

Hand Stamped
By Cassie Exline

The moment I saw the big red envelope in the mail, I knew it was a Valentine's card. I knew it was Tim's card. It was marked HAND-STAMP.

Valentine's Day was long over. I grabbed my purse, slammed the front door shut and got into my car. I owed Tim a huge apology. He claimed to have sent the card in plenty of time. We'd had a horrible fight.

I parked my car and ran to Tim's place and blurted out, "I'm sorry, hon. The card finally arrived today. Please forgive me."

Tears blurred my vision. I tried to block out the horrendous names I'd called Tim. I knelt before him, wishing he'd put his hands in my hair or pull me against his groin, but of course he didn't. If only I could feel his cock stir and twitch against my lips. If only I could tease the precum from his sweet little slit with my tongue. If only his prick would fuck me and fill me and make me his again and again and again.

"Tim, please forgive me. The hand-stamp must have held up your card."

He didn't answer. An icy wind whipped my hair. My chest tightened. "I know I should have visited you sooner," I sobbed. I opened the card. Two tickets to Jamaica spilled out, just like he'd said.

"Oh, honey," I wailed. "If only you hadn't rushed to console me. If only you'd worn your seatbelt." I brushed the dead leaves from his headstone. "Damn, that post office."

The End