No Love to Make

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When a flame dies, another one is lit.

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Steve and I just had a massive row and now I'm sitting in this bar alone, drowning my anger and sorrow in Vodka. We fight a lot these days. It's kind of become a habit, but this time was different. This time we both threw our hands up after a while and gave up. He tearfully went to bed and I ended up here.

I look around and my heart sinks. Look at everyone. They're all out with their friends, exactly what should be done on a Friday night. Everyone's enjoying themselves and being happy. The worlds still going around and I'm sitting here. Still. I return my focus back to my drink. Vodka. My best friend - I can always rely on you.

As I raise the glass to my lips. A hand encloses around mine on the glass and moves it away from my lips. The hand lets go. I look over my shoulder to see my husbands brother Dennis. He has a look of concern in his eyes. His idiot brother probably already called him and told him I "went off on one" and walked out. Bastard. He always blames it on me.

"Elena...Drinking won't solve anything," he says firmly. Oh yeah right, like he knows. A few months ago he was a raging alcoholic. I ignore him and carry on drinking. Dennis sighs heavily and takes a seat on the stool beside me. Great. He's going to lecture me again. His precious little brother Steve can't fight his own battles.

"Listen Dennis...Let me stop you right here. I don't need a "talking to." Your brother is a fucking douche-bag. He has been for months, so if you're going to sit here and tell me what an asshole I am, you better leave. Right now."

Dennis nods as if to say he understands but he doesn't leave.

"Elena, I'm not here to lecture you."

"Then why are you here? Because as I recall, that's exactly what you come here for. Every fucking time."

Dennis flinches. Maybe I was a little harsh. Truth hurts.

"I'm here because I don't want you to believe that I'm taking his side because he's my brother. I know exactly what he is and I'm sorry for fighting his side all these years. You're right."

I look up from my glass and my hard expression softens as I see the sincerity in Dennis's beautiful blue eyes. He's so different from his brother. Steve is the stud of the family. He has the polished entrepreneur look. Always clean shaven, intense midnight blue eyes and a broad physique. Dennis is different. Dennis has the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen. He's less polished than his brother. He has stubble, the most defined jaw line and he's more of a tall hunk. He looks like a bouncer but he's really the sensitive one in the family. Always fighting for them even when they're wrong. He's their soldier.

"Listen," he says, "lets take you back to mine and get you sobered up. You can't deal with things in this state."

Dennis gets up from his chair and puts his hand out to me. I slap it away and turn my head.

"You think I want to go back? Dennis…you have no idea what my marriage is like. We've been fighting for hardly any reason for almost three years now. And every time, it's the same damn thing. We fight. He cries. I drink. I go back. I grovel. We have horrible sex. Repeat cycle. I don't want to do this anymore…"

Tears begin to form in my eyes and I wipe one away quickly so Dennis doesn't notice. He does. He puts one strong arm around me and pulls me into his chest.

"Come to mine Elena. I'll make it ok. I promise," he whispers.

I pull away and nod. He smiles in relief.

20 minutes later, we're sitting on Dennis's couch, drinking tea.

"What do you want to do?" he asks.

"I don't know," I whisper in response. Gazing into my mug as if it holds a clue. Or better yet, the

answers.

"You know what I think? Finish your tea, then go over there and fix it. I know it's always you putting the pieces back together but sometimes it just has to be that way. Steve loves you. If he didn't he wouldn't have called me. So just go there and make up with him. Once more. If it doesn't work out this final time, then screw it. You deserve better."

I think about Dennis's advice. Maybe he's right. If I tell Steve this is the last time, maybe he'll try harder. I quickly finish my tea and put the mug on the table. Dennis puts his down and stands up. I follow his action and we briefly hug.

"Let me know how it goes ok? If it doesn't work out then you can come back here."

30 minutes later I am back at the house ready to fix things. I look at the time. 11pm. I exhale and make my way up to my bedroom, swinging the door open with certainty. Steve is sitting on the bed, staring at a photo frame. Oh...There's me thinking he'd be curled up into a ball and crying his heart out. A girl can dream. He puts the frame aside and gets up, walking over to me with sorrow in his eyes.

"Elena...I hate this. I hate fighting with you. Please let's fix this," he says. I melt at the guilt in his voice. He means it. I mean, he means it every time but this time he really means it. He knows this is the last straw. Our last chance before we know it can't be fixed anymore. I nod and he smiles in relief.

Without even discussing it any further, or even mentioning the fight, he starts to undress me and himself as he desperately kisses my lips. Deja Vu...This isn't any different from the last make up...orthe one before...or the one before. If we deal with this the same way we've always dealt with it then how will this time be any different? I look at Steve's face and I feel a tugging at my heart. This isn't going to work. Steve backs me up until we fall onto our bed. The same bed we made love in for the first time. This is where our life began together. We fought on here. We laughed. We cried. We made love. We broke up….No, no, no! I shake my head, trying to dismiss that last thought. I hold onto Steve and bury my gaze into his as he enters me. I don't even moan. I can't feel anything. I feel numb...and sick.
"How's this baby?" he asks as he rhythmically thrusts his hard cock inside me. I look at him...speechless.

"I-I can't…" I say and push him off of me. Steve rolls over to the side and sits up.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asks with an expression of confusion on his face.

"We're kidding ourselves Steve. We can't make love anymore. Our love died a long time ago," I say tearfully as I dress myself quickly. Steve hangs his head down in heartbreak. I take in what I'm seeing and in my heart, where I usually feel love and sympathy for him, I feel nothing. Once I'm dressed, I walk over to him and kneel down to kiss him for one last time. He doesn't kiss me back, but I feel a tear run down his cheek and land on mine. I whisper, "sorry," into his hear and leave without looking back.

15 minutes later I'm back at Dennis's, standing outside his front door - breathless. I ran all the way here in the rain and now I'm drenched and cold. I ring the doorbell. It opens instantly. Dennis takes one look at me and opens his arms. I step forward and bury myself into him, squeezing his back as his muscular arms close around me...securing me. We stand like that in his doorway for a while, until he lets go and takes me inside.

"Want to talk about it?" he asks. I shake my head. He nods in understanding and gets up.

"I saw you."

Dennis freezes and sits back down.

"What do you mean?" he asks slowly.

"When Steve and I were saying our vows four years ago. I saw you…you had tears in your eyes. Why were you crying?" I ask.

Dennie exhales and sits back.

"You looked so beautiful...the thought of someone as beautiful as you marrying my brother was hard toaccept. He always got what he wanted ever since we were kids. It just sucked to see him get the beautiful girl too."

"Wait…he always got what he wanted?" I ask.

"Yeah, ever sin-"

"You wanted me?" I interrupt.

Dennis awkwardly sits up, "uh no, no, no, I meant-"

Before he can finish, I lean in to kiss him. Dennis stops talking and kisses me back, his strong hands

on either side of my face, pulling me close. I close my eyes and savour the roughness of his kiss against the softness of my own - my hands tenderly tugging the hair on the back of his head. Dennis pulls away briefly and whispers, "I wanted you so much," before kissing me again. I smile against his lips and shiver as one of his hands starts to lift up my top. My hands leave his head and I help him by lifting my top over my head to reveal a maroon bra.

Dennis slowly takes off his own top and I run my hands over his abdomen and his chest, desperate to feel more of his skin. He puts his hands on my back and pulls me towards him until we're chest to chest, our lips passionately dancing against each other, our tongues swirling around each others mouths. Dennis lets out a short groan as he stands up, lifting me up with him and he makes his way upstairs. I nibble his ear and suddenly, he's overcome with so much passion that he puts me down on the stairs and we settle there, kissing each other hungrily as we desperately take off our pants.

Once I'm down to my lingerie and Dennis is in his boxers, he sits beside me on the stairs and gropes my breasts as his lips dance against my throat gently. I roll my eyes back in pleasure and guide his head with my hands as he kisses me all over, savouring the taste of my skin. I want him so much. Damn. I want him inside me...

Dennis lets out a frustrated moan as I push his hands off my breasts and stand over him. He lies back on the steps and watches in lust as I get completely naked. Stripping off my lingerie. His eyes fall down to my pussy and his mouth opens a little. All in good time…

I kneel down in front of him, a few steps below and tug off his boxers to reveal a flawless, hard, 8 inch cock that springs up into action. Uh god. It's so big. Imagine the whole thing inside me… Dennie sees my eyes flicker as I look at his cock and he takes my hand and wraps it around it, his hand enclosed over mine. Suddenly, he starts to guide my hand up and down his full length, picking up speed as the seconds pass. A minute later, he lets go and I carry on working his cock unguided, as he closes his eyes and moans, "yes, yes, yes, just like that, uh fuck, yes…"

The sound of a man moaning at my touch is enough encouragement I need. I lean down and take his cock into my mouth, lowering my head until his cock hits the back of my throat. I gag a little, not used to such a long length, but recover quickly and begin to bob my head up and down at a perfectly steady pace. Dennis's right hand clutches my hair and tugs it as his other hand runs up and down my smooth back. He quietly moans my name as I give him the blow job of his life. As his moans quicken and get louder, I slow down and stop.

Dennis groans in frustration but he understands. He can't cum yet. We've got so much to do. I slowly and sensually crawl up a few steps until my pussy is over his face. I lower it down and then bring it back up, teasing him. Suddenly, Dennis gets frustrated and grabs my hips, pulling me down until my

pussy is right over his mouth. Then he starts…

"Uhh fuck…Dennis…yes…yes…just like that…just like that…yes…Dennis…" I moan as his lips massage my pussy and his tongue flicks over my clit. Suddenly, my legs weaken and I feel a rise of pleasure down the pit of my stomach. Dennis begins to lick faster and I push against the walls on either side of me in pleasure as my orgasm explodes into his mouth. Dennis moans as he licks it all up and I sigh heavily as he carries on working my now sensitive clit.

After a while, I climb back down and find my way back to his cum covered lips and kiss them with my own. He clutches my ass and pulls me up against him as we're kissing again. Suddenly, he flips us over until he's on top and I'm lying on the stairs. Damn, these steps are really uncomfortable but I don't want to ruin the moment so I ignore it and watch Dennis's face as looks down at me, breathing heavily. A lust in his eyes so raw and passionate that I feel like I'd lose my breath just by looking into them.

Without a moment to spare, Dennis lowers himself down slowly until his cock is at my entrance. He counts down from three to one under his breath and powerfully thrusts his huge cock into the depths of my pussy. I let out a long and loud moan and clutch his back, digging my long nails into it. Then movement begins. Dennis thrusts and thrusts in a rhythm so perfect and powerful, he grunts with every thrust and I moan and cry out - squeezing his back. He makes love to me with every fibre of his being, as if he waited and waited four years just to be able to have this one perfect moment. Suddenly I forget how uncomfortable the stairs are. I'm lost in this man and he's lost in me. He fucks me with every bit of strength he has, staring into my eyes the whole time. I roll back my eyes but try hard not to break eye contact as much as I can. I want to see his face as he cums inside me.

After a while, we both start to moan at the same time, getting louder and louder until suddenly, he collapses onto me and we clutch each other in pleasure as orgasms erupt through our bodies at the same time. The orgasms are so powerful that now it feels like the stairs aren't even there. We're so engrossed in this moment and lost within each other that nothing else matters...

Once the orgasm subsides, Dennis stands up and lifts up my limp body, clutching me to his chest as he carries me to his bed. He lays me on my front, climbson topand enters from behind. He fucks me for so long that we lose complete track of time and fall asleep, our bodies intertwined.