Michaela and Sully have a little 'chat' after their premarital counseling with the Reverend.

Hi all. Just wanted to say that i wrote this story because, like many many many other moment in DQ, i was dissatisfied with the way the writers kind of glossed over it. I just don't think it's in Michaela's character to let Sully off the hook for forgetting their first kiss so easily...and I don't actually think that Sully would ever forget. :-)

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"Sully?" Michaela asked tentatively, as they walked hand in hand across the meadow.

They had recently exited the church after their final counseling session with the Reverend preceding their wedding, and both were blissfully happy. So happy, in fact, that neither had been offended when the Reverend, after waiting patiently for five minutes or more, finally broke up the engaged couple's passionate embrace so that he could reclaim use of his church.

"Mmm?" he replied, eyes narrowed against the bright spring day.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

Michaela paused, and turned to face him. Sully looked at her half in curiosity and half in amusement; it was clear she was trying to screw up the courage to ask him something that she was afraid to ask.

"You didn't really...I mean, do you really not remember our first kiss?" she blurted out, half in embarrassment and half in desperate curiosity. Sully cocked his head to look at her, half a smirk gracing his features.

"What?" asked Michaela in embarrassment, now wishing she had not asked.

"Don't look at me like that! I just...wondered...it doesn't seem like something you'd forget....Sully where are you going?"

For he had turned abruptly and begun to lead Michaela back in the direction from which they had come, towards the church. Ignoring Michaela's protests, he led her around to the relative privacy of the back wall of the church, where he finally stopped in the shadow cast by the building. Here, he grasped Michaela's other hand, and directed her so that her back was against the wall, where she stood, still trying to catch her breath.

"Sully why did you come back this way? Please don't be angry it doesn't matter that you don't-"

"I remember..." he interrupted, silencing her, and then pausing to take a deep breath.

"I remember how I came up to you while you were looking at your new sign....even from the distance I could see how happy you were." His voice lowered to a whisper, as he uncharacteristically immersed himself in the memory of that night, over two years ago now.

"Your eyes were sparkling...and your cheeks were flushed...and all at once I was glad I came and I wished I hadn't... I'd been worrying about it for days...I didn't know what to do or how to act. Everyone seemed to expect something from us...from me."

"Especially Brian" Michaela broke in with a wry smile. Sully laughed softly.

"Yeah...especially Brian. And...I wanted...something more too. I just didn't know it at the time. So...I walked up to you, and I said, 'nice sign', and you turned. When you realized it was me, I almost...I dunno... danced with relief...you were happy to see me!"

"Surprised too" Michaela contributed in a helpful whisper, her eyes fixed firmly upon Sully's face in wonderment and plain adoration. He grinned again.

"Yeah that too...but I was afraid you would feel different around me...I guess cause everyone was makin'
such a big deal out of your birthday. But you were happy, and I was happy. I gave you my gift…"

"The saddlebags" Michaela breathed. "It was so thoughtful...so like you"

"Mhmm" Sully rejoined. "And you looked into my eyes..." he lowered his gaze to the ground, and leaned in closer towards her.

"And I remember thinking how incredibly beautiful you looked in the moonlight. I remember how your hair was pulled to the side of your face...I remember how you looked so nervous as you thanked me, put your hand on my shoulder and kissed my cheek...and I remember the exact moment I kissed you..."

He closed his eyes tightly and took yet another step closer to Michaela, cupping her face in his hands and murmuring fiercely, "I remember thinking..." God I love this woman'..."

Michaela was trembling now, and she gasped out loud at the look of passion on his face, as he leaned even closer,

"And I remember thinking...I want to spend the rest of my life just...like ...this..." and he lowered his mouth to hers, as salty tears ran down her cheeks and she gasped for breath. He caressed her mouth with his, the memories of the night and the months of uncertainty and confusion that came after it pushing Sully to stake his claim on the woman he loved again and again.

"Oh Sully...Sully!" she murmured, breaking the kiss. "Oh you do remember!"

But her words were lost as he assaulted her mouth with his own again and again.

"Of course I remember!" He gasped, still kissing her intermittently

"How could I forget...something like this?"

And his mouth traveled south, to his place, where her graceful neck met her shoulder, and he knew only he could get away with such an action. Michaela smiled to herself.

"Well it wasn't exactly like this...if you remember clearly..."

Sully paused for a moment to look at her, then grinned. "I'm taking a few artistic liberties. After all, it's my story!"

Michaela smiled back, and pulled his head towards hers again. His mouth moved gently over hers at first, slowly and sensually coaxing her lips open, as he pressed her body against the wall of the church. Michaela gasped into his mouth at the intimate contact, and he took the opportunity to delve into her mouth with his tongue, finding hers and massaging it as his hands stroked her hair, her cheek, her waist her arms.

Michaela's arms had wound themselves around Sully's neck, drawing him ever closer. She had long ago given up on any rational, coherent thought, and instead was concentrating on Sully's mouth and hands...and chest and broad shoulders... and everything about him really! She smiled to herself as he wrapped his arms around her back and moaned into her ear. The noise caught them both off guard and Sully paused to look at her, cheeks and lips flushed, hair in disarray, breathing heavily. She was more beautiful to him at that moment than anything in the entire world, that he just couldn't stop staring.

"What?" asked Michaela. "What's wrong? Did I-"

"Nothing" Sully broke in. "Nothing's wrong. You're just...perfect, is all."

Michaela blushed in slight embarrassment.

"Thank you," she whispered. Sully leaned towards her again, to meet her lips in a soft kiss.

"I love you" he murmured.

"I love you too" she replied, thinking that never in her life had she experienced such bliss and contentment.

"You wanna go to Grace's, get some pie?" Sully asked, pressing his forehead against Michaela's.
"Uh uh" she shook her head in the negative.

"Hmm I bet I can guess what you want." and he pressed his mouth to hers again, eliciting a moan of contentment from his fiancée. Again the world was lost to them as each one contemplated their happy future together. That is, until they were interrupted unceremoniously by the opening of the back door of the church.

"If I have to tell you two one more time-" began the Reverend in mock annoyance.

Sully grinned and clasped Michaela's hand in his, pulling her towards town.

"We're going, we're going!"

And they left chuckling to each other over what had ended up being a very pleasant encounter.

"So" Michaela asked. "You going to buy me that pie now?"