

When It Was Love

You're driving at the worst possible time, but you don't have much choice in the matter. Northern Virginia is notorious for its traffic congestion, especially at six o'clock in the evening on I-66 on a Friday night in October. You've had a long day at work and your patience is already worn thin by demanding senior citizens, and now this. Traffic is at a standstill. You'd probably make better progress walking.

You're also a little nervous. This trip freaks you out because of its implications. You're driving five hours north to spend a weekend with a guy you dated casually all summer. He had to move back to his hometown in New Jersey mid-September and you'd just assumed it was over — it never had a title while it was happening between the two of you and long distance relationships never work, right?

The day he'd left had affected you in a way that you hadn't expected. You might be falling for this guy. He had a way of pulling you in every time you wanted to pull away. Now you were doing what he had asked: visiting him at his mother's house where he grew up and currently lived.

The stress of the traffic and your own fatigue drove all worries from your mind long enough for you to commit to just making the trip alive. By half past nine in the evening, you were flying down the Jersey Turnpike, getting closer and closer to the guy you thought could be "the one." He was texting you, asking for updates, so you quickly type out a response and go back to the task at hand. You're nearly there now.

When you turn onto his street, the nerves are back. Your palms are sweaty on the steering wheel and your head throbs from eye strain, but your heart thumps excitedly. You park on the street in front of his house instead of traversing the long, steep driveway just as you see him emerge from the front door of his beautiful, sprawling house.

You barely have time to open the car door before he is upon you, hugging you, kissing you, enveloping you in his scent. Your nerves are gone because he is here putting you at ease. You feel that certain twinge you get when he is near you and your voice gets husky as you whisper a hello.

He helps you bring your stuff inside and you meet his mother for the first time. She is on her hands and knees removing tile from their first floor half-bath. She climbs to her feet to meet you, and she is pleasant and welcoming right away. You feel more at ease as you lean into this man's arms. He keeps asking you if you are hungry, but you tell him with your eyes that you aren't interested in anything he may have in the fridge. He gets the hint and brings you straight to his bedroom.

Secrets of his childhood are scattered around a room obviously not expecting his return. He tells you that his mother tried making it into an office, expecting him to stay in Virginia. You

notice that he seems to be waiting for your approval. You tell him that it feels like home. Most of the furniture was in his bedroom in the house he rented back in Virginia. It was the same bed you had first fucked him in, that first erotic coupling that had you weak at the knees every time you saw him afterwards.

It's this bed that you're lying on now. He has his hands all over you and can't stop kissing you. You let him. You are experiencing something that has all five senses tingling. You can't put a word to the feeling yet, but it's okay because he is distracting you. He is telling you how much he missed you; what he had been doing to prepare for your visit, cleaning and working out in a nervous fashion; how his mother didn't want you two sharing a room until he insisted and reminded her of his age; that he's been thinking of this moment since he drove away from that old farmhouse on Route 28. You just kiss him in response to all of these delicious revelations. You know he is yours and that he has been waiting for you, like you've been waiting for him.

You start kissing him in a more insistent way, but he stops you — a phenomenon — but only to turn the lights off and put on some music. You watch him curiously as he busies himself in the corner of the room. His body blocks his hands. Suddenly you hear a match and then there are dancing flames on the wall. He had set up candles, you realize. Many of them. Once he has them all lit, he smiles at you shyly and jumps back onto the bed to hold you again. He whispers again that he's missed you.

You're lying there in the glowing darkness, totally content in this moment. All of the work to make this weekend happen — it was worth it. You can't believe how amazing it feels just to have his weight against you and his face inches away from your own. You want to kiss him everywhere and make him feel like a God, but he is preparing to say something important. You listen intently and soak up the view.

He tells you that he thinks he loves you. You raise an eyebrow and laugh, and it improves his courage. He rephrases. He tells you he is pretty sure, almost positive that he loves you. You know he is trying his best to retain some vulnerability while at the same time laying his soul at your feet. You love him too. You've known it, but now it is clear. You don't say it back. You just kiss him in elation.

You wonder what you did to find someone so perfect. You can barely believe that this is really happening to you. He puts his hands on you and your sharp intake of breath gets shushed beneath the music. You fall into moments of carnal lust as he takes you for his own. You've been waiting over a month for this and you know now how necessary it was for you to make this trip.

He spends little time on your clothes. It has been a long five weeks and you both aren't interested in any foreplay. You're already drenched in expectation of him inside you, so he doesn't waste time filling you up. It's this fullness, this pleasure building mountain he creates with you that boggles your mind and puts stars in your eyes. Every stroke is sending you closer and closer to the edge.

Just as you're both about to come together, you tell him. You grab his face and look into his heavy lidded eyes to say it back. He trembles against you as you say the four words that will

cement your relationship with him forever. He stays inside you after. You just look into his eyes and marvel at this love you've found. He asks you if you meant it.

“More than anything else.”