

# Soon

*by stickleyhunter*

A woman waits in a restaurant for her love.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A woman waits in a restaurant for her love.

She sat in the opulent restaurant, waiting. Excited and giddy, she was a bundle of nerves. A sexy little dress with even sexier stilettos. Black. Slinky. They made her look beautiful and confident. She wished she felt as confident as she looked.

Here she was, in a lavish restaurant, in an unfamiliar city, waiting for a man. And not just any man. The man she loved. And not just any meeting. The first meeting. She was here to meet the man she loved, for the first time. And her stomach was just as twisted as the situation.

Their relationship was unconventional. They were both married to other people. They were both in love with their spouses. And yet, they were both in love with each other as well. They talked as frequently as their lives allowed. Which in all honesty, was not as much as she would like. Their entire relationship had been built using modern communication; e-mail, telephone, chat, online journals. Her love for him was limitless and powerful. It brought her great joy. It brought her great pain. It was passionate and intense. It was soft and giving. And she would not have it any other way. In that moment she was reminded of a quote, though she could not remember from where. "Love without passion is dreary; passion without love is horrific."

She had fantasized about this moment for more than a year. Her first night with him. Holding him with her own two arms. Tasting him with her own two lips. A wistful dreamy smile played across her face as she thought about him. Her lover. Her love. She hoped tonight would be flawless.

The waiter brought her another glass of Shiraz as she waited. She looked around the restaurant at the other patrons. Lots of couples. A few groups. A single diner here and there. Time seemed to be crawling, and she began to worry that he would not come. As soon as the thought left her subconscious, a sixth sense told her to turn her head. And there he was. His focus on her was obvious. His stare caught hers immediately, and she was breathless. She watched every step, every move as he came toward her, the most beautiful smile on his face. His eyes locked with hers, and the two of them radiated with love. If anyone else had been watching, it could not have been denied.

His fingers purposely grazed her shoulders as he walked passed her table. She watched him sadly as he headed to a table near the back of the restaurant. He gave her a look of longing as he took the seat across from his wife. He shook his head slightly, and that was her cue. Not tonight. She smiled back half heartedly as tears filled her eyes. She turned her head to fight back the sobbing she knew would come sooner or later. She fooled no one. Sooner.

She paid for her wine and got up to leave. She had lost count of the number of nights exactly like this one. She took her number to the coat check, and waited patiently. She only wanted to escape. To go home and forget. She closed her eyes. Trying desperately to think of anything but him. It didn't work. It never worked.

She felt him behind her, long before she saw him. Her coat was in his hands. Tenderly he placed it upon her shoulders. She relaxed into his arms as his lips grazed her ear. He spoke only one word. Soon. It echoed in her soul. Soon. She turned to face him. Bringing her hand to his cheek, she allowed her fingers to trace the lips she had never tasted. Soon. And in that moment she knew she would wait forever.

She only wished she wouldn't have to.

