

# *One Last Goodbye*

By  
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## **A Word From The Author**

This short story is provided to readers free by the author and is intended for an adult audience. Feel free to share this story at will so long as all information within stays intact. And just to add the usual disclaimer. All characters, places, events, etc, mentioned within this story are a complete figment of my imagination. I hope you enjoyed the peek into my mind.

## One Last Goodbye

*Can you see me?*

I watch as Brian steps from the shower. His beads of water glitter off his skin and drop to the hard tile floor. The pain in his eyes tears at my heart and all I want is to turn back time. Just for one moment and tell him how much I love him.

I reach a tentative hand to his cheek and my fingertips slip through his skin. A strange tingle washes over my palm, but there is little resistance. The ache of my soul so raw and grating, the essence of me twists with pain. Death has taken everything from me. All but my memories.

Brian moves to the mirror, tears and water streaming down his face. Such defeat in those once strong shoulders. His eyes are, puffy and red-rimmed with grief. His hands tremble as he runs them through his wet hair. The sound of his shuddered breath fills the tiny room. He stares around, so terribly lost and confused. A burn rips at me. I ache to hold him and comfort him. To tell him I'm here and that he isn't alone.

*Please, Brian. Please hear me.*

I move behind him and stare into the mirror. His blond hair is wet and matted to his head, beads of water dripping down his face. He looks up into the mirror and for a moment he seems to see me. His red-rimmed eyes go wide and a painful moan escapes him.

"I miss you so much, David." His voice cracks and echoes off the bathroom walls. Tears turn his eyes into liquid drops of jade.

*I miss you too, Angel. You were always my angel. Always saving me from myself. Pulling me from the brink of despair. Let me help you, my angel. Hear me, please.*

Brian tears his gaze from the mirror, anger flashing in his eyes. He stalks into the bedroom and throws himself down on the bed. Hot emotion vibrates around the room and echoes in my soul. I can hardly blame him. Our life had just begun, only to have it ripped away in an

instant.

He grabs for my pillow and buries his head in the fluff. His body wracks with grief. I shudder with the intensity of our pain. A flood of heart wrenching agony makes me dizzy and my mind reels. How can I leave him like this? This ache is too much for any one person to bear.

I move to the edge of the bed and lie behind him. I try again to touch him, letting my fingertips hover above his skin until I can almost feel his warmth.

*Angel, I'm here. Hear me, please.*

His skin shivers under my fingers and a tiny glimmer of hope spreads washes over my being. A small glow through the pain. I am desperate. I need this just one more moment with him. Just long enough to ease his pain.

*Brian, my angel. Hear me.*

"David?"

A quiver of excitement ripples deep inside and I concentrate on just my hand. Touching his bare shoulder, the tingle intensifies, and Brian takes a sharp breath. The growing sensation in my hand slowly begins to turn into the feel of warm skin. I'm uncertain if it's just my imagination or not. It doesn't matter.

His skin is smooth and damp from the shower as I run my hand over his shoulder and press closer to his body. The tingle grows as my essence presses against him. The hard muscles of his back and the warmth of his thighs against mine, so sweet. A gasp escapes him as he relaxes back against me. His body drains of stress and I can sense his uncertainty. Oh, to feel his skin once again feels me with such a fierce glow. I want more. The need that fills me makes me almost whole again.

"Oh god, David. Please tell me that's you." His voice cracks, the hope and the need in those frail words break my heart and drive my resolve.

*It's me Brian. I'm here.*

I press against him, molding against his back. My name just a whisper on his lip. I place a kiss on the back of his neck and lean over to wipe his tears away. His eyes dry his cheeks still damp from his tears. His brows furrow as his expression uncertain.

*Close your eyes, Angel. Remember me. Remember how much I love you.*

He closes his eyes and run my lips down his neck, just under his ear. I can almost smell

him as I work my way over his shoulder.

He breathes deep as if savoring my touch. His body shudders. The tremble of his skin ignites a familiar hunger.

I wrap my arms around him and sink into him. Our souls touch and a flash of emotion drowns me. Wave after glorious wave washes over me, like perfect note plucked from an angel's harp. I float and stretch in the sensation, and shiver as I strike his pain. It burns me, almost too intense to touch. I force myself to wrap around it, letting the hurt sear my spirit and scar my very being.

The grief eases and Brian's sweet moan fills the space around me. I hold his spirit close and show him my love, opening to him.

For a moment we drift, tangled as one. I stretch and caress him, filling his body and exploring. His hungry want grows more acute and I urge his hands to caress his body with me.

We touch, together as one. Our hands travel over the broad plains of his chest. His skin like silk, just as I remember. His nipples grow taut and I tease the nerves around them before his hand touches them.

His breath catches in his throat, the sound like music. I tell him how much I love him and hear him moan my name. I remind him how strong he is, how happy he was, and will be again. I tell him not to fall into despair and that this goodbye will not be forever.

He responds to every word. The grief easing, drifting away so all that's left is the warmth of our souls. This one moment.

Our hands move slowly down his stomach, teasing the golden curls that trail down past his navel. He moans and his cock stiffens with need. I wish I could taste him, but the memory is all I have left.

*Can you feel me?*

"Yes." The one word fills me with joy and his spirit flares in response. Such intensity leaves me heady.

The light in the room dims. My time is slipping away.

I stretch, touching every part of him at once. The pain inside him is gone and the sensation of his soul wraps around me. I bury myself in him caressing his lips and skin, lingering over every inch of him. He gasps and thrashes on the bed, his hands tangling in the

sheets.

It takes focus, but I find the center of his pleasure and caress that spot, and spread myself to other parts. His cock twitches as I imagine licking and tasting. Pre-cum beads on his shaft and leaves a glowing trail down over his balls. I fondle them, never releasing that special spot deep inside him. Holding his soul close while I move through him.

His back arches and he squirms for some relief, but there is none. I am inside him.

He reaches for his cock, stroking himself. The coil of climax hovers just out of his reach. His need and hunger rush through me, the heat of his affection scorches me. I fight pulling us back from the edge. I need this to last, it is all I have — all we have left.

I touch and tease and caress until my name becomes a litany on his lips. The pressure builds as his pleasure grows to heights I can no longer hold back.

He comes with a cry, his seed spilling over his stomach. I pull outside of him and watch as he pants, trying to recover.

He looks at me then. Not through me, or past me. He sees me now. His jade eyes dark with sorrow but some of the pain is gone now.

"I love you, David."

*I love you too, Angel. Goodbye.*

"Goodbye."

The room is dark. It's time for me to leave. With one last kiss, I leave my angel to his life and hope that last goodbye is enough to see us both through until we meet again.

## About C.M. Torrens

C.M. TORRENS lives in the Midwest with her wonderful family, two furry canines who think they're human, and a pet snake who wishes he was human. The warm chaos of her house not only keeps her on her toes, but often reminds her of a zoo at feeding time.

She spends her days torn between chaining her muse to her desk and wanting to beat him for his lack of cooperation when she needs him most. She enjoys the quiet mornings when it's still dark with a hot cup of coffee and her dogs cuddled at her feet like a giant fuzzy blanket. Those quiet mornings give her time to dwell on the dark worlds and passionate characters drifting in her head.

You can find her tweeting at [@CMTorrens](#) and on her blog, [Sweet Sounds of a Panicked Writer](#).

Her newest release, *His Soul To Take*, is available now where ebooks are sold.