

Romer and Paxel

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A man gets his lover to tell him she loves him...



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"Feel free to touch me," Romer said intimately as she sat naked on the table.

"You know, sometimes I look at you and wonder whether we are meant to be, Romer, but then I have to ask myself if I would be willing to give you up to find another. Frankly, I don't see anyone in my future but you..." I rested my hand on the table and let my dull expression take its effect on Romer. The vacant look usually had her quiet.

"Why do you tell me things like this Paxel? Especially when I am in these moments where I extend myself to you? Do I not satisfy you or something?"

"Romer, you know it's not about that. I bring these things up because I don't think you even try to do the same. I'm asking you to try because I don't want to be in a relationship without trust and love. I want you, don't you get that?" I feared this talk for a while but it seemed through out the days it became a constant self roleplay of mine where I would answer for Romer to my questions in my head. I felt as if, if I did that I would be testing out the waters myself without actually testing out the waters. Even in my head Romer didn't take it all too easily.

"I have," She answered, "leaving you would be the hardest thing I would do in my life, loving you was easy enough wasn't it? At first I thought we would be a one night stand the night we became drunk, but when I woke up in your arms hung over from a night of drunken lust I couldn't imagine what it would be like if I woke up in some other man's arms."

"...so you do love me?" I'll admit I wasn't really sure where this was going, no matter how much I had this conversation myself in my mind. She confused me often, but now would not be the time to feel puzzled.

"Sure." She smiled and grabbed my boxers and black shirt from the seat of the chair. 'Sure' was not going to tie me over for the rest of my life. I needed to know and that was kind of the point. She slipped the shirt on and over her naked breasts. The boxers came on just as easily, hiding her sweetest spot away.

"Sure? As in..." My attention flew back to her face. Her smile curled over in the corner of her mouth. I took this 'sure' to be a joke then. She did love me but didn't have the guts to actually tell me without it sounding like a joke?

"I love you Romer Bodsweiger." She froze as the words slipped out. They forced themselves into her ears and made her look dizzy. I knew this would wrap around her heart. I smiled now. Romer shook her head and blushed hard on her cheeks.

"I-I love you Paxel." The first time in a long time I felt these words. Her voice so perfect and filled with truth. I could hear it in her words, the true meaning behind it, her heart igniting as she said it, and the actual love making her studder. Romer came to me as I leaned against the wall with joy. She hugged me forcefully and tight with her head nuzzling against my chest. I knew we were meant, and I knew from here on out there would be no way to go back.

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