



The Apology
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A short story
Originally published in "A Wicked Kind of Love:
Anthology"
by Wicked Publishing Feb. 2017

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The Apology

My Precious,

I leave this note on the pillow beside you for I have slipped from our bed, showered, dressed, and left for work long before you will have awakened to read it. I need to be certain you know how overjoyed I am yesterday is ancient history, and, my luminous love, I swear to you, such a dreadful event shall never occur between us again.

When you'd first left, stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind you, I dropped onto the middle of the rug, placed my face into my palms and cried.

"How could this be?" I wondered. "How could the lines of communication have broken down so low as to have disappeared? How could it have happened that the woman whom I had loved for eight long and glorious years could be so angry she'd walk away from me? These things, these bickering sessions, happen to others, not us! Why? What had happened? What was happening to us? Could it be that this was it? That it was over? That simply, that easily, all that I held dear, gone? Was this the end?"

Questions. Questions roared through my mind, ripping and tearing it apart, but no answers. Only pain. Pain that burned and spread from my mind to my heart then my soul. A deep reaching, wrenching pain the likes of which I have never felt. Then sorrow. Thick into the murky quicksand of sorrow I sank. Thoughts haunted me.

"What could I have done differently to have prevented this tragedy? How could I have behaved to have avoided this catastrophic event? What could I have said, done, to have curved the path we were on so we ended in each other's arms instead of this: me sitting alone in the center of the living room and you off to only God knew where but somewhere far from my embrace."

Doubts and regrets plagued me. Confusion, anger and pain flooded my soul. But mostly, sadness. To the core of my being, irrevocable sadness. When I lifted my head and looked around, all I saw were memories of you, memories of us. Photos of happier times. You and I tightly wrapped in infinite poses and embraces. Art and knickknacks we'd bought together, that we'd given to each other as gifts—expressions of our love and, or so we thought, everlasting affection for each other. But now I wondered. "Was 'everlasting' truly possible? Was all that gone? Snatched away? Lost? Carelessly tossed away?"

I couldn't remain here another moment. My heart carried the weight of a sinking iceberg within my chest, the pressure and tightness in my throat made it impossible to swallow.

I would leave. I'd decided. Go somewhere, anywhere. Give myself time to think. Maybe it was for the best. Maybe we had changed, grown, maybe it was time to move on, or maybe you'd long ago moved on and I'd been too blind to see it. Maybe you'd lost your love for me and just couldn't bring yourself to tell me. Disturbing thoughts demanded answers.

"Was this your way? Or, oh dear Lord, was there someone else? Did your desire drift from me only to land upon the pleasures of another woman?"

These painful thoughts I could not bear to allow myself to explore. I decided I would go, get a room, shower, dress, and visit my old stomping grounds, the bar I used to hang out in before you. It'd been eight years since I'd gone there alone, but tonight, I would go. I needed the attention I knew would be plentiful there. Needed someone to be attracted to me, someone to make me feel desirable, someone to want me, and I was confident I would have

these things, perhaps more, by the time morning visited.

Tears burned while they streamed down my cheeks as I stuffed clothes into an overnight bag. I didn't bother wiping them away and allowed the salty drops to fall from my face onto the floor.

As my fingers lowered the light switch in the bedroom, I paused for a moment and stared at our bed. Painful memories filled my mind. Had I seen your beautiful body beneath those covers for the last time? Would I never again hear your sighs, moans, ecstatic screams? Taste your deliciousness? Would I never again gaze down on your face, your cheeks flushed with the intensity of our love-making as I rocked on top of you while you steadily climbed toward the peak of climax? Would I never feel your weight on me as you took control of me, my body, commanding me as only you are able to do so well? Only you have been able to unleash the wild libidinal animal that otherwise lay dormant, hidden deeply inside me. Had I felt the last of that? The last of you? What had I done? What had we done?

By now I was near nauseous. My stomach threatened to turn inside out, and my legs had weakened from the sorry that had sapped their strength. I was not certain they could be trusted to walk out the door.

The angst was so great, I couldn't be bothering to retrieve supplies from the bathroom. I'd buy whatever I needed and dashed down the hall toward the front door, eager to turn the knob and rush away from the pain.

The sobs that gushed from my mouth didn't sound human, certainly no such noises had ever left my throat before, but I didn't bother to stifle them. No one was around to hear, and had there been, I'd not cared. Life as I'd known it was over.

With swollen eyes filled with tears that struggled to see, I headed in haste toward the door and on the way, tripped over your sneakers that had been carelessly cast aside. My momentum tossed me against the side table and the lamp we'd bought together while on vacation in Sedona toppled to the floor. Anger and frustration poured from me in the form of venomous adjectives and nouns combined in creative combinations. The guilty sneakers were viciously hurled into the toilet of the powder room, followed by a string of words I have never before uttered, describing you.

My rage was great as I grabbed the door handle and yanked it. The door flew open and after banging the wall, left its mark.

I flung open the screen door and was about to tear down the stairs, dash out the walkway and through the front gate to my car when the vision before my eyes stopped me in my tracks.

There, at the bottom of the steps, you stood.

Although blurred, you were as an angel, before me. The first thing I noticed was your eyes. Although red rimmed and swollen, as I'm sure mine must have also been, you were no longer crying, and your magnificent eyes I had so often and adoringly become lost in for so many years, now possessed a soft and loving gaze. A thin, cautious smile hung on your lips.

Your arms, opened wide with palms upturned, invited me. You wore only a long, unbuttoned coat and peeking through the opening in the front was your sensuous peach colored skin, your chest and stomach exposed as was your black sheer see-through bra, the one that leaves nothing to the imagination. The one that is my weakness. Your right breast peered through the opening of the coat, and your nipple smiled at me, as if waving, as if it was saying, "Hi honey, we're home! Please take us back." Thin, black laced panties hid

nothing of your sweet treasure that I love beyond words. Your long legs, covered with sheer stockings, curved gracefully into those shoes! The ones that drive me insane with desire.

By now the neighbors across the street lingered in their front yard, not attempting to hide their curiosity. They could only see your back, and I'm sure wondered why you stood at the bottom of our stairs draped in a long coat on this hot summer morning.

I dropped my bag, held my arms open wide, and whispered, "Come, my love."

You threw yourself at me, and until my dying day, I'll never forget how soft and warm your skin was as my hands slid around your waist and I pulled you into me. Nor have your lips ever been so sweet, soft and enrapturing. Our bodies passionately melded together, and we barely made it up the steps and into the house to finish our fervid and emotive expressions.

And the rest... well, I trust you remember quite well the rest.

We rediscovered each other last night, my love. The hours we drifted through pleasing and being pleased, with each kiss as delicious as the first, each touch as if never before, were glorious.

My priceless jewel, this I swear to you, never again will I risk losing you. My affection for you is imperishable, and never again, for even the briefest of seconds while I remain breathing and my heart still propels blood through my veins, will it diminish in the slightest.

I know now, beyond doubt, the flame of my love and desire for you is inextinguishable.

I will hurry home tonight, my dearest delight, and continue to explain to you in person exactly how this is so.

PS: A new pair of sneakers have been ordered and will arrive today.

Until I return,
I remain,
Your Lover,
Forever