

W H I S K E Y L O V E R S

by

Charmyra E. Fleming

The half-empty crystalline object rested patiently against the aged mahogany wood grain bar, appearing at the bottom of the beautifully etched Old Fashioned glassware. The enticing glass in all of its innocence and beauty, waited for the naughty chance to satisfy the thirst of her, “beck and call”. Though the contents of the glass were arguably bold and masculine, the slow and sensual swallow, began with calculated sips from diabolical red lips that were equally bodacious and feminine .

“That’s quite a drink you have there.”

A voice came from over her immediate right shoulder. She looked at this man, he was sophisticated and dapper. She smirked into a soft smile. Her eyes were dreamy. The room was filled with cigar smoke and the jazzy sounds of Count Basie and with Ella Fitzgerald singing, “Shiny Stockings”. The conincidental tune playing perfectly at this moment almost felt serediptious. The playful nature of the cords in the music, perfectly fits the fickle earthly brown eyes that followed the path of lovely legs to a gorgeously equally sophisticated woman.

“You’re damn right”, she answered.

“Not many women can handle such a ‘tough’ drink”, he said.

“Well”, she paused. “I’m not most women.”

“I see. May I”, he asked gesturing to sit down on the barstool next to her.

She nodded in agreement.



W H I S K E Y L O V E R S

“I couldn’t help but notice you from across the room”, he said.

“Oh really”, she asked perplexed.

“Yes. Why do you question my intentions?”

“Hmm...because in a room of full of professionals decompressing from their workday, you chose me to sit next to”, she said.

“I did”, he said.

“And why is that, might I ask?”

“There is something familiar in your eyes and lips. I feel like I’ve tasted them before”, he answered.

She smiled and turned back to the indulge the contents of her cocktail glass.

“Would you like another”, he asked.

“I probably should be going”, she said.

He smirked.

“Really? So soon? This week’s game has only just begun.” He winked.

“You’re so cheeky. I love it”, she said.

Looking at him sharply in the eye, she signaled for him to come closer. The heat of their saucy conversation caught the attention of a few eavsdroppers. Although busy, the nosey bartender decided to also give a more attentive ear.



W H I S K E Y L O V E R S

A lonely ladies blazer rested on the back of her barstool chair, as the lady gently reached up to the gent's desperate ear exposing a glimpse of her thong, a mere treat for his eyes. The corner of her blouse had a dirty mind of it's own, exposing a bit of cleavage, as she began to whisper in his ear.

The bartender's eyes widened and he smiled while making a drink for another customer.

"There's something familiar about you too. I feel like I've always loved you", she said as she kissed his neck.

"You really know how to get under my skin. How was your day?", he asked.

"Let's not talk about that tonight. I'd rather keep it uncomplicated and lite."

"Fine by me."

The pair smiled at one another as the bartender held up the bottle of whiskey, and proceeded to pour. They discussed the lighter parts of their day, politics, and the trending topics of the day, as the did every week at the same time and same place. They'd come to this spot for years, and sharing so much with each other over that time. More than friends and lovers. This was the time that gave them spice and secured their matrimonial bond, always over a glass of whiskey. Love followed them from this place, and it always led to something more intimate in the privacy of their own home.



W HISKEY L OVERS

“I love you, baby.”

“I love you, too and I love our life together”, she said.

Holding one another tightly and intently, the tastes of whiskey and cigars were on their breath as they kissed into the night. The layers of life, the day, peeled back to unadulterated love. Screams of passion emerged from a white door connected to a bedroom left ajar, suspended in the darkness like an apparition, illuminated by moonlight. In a king size bed, tossing under the covers wrapped in a sexual union, were two souls joined by matrimony years ago. Even in this moment, the romance wasn't gone, and they never saw fit to “exhaust the possibilities”.

