

Faithful Still

by Kristin Fouquet

The moonlight illuminated Dahlia's bare breasts. She remembered when Gerard used to appreciate them. Ten years ago, he thought her a goddess. Of course, he believed that she was just as beautiful, but his desire had waned.

Dahlia slid her middle finger from her chin down her long neck, remembering how his tongue had taken that same path countless times on nights long ago. Cupping her breasts the way he had, she resented her needs. She had been warned that the twenty year age difference would disappoint her one day. Time had been predictably cruel to the lovers.

Casting the sheet aside, her shapely legs were barely visible in the dark room. Her mind drifted to the lustful glances of strangers and how they reassured her of her desirability. She grimaced at the unfairness of it all. At forty, she was now obsessed with pleasure. It was such a terrible turn. Her interest had increased; Gerard's had declined.

She licked two fingertips. He had been so passionate in the beginning: his tongue, his fingers, his cock. She grabbed an inner thigh in frustration. Nimble fingers worked and found the spot. They quickened as she remembered him touching her there on long trips in the car, teasing her until they had to pull over to satiate one another. Feeling the wetness, her thoughts wandered and deceived her: the neighbor across the street, Gerard's doctor, the man with the dark eyes at the store, her brother-in-law. Yes, she knew they wanted her. Dahlia was certain she could have them; all of them, if only she let them know. *They* would take her. Yes, they *would*.

As her body quivered in relief, tears fell. Dahlia did not want any of them. The man of her dreams slept next to her. The only man she truly desired was her husband. Gerard snored evenly.

