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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:22:17 GMT

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Tuesday, September 25, 2068, 9:30 p.m., local time, Wichita, KS (Wednesday, September 26, 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island)

"Whew! What a day!" Dianne slid out of her shoes in the sitting room of the suite she and Jeff occupied. The family had taken several suites; the younger boys were staying with the elder ones, and Cherie with Emily, just to give the married couple some privacy.

"It was at that." Jeff pulled on the knot of his tie, undoing it, and draped his suit coat, which he'd already removed in the elevator, over the back of one of the settees. He laid the tie on top of it, and sat down to untie his shoes. "I had reserved the restaurant's meeting room for an open ended period of time. But I didn't realize we'd take it up for quite that long."

"Once the boys started reminiscing, there was no stopping it." Dianne opened the door to their bedroom and stepped inside. There was a moment of silence, then an awed, "Oh my!"

Jeff put his shoe down, and joined his wife, coming up behind her where she stood rooted to one spot. He put his hands on her shoulders, and she turned her head to see him. "Oh, Jeff! It's beautiful!"

"I'm glad you like it," he murmured, moving his hands around to gather her in his arms from behind.

The room was filled with fragrance from the dozens of red roses in vases placed around the room. Where there were no roses, the long stems of white calla lilies were grouped, tall and elegant. The lighting was dim, and the bed was turned down.

"I love it, Jeff, but... why?"

Jeff released his clasp and put his hands on her shoulders again, briefly squeezing them before kissing the nape of her neck, and beginning to slowly pull down the zipper on her dress. "I've spent the past hours remembering my late wife, and reliving parts of my life with her. Now it's time to focus on my present, and my future, and you, my love." He kissed her neck again, and moved his lips to her shoulders. She moaned softly, and he nuzzled her ear. "Please, love me, and remind me what I have, instead of what I've lost."

Dianne took one of his hands from her shoulder, and turned to face him. Looking into his eyes, she traced along the edge of his jaw with her fingers, then drew his face toward hers. Their lips met in a long, passionate kiss. Without a word, she gently took his hand, and drew him over to the bed.

--remembrance finis by Tikatu on September 15, 2007

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