

At long last

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Lush friends reunite and play out movie fantasies and more!

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A warm shout-out goes to Shy Vixen, my muse for this story and draft editor. The moody Sarah McLachlan lyrics floated just within my consciousness. Sings Sarah, "I have a smile stretches from ear to ear, to see you walking down the road. And it's just you and me on my island of hope, a breath between us could be miles." The song triggers a broad smile as though a CD in a rental car could capture my mind and heart as I drove those last few miles across the Massachusetts Turnpike, those last few miles between me and her – I'll call her "Amy". We'd met online several years before and after a lot of flirtation and fantasies we met in a restaurant in Boston's Rowe's Wharf. By mutual agreement we both behaved ourselves over that long, loving lunch. Our intent was to see how we felt and to decide together whether to take our friendship to the physical level. We'd decided to take that step with our next meeting and then fate stepped between us and Amy was pregnant. Through the pregnancy she opted to remain faithful to her husband and we slowly drifted apart and lost track of each other. One day I logged into the site where we met and Amy was gone. Well, that's internet life, people come and people go. I never forgot her though, her pretty face across a table from me in Boston, the touch of her hand and the pretty photos she'd posted in her profile gallery. Amy is petite, well proportioned and head-turn beautiful. She's also younger and so I wondered if my feelings are the stuff of a midlife crisis or what? I even bounced the ideas off a close friend who's a clinical psychologist once over lunch. "Do you love her," he asked me? I had to say that my feelings were more about desire and lust than love; per-se but there is more to the feeling than simple infatuation. "What I have are loving feelings more so than the kind of love that binds a couple – say- in a marriage," I told my head-shrinking friend. "OK, he said, you have a relationship that's built on sexual tension and mutual desire. And now you no longer are in touch with the lady so it's over." Damn, I thought; he was right but that sounded so damned final. Fast forward two years and on a day like any other, out of the blue I received a friend request from Amy and that simple line of impersonal computer message literally took my breath away! To my surprise and excitement, Amy had reposted all of her previous photos in her gallery and added several new and enticing ones. Clearly, her breasts had grown a bit and her perfect figure now was perfection plus! Soon after, we began chatting and feelings that had been put on hold for two years returned in a single conversation. I love it when fate lends a hand, because a work project was going to put me less than twenty miles from Amy's

home for several days. With some trepidation, I suggested that we meet and Amy not only accepted but had my heart skip a beat when she said, "Make it juicy!" Juicy? Hell, I started oozing precum the moment she said it! We chose to meet in Salem Massachusetts, a twenty minute drive north for Amy. The town is a bit touristy but that would work to our advantage because it has lots of interesting things to see, has a certain sexiness of the occult about it and more importantly, Amy was unlikely to run into anyone who knows her there and if she did, she could claim that she was showing a visiting friend the sights. That, in fact, was her cover story at home; she was taking a woman she knew from college touring for the day. I booked a room in a hotel in Wakefield, about a ten minute drive north from Salem increasing the distance from Amy's home. We met at a Starbucks. I think somehow the room lit brighter when she entered it and my heart skipped a beat, maybe two. My whole body felt flush with excitement just at seeing Amy, and goose bumps ran up my back! We kissed, gently at first and then, deeper. "It's been a long time," I said. "Yes, it has – too long," Amy replied. We shared a coffee and caught up on each other's lives as we finished our java and took a walk through the town as though we were the only people in it. We planned on lunch but that was about ninety minutes off. We walked arm in arm window shopping and then caught a brief retelling of the Salem Witch trials in a former church turned museum/theater. As the show ended I realized that I'd not heard a single word of the presentation. I'd sat there studying Amy's face through the entire show. Like any tourist venue, all roads lead to gift shops and in one I bought Amy a black tee shirt with an enticingly deep neckline and a stylized image of a sexy witch and the word 'Bewitching' emblazoned in an electric shade of purple. Normally, it's unwise to return home from a tryst with souvenirs (aka evidence) but since Salem was her cover story with her husband and their babysitter, the little gift was a nice touch. Soon, we went to lunch at an Italian themed seafood restaurant on Peter Street that's actually built into what once had been a jail. Many of the iron bar doors still were in place, although I'm sure that they'd been moved to reshape the space. I'm confident that our meal was a helluva lot better than the prisoner fare of three centuries earlier! Over lunch the 'feel' of our togetherness was just like our meeting almost three years earlier at Rowe's Wharf. Amy and I sat close, held hands across the table and shared enough red Chianti wine to be relaxed without getting sleepy or goofy. Amy looked delicious in a pretty top that set off her fuller breasts nicely and I managed to keep most of my focus on her face. The reason was simple. Amy's eyes are nothing less than hypnotic! Maybe that's why younger women enjoy the company of older men. Perhaps it's because we use mannerly courtesy, opening car doors for them or maybe because we look at their faces and occasionally admire their breasts. And, we listen to them whereas younger guys never look up to see the woman they're not really listening to. Besides, Amy's face is thrillingly easy to look at. Her hair was a bit longer than I remembered and she wore it in something I think is called a blunt-cut, a European look that framed her face nicely. For a woman I didn't actually love per-se, my heart was beating awfully fast. Maybe it was her Lolita perfume, Lempica I think, invading my senses like a nerve gas agent rousting the beast within me. From that first shared meal in Boston, we had a running fantasy steeped in a subplot in Peter Benchley's best-seller, "Jaws" where the police chief's wife, Ellen Brody has an affair with Matt Hooper, a marine biologist visiting their little berg to help capture the shark that terrorized a

small New England resort island. The pair meets for a surreptitious lunch at an out of the way seafood house and then tease each other until finally consummating a raging lust at a nearby inn. Playing into their sexy game, Ellen slips off to the ladies room to remove her panties so that Hooper can intimately explore her girl parts in route to the inn. In keeping with our bond with the storied fantasy, Amy slipped off to the ladies room and I knew that she would return wonderfully vulnerable beneath her pretty skirt. To my surprise, Amy also wore the new tee shirt and her breasts looked somehow heavier. Our eyes and smiles connected and I knew that her bra, panties and the top she'd worn to the place now were tucked in the little plastic bag from the gift shop. I stood and held her chair as Amy sat down and her breast lightly brushed my arm sending a charged shiver racing through both of us. In many ways, this affair that we chose to enter was much like the one in Benchley's novel. The Ellen Brody character felt that she needed something – her quote was that she needed to be 'serviced' by a man other than her husband to break the maddening cycle of caring for a workaholic husband and their children. She was burned out and needed to be revitalized. It's been said that burnout doesn't come from hard work. Burnout comes from disparaging work, from continually carrying emotional burdens with few if any opportunities to put the magic and specialness back into what we do, and to center us. Like the Ellen Brody character, Amy needed to break the cycle of day-in, day-out sameness that was pulling her psyche down in a life of mindless toil, tending their baby keeping a house and taking care of her husband with little left in her day for herself. Of course she loved her husband and child. That wasn't the point. Amy needed to have her body worshipped and made love to by someone who wasn't the same old `wham, bam Honey have you seen my keys, that married life had become. She longed to be desired, not just needed as a housekeeper and wet nurse. My own issues weren't much different from Amy's. I'd grown tired of dealing with a wife who had mental health problems that she refused to treat and who emotionally and hormonally had 'outgrown' sex. Amy didn't love me really, and I didn't love Amy quite exactly, but our mutual fondness ran deep to where shared lust pulled us each to the other like a pair of cobalt magnets. Magnets indeed, at least four times over lunch I found myself wanting to bend Amy over our table and slam my turgid cock into her sweet, panty less body right then and there! We walked along the waterfront watching seabirds soar as we made our way towards the parking lot. I paused for a second to watch a seaplane land and Amy kissed me on the cheek in a way that appeared chaste to the outside world but secretly she flicked the tip of her tongue next to my ear and whispered, "I think we've seen enough local color, don't you?" Inside the room, we each literally tore clothes off and fell onto the king bed. That first deep kiss will live in my memory possibly for the rest of my life. In fact, if that kiss is my dying memory, so much the better! In our haste I nearly forgot to use a condom but I grabbed the pack from my suitcase and tore it open like a madman. Long ago lines from Amy's poetry flooded my brain with darkly sexual images. She had written about wanting to unleash her "dirty soul" and abandon her good girl modality. She wrote about life changes, of discarding long-held paradigms and beliefs about what was expected of her as opposed to what she really wanted which was love and passion, to reveal her hidden kinks and thrash like a wild mare in heat. With that frame of mind, I vowed to myself to give this woman every nuance of sexuality that my mind and body could deliver. If

she wanted her soiled soul sullied all the more, then I was there to trash it properly. If we were to go to hell, we would earn condemnation together! Really, when a sexual liaison is some three years in the making it doesn't last long and there was nothing pretty or romantic or anything of that sort in this coupling and no, it wasn't lovemaking. We fucked like rabid, writhing animals neither speaking an intelligible word, but communicating in grunts and touches. The intensity in Amy's eyes, brilliant, like raging lights told me all I needed to know, daring me to fuck her deeper, harder and came within minutes, amid gyrations closer to violence than to a socially accepted union. Together, we lay trembling, almost like people in shock, and I held Amy close, our bodies fully entwined, while pulling covers over us even though the shaking our bodies did had nothing to do with feeling cold. We kissed and uncounted minutes breezed by before our lips parted. "That was a long time coming." I said. "Yes it was," Amy replied "and I almost think it was worth the wait!" Over the next few hours, we explored every inch of each other's bodies. I stroked and suckled Amy's full breasts and lightly teased her nipples with gentle and sometimes not so gentle nibbles. I traced kisses down her belly, spurred on with senses heightened by the combined aromas of her womanly musk, the dab of Lolita Amy had placed on her genitals and even the lubricant from the condom and a bit of my cum that ended up on her thighs. I love eating pussy – let me say that again - I LOVE EATING PUSSY, and went down on Amy with gusto! Her heels stroked my back as she writhed on the bed and after awhile I had her shift position to kneel facing the headboard while I slipped my body beneath her on my back so that her pussy rode my mouth. From there I teased, sucked, drew her labia into my mouth and suckled her clitoris like a nipple. My hands were busy exploring Amy's tummy and breasts. I knew that Amy was getting close to orgasm when her pace picked up and she began telling me to suck her, to eat her dirty hole to make her hump like a tramp interested only feeling herself cum. I couldn't really speak and sometimes wasn't even breathing but I moved my hands and began slapping Amy's ass aggressively, driving her still closer to the edge of the galaxy we'd created together towards the vortex of a black hole in the expanse of her passion that would consume us both. When Amy came, I thought I would drown with no regrets in the gush. If U.S .prisoners had been water-boarded in this manner there would be no human rights complaints. I'd seen movies of women squirting like that but never had experienced it before. "I love how you've dirtied my soul," Amy said. "And I love how you've washed my face!" I quipped with a grin. We held each other for a good twenty minutes and then began what best is described as lovemaking, for it was tender and loving as if two panels of silk billowed softly against each other on a warm summer breeze. "You're beautiful" I said to her. "People say that to me," Amy replied, "but you're making me FEEL beautiful." Our lovemaking knew no limits or boundaries. Sometimes I was on top, sometimes Amy was. Sometimes I pleased her sometimes she pleased me. Her mouth on my cock felt so pleasurable it brought tears to my eyes for it had been a long time since a woman pleased m like that. Her hands on my balls nearly drove me insane. After a good hour of such foreplay, our sex shifted gears and Amy got onto all fours. I drove my revitalized cock into her and pulled Amy's hair. The posture might lead you to believe that I was 'in charge" I wasn't. Amy began chanting, telling me exactly how she wanted to be used, fucked and talked to. Following her lead, I cursed, swore, called her dirty names and slapped her ass smartly, all

the while hoping that I'd leave no telltale marks for her husband to find. Soon though, all reason and caution was behind us and that ancient dance of human sexuality took over all directorial choreography. I'd lost my grip on Amy's hair as she brought her head to the sheets as her hips rose higher, presenting themselves for a wanton fucking. Taking both hips in my hands I pummeled into her. Amy bit her hand to stifle a scream as her body convulsed in orgasm and that set off my own and roopy jets of thick seminal fluids filled the condom. Again, we fell to the sheets and gently stretched out our after-play for a good hour, billing, cooing and sharing soft pillow talk until that miserable shit of a clock radio displayed the time when we had to leave and return to the real world. Driving back to Amy's car, she said that she hoped we could do this again soon. I vowed to her and to myself that somehow we were going to be lovers as often as we could pull it off. I don't like goodbyes and literally my heart sank as Amy left the parking lot in Salem, towards North Street, ultimately to Interstate 95 and home. My last words to her that day were borrowed from the lexicon of New Englanders since the sailing and whaling days of their seaports. There's a parting greeting that conveys love, concern for each other's wellbeing and travel on sometimes treacherous seas. "Safe home." As it happened, the job I was doing in Amy's area was to oversee modifications to electrical equipment and that was done at night. I finished about 5 AM and slept till a little after noon. I sent a text message to Amy to see if she was available for lunch around 1:30 PM. Of course it would be good to see her as the woman is nothing short of thrilling and an engaging conversationalist as well. Moreover, she had confided a fantasy that begged to be explored. One of Amy's hottest fantasies was the affair between Connie Sumner, the Diane Lane character in *Unfaithful* and the Olivier Martinez character Paul Martel. One of my kinks is that duplicitous, unfaithful wives are a huge turn-on to me and that movie was hot! My favorite scene was of Lane's seduction was shown as she ruminated about it on the commuter train back home. Reluctance and seduction also are hot buttons for me. Amy's favorite scene was about lane coming to meet her lover but bumping into friends who wanted her to join them for lunch in a pub around the corner from her lover's bookstore and apartment. The lover character, Martinez, comes to the bar and Lane follows him at a discrete distance, to the rest rooms where he handily fucks her brains out in a stall, her gorgeous ass slamming into the stall door. "You take me to the nicest places," Lane said sarcastically but I have to think that her intense orgasm and the consummate naughtiness of it all were exactly the 'nice place' where the Lane character wanted to be. Yes, it was a hot scene, a hot, fucking scene and in that sentence, fucking serves as both adjective and adverb. The good news is that Amy fantasized about that toilet stall scene and didn't waste karma on why a woman would cheat on a hunky guy like Richard Gere? So here's the thing... Amy exceeded all hopes I had for the fantasy from *Jaws*, and now wanted - for all practical purposes - to be fucked standing up with her legs around my waist in the toilet stall of a bar! She longed to be sullied, used in the trashiest of manners. Hey, who am I to argue with the best thing to touch my life in like... ever? The pub in the movie was set in lower Manhattan's gritty Soho neighborhood and featured an old fashioned dark-wood bar and equally austere rest rooms. One could almost smell stale beer and cigarette smoke in the bar and urine in the decrepit men's room. While I was certain that there must be a hundred such bars in the "Southie" neighborhood of Boston, I didn't want to get

Amy in trouble in the process. So I chose instead a place that I'd visited before and where it would be a safe venue for Amy to meet me for lunch. The Faneuil Hall Marketplace (pronounced "Phanniel" and rhymes with Daniel) in Boston's Quincy Market neighborhood has a replica bar patterned after the original Bull and Finch bar, the place used for the exterior shots used in the TV series "Cheers". Inside, there is dark wood everywhere and the restrooms, while period-looking, actually were reasonably clean – or at least safe. As a bonus, the place serves up terrific corned beef and cabbage and both Amy and I have Irish American backgrounds. So, we'd enjoy lunch and then I'd hammer Amy's sweet pussy shamelessly for dessert and either leave peaceably if we were undiscovered or kicked out if we were busted. So there was the master plan, I was going to fuck Amy silly in a men's room toilet stall in Quincy Market. This date was getting to be the holy grail of kink for me. To add to Amy's pseudo-degradation, I decided not to use a condom. This was a relatively safe thing to do as I'd never screwed around all that much and recently had been tested for STDs as part of the process for getting a work visa for a consulting job planned in mainland China. And, having been vasectomied years ago there was no chance of impregnating Amy although she doesn't know any of that and I decided not to tell her to add to her experience. After all, Amy clearly wanted to experience risk and I was going to put it all out there for her. Errrr, maybe IN there is the more realistic term. I'd bring condoms along just in case, but unless there was a strenuous protest I would fuck her bareback and fill her body with hot cum! Now here's the thing about fantasies... Paul Martinez was 36 when that movie was made and he played the role of a 28 year old. I'm north of there and can't even fake a passable French accent let alone being a man in his thirties! BUT, Amy could close her eyes and be imagining my cock inside her, his or Pope John the fucking twenty-third for all it mattered because her fantasy was to act-out that hot men's room scene from Unfaithful and I would deliver the goods – or the bads as the case may be. I suppose a more romantic way to say it is that she'd been there for me and I was going to be there for her. And so, as planned, Amy would arrive at the pub and take a table and call my cell phone. I'd join her. We'd have lunch, do the deed and go on from there for the afternoon. Hell it sure beat the hell out of riding swan boats in the Beacon Hill Public Garden Pond! At 1:35 my phone rang and I strode the block and a half from the parking lot. I'd actually seen Amy park her car but a fantasy is a fantasy and so I waited. I joined her in a booth that actually offered some privacy. I kissed her hello, full on the lips and boldly cupped her breast for a moment. Immediately I felt her nipple stiffen under the thin fabric. As agreed, Amy left her underwear in the car. Because she's mostly Irish and therefore fair skinned, I could see that Amy wore stockings but I knew that they'd be lace top thigh highs: 1. Because there was to be no panty in the way; and: 2. I've told Amy how exciting I find lace top thigh highs. By agreement I was to act quite indifferent and a bit domineering over lunch and although it's a bit out of character for me, I treated Amy gruffly knowing full-well that all this was making her wet. At this restaurant the waitresses also are gruff with customers, as part of their act and so everything was dovetailing nicely. Louder than I'd say such a thing but not QUITE loud enough to be heard in any of the other booths or the bar, I looked directly into Amy's eyes and said, "You're here to be fucked aren't you?" "Yes" Amy replied weakly. "Really... where?" I said, playing out my lines. "You know where," she said, her voice taking on a lost little girl

tonality. "Say it" I commanded. "In...in the bathroom" Amy actually looked nervous now. "So, you want me to take you in there and fuck you, is that about right?" "Y y yes." "There, in a grubby men's room that smells like the shithouse door on a shrimp boat?" "Y y yes." "Where" I commanded just a little louder. "I already said where" she said now looking confused. "Where in your body do you want my cock?" "M m my mouth and my , my vagina..." "Your mouth and where" I emphasized. "My, vag... my pussy." "You're what"? "My.... Oh damn you, in my cunt, there you've made me say it." "Lead the way baby... to the men's room and to your cunt" Amy appeared to walk on unsteady legs as she headed to the ladies room to briefly await my signal. I ducked into the men's room to first make sure that it was unoccupied and then held the door partly ajar while Amy left the ladies room and joined me. We ducked into a stall near a wall with an overhead window. Although I wanted more than anything to kiss Amy, I remained in-character and began pushing downward on her petite shoulders. "Suck it Baby" I commanded. Amy knelt on the cold ceramic tile floor and her trembling fingers fumbled with my fly and soon we were in heaven – me with a marvelous face-fuck in progress and she, with a mouthful of cock and steeped deeply in her fantasy. After about ten minutes of her excellent cock-sucking, I pulled Amy to her feet and hiked up her skirt. Wow! Not only had she no panties on but she's shaved herself complexly bare! I lifted her high and her beautiful legs surrounded my hips and I braced her back against the stall door praying that the latch would hold. Otherwise we'd fall into the sinks! In measured tones I commanded Amy. "Take ...my ...cock in your hands and put it right where it belongs." OK, it took a little maneuvering and wiggling for both of us and soon I was balls deep inside her. As good as her walls felt yesterday, the intimacy of bareback fucking Amy's sweet pussy amped-up the excitement tremendously. "Tell... me...what you want?" "This is what I want," said Amy. "I want to be used and fucked and made as a whore for you!" Our hips took it from there and yes, just like the image of Diane Lane's ass slamming the door, Amy's also beautiful ass slammed the wooden door. I heard another door and realized that someone had entered the room but there was no stopping now and I pummeled Amy like the tramp she longed to experience. She moaned, she cried genuine tears and never once did her hips slow down or miss a beat. I half-wondered if I could keep up with this exciting woman. Soon though I sensed Amy heading for the cliff and I was right there to bungee off it with her! I could feel dollops of her wetness landing on my shoes and soon Amy bit my shoulder to stifle her scream and I emptied my balls of their viscous products deep into her body. We held that stance for a minute or so and I finally kissed her deeply. My cock softened and withdrew and we disentangled from each other. I zipped up and Amy smoothed her skirt. As we'd used a handicapped stall for more room, the door opened out and I left the stall first only to find some college-aged kid standing outside our door jerking off. "What the fuck, guy..." I began. "P P Please, I couldn't help seeing you two through part of the door" the kid said as he kept right on stroking himself. "she's beautiful" he said to me. "Don't tell me, moron, tell her!" He turned to Amy and said, "You're really beautiful." Amy blushed crimson and then stepped partly out of the stall and looked completely unsure of herself. She turned away to hide her face but I resumed my commanding tone and ordered her to watch this kid jerk off. Reluctantly, Amy turned and her eyes became more than a little intent as this weird kid pleased himself. As I watched Amy watch the kid

an idea grew out of my dark soul like mushrooms in a heap of horse shit and soil. I reached into my pocket and handed the kid a condom. "This might be your lucky day, asshole," I said gruffly. Amy looked like I had two heads. The kid looked confused to but lost no time pulling the rubber onto his impressive, if bent, young cock. "Go ahead, touch it," I commanded Amy. She began to protect but her glazed eyes never left that cock for a second. "You wanted to be a whore," I said, "so be a whore!" Amy balked and then I told her to step forward and grab one of the sinks. "Bend" I ordered and as she did so, I pulled up her skirt, high over her beautiful ass. She looked back at me with pleading eyes and I smacked her perfect ass four rapid smacks. The shock brought tears to her eyes, in part because I'd never spanked her before, possibly no one has, and mostly because I did it in front of this skinny kid still pounding his pud mightily, the condom nearly falling off. Her face blushed as crimson to match the redness now spreading across Amy's ass. With all the dignity she could muster she stood, turned and tentatively reached out and took the kid's shaft in her hand and pushed the rubber back into place as he withdrew his hands. "Stroke it!" I commanded. Amy looked deliciously helpless as she gave the kid a couple of strokes and then fell into a rhythm. "You like that?" I asked harshly. "You like being a shit-house slut?" That deliciously weak schoolgirl voice returned as Amy said "Yes" and warmed to stroking this kid's bent boner. "Are you ready to take this to the next level?" Amy looked terrified, like a deer in the headlights. Just as I'd pushed her shoulders in the stall I pushed again on them and commanded Amy to kneel. Amy looked about to faint, the kid looked as though he might just collapse right beside her and I wondered if I was pushing all this way too far but Amy followed my direction and knelt on the floor before this tall lanky kid with the pimply face and the curved latex covered dick. Without the condom I'd never have let any of this happen but we were on a roll. "Suck him," I commanded. "Dan, no..." Amy looked pleadingly at me. "No?" I asked "Well..." Amy began and then she turned to face the slender cock so perilously close to her face. I was about to cave in and end the matter mercifully when something in Amy's eyes made me delay. Without another word, she took a tentative lick on the head and then along the shaft. The kid looked like he was going to shoot his load right then and there when Amy took him deeply into her mouth and began sucking this kid like he was Olivier Martinez himself! She sucked him and cupped his balls, and in something like ten seconds flat the kid's balls tightened and he shot his load deeply into the latex tube in Amy's mouth. Amy gave him another two or three quick sucks and then withdrew and I helped her to her feet. Her legs shook badly and I held her to steady her. I thought about kissing her and despite that the kid wore a condom I needed at least a minute to purge the image of his cock in her mouth before bringing my lips to hers. Instead, I told the kid to get lost and the dummy was so excited he left the condom on, zipped up and got the hell out of there. Idly, I wondered where it would end up once it fell off and traveled down his trouser leg. Surprising us both, Amy leaned forward and gave the kid a chaste goodbye kiss on the cheek and then he was gone. As Amy's legs regained their balance, she began a deep, resonant laugh – something between moans and a deep earthy giggle and I held her close. "Have fun today?" I asked offhandedly. "Get me out of here," she said with mixed signals, angry eyes and a huge Cheshire Cat smile. In the parking lot she got into her car and I took the passenger seat beside her. "Mad at me?" I asked. "I should be." But are you?" I pushed. Amy paused

and then her eyes softened and she said, "...No." "Did you enjoy today my beautiful naughty woman?" "...Yes but I was so damned scared!" "And I am so very proud of you, Amy." It's possible that I never felt so close to a woman in my life and I held her in my arms and kissed Amy lovingly. "I didn't expect this..." I said. "Didn't expect what, Dan?" "Didn't expect to love you, but I do." There it was said, the L word, and for several long seconds we just studied each other's faces. "I love you too," Amy said, falling back into my arms.