



AWAKEND LOVE

BY KEITH JOHNSON

FOR MICHELLE

MY LOVE

AWAKEND LOVE

DEDICATED TO MICHELLE, MY DESIRE, MY LADY, MY LOVE

CHAPTER 1:

The day was bright, coffee brewed and a cool breeze was blowing over the early Kansas fall morning. Everything should have been perfect as she prepared the morning meal and readied her girls another school day. Even so, this day had begun as so many in the past, with the numbness of a frigid winter's day. She felt nothing, and even at that she did not feel remorse or regret. Just feeling the flat resolute need to go on with another day and make some sort of difference, if not in her life, than in others. Giving rides to local ladies that were too old or afraid to drive on their own or volunteer with homeless shelters and community organizations. This brought some relief to her own life that everyone told her was perfect, wonderful, and more than most women ever realized. Still, she felt little, or to be more accurate, she refused to feel. Feeling brought regret, regret brought anger, anger brought pain and pain led to the dark endless tunnel of depression.

She had what most would want. Two beautiful children both like their mother in so many ways. A husband who would be gone for months at a time serving overseas in a soldier's uniform. She was proud of him, cared for him, and did feel her heart swell with a sense of loyalty to the sound of a military band. At least she would convince herself of that if she didn't really think about him. She would imagine some other man, any man, would be her husband. But not him, she couldn't think about him. For when she did, she knew she didn't love him at all, not anymore. Though she knew none would understand, she was convinced that he had a lover, not in the traditional sense, his mistress was the Army. His heart was there in the rain soaked and heat baked barracks of his brothers. She knew that would be the case from the beginning and she never complained about the life they chose. But after so many years of him gone and then coming home and still being "over there" she knew she would never really feel again. The day was new with birds singing the children laughing and all possibilities were laid before her. She would enter the day, numb and at the end of the day she would lay down too tired to cry and too hopeless to care.

But tomorrow would not be the same. She closed her eyes and fell into a fitful sleep unprepared for the months that lie ahead.

CHAPTER 2:

Another bright day, another breakfast, another among many, same routine and the same feelings, Michelle was not sad, nor happy, just...there. Hurrying up to pack lunches she rushed her oldest out to the bus with a quick kiss on the head as the little girl turned to say,

“I Love you mommy!”

“Love you too!” she said back.

And it was not a lie. She did love her girls so very much. Maybe the last of any feelings she felt at all. Something about her girls kept her feeling human, like she was not just some imaginary dream that didn't really feel. Her babies were her thread to something real that she was barely holding on to at this point. She piled the youngest in to the car and slowly backed out of the driveway and into the street. As she looked back in the rearview mirror she saw sweet face of her little one looking at a book, upside down, and reading the story out loud to the stuffed monkey beside her. Michelle smiled and realized that it had been the first real smile she had in days. Turning the car at the end of the street and heading to the preschool she thought about a simpler time when she believed in fairy tales, princesses, and a prince charming on a white stallion. How simple and clear it was then. When she would read books, upside down, and dream of being carried away.

Pulling into the parking spot she unbuckled her seat belt got out of the car and opened the door next to her daughter.

“Ready to go punkin?” she said.

“OH yes! We get to go on a safari today!”

“A safari? In Kansas?” she raised an eyebrow looking at the little girl.

“Yes, Ms. Williamson said we are going to go on safari in the back yard!”

“Well you be careful little one!”

“OK mommy!”

Her youngest bound out of the car and raced towards the front door of the preschool.

“MOMMY!”

“What sweetie” she said.

“What's a safari?”

Michelle laughed and shook her head and just responded, "Love you baby" as she belted herself back into the car to head into another day.

She felt the days seem to grow dimmer when she was alone and the need to care and watch after her daughters were relieved for a time. She had made it about a block when it started somewhere in her shoulders and then moved down her arms. Shaking enough that she began to weave violently on the road. Pulling the car over and slamming the brakes she skidded to a jolting stop just a block from her home. Her entire body quivered and she thought she might be going crazy or worse having a seizure. Tears came rolling from her eyes and she wept what felt like hours. She didn't care and the release of the tears seemed to empower her more than weaken her. She had not cried, at least like this, in so long. Yes she would sneak some tears in the dark while lying in bed and the house was still. Sometimes silently weeping alone and sometimes with her husband there, she was struck that his presence didn't seem to soothe the reasons she cried but just gave her less space to sleep when slumber would finally come. He wouldn't know because she would hide them, not that she had to work that hard to do so, he never paid attention. But the weeping now, in public, in the bright exposing rays of the morning sun made her feel vulnerable. It made her feel embarrassed. It made her... feel! The thought made her cry all the more and she desired something that she had never considered before. She would feel again, whatever it took, she wanted to feel. Looking at the glowing digital clock in the dash she realized that it had only been 15 minutes but that was long enough.

"OK, get your shit together Michelle" she mumbled while digging for a Kleenex in her purse.

Pulling the visor down she flipped open the vanity mirror to survey the damage the torrent of tears may have done to her makeup.

"Lovely...." She said rolling her eyes. "You are quite the catch aren't you sweetie" as she blew a big kiss at the mirror.

Driving the rest of the way home Michelle knew that something had changed but didn't know what she would do or how she would make the years of excruciating blandness fill with bright colors and take her breath away, or recapture the years of his neglect and using her for his needs. But this she knew...she didn't want to live that way anymore.

CHAPTER 3:

Another morning, more coffee, more little feet padding down the hall with messy knotted hair and way too far from being ready to start the day. Luckily, she had bought their favorite sugary cereal they got to have from time to time, so breakfast shouldn't be much of a struggle.

Michelle thought about the previous day and her public meltdown. "Did that really happen? Was I dreaming that?" she thought.

But she knew that it was real, she knew that she couldn't go on living like this. In fact it wasn't living at all, but more of a monotonous day after day living death. Last evening came all the bustling of dinner, baths, and bedtime and she was able to ignore what she had experienced in the car just a few feet from her home. It was later, in the dark alone once again, that she began to feel the numbness of her life prowl from the depths of her heart and consume the last of the energy she had for that day.

"But a lot to do this morning!" she tried to say in the cheeriest voice she could.

"I will think about it later, not now, there is too much to do!" Again she spun and greeted her girls with the brightest "good morning!" she could. They were her love. They made the blandness and the hurt of her life so much better. Their faces kept her there.

Before Michelle knew it the morning passed, kids delivered, errands ran, and a couple of trips to help some friends and family. But now she stood in the living room that she worked hard to keep clean. What bothered her is that she didn't really remember getting to this point. She didn't remember putting on her jeans, her shirt, or doing anything. She knew it had happened in what felt like a distant memory even though her car keys were still in her hand. It was another day that blended into a past of similar days and she wasn't even thinking anymore. When was the last time she had to "think"? Not just regular things like grocery lists and bills but time to ponder, dream, dare and wonder about things. How long had it been?

"Sigh, well Michelle, another exciting day!"

She didn't remember when she started talking to herself in the third person. Was life starting to pass her by without her remembering how she got to that moment? Maybe it was because no one really spoke with her...just questions, needs, and instructions. "Thank God for her girls!" She thought. They stimulated her mind more than anyone else. She was thankful, but at the same time concerned that her greatest mental stimulation came at an elementary school level at best!

She dropped her purse and fell into the sofa. Knowing she should be doing something productive but still would take time for one of her few escapes. She opened the novel and began to read of perfectly

formed women and incredibly “gifted” men wrapped in each other’s arms and for a moment she could be free. It was clear to her that many wouldn’t approve of reading erotic novels but something about the fantasy, the absurd bliss of being in another place and time was found in these sorts of books more than others. But she didn’t like just the dirty ones that were just one sexual encounter after another. The ones she liked were about men, even though they all seemed to look like Adonis, who cared for the woman that they loved and the erotic material was better when a man focused more on his lover’s pleasure instead of his.

“Pure fantasy” she scoffed, “That man doesn’t exist in my world. Never has.”

Yet, she still liked the thought and would find solace in taking a few moments of undistracted reading and detachment from the real world. And if she admitted it, these stories were the closest she felt to being sensual, attractive, and for the lack of a better thought, horny?

She felt almost alive.

Just as she settled down had each pillow in place and opened to a very sensual narrative in the third chapter, the phone rang.

“Well God bless America” she grumbled as she had to get up to get to the phone that she had left on the table next to the car keys.

“Hello”

“Hi, It’s Mom” the voice on the other end responded.

“Hi Momma, what’s up?” She tried to sound cheerful but knew that there would be a good chance that she wouldn’t be by the end of the phone call and that she would probably not get back to her book.

“I just needed to know when you would be home. I need someone to help me get to the store today”

“I am at home Mom “

“OOOH?” came the almost mocking over emphasized reply.

“Oh God here we go!” Michelle thought as she plopped in the chair next to the table. She was going to have to take it...what ever “it” was but she didn’t have to take it standing up.

“I thought you were helping at the daycare today since you don’t have anything else to do and at least get to spend a little time with your youngest daughter...they need their mother so much at that age”

It wasn't lost on her the intentional sadness and regret that her mother would lie on pretty heavy at the end of the sentence.

"No, they didn't need me to stay and help today. So I came home"

"Must be nice to not do anything and lay around all day" was her mother's cutting reply.

"Yep, that's what I do Mom...nothing...so what did you need me to DO for you again?" she felt a little satisfaction in the sarcasm but also knew that she would probably pay for it later.

"I just need someone to get me to the store and some errands, and you are the only one that I can think of that is blessed with not having to work or be bothered with anything."

"You're being a bother" she thought but she had already pushed her luck once and decided to just keep that one in her head. Instead she said, "Ok when do you want to go?"

"Sooner the better, that way you can be home for your girls since their father is gone working so hard to care for you all"

And there it was, time to sing her husband's praises and to remind her that she should be grateful and that anything to the contrary was selfish and spoiled. She had to listen to this almost daily and she only half listened to her mother's voice as she thought about what she wished her mother knew about him.

Even when he WAS home it was more painful. He was there, they spoke they did the day to day activities that a married couple does. But it was just "activity" no connection, no thrill, no passion, no romance, no support, no....love. And her mother would never believe the sexual use he made of her. Maybe she was just crazy for expecting more.

"You still there?" she recognized her mother say on the line.

"Yes Mom, I think I am always going to be here", she said.

"What does that mean?"

"Never mind, I will pick you up in fifteen minutes."

The rest of the day played out like the others. More criticism and guilt from her mother, more cleaning, laundry, bills, and taking care of her girls at the end of the day.

Finally, a few moments to try and get some time for her and relax. She went to grab her book and it slipped out of her hand as she threw it across the room on accident.

“Agh!” she let out as she headed across the room to retrieve the paperback sprawled against the wall.

When she retrieved the book she noticed an ad that was placed in the back pages. She had seen the ad before in other novels but never gave it a thought. But the picture grabbed her eye. A good looking man with his shirt splayed apart with a woman seductively kissing his chest as he was removing her blouse from her shoulders. It really wasn't the heavy sexual implication of the picture that drew her. But the idea of a man touching her like the picture. Who treated her like she was there and not a means for his own pleasure or to be used as a thing for his “use”?

Had she forgotten the feeling? Had she ever known it before?

The picture was for a dating service. Not an ordinary dating service but one for people who are married. She had always laughed at it in the past. But after yesterday and another day like today, the thought of an affair with a married man seemed....she stopped and felt her heart pounding in her chest and in her ears.

“Am I going to do this”, she said out loud and noticed that even her voice was a bit breathy with excitement. She felt.... alive.

She turned and looked at the laptop on the table by the sofa.

She took a seat on the end of the sofa and placed the computer on her lap. Then looked at the ad and slowly lifted the top of her Dell and logged on.

The cursor blinked in the address line...blink....blink....blink...

Then she typed, “www.....”

CHAPTER 4:

Though it was late Michelle felt energized as the website popped up on her screen. The images on the screen crackled with taboo affairs and innuendo. Normally she would feel that these sites were for “those” people. But tonight in the quiet of the house and alone with her computer the site brought a dangerous excitement and a thrill she hadn’t felt in years, no, she had never felt like this before. And she liked the feeling.

Her days were spent helping others and focusing on them. Always being there when a friend or family member hurt and there was satisfaction in caring for her girls, in helping those that are hurting. She always thought that would be enough. Even in her marriage she would think that just being there for her husband would suffice. Yet, she longed that someone would let her be weak, cared for, and touched...not just physically...but to touch those deep places within her soul.

“God, Michelle....come back to reality!” she said out loud.

But the idea, the thought that maybe it could happen...even for a short encounter drew her towards her screen. She had looked to her husband to have a place of abandon, a place of intimate release and complete pleasure and trust. But after so many years so many encounters of hurt and neglect in those intimate times, she had given up on him ever providing anything except using her body to get his needs fulfilled. She had learned to have any sort of erotic, exciting moments she would have to take care of herself and even though she could find moments of satisfaction with the toys and tools for such things ultimately, she was still...alone.

Could or would she ever know of a man that wanted her, desired her, and gave her the emotional, physical, and yes even spiritual stimulation that she read about in her books? For his hands to caress her body, see him desire her, not just sex, but her in his eyes. To feel his body quiver at the touch of her hand, to hear him moan at the love she showed him...and for her to feel beautiful at his caress. She wanted to know the difference between a man being inside her body and a man being inside her body and her soul...was there a difference?

She had to know.

She began to fill out the details of her “profile”

“Name, age, weight, eyes....well this wouldn’t be hard!” she thought.

Relationship status, she stared at the box for her to pick an answer. Something about choosing “Attached” made her think about what she was doing.

“OK, am I really wanting to do this?” she thought.

Laying the computer on the sofa beside her she went to make a quick sandwich since she had not sat down to really eat all day because of taking care of everyone else. Getting away from the computer she thought the crazy thoughts would pass. But she kept looking at the laptop setting on the sofa while she made her ham and cheese. Half way through the sandwich she realized.

“I want to do this!”

Washing her plate and putting it away she sat again and continued filling out the profile.

“Sexual desires”

Michelle felt a heat flush her face as she picked things like “oral, kissing, submissive, dominant, sex toys...” off a list. She realized that her body was starting to respond just to the idea of a man reading her desires. She loved the feeling and didn’t fight it. More and more questions about possible sexual encounters caused her mind to race with the possibilities. Her fantasies grew of an encounter with someone that would touch her like the picture and make her really feel like a beautiful and sexy woman. As she filled out the paragraph of what she was wanting she was amazed how aroused she felt.

She noticed her heart racing and those intimate parts of her that her husband rarely caused to respond began to become wet enough that she thought she may be making a stain on the sofa!

“Oh, my God!,” she mumbled as she realized how turned on she had become. She knew at this point she wouldn’t be able to finish the profile until she took care of the feelings that had exploded with the thought of a lover of her fantasies being a reality.

In the bedroom she found the small vibrator that she had purchased to get some sort of satisfaction sexually since her husband was unable to do so. Placing the vibrator against her clit she expected the normal “warm up” until things responded. But tonight with the thought and excitement of looking for a lover made her gasp the second she turned on the switch. She was surprised at her wetness and the small spasms that radiated through her even now. Michelle closed her eyes and thought of the possible man she would find. He was kissing her, touching her, holding her, his cock responding to her touch and to seeing her naked before him. She felt the sensation of her clit swelling and her whole body quivered with the biggest orgasm she had remembered having.

“OH!” she exclaimed as her knees jerked up and back arched against the almost electrical shocks like waves crashing through her body.

She let out a little chuckle as she realized this “man” had made the best love to her in years and she had not met him! Her chuckle died down and a small tear came when she realized that he was a fantasy. Nothing guaranteed she would find him and she was way too picky about what she really wanted.

Her dream man was just that, a dream. The worst part was with all of her fantasies about him there was one thing she could never make out in her mind, his face.

“That’s because there isn’t a guy like you out there Sweetie” she thought to herself.

Wiping the tear from her face she said out loud, “It was good for me...how about you Mr. Right?” and she actually let out a small laugh.

She would finish the profile tomorrow. But even now one part of the profile would be on her mind. She was not sure she wanted to put her picture there. She didn’t want to be judged on how she looked. In her mind she was no dog, she was attractive, but maybe not a supermodel like the women in the stories.

Why did it matter? Then she knew why it mattered she just wanted him to like her first and not how pretty she was on the profile.

As she closed her eyes that night she slipped off to sleep wondering if her possible future lover was closing his eyes at the same time.

The thought made her smile.

CHAPTER 5:

Weeks had passed since she had placed her information on the website. The first few contacts made her heart jump and excitement course through her veins. Something about a man actually reading about her “desires” and “needs” and responding made her heart race. Unfortunately, many of the first responses were men she found not to be that much different than her husband. Sex, dirty talk, wanting to use her to get themselves off and thinking that they would make her feel wonderful because they were so masculine and whatever they did surely a woman would later speak of how magnificent they were in bed. Yet none really thought about much outside of themselves. Michelle didn’t want another husband she wasn’t looking for one. Yet she was looking for a lover, someone that was closer to the men in the stories. Not the Dom part or the spankings. Those things were fun to read about but the attention they seemed to give their lovers. That she had never known, nor did she know the everyday things a man could do to make her feel special and beautiful.

The early excitement was now becoming frustration and disappointment. Maybe she was too picky maybe what she had always wanted did not exist. She began to believe that she was the problem. Wanting something from a man that no real man would ever possess! The fact that many of the erotic novels she read were written by women was not lost on her and that maybe the men in those stories would always just be the fanciful imaginations of lonely and unsatisfied women that were out there.

As she read message after message of men speaking how they could satisfy her “itch” that they wanted to do this thing or that thing?

“Me, me, me. I, I, I,!” she let out in frustration.

“And I don’t give a shit that your cock is the size of a Louisville slugger!” she yelled as she hit the delete button. “Geez, guys are idiots!!!”

Even so, she decided she would do some looking. She was letting the men come to her and had not “searched” too much herself. She perused the profiles and most of them were the same thing over and over and she began to get even more discouraged and feel stupid that she thought that the man of her dreams would be on a site that clearly addressed only the sexual aspects of a relationship.

Yet she sent a few messages and “pokes” to a few guys that seemed a little better than the others.

A few wrote back and that for a while also brought its own thrills, yet after weeks of chatting and emailing nothing seemed to really “click” and once again she slid into a hopeless numb world of her prison. She was stuck in what she had and the lyrics of the Crosby, Stills, and Nash song played in her head,

“And if you can’t be with the one you love honey, love the one you with...”

Sigh.

“Dammit!” is all she could get out before the weaker part of her, or maybe it was the strongest part of her, started to cry.

She hadn't cried since that morning months ago and she didn't care. It was time for a good old fashioned melt down.

But no one was there to hold her, no one to wipe her tears and it didn't matter if her husband was there or not. She always cried alone. The top of the desk where her computer sat felt cool and eventually soothed the heat in her face. She laid her head there as a headache chased the tears.

She should have just listened to those around her and believe that she is just an ordinary housewife and lucky to have a house and food on the table. So her husband didn't love her, so he didn't even try to surprise her or make her feel special, maybe he only used her body to pleasure his own. Is that so bad? She should be grateful. Shouldn't she?

“NO!” she slammed her hand on the desk hard enough that the laptop screen blinked.

“There has got to be someone out there. I am not going to settle for a life like this!”

All her life she had been mocked, degraded, used, teased, and told that she was not special but she refused to completely believe that lie, she would find someone that makes her feel special and more than ordinary.

“Screw this site!” she said in frustration and she had almost given up when she did one last search before she would just delete her stupid fucking profile.

A picture popped up. Not really that amazing. He seemed quite average actually but not unattractive. Yet the picture still led her to believe that this guy would be just like the others...no face, no “personality” just a bare chest in an unbuttoned white shirt.

But then she noticed what he wrote...and she knew that, at least on the surface, this guy was different...

“Is there such a thing as wanting what you have and not losing it, but missing the heart flutter, the thrill of doing something that people consider wrong but it makes you feel alive? ...So, what am I looking for? I guess someone that even understands what I am talking about. Someone that knows why I am at the end of my rope and willing to risk some sort of relationship that will make me feel alive. Someone that isn't looking for Prince Charming but a regular man with regular flaws but understands that having a woman and being with a woman is a very special and fleeting thing. And I will always treat it that way. Even in a relationship that can only be a NSA and simple in its understanding... but wonderful in its freedom, immediacy, intimacy and experience. I am looking for something that makes you catch a

breath, feel your heart flutter and feel alive. Something that may not be "correct" but very wonderful and has the freedom to just be what it is. I am starting to believe I may be the only one that understands these feelings or desires this sort of thing missing in their lives. But can or am I truly the only one? Do you wonder "what if"? Do you think that there could be that feeling again that makes you catch a breath or gasp at the unexpected? Is that you...I hope to hear from you soon.

Does anyone ever feel that way?

Is that you?

Do you exist?"

She stared at the screen for a moment as the words sunk in. These were, in so many ways, her very own. It was like she had written those very words already in her mind over and over again. Something about the way he said it made her think there was more to him than just a one night stand. He spoke of a "no strings attached" relationship....well of course that is what she wanted also. She had no desire to fall in love with a man again. That had not worked out in her past very well.

She moved the cursor over the "message me" button and took a deep breath.

Just as she began to click the button,

"RIIIIIING" the phone rang.

"CRAP!" she jerked and grabbed her chest like she had been caught doing something wrong!

"Settle down, sweetie" she said as answered the phone.

"Hey, it's me" her husband's voice droned on the other end of the line.

"Hey, honey what is going on?" She said trying to get her bearings after fantasizing about the man she was going to contact to potentially cheat on her husband. And with her husband's voice on the other end of the line she did feel like she had been caught.

"I'm coming home next week on leave" he said flatly. "Thank God, I am sick of this stinkin' place"

"OH, great honey, what day? The girls will be so glad to see you" she tried to show excitement that at this particular moment did not really exist.

"Not sure yet but will let you know"

The conversation then followed the usual lines that they always did. She would share how things were and how some things would be a struggle right now. Always the standard, "I will be home soon" dismissive statement that meant that he would be home soon, but didn't really mean that he would handle it. At the end of leave she would still have the same problems and issues and he would be gone months on end.

She looked at the naked chest in the picture...

"OK I have to go", her husband said, snapping her back from her thoughts of the man on the website.

"Oh, OK well be careful! I love....." Why did she hesitate this time.... "you" eventually came the final word.

She hung up the phone and stared at the words, "call ended"

Michelle sat quietly for a time looking at the cursor sitting patiently on the button to contact some strange man hundreds of miles away.

"Why is this one a little different? What am I thinking? My husband is overseas and in uniform for God's sake....Do I want to do this?"

She felt her face flush and her breath pick up.

"Really? It is just a stupid message, good Lord Michelle are you in Junior High! Just write a note, he doesn't even have to reply...just let him know I hear him. That's all."

She bit her bottom lip as she started to type.

She grabbed the mouse.

"Click"

"Message sent"

Chapter 6

The alarm rang and Michelle snapped awake from what felt like a coma. Her head was pounding even with the little bit of sleep that she was able to get as she tossed and turned through the night. All she wanted was sleep but nights were eternal now even though the alarm seemed to go off way too early.

She felt foolish and she felt angry, perhaps more at her self more than anyone. She always hoped that the “next time” would be different. Somehow when her husband would come home that he would finally understand, change or find a way to reach her. No, not even that, if he would just love her! She was sure in his way he did love her. Yet his way to love was really not love at all. He just had a basic need for a woman in all the ways that meant. She wanted him to adore her, to cherish her and to make love to her. But last night was the same. No romance, no real intimacy just his naked body on top of hers while he got what he needed and then rolling over to sleep. She was left looking at the dark. She would never let him see her cry. He didn’t deserve to see her cry he didn’t deserve to see anything that made her feel human. But in the dark, when she was safe, when she could hear his droning snore just a few moments after taking his orgasm on her, she could let the tears come.

But now what should be a beautiful morning was just another pause before the next time he would require her body for his use,

“Maybe this is how it is?” she thought to herself.

Maybe all those books, movies, even that damn website were all the same, just a big lie to keep unhappy women hoping for something that doesn’t exist! She wiped her eyes and looked over at her husband still snoring beside her. In the light seeing him there made it even more painful. In a silly sort of way she always hoped it was a nightmare and she would wake to an empty bed.

She slipped out of bed and headed to the bathroom. She saw herself in the mirror, naked.

She imagined someone looking at her, not like her husband, not just something to be used to get his own pleasure and satisfaction. She longed for a man to “look” at her. She wanted to feel beautiful like something he not only “wanted” for his sexual needs, but that he loved the way she looked. She wanted to feel alive, safe, and sensual when she was with a man. Not dirty, sick and abused.

“Did he ever really love her? Did she ever know what being loved was?” she thought.

Her head began to throb and she sat on the toilet just to brace against the dizzy spells. They were always worse, much worse, when he came home. He had been home almost a month and was heading back today. She knew she would have to give him her body last night for that was his expectation. The anxiety during the day had made her sick and she had not eaten much the whole day. She resented feeling that way for every day since he had been home. What made it worse was that her anxiety took entire days from her and when he would finally use her it never lasted more than a few minutes before

he would moan and squeeze her breasts and say "I love you". She always wondered who the hell he was talking to, her or himself when he said that! The thought actually brought a giggle.

"What are you giggling about in there Michelle?" she heard his "just waking" voice grumble from the bed room. Michelle covered her mouth and let the giggling pass. But then the thought of him kissing himself popped in her mind and she snickered some more. At least it felt good to laugh. She needed it.

"Hey, I'm glad you are in such a good mood" Her laugh turned to a sour taste in her mouth immediately.

"I am glad you're frisky ...I'm leaving today.... I need another for the road!"

She tried to choke off the acrid taste of her stomach as it reached her mouth and her heart started to pound. "No, please not again" She whispered as she squeezed her eyes shut. Her head began to explode and the dizzy spells hit full force spinning the entire bathroom around her.

"Come on, I need to get one more" his gurgling lustful voice came from the bedroom.

"Let's play"

Michelle stared in the mirror and felt herself falling in a black hole.

"I am going to take a shower I have some things I have to get done" she said hoping to stop his requests.

"Come here!" he said. "I have things to do in here... so hurry up!" as a sick little laugh bubbled from his throat.

She almost wished that her body could die like her soul already had. But she would go through this for her girls. She couldn't leave them alone. So she would let him use her again...and again.....and again.

"NO, MICHELLE, NO!" She screamed in her mind. "No tears...never let him see tears"

She looked in the mirror again and couldn't find life in the eyes looking back at her, just empty dark holes where a soul used to reside. Splashing her face with cold water she took a deep breath.

"Let's get the shit over with!" she whispered through her teeth.

She walked slowly from the bathroom and headed into the torture chamber where her tormenter lay as he leered at her naked body walking to the bed.

Chapter 7

