I'm trying so hard to reel my emotions in and keep them under control, I'm almost afraid to talk. She returns my smile and it's a genuine one, I know she's feeling a little better now.

Her face takes on a sad serious look as she says "I'm never leaving you again I promise . . . never again." We look into each others eyes for the longest, blue searching green, green searching blue looking for the truth and acceptance.

We both smile as she reaches up and caresses my tear streaked face. Her smile takes on a some what mischievous hint as she asks, "You'll do anything huh? Does this mean you'll finally let me . . . have a . . . bike?"

I open my mouth to respond, but suddenly her fingers are lightly pressed to my lips. The look on her face now sad and . . . fearful. "I was joking. I want to explain why I . . ."

That was as far as I let her go. "All I want to know tonight is, are you going to leave again?" the words are practically whispered.

"No!" It is said forcefully and with complete conviction with absolutely no room for misinterpretation. "I will never leave you again." The last is said at a whisper "Unless you ask me to."

We're locked into each others eyes and I can see the truth in them. She'll never leave me again. "Well then, I guess your mine for keeps." A smile breaks out all over her face, it's on her lips, in her eyes, it's everywhere. God she's beautiful.

Her smile falters a bit when I start to move. I'm pulling away from her and I can see the confusion on her face.

I go to the night stand, slide open the drawer, reach in and pull out Bob. I don't usually wear Bob. I have to be in a somewhat aggressive mood to wear her. This is not about that though, this is about me needing to give her everything she needs and have everything I need at the same time.

I know she needs release, needs all of me, to feel, touch, and sense all of me. To feel and see me making love to her, to know that I want and need to make love to her. I know her, and how she thinks. She needs to know she's loved and forgiven.

I need to be face to face with her, I want to fall into her eyes, breathe her air, feel her every moan and growl, feel her short nails dig into my back, feel her palms on my butt pulling me into her deeper and harder, feel her muscles rippling beneath me, I want it all, to witness it all . . . as she comes.

I need to watch what I do to her, how I make her feel, how her body reacts to mine as the orgasms wash over her. And she needs me to witness all of this. I know her, and how she thinks. God, I love her.

She's watching me fasten the straps and adjust for comfort. Her eyes haven't left me, hell I don't think she's even blinked.

It has been a while since I've worn Bob. Bob is usually her toy and trust me, she knows how to use her.

I remember this one time before we had Dexter. I was working part time at The Pump and Go. It's a local gym. She came in to have lunch with me, I noticed she was walking kind of funny, but I didn't think too much about it.

We went into the office to eat, as soon as the door was closed she grabbed me and pulled me into her. I could feel her full erection. ' OH GOD' was all that came from my mouth the entire lunch hour, well . . . not the only thing.

When she unzipped her black jeans and Bob popped out in all her little red corvette glory, I actually squealed. I mean the idea of it, of her walking around with Bob hiding in her jeans, her pushing against the material with every step, wanting out to play. Of Michelle straining not to move too much, not to get herself too stimulated before she got to me.

All of it painted an almost too delicious picture for me. I do have a very active imagination you know. Well anyway, apparently they had rules about coming at work, because I got fired after my boss came in and found Bob laying on her desk.

Of course, I guess it didn't help any that Michelle and I were under the desk, in various states of undress. I didn't care about getting fired though, it was one hell of a lunch.

Michelle looks all wrapped up in her own memories or . . . fantasies perhaps. I think I actually see a little drool. As I step up to her, I caress her chin with my thumb removing the dribble. "Are you okay honey?"

Before she can answer, I hear her swallow hard. "You're so amazing. When you put Bob on your whole aura changes, you become so strong and sure of your self, like you own the world and I'm . . ." Another hard swallow. "and I'm all you want, that you want to be inside every part of me . . ." Another hard swallow "to own me . . . you do you know . . . own me I mean."

I look down at her and smile. "I know." And I do know. I don't know what it is about strapping Bob on, but that's what happens. I feel in complete control and loving it.

She's still sitting in the middle of the bed toward the bottom. I push her onto her back and hover above her for long moments, just looking at her, devouring her with my eyes.

I think I saw a small tremble. I'm the one who trembles not her. She doesn't do that, she causes it. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes slowly and swallows hard again. Slowly her eyes open again and I fall into them all too easily as I lower myself to her waiting lips.

The kiss is slow and deep, I taste myself on her lips and tongue and she knows it. I pull back and make a show of licking my lips and pulling all the moisture from them. She moans deep and closes her eyes again.

I need to feel it, so I cup her cheek and slowly start to move my hand down her body as she watches. Her neck and throat, her chest, her beautiful breasts, her ticklish ribs and belly button, her soft curls, and finally where I need to be, my fingers sweep through some very delicious moisture that I know I caused, that I know is for me.

"Uuummm honey . . . God . . . you're so beautifully wet." I say this to her knowing she can see in my eyes what it's doing to me. I bring my hand up to my mouth, sucking each finger slowly one by one. God, she tastes good.

She can't take it anymore and looks away squeezing her eyes shut. I know I saw a tremble that time. I smile. I know what I'm doing to her.

Most of the time she doesn't have this kind of control after loving me to several orgasms, she would have flipped me over and impaled herself on Bob by now. Which I have to say, I love to watch.

Her moving up and down and all around, me seeing little flashes of red when Bob comes into view as she takes her pleasure. God she is magnificent when she's all wild and untamed. There has never been a more beautiful sight.

But right now she's waiting patiently, submitting to my loving torture. I won't make her wait too

long. With one finger I tease her breast, tracing and mapping the area around her nipple, never touching it. I move from one breast to the other.

Her breathing is erratic, not so much from what I'm doing, but from what she knows is coming. I lower my mouth to her breast and lightly nip her nipple, she gasps and grabs the back of my head. "Please" It's said with such need and absolute surrender that my heart clenches.

I've never heard her that vulnerable before. I can't deny her or myself any longer. I close my lips around the tender, pebbly flesh. She has a firm grip on the back of my head urging me on.

As I suckle, I lower myself down on top of her, she spreads her legs wide wanting me to go straight to where she wants me. I look up and her eyes are on me watching me devour her breast.

She's biting her lower lip trying to stay in control, trying to stay still. I go to the other breast, sliding my tongue over the erect nipple, it feels so good. I increase suction each time as I repeatedly nuzzle then gently pull back, each time taking a little more of her in. God I want all of her.

I leave her breast with a slight pop. "What do you want honey? . . . tell me" she's panting and now has both hands on my back pulling at me, trying to get me closer. Her response is a whispered "Oh God . . . please . . . fuck m . . ." Before she has all of it out, I'm sliding into her.

She's been rubbing on Bob trying her best to get her inside the whole time I've been between her legs, so Bob is well coated and ready to go. "Oh God . . . Joolie . . . yes . . . please . . . more . . . oh God yes . . ." Her short nails are digging into my lower back now pulling me into her harder, with every thrust she's coming up to meet me. God she is beautiful.

"Oh God baby harder . . . please!" When I increase the pressure of my thrust all it takes is one and she's over the edge and so am I. Her calling my name is the last coherent thing that comes from her for long moments. Our bodies are calming down and coming to rest, my thrusts are slow and gentle, just barely moving my hips as I slowly kiss her eyes, lips, chin, everything within my reach.

Most of my weight is on her now and she's sweeping her fingers up and down my back, she knows how I love that. Our breathing has settled, but I can tell she is far from being done.

I reach back and take her hand bringing it to my lips, I tenderly kiss each finger tip. She's watching me with wrapped attention. My hips are still moving slow and gentle. Bob is barely moving within her, just letting her know I'm not done yet either.

Her eyes are locked on my lips as I take the tip of her index finger into my mouth. I lick the pad of it and as I suck it, my tongue pushes it out of my mouth. I pull my bottom lip into my mouth and hum my approval. "I can still taste myself on your fingers, honey." "Oh God" is her only response.

I smile and take her hand in mine again bringing her finger back to my lips. Her fingers and

hands are so sensitive to me, kind of like my belly button is to her.

I run my tongue up and down and all around her finger making sure she's watching then I add her middle one doing the same, making sure they are both well lubricated, I know what she's imagining, it's the same thing that I am.

As I take both fingers into my mouth her eyes slide shut and she moans deep in her chest. I shift my weight more onto my other elbow and forearm so I'll have better balance. As I begin to suckle her fingers, I notice she still has her eyes closed.

I slide her fingers out of my mouth with a slight pop. "Please honey, watch me. I need to see you go over this time." All of a sudden there are two pools of deep blue before me. God, I love that color.

I slide her fingers back into my mouth and as I start to suckle my hips are starting to move with the same rhythm. As I suckle harder, I thrust harder. Her free hand is on my butt pulling me into her as she comes up to meet me and Bob.

I can tell she's struggling to keep her eyes open and she's making all those sexy non coherent noises that drive me absolutely wild.

I need both of my hands so I let go of hers and place both of mine on either side of her shoulders. I'm up higher now and can watch everything as her body responds to mine and what I'm doing, her stomach muscles twitching, her breasts giggling with every shared thrust, her bottom lip being pulled in and bitten repeatedly, her eyes watching me, devouring me as I slowly slide in and out of her body.

Michelle slips her fingers out of my mouth and trails her hand down my side. She has both palms firmly planted on my butt cheeks now and is pulling me into her, harder with each thrust. "Oh baby . . . more . . . harder . . . God . . . I need you . . . deep . . . inside."

I raise my body slightly and move up just a little. As I thrust back into her and she comes up to meet me I push in as deep as Bob will go and I hold there just watching her pump into me getting Bob as deep as she can. "Oh God yes . . . oh baby . . . yes . . . you feel so good . . . oh God . . . Jolie . . . oh God . . . YES JOOLIE!!!"

She is so breath taking, so wild and untamed as she comes, her body running on instinct doing things without conscious thought. I'm holding on with every ounce of self-control I have not to come, I want to witness every last second of hers and if I let myself go I'll miss something. God, she's amazing.

She's finally relaxing back down on the mattress now, her breathing starting to calm. She reaches up and pushes damp hair off her forehead then rests her arm over her eyes.

After a few moments she says "God baby, I know you have to be in a certain kind of mood to wear and use Bob, but I think we're going to have to start getting you in that mood a lot more

often. You were amazing."

I haven't moved I'm still deep inside her, hovering over her body watching every muscle twitch and relax, every rise and fall of her beautiful breasts as her breaths calm and even out.

After a few moments she realizes I haven't said anything and she removes her arm from her eyes. "Baby, are you okay?" She reaches up and pushes my hair back behind my ears on both sides and trails her finger tips down my jaw line. "You didn't come, did you?" She asks this at a whisper.

"I wanted to watch you, see everything. I didn't want to miss anything."

She smiles . . . one that I swear could make the sun rise. "Well then, lets take care of you now." She rolls us over so she's on top. I love it when she's on top. I know what she's going to do. She's going to give me a show. "Are you ready baby?"

The words get stuck in my throat so I just nod. There's that smile. She leans down and kisses me tenderly then pushes my hair back behind my ears again.

"I love you so much there are no words to express the depth of it." Is whispered into my ear. "I think you just did and you know I feel exactly the same." She leans back so she can see my eyes as she starts to move.

SATURDAY AUGUST 29

Dexter and I are starting our day out with strawberry flavored oatmeal and apple slices with strawberry kiwi juice. He loves to use the oatmeal as a weapon, he uses his spoon as a catapult and flings the oatmeal across the table at unsuspecting victims.

This mornings victim is his favorite stuffed animal. A dog named Dog. With a confirmed direct hit to the side of Dogs head Dexter gives his evil laugh "wa ha ha" it's short but gets the point across. Dog just lays there, no complaints no emotion, oatmeal caked to the side of his head. Poor Dog.

I woke this morning when Dexter pulled my eye lids open and whispered "mama." When my brain focused, I realized that he was sitting on my chest, lightly patting my cheeks. "Mama up. Mama up. Eat. Bite, bite." I took him in my arms as I sat up. "Morning baby. How did you get out of your bed? We better go look."

When I moved to get up, that's when it hit me and the nights activities flashed in my mind. I was sore, more so than I have ever been in my life. I gasped and looked over to see Michelle laying on her stomach right next to me, her body bare and uncovered. I reached over and lightly touched her to make sure she was real. A single tear slid down my cheek as I smiled.

Dexter touched my neck and said "mama ouch?" I realized he was touching where Michelle had marked me, well the only one he would be seeing anyway.

He then looked over at her and said "honey ouch?" I looked to where he was pointing on Michelle and blushed as I remembered marking her on her lower back and what had led up to it. God what a night, her slow sensual show had been the beginning of some new and very interesting activities.

I pulled the covers over her and slipped out of the bed with Dexter, leaving Michelle sound asleep and lightly snoring.

I just finished cleaning Dexter up and letting him out of his high chair. He of course immediately ran to his toy box and started throwing toys right and left.

I hear a throat softly cleared and look up from cleaning Dogs wound. There standing all sexy as hell is Michelle in a thin white T-shirt and her yellow boxers with the smiley face on them. I'm frozen, I can't move, I can't talk, I can't think. Damn, I love her so much.

She smiles at me, points to my cup and asks if she can have some of my coffee, she knows I never take more than a sip or two. The words won't leave my throat so I just nod as she sits down in my chair.

Her hair is all wild and I can see her dark, erect nipples through her thin T-shirt, my mouth is actually watering. I'm so sore from last night that I can barely move and yet I want more, God what she does to me.

"Baby, will you sit with me? We need to talk and I want your full attention." Even though she has already said she will never leave me again I can't help the chill of fear that goes through me. I think she can see it on my face because she's coming around the table toward me.

Michelle smiles as she takes my hands in hers, she walks backwards back to the chair and sits pulling me into her lap. "Baby I love you so much. I need you to understand why I left." She says this as she looks down at our intertwined fingers and hands. I'm not even sure I want to know as long as she doesn't do it again.

I mean I don't want her telling me about some woman, some woman doing to her, what we did to each other last night. That thought just keeps going through my head and I realize I'm getting pissed.

I never really considered that as a real possibility before and the very thought that some whore has touched her is making my blood boil.

I look into my plate where a fork sits waiting. I swear if she tells me she had a fling with some whore bitch, I'll stab her in the leg with that fork, I mean it.

She looks up into my face and her eyes go wide. "Are . . . are you okay?" she says this and swallows hard.

"I'm okay, go ahead." I say it calm, dangerously calm. She looks at me, I can see she's confused and maybe a little scared due to the look on my face. I smile, but it doesn't seem to help any . . . if anything it makes it worse. Then I realize, the smile I'm giving her is one of predator to prey.

I smile even more inside, ha! Let her sweat. Our roles have somewhat reversed. I'm the one in control. I'm usually the one nervous about something I've done wrong or something I have managed to get myself into, I do seem to have a knack for getting into trouble.

Michelle seems to have a knack for getting me out of it and knowing just what to say and do to make it all better. Although she does contribute quite a lot of money to the local police fund and knows most of the officers on a first name basis . . . for that matter, so do I.

I don't know why I attract trouble so easily, at least it doesn't always require a trip to the police station. Although that is a popular destination.

This one time we went to this club called The Biting Kangaroo. Now in my defense I was, at the time, new to the lesbian scene. Michelle was my first real girlfriend, hell she was my first everything, my first date, my first kiss, my first and only lover.

As we entered the club, I noticed a lot of the women looking at us, but I didn't think that much about it. I figured it was because they were regulars and it was our first time there.

Later I found out different . . . the hard way. You see I didn't realize it at the time, but Michelle had quite a reputation. Not for sleeping with every woman she came in contact with, but quite the opposite.

Apparently a woman that looks like her is supposed to be spreading it around and she wasn't. And a lot of the women in our local lesbian community didn't like that fact.

Michelle had asked me not to go off by myself, to let her know when I needed to go to the restroom and she would go with me. So of course when she stepped to the bar to get us some drinks I decided to go to the restroom. Me 'the I don't need a chaperone to go pee' independent woman.

Well apparently I did need a chaperone because as soon as I got in there I knew I was in trouble. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop and that's saying something because there were about fifteen women in there and all fifteen were staring at me. Talk about self-conscious.

I tried to be polite and smile but these women were looking at me like I was dinner, quite scary. I decided to just wash my hands and leave, but that was not to be.

As soon as I walked up to one of the sinks a woman stood at the sink beside me and openly appraised me like I was on the menu. I just smiled and said hello, she gave me the most lecherous smile I have ever seen, it still gives me the creeps just thinking about it.

Most people seem to think that if a lesbian is butch that means she has more male qualities, wearing more masculine clothing, having a more masculine hair cut, no makeup, wanting to be in control, in charge, somewhat aggressive, and is in some way the keeper of her femme partner.

Believe me if that is your take on the femme/butch dynamic this woman would blow your mind. She looked more femme than me but her behavior was over the top aggressive and I'm sure she keeps whoever her partner is in line, if you know what I mean. She was scary.

Anyway I turned to leave and she moved in front of me to block my way and said she would like to talk to me. I said okay but that I needed to get back out there that my girlfriend would be worried.

She gave me that smile again and said that was what she wanted to talk about. She had moved closer to me and was still advancing when, thank God, Michelle came in the door. She was stunned to see the crowd I had apparently drawn. She wasn't however, surprised to see the woman standing in front of me.

Michelle took my trembling hand and asked if I was okay, I said I was. She then led me through the crowd and out to the parking lot to get some fresh air, I was still shaken up and trembling from the altercation in the restroom. Which when I think about it, there wasn't that much to it.

It's just how that woman made me feel, like she was going to devour me and not in a good way, not that she would have ever had the chance either way.

While out there sitting on the hood of Michelle's car, we talked, she explained her 'reputation' and the fact that the woman in the restroom was someone who never could get over the fact that Michelle had no interest in her. And that there was only one reason the woman had any interest in her and that just wasn't the kind of person she was.

I told Michelle I didn't want to go back to The Biting Kangaroo any more that I felt like I had been bit. She asked if I was going to be getting into trouble everywhere we went. I just smiled sweetly. I heard her mutter under her breath something about her being the one in trouble and then chuckle to herself.

She's watching me and her features have relaxed some and softened, she knows that I'm in my own world right now. That I'm either in one of my many fantasies or that I'm remembering something.

She has told me countless times that it amazes her how I can just put myself right in the middle of it. A battle to the death, in some war, on some battlefield, wielding a sword or other instrument of death, an adventurer out to find a hidden treasure only to find the only true treasure . . . love. An astronaut left behind on some mission, abandoned and thought dead, left to try and survive on her own. I can do it. I have a very active imagination.

I realize that this is why I miss a lot of the social cues and clues that people send out, I don't do it on purpose it just happens.

She tells me she finds it charming and loves the look I get on my face when I'm doing it, all focused and sexy and somewhat confused when I come out of it. She says it's close to the look I get when I'm making love to her. I'm not quite sure what she means by that.

I blink my eyes a few times and give her a full real smile, she gives me one back and a tight squeeze to go with it. The fork is forgotten. "Baby, I need you to understand why I left.

First, the reason I didn't call is because I knew if I talked to you I wouldn't be able to stay away. Second, I saw Dexter every day, I went to Linda's house and spent every minute I could with him, you almost caught me a few times, it made Linda very nervous. She didn't agree with what I was doing, but she understood my desperation.

The day you told her about us I was in the other room and heard everything you said. I was about to walk in and explain everything to you when you said the one thing that could stop me."

I'm thinking back trying to figure out what I could have possibly said, but nothing comes to mind.

"You said you were writing again. That's why I left Jolie, with me here you can't write. I don't know why, but it's true. Think about it. You stopped writing when we got married. I love you so much I just couldn't take the look of disappointment on your face every time you sat down at the computer or the regret in your voice when you would tell your agent or publisher that you weren't any farther along on your book."

She looked away, closed her eyes and swallowed hard then continued. " Or the crying you do in your sleep because you are so frustrated as a writer. You cry Jolie, sometimes uncontrollably and it's been happening more often. You also talk in your sleep. I've never said anything because most of the time it's sexual and I didn't want to embarrass you, besides I like it and didn't want you to stop." At this point she gives me a flash of her best lopsided grin then it's gone.

"But, for about the last year you've been talking more about not being able to write. Whether you realize it or not, subconsciously you feel incomplete, like a part of you is no longer accessible and Jolie, you hate that part of yourself and on some level you feel trapped by that. Baby, you are a wonderful writer, you are meant to be a writer. I had to do something, I thought maybe if you talked to some of the other writers at the publishing company they would be able to help, but every time I tried to get you together with some of them you found some reason not to go. I sat down and really thought about it and that's when I realized you basically stopped writing when we got married. And before you bite my head off, I know you're happy." She says this part as she puts two fingers to my lips.

"But Jolie I think that's the problem. You're happy . . . you have a beautiful, happy, healthy son, you have a nice home and car, you have enough money that you don't have to worry about

anything." She gives me her most charming look.

"You have a beautiful, charming, and loving wife that's not so bad in the bedroom or any other room for that matter." She's now giving me that smile that would melt chocolate or make the sun rise whichever you prefer, I'm thinking chocolate right now.

As I think about it, I realize she's right, I did basically stop writing when we got married. Only since Dexter was born did I completely stop. Before that I was still writing but it was like pulling teeth for every chapter.

In my personal life I had never been as happy as when we became a couple, the happiness just kept growing and deepening as our love and relationship did. I had never felt so complete in my life as when we made love for the first time, I knew this is where I belonged, in her arms.

But, professionally I had never felt so out of sorts. I have always drawn from my unhappiness . . . or emptiness may be a better word. The part of me that felt like something was missing, that there was a part of me out there that I had not yet stumbled across.

I could get a little reprieve from that when I was writing. Writing was my shelter, my hiding place. The thing is I no longer need a hiding place, I'm no longer searching for my missing piece and damn . . . she's right . . . the problem is . . . I'm too happy, what a problem to have.

She continues hesitantly, slightly confused by the smirk on my face. "Anyway, I knew I needed to do something drastic. I mean you would never discuss your inability to write with me, always changing the subject or starting an argument. And getting you together with other writers never worked. I know I should have tried something less drastic, but honestly Jolie I couldn't think of anything else that would be enough but not too much. Does that make sense?"

I wondered, was it enough and not too much, to me it felt like too much. My heart felt like it was too much, my body felt like it was too much, my soul felt like it was too much. But now I do understand the looks of disappointment and sadness that I explained away all this time. She was hurting for me and felt like it was her fault that I was creatively impotent. I guess it was her fault.

I cup her cheeks and look deep into her, oh my God blue eyes, there is a raging sea in there, one of turmoil and sadness, one of fear and insecurity, and yes definitely one of love, commitment and desire.

I love her so much it hurts and I can see and I do mean see, she feels the exact same way about me. Yet she was able to put aside her feelings, her wants, her needs and do something that hurt her as much as it did me, in the hopes that it would help me. In the hopes it would cure my impotence and get my creative juices flowing again, which it did. But where do we go from here?

"Where do we go from here?" I ask this in all sincerity then continue. "I'm not willing to lose you because I can't write with you in the house. I'll just have to find some other creative outlet, some other form of creative release and even if I can't, I'm not willing to give you up. I don't give a

damn how much I cry or talk in my sleep, I'm not giving you up. Do you understand me?! I'll go to therapy or whatever, but us not together, is not an option. Do you hear and understand what I'm saying to you? Not An Option!"

I'm squeezing her face in my hands a little tighter than I mean to so when she tries to respond it comes out muffled and incoherent. I don't need to hear her words though I can see it in her eyes, they tell me everything, they always have.

I lean down and kiss her tender lips gently then let her face go with a small caress. She looks at me with such love and devotion "I'm sorry baby. I truly didn't mean to make you an impotent writer."

I look at her and smile my most innocent smile and say. "You made me impotent in more than just writing, while you were gone I couldn't even give myself release. I had absolutely no interest in it except in my dreams, you were front and center every night in those though."

"Well, you seem to be cured of that. I don't think I've been this sore in my life. You were absolutely amazing last night and this morning. I don't think you have ever been quite so creative before Jolie, some of the things you did to me I'm quite sure we've never done before, I would have remembered. And you marked me in some very interesting places, some I don't even know how they got where they are." She says this last part as she fingers the mark she left on my neck.

My smile turns some what shy and I know my cheeks are now bright red, I can feel it. Her smile broadens. It's funny, you would think that after six years of being together almost five of those being married that she wouldn't be able to make me blush, but she does.

My smile turns some what mischievous as I ask. "Do you remember the last time we used Bob Jr.?"

Michelle looks some what confused by my out of the blue question. "Um no, I can't say that I do, why?"

My smile broadens. "Well, remember that day you were in a really bad mood and I got her and tickled you with her until you couldn't take it any more?"

"Um, yes I remember."

"You know we kind of forgot all about her and went on to some other very pleasant activities. Well, later on that week my mom came over while I was cleaning house and she decided to help out by doing the vacuuming. You know how I hate to do that. Well, I was in the kitchen loading the dishwasher when she walked in and said she hoped we didn't store it where she found it."

I'm looking in her eyes watching for any hint of realization. She's not there just yet. And I can hardly contain myself.

"I turned around to find her holding, with extreme care I might add, Bob Jr. in all her purple

glory. She said she found it under the sofa cushion. What I said . . . I didn't really mean to say, it just kind of . . . slipped out." I say this part with what I hope is an apologetic yet humorous look on my face.

"What did you say?" Michelle asks slowly with somewhat of an edge to her voice.

"I told her you like to keep it handy . . . in case of emergencies." I say this barely keeping my giggling under control.

"OH MY GOD! I can't believe you did that! Was that the day I came home for lunch and she was here helping out?"

Now giggling uncontrollably I finally get out a "yes."

"OH MY GOD! That's why she looked at me so funny when I sat down on the sofa and started fishing around for the remote . . . thank God I found it fairly quick. I can't believe you did that to me. For about two months, whenever she was over, if I sat on the sofa she looked at me funny. I can't believe you did that."

I'm laughing so hard now that I slide right off her lap and into the floor and she just lets me. I hit the floor with a thud and never stop laughing as I look at her and the shocked look on her face. As my laughing starts to subside, I say. "Honey, I promise my mom loves you and doesn't think that you're too much of a sex addict."

"Oh is that right? Well, just so you know revenge is a bitch. I think I'm going to be talking to your mom about some aberrant behavior you've been exhibiting. Such as your unquenchable need to mark me and I believe I'll show her some of them too. I won't be the only one she thinks is a sexual deviant, especially after I show her THE ONE and you know the one I'm talking about."

I'm no longer laughing. God, she wouldn't. "You wouldn't dare." I'm serious now, she wouldn't, she couldn't. I would be absolutely mortified.

The look on her face is unreadable. I think she's serious. I'm sitting here on my butt in the floor, looking up at her. I'm begging her with my eyes not to do it. Suddenly she dives out of the chair lands on top of me and busts out laughing. God I love her.
THE END.

Thanks for reading and I do hope it was worth the time it took you to read it.

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Again I would love some feed back on my writing and the story in general so please drop me a line or more and let me know what you think.

This is my first attempt at writing fan fiction so please cut me some slack when you're telling me how much it sucked.
