

Hazy Chestnut Dreams

By

Rae Lori

It was the last straw and Aliya Meyers was going to do whatever it took to bring things back to the way they were. The marriage counselor had suggested they record their hopes for the future, just so they were on the same page. She also suggested they write down their intimate fantasies to grasp what they had before their life became total chaos. Both exercises had been a disaster with Aliya and Mitch arguing about who was in control. Naturally it escalated to the finances and the kids. She was tired of the fighting and the tension and she wanted to go back to the 'can't keep their hands off each other' phase when they were first married. She loved the kids, the house and their life but she couldn't help wishing they were in that old one bedroom home scraping by on leftovers from meals she would make at the start of the week to last them through Friday. It was before things had jetsetted once Mitch got the Executive promotion over his company and ever since then he had been consumed with work to the point that he brought it home with him.

Tonight she had to find a way to bring their marriage back.

Aliya wiped at her brow with the back of her hand before picking up a box. The old attic was in dire need of a cleaning and it had been her project to keep her mind busy while thinking over what she was going to do with Mitch. She felt lost but she refused to give up.

She pushed the box onto another stack and shoved it back, waiting to hear the smack of it hitting the wall. Instead, it slammed into another box causing it to topple over.

"Great," she mumbled. "Just fabulous."

She swiped at her dirt filled jeans and walked over to the back where some cards, trinkets and mementos had fallen to the ground. A folded up dingy, yellowed piece of paper stood out against the dark aged wood floor. She picked up the paper and slowly unfolded it. As she read her own cursive handwriting, a smile crept upon her face.

With her heart fluttering, Aliya turned and rushed down the stairs to the second floor of their home. The kids' doors were closed and they should be asleep, if they weren't sneaking their flashlights under the covers to read as she caught them doing before. Mitch was still in his

study working before he had to go to bed but she was determined one way or another to get his attention.

Once she stepped into the doorway of his study, she saw him hunched over his desk with one arm curled over a clipboard and the other jotting down notes. He didn't move from what he was doing even as she cleared her throat.

"Mitch—"

"One moment, honey. I have this last page to do and then I'll be done."

She exhaled softly and took the box from under her arm, placing the paper on top. "It's kind of important."

"So is this proposal. I want to have it ready to present for tomorrow."

She didn't feel like arguing so she nodded slowly and leaned against the wall, waiting. After a moment he looked up and peered over his glasses. His boyish features scrunched up slightly in a frown. His pale face turned slightly red.

"Are you going to stand there and wait for me?"

"If that's what it'll take for this to work, yes. I'm not here to get into an argument with you, Mitch, nor am I here to pester. I just want us to start looking at each other again as man and woman. Not Aliya 'Supermom' or Mitch 'Executive Consultant' but husband and wife. Lovers."

He slipped his glasses off and placed them on the desk before he folded his hands and leaned back in his office chair. "I'm doing this for us, Aliya. I'm working hard to bring us a good life. If I slip up once on this contract, we lose the deal. I can't just sit back on my laurels and wait for someone else to do this job for me."

"I know this contract has been hard on you. You've been pretty tense lately and our fighting hasn't helped the situation." She walked into the room, holding his gaze. "We used to be a team, remember? Not on opposite sides. We used to cheer each other on and be there when things got tough. We were each other's ear and shoulder. But lately we've been holding feelings and thoughts back from one another which keep escalating and I don't want to live like that anymore."

He shrugged. "So what are you saying?"

“I’m saying I want us back on the same team. I want us to be here for each other. I don’t want feel like I’m going through this life alone.”

Mitch’s expression softened. His dark eyes stared up at her as he exhaled softly. “I’m too tired to argue. I just don’t...” He licked his lips and slowly shook his head. “I don’t want to go through this alone either.”

She felt her shoulders settle a little. Finally she was getting to him and she felt as if his walls were coming down.

He stared ahead at the stack of papers, suddenly losing interest. He shrugged and slowly shook his head. “So, what do we do then?”

Aliya walked to him and set the note on his desk. She grabbed his arms and pulled him up to standing position.

“Aliya what—”

“Shh,” she said placing her fingertips against his lips.

“Remember that morning I came to you before second period began in the tenth grade? You were reading outside in the lunch area and I came to you with a note?”

His thin, sexy lips raised in a smile. “I do. It was a poem called Hazy Chestnut Dreams.”

She nodded before continuing. “I watched you across the room, deep in thought. Pondering your next words.” She slowly began to undo the buttons of his shirt. “The scene is attractive, although I could hardly gather my own thoughts to answer when called upon.” Slowly she ran her palms against the planes of his chest dusted with a dark shadow of hair. “They flash back to you. To your soft spoken words as your brown eyes matched my own.” She allowed the shirt to fall to the floor with a slight whoosh of air and looked up at him. “I see your hands gently tangling the small object between them. Embraced by—”

She stopped as he reached up and pulled free the wrapped kerchief she had tied around her hair. He cast it to the floor and immediately ran his large hands through the thick, soft strands of her hair. “Embraced by the gentleness,” he said with a smile.

She peered up into his eyes as he reached down to pull the dusty tee shirt over her head. “Your deep walnut eyes enhanced by the distraction from the constant droning. I wonder if I ‘ll ever hold those hands in my own.”

He threaded his hands within hers and held them up between them.

“Someday,” she said softly. “I look into your eyes and see my reality. Or will it all be a dream like it is now?”

Mitch pulled her close to his body, her breasts grazing his bare chest as he caressed her warm dark cheek and held her close. The room was silent except for her words and the sound of his heavy breathing as she felt his heart began to race against hers.

“Cascading thoughts inhibiting my waiting actions. I wonder if you are the same apparition, in my dreams. The same concoction of my dreams. Folded into a chance at obtaining...”

She felt him lean in and gently brush his lips against hers before he consumed her lips with a passion. A moan echoed somewhere in her mind, she wasn't sure if it was her own or Mitch's. She didn't care as she felt his knuckles brush against the sides of her breasts. This was how it was. He hadn't kissed her like this in years and she could feel the passion and drive behind his motion. The way his lips danced against hers. The feel of his warm heated tongue gently caressing hers as he couldn't get enough of her. She yearned to taste him even after he moved back and gazed at her once again.

“A dream,” she said barely remembering the words. “Perhaps my celebration confines the unobtainable. Perhaps I'll never know...” She looked at him, a look of longing and slight sorrow deep within his gaze. “...if I never try.”

He pulled her close into a tight hug and gently cradled her head against his chest. “I'm sorry, baby,” his husky voice brushed against the top of her head. “I don't want to lose us. How do we fix this? How do we fix us?”

She moved back to look up at him. “If we're here for each other. I'm not against you, Mitch, I want you to be able to come to me with your problems...just don't take them out on me. And I promise I'll do the same. I just want you back.”

“I'm here for you honey. Always. I just have so much pressure and all this weighing on my shoulders. Sometimes I feel like no one understands what I'm going through.”

“I may not understand, but I'll empathize. And as for the tension.” She allowed her hands to slide down his chest to the buckle of his pants. “I

think there's some ways we can fix that. Maybe adding some bubbles and bath water later."

A sly grin crept upon his face. "I like the sound of that," he said sliding his thumbs under her sweats and pulling them down. "Don't you think we should close the door first? I mean, just in case the kids happen to wander by with a request for a glass of water."

"I'll get the door and you get comfortable."

A groan rumbled in his throat. "Sounds like a plan to me."

Aliya went to close the door with a smile on her face, knowing they were on their way to finally being home once again.

The End

About Rae Lori

Throughout her writing career, Rae has written comic book and film related articles which have appeared in online publications such as Comic Stack, Suite101, CinemaGap and Dark Moon Rising. As a result, her alma mater's English course chose one of her articles as an example for how to write an article. She also served as editor and contributing writer of her school newsletter. For her contributions to the newsletter and her leadership, she has won various Success & Leadership awards sponsored by her alma mater where she received her BA in Media Arts & Animation.

Her manuscript, *Hotel Sunset*, won an Honorable Mention award in the 73rd Annual Writer's Digest Writing Competition. Her chapter contribution on worldbuilding in speculative fiction won the 2011 ForeWord Book of the Year Gold Award Winner in Writing (Adult Nonfiction). Her novella, *One Evening in London*, was awarded Winner of Best Romance Novella in SORMAG's 2009 Reader's Choice Awards. Under various pen names, she has written books, novellas and short stories that run the genre gamut of science fiction, fantasy, short roman noir and paranormal romance and many more waiting to appear onto the page.

Check out more of Rae's books and her fave reads on the web!

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