

# Long Distance Love-The Final Chapter

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*The end of one story, the beginning of another*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/long-distance-lovethethe-final-chapter.aspx>

Those of you looking to find sex in this story, will be disappointed, but it is the final chapter, one that needed to be written, to end the story for the readers who liked the first three chapters, and for the characters, who also needed their own ending.

This is the final chapter of this story, and the final chapter of this part of my life. To Jack, who was a wonderful lover, who is a wonderful man, and who will always be a wonderful friend. Thank you.

Jack and I had been trying to make this work for the better part of four years now. It wasn't working, at least not for me.

Jack was the divorced, single father of two wonderful boys, who I met over the Internet. When we first got together, Jack alluded to the fact that we would be a couple, a family. We got on well together, and especially when I would go to visit him. We never let the geographical distance come between us, until recently.

He lives in a small resort town, a couple of hours south of Seattle, and it was a wonderful spot for a vacation. We were compatible, or so it seemed, until I got home from my last visit for Thanksgiving of

2007.

Our time together was great, wonderful in fact. Jack was a wonderful lover, kind, considerate, sweet, but he always seemed to be holding some part of his heart back. I knew he had been hurt deeply, by his ex-wife, but I was not her. When I asked him about it, one night after he had made love to me, he laughed off my concerns, saying he had a great deal on his mind. When I pressed the issue the next morning, as we made breakfast for the boys, he said we were "okay". I took him at his word, and tried not to dwell on the feelings that I was having that there was something wrong with our relationship.

That night and every night for the rest of my two week visit, our love making had taken on a new urgency, whether it was my urgency or desire for something more, or Jack's, I don't know. He was driven, almost to prove a point to me, or maybe to himself, that there was nothing wrong with our relationship.

It was easy for me to believe that he was right, that I was being overly concerned, when I was in his arms, and he was making love to me. All seemed right with the world then, when he was buried deep inside my body, when he would make me come, licking my sensitive button, and lapping at the hot cum that would flow from my pussy.

We would make love when we would go to bed, after the kids were asleep, and he would wake me up in the same way in the early morning light. The passion alone, was enough to make me happy, and when the kids were up and home, well, the touches, the kisses, would happen, but it was always G-rated, for family viewing. We were both well aware that the boys watched us closely.

I came home, and we talked every day on the phone. Christmas came and went, and I began to withdraw from Jack. It broke my heart, to do so, but I needed to figure out just where he fit into my life. I suppose it was a test, to see how long it would take him to miss me. Work was all I could manage as I tried to figure out what I needed to do.

As I reflected on our relationship, and more over, the past visit, I realized Jack no longer spoke of us as a couple or the four of us as a family. I waited for him to call me, to email me, for in the recent past, it was always I who made the initial contact. Oh, he would answer the phone and visit, or he would reply to my email, but it wasn't him who made the calls anymore. He seemed even more distant, and almost aloof.

I waited, and while I did, I met another man. Don't get me wrong, I did not set out looking, nor was I looking. One evening when I was sitting at home, I surfed into a website that allowed authors to post erotic stories. My sex life was something that had taken a nose dive of late, especially since I wasn't even calling Jack, so phone sex was not even in the picture. I had lost interest in sex, and this website, with the wonderful stories, let me revisit the wonderful, glorious act of the "solo flight".

This website also allowed you to send private messages to an author, and I did, to the one male author whose stories piqued my interest. I was bold, and that is normally not like me. I am usually shy around men, and I put my boldness down to the fact that the anonymity of the computer allowed me to be something that I wasn't, the bold seductress that I always wanted to be.

While I waited for Jack to contact me, I wrote stories for the website, and posted them. To my surprise, people read them, and according to their comments, enjoyed them. I had written erotic stories for a few years, but it was a hobby I kept under wraps, and never shared the fact that I wrote erotica or my stories with anyone else. They were for my pleasure alone, and I masturbate before, during and after penning a story.

I wrote and as I did so, the time I was waiting for Jack to contact me, wasn't so desperately long. The gentleman I sent the PM to started to correspond with me, via the PM service on the website, until one day, we exchanged email addresses. We started to email, and then progressed to chatting, via instant messaging. Our emails and chats began to take on a more and more sexual nature. We were having cybersex, without the web-cam. Time passed quickly, and still no word from Jack.

It was coming up to my annual spring vacation. My plans were to go and visit Jack and the boys, but now I was having second thoughts. It would be very uncomfortable, since I had fallen in love with someone else. Oh, God, I loved this other man, and he was married to boot. FUCK, could I not get anything right in my life?

I find a wonderful man, with two great kids, (a bonus for me, since I could not have children) who is single, but doesn't seem to have a mind to love me in the same way that I love him. CRAP!!!

Then, I find a great man, who adores me, and loves me just the way I am, and isn't it just my luck that he is married. DOUBLE CRAP!!!

I have to do something about Jack, and just when I decide to do this, two and a half months have passed by now, without contact, I get a one line email from him. ONE FUCKING LINE, in nearly three months. Okay, this really wasn't working for me! There is something that my favorite TV psychologist says that kept ringing true in my mind--"The greatest predictor of future behaviour, is present and current behaviour." If I was to pursue a relationship with Jack, this would be my life, weeks where he would pull away from me, (or I from him) and then expect everything to be hunky dory, when he wanted it to be, or needed it to be.

I sent him an email telling him that I had met some one else, and that we were making plans to spend the rest of our lives together. Jack seemed relieved, and frankly so was I. I wept when I told him, because we had had so many wonderful times as a family. I wanted us to still be friends, for the sake of the boys, and that we could agree upon. Jack even wanted to meet the new man in my life, when the time was right. Jack has now taken on the role of a big brother, a protector, and I'm not sure I like that one bit. Oh well, it is what it is. I will always love Jack, but now it is the love of a cherished friend.

To get back to my married man, we are indeed planning to spend the rest of our lives together. He is

in the process of leaving his wife, after years of an unhappy and unsatisfying marital relationship. Just what is a gal to do, when the man she loves is already taken? I swore I wouldn't do anything to jeopardize his marriage, but it was already in jeopardy, long before I came along. Perhaps I am the catalyst that propelled the means to the end, but be that as it may, I LOVE HIM. Did I ever, in my life, see myself as "the other woman"? Not in this life time, or the next. We have no control over who we fall in love with, or who we love with all our heart. That is left to the fates. The fates have not been kind to my love life, but I pray they are changing their minds in that regard. Starting now.