

MEMORIES OF LOVE

Washington, D.C.

Grant Hollings stood naked at the apartment window. *Three a.m., no one can see me.* He leaned his toned, tanned body against the window sash. The lights of the city didn't distract him from the pain shooting through his heart.

I'll never see her again. A lump formed in his throat, choking him, bringing tears to his eyes. He brushed his dark brown hair off his forehead, scratched his chest, then padded back to bed, lowering himself gently so as not to wake Carol Anne.

She stirred slightly in her sleep. Easing onto his side, his stare roamed over her. Moonlight kissed her, creating highlights that emphasized the perfect planes of her face. He lowered his gaze to her creamy shoulders then all the way down to where the sheet hid her from further perusal. *She's lovely. She's mine. For one more day.* A sigh escaped his throat as he slid closer to the young woman, the love of his life.

Moving up against him, she muttered something he couldn't understand. Grant pulled her into his embrace, folding his arm around her naked body. He kissed her blonde locks and tried to fall back to sleep. He dozed on and off until the early autumn sun peeked in and woke him at six o'clock. The red melting into orange sunrise began the last day Carol Anne Brewster and Grant Hollings would be together before she flew to Los Angeles to star in her first film.

He rolled over and ran his hand down her side. *So soft and smooth.* She cozied up to him. He spooned her, nuzzling her neck and pulling the soft, fleece blanket up to shield them against the cool, October morning air. She shifted to her side then lay still. Grant loved cuddling in the mornings, before the outside world intruded on them with work obligations, acting classes, and court appearances. Now it was just Grant and Carol Anne.

He breathed in deeply, enjoying the sweet scent of her skin. Her looks, so breathtaking to the public, ran deep. Her inner beauty, and vulnerability which she bared only to him, had captured his heart. Forsaking other women, he cleaved only to her, which was a big deal for Grant Hollings, up-and-coming D.C. attorney and former heartbreaker.

He rested his hand on her breast. *A perfect fit.* He smiled, remembering the first time he had touched her and how exciting it had been. His body reacted. Desire began to flow through his veins, even before his first cup of coffee, as he pushed a little against her rump.

“Hmm, seems like someone is up early,” she whispered, slyly.

He laughed. “Can’t fool you, can I?”

“Not when you’re flush up against me, G.”

“No reason to rush out of bed. I took the day off so I can take you to the airport.”

She turned to face him. “And make love to me a zillion times before the plane leaves?”

“That, too.” He gently moved strands of silky, blonde hair off her face, his fingers caressing her cheek.

“You can’t fool me. I read you like a book, mister.” She grinned.

His hands wandered from her shoulders, down across her chest to her behind. *Must remember every nook, every swell, every curve.* His eyes watered a bit, which he tried to hide with a few blinks, but he was unsuccessful.

“This isn’t our last time, Grant.” She touched his face.

“I know.” He took a deep breath. *Sure about that?*

“You’ll visit me. I’ll visit you...you’ll come, won’t you?” A worry line creased her forehead.

“Of course. It’s just that this case right now...I had a hard time taking even today off.”

“I love you, body and soul. I wish you were coming with me.”

“You don’t need me. You’ll be fine.”

“I’m scared.”

“This is your big chance. You’ll be great, Cara Mia.” *Far away from me.*

“Great? How can you say that?” She pushed up on one elbow.

“I’ve seen you act a hundred times. You’re amazing.” He kissed her. *And all mine until you step on that plane.*