

# A Few Amazing Moments (A Short Story)

By Antony Simpson

## About The Author



**Antony Simpson** is a Reader and Writer from the UK. He has been telling the story of his life on his blog ([www.antonymsimpson.com](http://www.antonymsimpson.com)) for sometime. *Few Amazing Moments* was inspired by a true experience he had as a teen as well as from his dreams for his future.

## About This Story

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*A Few Amazing Moments*

The internet was in it's infancy; those lucky enough to have a clunky computer would wait for the modem to screech and squawk until it had successfully connected and blocked the widely used landline telephone. Being gay was taboo; gay people had few rights and were never mentioned in the media.

At fifteen years old I had hazel eyes, was slim and had jet black hair. My mother often commented about how girls would be envious of my long eyelashes and defined cheekbones. In the Catholic school I attended I was quiet, kept my head down and tried to keep out of sight of my peers. I was worried that if they looked at me, I mean really looked at me, they'd discover my secret. I sacrificed any chance of friendship, so you won't find it surprising when I tell you that out of school I spent most of my time in my bedroom.

My parents thought that I was obsessed with studying and getting good grades; so they bought me a desktop computer for Christmas. They told me that they would get connected to the Internet and this is how I met Liam.

In the online world I entered a few chat rooms and in one of them a private message popped up.

Liam: Hi, a/s/l?

Shaun (you): Hi! What does a/s/l mean? How are you?

Liam: Hey there! It means age/sex/location.

It turned out Liam and I were the same age, both men and both lived on the outskirts of the same city. I lived in a town close to the city; but Liam lived further out in the countryside. I stayed up late chatting to him and he introduced me to *MSN Messenger*, so that we didn't have to try to find each other in the chat room again.

Liam and I began to talk everyday. We started by talking about our likes, musically I liked pop and so did he along with some alternative bands. We had similar film tastes; both enjoyed the outdoors and meeting new people. I became addicted to speaking to him, managing to cut the twenty-minute walk home from school in half.

One spring day after school, I met Jess my next-door neighbour at the gates and began to walk home with her. Jess had brunette hair, was flat chested and was totally self-obsessed. Her self-obsession made her the perfect walking home buddy, as she never asked any questions about me. She began wittering on about the latest drama between her and Martin, her boyfriend. I nodded in all the right places and retreated into my own thoughts. I felt different from everyone I knew, isolated by my secret desire to be with a man; to love him and to have him love me. Unlike all the other sex-crazed boys in my year who wanted to be with a woman, the thought made me feel physically nauseous. I let out a sigh as we reached our street. I don't think Jess noticed, as she continued to talk. I said goodbye and wished her luck with her relationship. Then deflated, I headed into the house and upstairs to my bedroom, my sanctuary from the world.

I logged online and was researching the Tudors for History when my computer let out a chime and a notification popped up: Liam is online.

Liam: Hi, how's you? How was school?

I stirred at the screen for a moment. I wanted to be honest about how I felt. So with a sigh I wrote:

Shaun (you): I'm not great TBH.

Liam: Why? What's up??

I paused for a second to think before I replied. I could shrug it off, but I felt like I needed to tell someone. I'd been speaking to Liam for a few months and our conversations were the highlight in my otherwise dull days; but in reality he was just some anonymous person on the Internet. If he didn't like what I was about to write then he could just stop talking to me.

Shaun (you): I like men. I mean fancy them. I don't like girls. I thought it might just be a phase but I've felt this way for a long time. Nobody knows.

As soon as I'd hit enter I regretted writing it. After an agonising minute I got a reply:

Liam: You're gay?

Shaun (you): Yes, I guess I am.

Liam: So am I.

I was stunned to read his reply. After our disclosure to one another we continued to speak on this new level of depth. We talked about the men that we liked, both celebrities and in our schools. We talked about sex, sexual fancies and crushes. We even talked about our families me telling him about my parents and he told about his and his much older brother who didn't live at home and whom he didn't see much.

The spring gave way to the summer and one day Liam had something he wanted to share:

Liam: Hey :-). I've got a surprise for you!

Shaun (you): Hi, how's you? Oh yeah??

Liam: [File - ME.JPG attached.] Download

I clicked download and once it had downloaded I clicked open. There on my screen was a passport photo of him. He had wavy blonde hair with a few kinks in, piercing ocean blue eyes and a beautiful white toothed smile. His shoulders looked broad and he wore a tight fitting plain white t-shirt that showed off his body well.

Shaun (you): You're stunning. You look really fit :-P.

Liam: Thanks. I'm not into sports, but love going to the gym. Try to go three times a week. I bought a scanner, so I could show you what I look like.

My birthday was coming up; I asked my parents for a scanner so I could send him a photo of me. They obliged and he seemed to like what he saw as he suggested that I phone him and gave me his landline number.

I had told him that we needed to arrange a time when we could both speak in private. Neither of us had come out to our families and I wanted us to be able to speak freely without fear that someone was listening in. He told me that his

parents ran their own business and worked six-day weeks till late; so it wasn't a problem as long as I called before eight o'clock. My mother was always home by five o'clock at the latest; but as luck would have it, my parents had just bought a cordless handset. So on the day that Liam and I had arranged for me to call, I took the handset to my bedroom. My heart had begun to beat faster and my hands had begun to get clammy. I dialled the number and it rang. After a few rings someone picked up.

"Hi, can I talk to Liam please?" I asked.

"Hi, it's me." He said. His voice was deep and smooth.

"Hey." I said trying to sound casual. "It's so good to hear your voice."

He laughed. "Yours too."

He asked me about my day and I asked him about his. My heart beat so fast while we spoke, I was worried that he might hear it. Yet despite this I could have listened to the sound of his voice for hours.

"I want to meet you." He said.

I heard my mother shout my name from the bottom of the stairs. I asked him to hang on, covered the receiver and shouted that I'd be down in a minute.

"Listen, I've got to go. My mother's shouting me. But I want to meet you too. Talk later online?"

"Yeah sure." He responded before I said a quick goodbye and ended the call.

Later that night we talked about meeting up. We decided I would go to him and over the next few weeks I saved my lunch money to pay for the one bus and two trains it would take to get there. We decided on meeting on a Saturday and set a date.

I got up early on that Saturday and bathed before rummaging through my entire wardrobe for something to wear. I decided to go casual; I opted for a light blue t-shirt, my favourite blue jeans that were bleached lighter along the front of the legs and trainers. I logged in online and checked with him that we were still good to meet; he said that he'd meet me at the village station when my train got in and then I set off.

I took the bus to town, a short journey. Then jumped on the first train to the city. I had been to the city a few times before but the train journey seemed to take forever. I silently cursed at every station stop. I just wanted to be at my final destination.

I arrived at the busy City Station and walked to the platform where my second train was to depart from. I had a few minutes to wait, so I sat down, but then stood up again. I strode up and down the platform and waited for the train to arrive. When it arrived, a young couple and myself stepped onto the single carriage train. I took a seat and noticed a poster on the wall showing each stop the train would make and my heart beat irregularly as I saw the name of Liam's village. As the train journeyed I followed the stops on the poster and gradually the city changed to countryside. The flat terrain turned into hills of green and fields that occasionally had cows, sheep or horses in them. When the train got to the stop before mine butterflies began to float around in my stomach. The next was my stop.

The train stopped and as the door whooshed open I felt a wave of heat hit me. The sun made everything appears brighter, warmer and more alive. As I departed the train I saw that the village only had one platform and that it was deserted. I headed in the direction the exit sign pointed towards. As I exited the station I saw Liam walking towards me, the sun shone behind him and he looked like an angel coming out of heaven. His blonde mop was brushed to one side; he was as tall as I was and his body looked amazingly well sculpted. He wore a fitted black shirt, blue jeans and shoes. His eyes were penetrating as if they looked into the very depths of my soul.

"Hi. You made it. It's good to see you." He said.

"Yeah, I did." I said suddenly shy.

"So, what you wanna do then?" He asked.

I looked around at the fields of green and brown. "What is there to do here?"

He laughed. "Well....there's a cinemas in town a short bus ride away. I've got the paper at home with the listings. Shall we go back to mine and see what's on?"

"OK. That sounds good." I answered still breath taken by his beauty.

We walked uphill to his home, a small row of three detached houses on an otherwise empty long and winding road. His house was the middle one with a green door. He unlocked it and invited me inside.

Inside he took me to the kitchen, pulled out the paper onto the dinning table and opened it onto the page with the cinema listings. He gestured for me to come and take a look. I came round and lent on the table to read the titles and short description. I felt his breath on the back of my ear and neck, which sent my whole nervous system into overdrive; goose pimples rose on my neck and suddenly the crotch area of my jeans felt tighter.

"There's nothing on." I said quietly.

"Come on." He said taking my hand into his, "Let me show you around my house. Then we'll sort out something to do." The connection of our hands sent electricity up my arm and into my body. He led me to the living room on the ground floor and showed it to me. Then he took me towards the stairs and turned to look deeply into my eyes. My heart pounded in my chest. He smiled and so did I, then we began our ascent upstairs.

On the landing he pointed to the closed door that was his parent's bedroom; showed me the bathroom and then led me to his bedroom. His bedroom was tiny and had deep red coloured walls. In the corner closest to the window, his computer sat on a small desk. I went over to it and gently brushed my free hand along the keys. Next to his computer-desk was a wardrobe and chest draws. On the chest draws was an alarm clock as well as various deodorant sprays and bottles of aftershave. On the wall opposite was his single bed. In the centre of the room, he came closer to me until our bodies were touching and leaned in for a kiss. Our lips met and it became an intimate kiss that was long and slow. I had practiced kissing with a pillow but his tongue was unpredictable and this only added to the excitement. My hands went to his top button and began to unbutton his shirt. His hands had gone to the side of my hips. As I reached his last button and undid it his lips pulled away from mine. I noticed the beginnings of a six-pack had begun to form on his body as well as a patch of blonde hair in the centre

of his chest. His hands gripped the bottom of my t-shirt and he pulled it over my head. He brought his torso close to mine so that they touched. The feel of skin on skin sent a shock that reverberated throughout my body that made my underwear unbearably tight; from the bulge I felt, his underwear it must have been unbearably tight too.

He led me to his bed where I lay on my back and he lay on top of me. He kissed my neck and worked his way down to my nipples. When he sucked on one of my nipples I let out a gasp and moan of pleasure. We adjusted our position so we lay on our sides facing one another and continued to kiss, his tongue gently explored inside of my mouth. I unbuttoned his jeans and slipped my hand into his white cotton boxers. I felt his cock throb in my hand before I released it; I gently stroked it with the tips of my fingers, starting at its head and ending at his balls. We slowly undressed one another.

Naked, he took the lead. He kissed the sides of my lower torso, which made me giggle; I felt a mix of arousal and tickling sensations. He kissed my thighs which made my cock throb and then went down on it taking all of it into his mouth without gagging. My hand went to the back of his head to encourage him to continue as his head bobbed up and down. He turned me over and then began to kiss the top of my shoulder blades before I felt his breath at the base of my spine. I felt him place his tongue on my skin and quickly brushed it up the path of my spine, which sent a shiver throughout my body.

I took control and lifted myself up. I got him to lie with his back on the bed. I licked the sides of his chest and he let out a groan that I rewarded with kisses. With my lips I moved up to one of his shoulders and followed it down to his wrist. I took his hand and took each of his fingers and thumb into my mouth. I moved down to take a closer look at crotch. I licked the space between his balls and arse and he exploded with a scream of pleasure. Then I took it into my mouth to explore and taste it. I turned him over and moved the hair on the back of his neck, I kissed the skin and he let out a gentle whimper. I gave good attention to his back, kissed the cheeks of his arse and back of his legs. I turned him over and lay on top of him rubbing my cock against his. We got into a rhythm and rubbed against each other at a quicker pace. We stopped when we became tired and he spooned me, him wrapping his arm around my waist. We lay there in a world of our own cuddled up and occasionally touched or stroked one another in a comfortable silence. As we lay there time drifted by. I wish I could tell you that it had been sex; but neither of us had come. Instead it had been was something much deeper than sex; a sort of intimacy that gave us the freedom to explore another man's body, something that we had both fantasised about for so long.

The sun streamed through the open curtains illuminating the room in a shade of amber. I felt his head lift off pillow, rise and glance in the direction of the chest draws.

"We'd better be getting you back." He said.

I groaned and pulled his hand tighter around my waist.

“Come on.” He said as he removed his hand from under mine. We got up and got dressed. Then we set out to the station.

As we reached the station my train had begun to break heading towards the platform.

“We didn’t get to see a film after all. Maybe next time?” I asked with a grin.

“Yeah sure.”

“Look. I’ve had an amazing time today and I would really like to see you again.” I said as the train doors opened.

“Yeah...me too.” He said. I stepped onto the train and took a seat near the window, unable to take my eyes of him. The train bleeped, the doors whooshed shut and began to depart the station. I watched him until he was out of sight.

When I finally got home, I wanted to go straight online to talk to him. But my mother insisted I eat the tea she had cooked, so I wolfed it down. I logged on and opened up *MSN Messenger*. He wasn’t on my friends list, *that’s weird* I thought. I remembered that I still had an email in my inbox from him. I quickly fired off an email to him, writing that I’d had a great time and couldn’t wait to see him again. I also put that he’d disappeared off my friends list. I got an instant reply:

Message Undeliverable: User Unknown

I ran downstairs, grabbed the phone in panic, ran upstairs and dialled his number. It rang a few times and then he picked up.

“Hi.” He said.

“Hi, it’s me...” I said but then the line went dead. I called back again with no answer. I tried again several times but it just rang out.

My heart physically hurt and I felt that it was breaking. I lay on my bed and I sobbed uncontrollably all night. For a time I was upset, then angry before acceptance finally came. I never saw him again or got any communication to explain why he had decided to cut contact.



Computers had a place in offices as well as at home with broadband that didn’t hog the rarely used landline. Laptops had come along, but still carried a hefty price tag. Mobile phones sales had boomed and texting had become commonplace. Gay people had started to come out and there was a gay, lesbian and bisexual civil rights movement that had some successes. But widely there was still no representation of gay people in the media.

I had come out to my family after I left school; made some friends in college and out in the gay pubs and clubs that had opened up in the city. After I had finished college I had got a job as a Travel Agent in the city and moved there.

It was a dark and cold winters night and I sat in Ted’s large city-centre apartment. Ted’s real name was Edward, but we all called him Ted on the account of him looking like a teddy bear; broad-framed, round belly and a body

covered in hair. Not that I ever saw his body; our friendship resembled what I imagine one between two brothers would be. He the older brother in this dynamic. Hung on the magnolia walls were several paintings of gay lovers that he'd commissioned from a friend who was an artist.

I sunk into the grey sofa and had just finished telling him about my experience with Liam and the string of short relationships that had followed, including the most recent one. Ted had sat in his matching grey armchair; his hands wrapped around his cup of tea and had listened attentively, remaining silent until I had finished. Ted put down his cup on the mahogany coffee table.

"I'd rather have a few amazing moments, where I felt truly loved, than a lifetime without feeling anything. I'd gladly take the pain and hurt as a price for the feeling loved." He said.

"You're right." I said and then glanced at my watch. "Time for me to go, I think." Ted stood up and so did I. He enveloped me into a hug, we said our goodbyes and then I headed home.

I thought about what Ted had said and decided that my philosophy would be to grab these moments of love whenever I could. I rode the highs and enjoyed the sex. Sexually I was always active; the thought of anyone penetrating me filled me with a sense of nausea. As I expected, these relationships always came to an end sooner or later. Then for sometime no new men came into my life.



We now live in a technologically driven world. Everyone has a smart phone, using social media sites like Facebook and Twitter to keep connected with our family, friends as well as complete strangers. Gay, lesbian and bisexual activists are now fighting to be allowed to marry. GLB people are now appearing in the mainstream media more often.

I am coming into my seventh year as a Travel Agent. I still boast the same jet-black mane; my forehead has creases and I have crows feet at the sides of my almost black eyes. I've put on a little weight as my metabolism has slowed, but I regularly go to the gym to keep the flab toned. I now live with my boyfriend Nathan. I pull the box out of my blazer pocket, open it and look at the ring again. A plain white gold band with a diamond in the centre that sparkles in the light. Nathan doesn't just give me a few amazing moments; he's become my best friend as well as my lover. He's romantic and with him I laugh everyday; we ride the highs of life together and I get through the lows because of him. Let me tell you how we met.

Nathan walked into my life with four of his friends. They'd come into the travel agents in early spring to book their summer holiday. At the entrance Nathan scanned the travel agents with his emerald green eyes; they stopped as they made contact with mine and he let out the most gorgeous smile that lit up his whole bearded face. I managed to smile back; my heart had suddenly sped up. He strode forward and was intercepted by Claire; a young, blonde haired, big-busted new Agent who was obviously after the commission. My eyes narrowed towards



her and I let out a scowl. Nathan said something to her, gestured in my direction and briefly made eye contact again which turned my scowl back into a smile. She walked away with a huff and he and his friends continued towards my direction. I noticed that he was slightly shorter than me with broad shoulders and muscular arms.

“Hi.” He said as he reached me. He had mousy brown hair and a masculine square-jawed face.

“Hi...how can I help?” I replied.

He sat down and so did one of his friends. The other two hovered behind them.

“We’d like to book a holiday”. He said as he gestured to his friends.

“Ok...I’ll just get some extra chairs.” I said and looked towards the two free chairs by the next desk.

“I’ll do it.” He said and stood up. As he bent to lift the chairs I caught sight of his perfectly formed bottom and couldn’t help but stir. He caught my stir and let out a smile. I quickly averted my eyes. He placed the chairs down around the desk, his friends sat down and so did he.

“Did you have anywhere in mind?” I asked as I leant forward unable to break the eye contact that sent a small tingle down my spine and throughout my body.

“What would you recommend?” He asked.

“Well...it depends what your after. Whether you want sun, sea and sand or adventure and exploration?”

“I quite like the idea of an adventure.” He said as he showed his teeth. He looked at his friends. “But I think my friends would much prefer hot, sunny and a pool-side bar.”

“OK. We can sort that out.” I said forcing myself to look at the screen and tap on my keyboard. “What about the Canaries, Mediterranean or somewhere in Europe?”

I got some brochures and they flicked through them before deciding on the Canaries. We sorted out the details of their flights, accommodation and then came to payment.

“How would you like to pay?” I asked. “You can pay in full now by cash or card or you can pay in weekly instalments.”

“Weekly.” He said with a glint in his eyes. “That way I get to see you at least once a week.”

I felt my face go a shade of deep red. “OK. Cool.” I said and handed over all of the paperwork to him. His friends stood to leave, but before he did the same he grabbed a post-it off my desk picked up a pen and scrawled his name and mobile number on it. He handed it to me. I looked at it and then looked to him quizzically.

“I already have your details for the booking.”

“I know.” He said. “But this is for *you*. I’d like to see you... outside of work?”

My mouth let out a grin and my heart skipped a beat. “Sure.” I said.

We said our goodbyes, and then he and his friends left. Much later on when we had got together, his friends told us that they’d felt awkward like they were sitting in on a first date.

I had intended to play it cool and leave it for a day before texting him. But I couldn't stop thinking about his smile, eyes or the appealing sound of his voice. So on my lunch break I texted him.

Hi it's Shaun, the travel agent you met earlier today. This is my number, let me know if you'd like to go for coffee sometime. S X

His reply was almost instantaneous:

Hi Shaun! Good to hear off you. I think we can do better than coffee!

How about a dinner date? I know this nice place in China Town. Nathan X

We arranged to meet at The Docks; China Town was a short walk away from there, one evening that week.

It was still bright being a spring evening, and the sun was setting over The Docks that gave host to the occasional boat dotted around in the serene water. He made eye contact and said hello before circling me and scanning me all over.

"What are you doing?" I asked him with an unsure smile before I looked down at myself. I had worn a black shirt, grey skinny jeans and pointed shoes.

"Looking at you." He said and beamed a smile towards me as his eyes continued their scan. I noticed that he wore a t-shirt, black jeans and dark coloured trainers.

"Yeah. I guessed that. But why?"

"I want to remember every detail." He said. Satisfied his eyes met mine.

"You look absolutely stunning by the way." He said with a grin.

"Thanks." I said with a shy smile. We headed for China Town. Our first Christmas together I understood what he had meant by wanting to remember every detail. He bought me the same aftershave I'd wore that night and said that I had smelt divine in it.

The Chinese restaurant was quiet and lowly lit. We ordered drinks at the bar and the bartender told us they'd arrive at our table once we'd got food and sat down. It was an All You Can Eat menu, laid out in a buffet style. I'd never been to a Chinese before so I let him be my guide and put on my plate what he suggested. We sat down to eat and the Asian Waiter brought our drinks. As we ate we talked about every facet of our life's. First we talked about work; he already knew what I did so he told me about how he came up with the idea for his marketing company. As I took a sip of my drink, he told that when he was fifteen he was hired to wear a hot dog costume in the street and give out flyers. The image of him in a hot dog costume made me laugh and I chocked on my drink with it nearly coming out through my nose. Once I'd got my laughter out of the way, he said that he had noticed that not many places marketed themselves well. So he'd gone to College, done a course in marketing and hung up his hot dog costume for a suit. Then we talked about our friends and family.

I told him about my parents, that I was an only child and about my eclectic mix of friends including Ted, my best friend. He told me that he was one of four children, all of his siblings women and older. He confessed that his father had died when he was young, too young to know him and that his mother had raised them as a single parent. He explained that even after all this time, his mother was still deeply in love with his father and that he envied their love.

This brought us on to the topic of ex-boyfriends. I couldn't meet his eyes as I told him about my string of relationships that had each ended after a few months. I omitted to tell him about Liam; as we hadn't really been boyfriends. I looked up after I had recounted my last relationship. He met my look and I found a reassuring smile in his eyes. He told me that he hadn't had much luck in love either; that he'd just never met the right man. He told me that in his last relationship his ex-boyfriend and he hadn't had sex in over twelve months; not his choice, his ex-boyfriends. I said that I honestly didn't know how his ex-boyfriend would have been able to keep his hands to himself for even a minute and brushed my hands against his. He smiled shyly. I used the opportunity to slip into conversation that in the bedroom I was exclusively active.

The meal came to an end with both of us stuffed. We agreed to walk back to The Dock where there was a taxi rank and we talked as we walked about our dreams for life. As we reached The Dock; I noticed that the full moon was reflected in the water and realised that the date was coming to an end, far too soon. An urge to invite him back to mine for coffee slipped out my lips. He gave me a cheeky grin that made my pulse quicken and accepted.

I insisted on paying the taxi driver as he had paid for the dinner and the drinks. Before we had even got into my cramped studio apartment I had given into the desire to kiss him and we passionately kissed on the steps outside. The bristles of his short beard caressed my lips causing surges of electricity to pass through them into my body and caused me to go instantly hard. His lips touched mine and my lust completely took over; bringing one of my hands to the back of his head and the other to his bottom to push his crotch close to mine. We stopped for a second to catch our breath.

"I thought we'd at least get inside first." I said.

"Oh, so you had this planned?" He said and raised an eyebrow.

"No." I said and turned by my back him to unlock the door.

Once inside I led him to the bedroom. We kissed passionately and undressed one another. Once naked we explored each other's bodies and discovered their erogenous zones. We touched, kissed, licked and sucked on every part of the others body. I found the V on his lower torso to be a particularly sensitive, my breath alone made him moan before my hands or lips had even touched it. When I kissed it his legs stiffened and his body rose slightly, with a loud groan from his mouth. I turned him over kissed his back working my way down the centre towards his arse. I caressed his cheeks and then he screamed with pleasure as I let my tongue loose on his hole. He very quickly discovered the sensitivity of my neck and nipples before he paid attention to my throbbing cock with his mouth. This exploration lasted for hours and made us hornier and hornier until he lay on top of me rubbing his cock against mine.

Suddenly I *needed* for the whole of him to be closer to me: his mind, body and spirit. It felt totally right; I looked into his eyes and asked him to go inside of me. His eyes looked shocked for a moment and he asked, "Are you sure?"

Our eyes locked and I said, "Yes."

He lubbed up and slowly slid his cock deep inside of me. Once he was fully inside, his eyes checked that I was OK. I signalled that I was and he slowly began to ease

out and in, my legs wrapped around his waist and my eyes looking into his. Gradually he increased the pace of his thrust. I closed my eyes to ride the emotional waves as they came lapping towards me. I took hold of my solid cock and began to pleasure myself, receiving pleasure both from the inside and out. I felt in pure ecstasy as he went harder and faster; I could tell with his face that he was close before he thrust his hips deeper into me and I felt him shoot deep inside of me. This felt so amazing that I exploded all over the headboard of my bed as well as my chest. I had never felt such bliss.

We cleaned up and then still naked got into bed to cuddle. I rested my head on his chest and we pillow talked. I told him about my experience with Liam and how I'd felt upset, angry but most of all deeply rejected. I told him that I'd like to thank Liam for that experience of love albeit one that ended in heartache. Nathan said that he would never do that to me; there was something in the depths of his eyes and my gut that told me I could trust this man with my heart.

Spring turned to summer and Nathan went away for two weeks to the Canaries with his friends on their summer holidays. I missed him like mad. Since our first date we'd spend loads of time together; we'd introduced one another to our friends and were making plans to introduce one another to our families. I text him on the day of his flight:

Hey, have a safe flight and a great holiday. See you in 2 weeks! S XXXX

A few minutes later he replied:

Will do. Missing you already. See you when I get back. N XXXXX

That was it. There would be no contact for two weeks. To fill my time, I bought four books and read them, caught up with friends and went to the gym more often.

On the day of Nathan's return flight he turned up at the Travel Agent suitcase in hand. His olive skin had tanned and he still smelt of suntan lotion. He walked over to my desk and sat down.

"Hi, how was your holiday?" I said with a large grin.

"Great thanks." He smiled and my heart melted. "I'd like to book another one. An adventure holiday for two."

*Two?* I thought to myself. I said OK and asked for the details of the other person. He said my full name and I sprung out of my chair and hugged him. He smiled shyly. We decided where we wanted to go and booked it there and then. In the three years that we've been together; we've travelled all over the world from The Great Barrier Reef in Australia to the Mayan Temples in Mexico.

It is warm and the sun is at its height when I arrive at The Dock. People are casually strolling by as I reach Nathan who is enjoying the view.

"Hi." I say.

He turns to face me. "Hey you."

I take his hands in mine and say, "Nathan, my life isn't worth living without you by my side." I release his hands, get down on one knee, pull the box out of my pocket and open it. I turn it to face him, look up at his eyes and take his left hand.

"Nathan will you marry me?"

“Yes!” he says without a second passing by. I slide the ring up his finger and stand up.

He envelopes me into a hug and whispers into my ear, “I can’t wait for it to be legal.”

He releases me and my smile beams at him. “Come on, let’s go.” I say before leading him to a restaurant nearby where our families and all of our friends have been watching in the windows, nervous for me. They join us to celebrate our love throughout the afternoon and well into the evening.