The things I should have said

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Information i should have trusted him with but didn't.

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You made the biggest decision of your life, and you didn't include me in it. We had planned our lives together and you changed everything and never asked me how I felt about it. Like a good girl, I stuck by you. You chose the Air Force, but I chose you. I supported you as best I could in the months leading up to you leaving. I wanted you to leave without knowing, that I would be there waiting for your return. I didn't want you to doubt us. As it got closer to you leaving things with us got harder. I mean, the sex was still good, it always has been. At times in our relationship sex had been the only thing that kept us together. But we fought. I was angry with you, I was angry that you were leaving me, I was terrified to lose you. For the past three years you were my constant. I loved you and i was in love with you. You changed my life. But now, everythings changing; you're leaving, and me? I'm staying here, trying to make it in college. At your going away party, I couldn't help but cry, I didn't want you to leave. I wondered, what happens when you leave? Were you going to move on and forget about me or were we going to use the distance to become stronger. My mind was overwhelming, I was overthinking. I remember talking to your cousins about how much you meant to me, and how hard it was that you were leaving, of course, I cried like a baby. After that I went inside to say goodbye, I could not be there any longer celebrating you leaving. There were comments made about me crying, apparently it was obvious. But when it came time for you to leave, we were not on very good terms. A few days later your mom posted the information for how to write you on facebook, and I wrote it down, not thinking i needed it, but just in case. Eventually, I broke down. Missing you became to much. So I wrote to you, I told you that I missed you and how I wanted you in my life, and of course, I reminded you that I love you. I put it in the mail, expecting nothing back, after all you had told me you wouldn't write me while you were in basic. There was still a tiny part of me that had hope that you would respond, so I made it my routine to check my mailbox everyday. Eventually, you replied. When I saw that letter in my mailbox, my heart literally stopped. I read it instantly, and I read it over and over again. I responded to your letter by the next day. But then that day I found another letter from you in my mailbox. You had written me twice, before I had even recieved the first letter. It wasn't until the third letter that you told me you loved me. I missed you; I missed you in the sense that you were my bestfriend, you were the one person I could always count on, you were my constant. But I also had a longing for you, I had told you I would wait for you, so I did. It was hard, but I knew I loved you and it wasn't worth it with anyone else. When I read your letters it was almost like you were there with me, it was like in that moment, you were so close to me. We shared personal details, whats new in our lives and how we are, our thoughts, and our fantasies. It was really hott actually, reading your letters, and knowing you are turned on and thinking about me. Here's a confession; When I read your letters I would lose myself in a fantasy. You weren't there, I couldn't see you, I couldn't hear your voice, all I had was written word. But somehow you still inrigued me, and you definately turned me on. Your letters were like porn to me, you would get me thinking about you and then I think about all the times we were together. I longed to feel your touch on my skin. I wanted to feel your hands, wandering, exploring my body. I wanted to put my hands all over you. I wanted to kiss you, I wanted to take control and show you pleasure like you had never expirenced before. I thought about the time at my dorm, you know which time I'm talking about, when my roommate was there but we couldn't wait. We couldn't keep our hands off of each other, and finally, when I couldn't take it anymore I climbed on top of you, being discreet about what was really going on. I felt you slide inside of me, and it was amazing. I was so wet, and it was all for you. Eventually, Michelle left, and we proceeded to have (in my personal opinion) the best sex we have ever had. You are always so gentle with me, but at the same time so rough and kinky. I have never had an orgasm like I did that night with you. Remember? You left me shaking. All these thoughts would start rushing through my head, and I could feel my temperature rising. Luckily Michelle was gone a lot these days so i had the room to myself. I would lock the door, And gather all your letters and re-read them, I would start to get turned on and I would go with it, to an extreme. I would lose myself in these fantasies, and have a moment, techinically alone, but in spirit you were with me everytime. I would slowly start to remove my clothes, rubbing my hands all over my body. I was living in my head, but giving in to the physical aspect of the day dream. After playing with my boobs, my hand would make its way

down to my pussy and I would start to rub myself. I pictured you doing it, I'd let out a soft moan, and slip one finger into my pussy and pulled it out again. I kept pulling it in and out slowly. I imagined that you werre fingering me, and i'd slip a second finger in and started moving my hand faster. It was getting hard to breathe, my legs began to shake. I thought of you more and moaned a little louder this time. I went faster and faster. I would pull my fingers out after awhile and rub my clit. Eventually, I'd orgasm and somehow it felt like I was close to you when I did this, so it was something that I did often. You consumed my mind, I imagined your body pressed against mine, us breathing heavily in sync. I wanted you to be there, I wanted your cock inside of me so badly. I never thought I would miss giving blowjobs, but there were times when I just wanted to take you into my mouth. I longed to please you, after all, nothing gets me off like pleasing you.

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