It's been Three Days
Three Days. Three days since our fight. She last saw me walk away without looking back.
Right now, she's seated next to the window of our apartment looking half-admiring the view,
half-zoning out, wondering....She presses her forehead against the glass, watching the
storm outside reflect what she's feeling inside.
The knock on the door was soft, probably drowned by the sound of the thunder. Then again,
the knock was insisting and persistent.
Her heart stops for a bit. She needs to hear that knock again. She gasps. She knows that
knock.
"Shirley" My voice was kind of rough. She could barely hear me over the rain. "Please". She
froze, hand hovering over the lock. Part of her wanted to leave me standing there, soaked in
the rain and sorry. But the bigger part....the part that was aching for 3 straight nights, 3
sleepless nights, 3 painful nights....that part won.
| looked devastated....Yes | was...My hair was soggy, my shirt clinging to my chest, | had a
dark and crazy look in my eyes, something between desperate and hope. Water dripped
onto her wall to wall carpet that went right up to the door.
| took a step forward. Her face showed me how offensive that was.
"You're soaking my...."
"| was wrong", my words cut her off.
"About everything. About thinking you didn't need me, about walking away instead of fighting
for us"
Shirley's breath hitched. She had rehearsed so many times how she'd handle me when time
comes. This was the time. "You said | was suffocating you", she whispered. Then she folded
her arms. "You said you needed space"
| step closer, and the dripping water is clearly annoying her. "| was scared. That | was taking
everything too fast". She noticed my voice cracking. "God, Shirley, | haven't been able to live
without you"
Everything went quiet. We just listened to the sound of the storm outside. Thunder every few
seconds. She was relaxed. | was glad.
"| missed you", she exhaled while saying that. She saw what those words did to me.

"Shirley, | drove for 2 hours before coming here. Sat in my car outside, because my ego
wouldn't allow me to apologize". She noticed my eyes tracing an imaginary line along her
face, like I'm trying to memorise it. "But then | realized, I've got to let go of my ego".
She laughed. But it's the kind of painful laugh. She's hurting but laughing. "You're soaked
Briane"
"I don't care". | was focused on something. | reached for her then stopped, my hand stopped
near the side of her face, next to her cheek. "Can |?"
Instead of saying anything, she closed the distance between my hand and her face. She
closed her eyes when she felt my cold hands against her skin.
"I'm sorry" | whispered while my thumb caressed her cheek. "I'm so sorry, | was afraid of how
much | love you"
Her eyes went wide open, and looked at me softly. "Say that again".
"| love you". My other hand found her waist. | pulled her closer until she could feel my heart
beating rapidly through my wet shirt. "| love your morning look, and the way you argue with
the TV sometimes. | love how you make me want to be braver than | am."
Her hands grabbed onto my shirt in like a fist, and pulled me down, closer and closer until
our foreheads touched. "I love you too, you infuriating man. Even when | don't want to see
you. Even when | want to move on", she whispered this against my lips, and she could taste
my smile.
This very kiss was desperate and tender and three days of missing each other all at once.
She pressed harder against me not caring that my wet clothes were soaking through her thin
pj shirt. My hands played with her hair, and through the kiss, she made a sound that was
half-sobbing and half-relief.
"Never again", she gasped against my mouth. "Promise me we won't be that stupid again”
"Never", | agreed, walking her backwards until she hit the wall. Both my hands holding her
face. "We fight, we talk it out, no more running"
"No more running", she repeated, then pulled me down for another kiss that tasted like
promises and second chances.
The storm outside wasn't stopping, but inside, pressed against the wall with my warm breath
against her neck, Shirley felt like she was finally breathing again. My lips were tracing a line
of kisses from her mouth to her jaw, each kiss soft, trying to remove the memory of our
separation.

"| thought about you every single night, Shirley", | whispered against her skin. "Wondered if
you thought about me too".
"| stayed up awake, wishing | could take back some of the words | said", she confessed, her
fingers working to unbutton my soaked shirt.
| pulled back to look at her, "No taking back. We said what we felt, even if it hurt. That's way
better than the silence"
She nodded, then pushed my shirt off his shoulders. It hit the floor with a wet sound that
made both of us laugh....reducing some of the intensity.
"You're going to get pneumonia," she whispered drawing circles on my chest feeling the
warmth of my skin against the coldness of the rain soaked clothes.
"Worth it," | said lifting her chin so that our eyes met. "Everything's worth it if it brought me
back to you."
| saw her light up.She pulled me closer, skin to skin now, feeling how my body trembled
slightly.....from cold or the emotion at that moment, she couldn't tell. Maybe both.
"| was so scared" she whispered against my collarbone "Scared that I'd pushed you away for
good this time."
"Never" My hands slid down her back and holding her against me. "You couldn't push me
away if you tried. I'm yours, Shirley. Completely, terrifyingly yours."
She looked up at me, seeing the raw honesty in my eyes. "Show me"
| kissed her then with a hunger that made her knees weak, lifting her slightly so she could
wrap her legs around my waist. She could feel my heart pounding against her chest,
matching hers.
"Bedroom?" | asked against her lips voice rough showing how much | want her.
"Too far," she giggled, pulling me down for another kiss that tasted like redemption.
this version of us, | had missed it. Raw and real and unafraid to want each other desperately.
The storm outside began to go quiet, but inside, we were just getting started, making up for
three days of empty spaces and cold beds with touches that spoke louder than any words
we had said.
"I love you Shirley" | whispered as her kissed down her neck.
"| love you too" | said...."Let me show you how much."