

Little Mysteries

By Justin R. Macumber

I stood in front of the entrance doors to Weatherbee Academy and wondered what on Earth I was doing there. Above me, in huge red letters against a white background, a sign read, "Welcome Returning Class of '89." The banner fluttered in a chilly evening breeze, and I felt my skin shiver as it moved. Twenty years ago I'd walked out of those doors, thrown my graduation cap and gown into a garbage can, and vowed I'd never come back. But here I was, the ivy covered walls as high and dominating as they'd ever been. The school still smelled of rank and privilege, representing everything I hated and never wanted to be part of again. So why was I standing there?

I guess I was trying to prove something. High school was a long time ago. I wasn't the same person I'd been back then. So, it could only stand to reason that the people I used to hate being around couldn't be the same either, right? They had to have changed too, matured, gotten over themselves and their old money. I would go in, mingle, find out everyone had become better people, and then I could go on with the rest of my life feeling the world had become better too. Yes, that was it. So I stood there, ready to open those doors. Open them, and be amazed.

But I didn't open them. Instead I stood motionless, the distant thump of a Bobby Brown song washing over me. Between beats I could hear someone laugh or cry out in joyous squeals. Part of me wanted to join in, to be part of the festivities, but another part wanted to run for the hills and never look back. I wasn't sure which side would win out.

"It's not so bad," a deep voice said behind me.

I'd been so locked up in my head that I hadn't heard someone walk up behind me, and the unexpectedness of the words shocked me so badly I jumped. My heart hammered in my chest like a caged bird, and I had to gasp to catch my breath.

"Sorry about that," the man said as he walked around me. "Didn't mean to frighten you."

"No, it's okay," I replied. Tears welled up in my eyes, and I tried wiping them away before they could damage my makeup. "I was in my own little world for awhile. My fault. Just something I do from time to time."

"I remember," he said, chuckling.

"Excuse me?"

Instead of answering he turned and waved toward the glass doors that marked the boundary of my youthful convictions. "Are you going in?"

The question still stumped me, whether said in my head or by someone else. While I searched my brain for an answer I looked the man over who had startled me. Unfortunately, I couldn't see much. He was dressed in dark slacks and a dark jacket over a white button-up shirt, but the relative darkness of the entranceway and the bright lights from inside the school combined to cloak his finer features in shadow. His voice niggled at the back of my mind though. I knew I'd heard it before, but that was as far as my memory took me.

"Well, you better decide soon," he said to fill my silence. "Stand out here much longer you'll catch your death of cold, and that'd be a real shame." He then opened the doors and walked into the school.

The wall of sound that rushed toward me as the doors briefly parted was almost enough to push me backward. The hatred that I felt for my high school years was matched only by my loathing for most of the music that had accompanied it. Stupid songs for a stupid time. But, at

that moment the waves of sound acted like a mental dust rag, clearing the cobwebs and indecision from my head. Nodding firmly, I stepped forward and pulled the glass doors open.

Without even knowing I was doing it, my feet acted on muscle memory and turned me toward the school gymnasium. Streamers hung from the ceiling and signs were taped to lockers, all of them leading the way toward my class's reunion. The sound of laughter and excited conversation pushed and pulled at me.

As dark and chilly as the outside of the school had been, the interior was anything but. Within seconds I regretted wearing my coat. It had looked so good in my closet, like a friend wanting to protect me from a cold winter's night, but in the warm school hallway it hung oppressively on my shoulders, and I knew I'd need to find a place to ditch it. The sooner the better.

A minute and several turns later I arrived at the sign-in table. Behind it were a man and a woman, each one vaguely familiar. They were leaning on the table, their eyes locked onto each other, and sentimental sap practically pooled at their feet. Seeing the way they stared opened up a hole in my stomach, a hole cut there when my husband left me not six months prior. The couple at the table were obviously in love, and seeing it hurt in a way I didn't know was possible. After standing in front of them for a full ten seconds my presence finally dawned on them.

"Name?" the woman asked. Her bottle blonde hair bounced as she tilted her head up at me. She reminded me of a puppy, eager to please and assured the world was made just for her. She wore a Vera Wang dress, and of course it fit her perfectly.

"Sarah," I replied. "Sarah Jansen." It irked me that I was as unfamiliar a face to them as they were to me, but I didn't know why. If anything, anonymity should have been my friend. But I was irked all the same. They should have remembered me.

The man next to her screwed up his eyes and looked at me intently through his Robert Marc glasses. "Why do I remember that name?"

A light blush surprised me by spreading across my cheeks. "I suppose we might have known each other at some point. It wasn't a big class."

"Maybe. You weren't a cheerleader were you?"

I wondered if I should be flattered. "Uh, no."

"Band?"

"No, not that either. I... uh... wasn't big on activities or groups."

"Oh well, I know your name from somewhere. It'll come to me eventually."

The blond, meanwhile, poured over a list of names secured to a clipboard on the table. "Jacks... Jackson... Jacobs... James... Here we go. Sarah Jansen." She then peeled a sticker with my name on it from another sheet and handed it to me. The smile she wore as she did so was as authentic as a Prada handbag bought on Canal Street in New York City. The two were already back to gazing into each other before I could take the nametag and press it against my dress.

Behind the table was a wide doorway that led to the gym. Crashing waves of sound and light were pouring from it, enough to set my teeth on edge. For an instant I felt like turning and running the way I'd come, thereby keeping the promise I'd made two decades earlier, but with an effort of will I shifted toward the gym doors and walked toward them. Halfway there, a voice called out behind me, stopping me in my tracks.

"Oh, hey, now I know!"

I looked back over my shoulder and saw the man at the sign-in table rummage through the papers in front of his chair. After a moment he found what he was looking for and raised his

hand in the air. In it was clutched an envelope.

"Is that for me?" I asked with just a hint of incredulity in my voice.

"Your name's on it."

I returned to the table and took the envelope. Both of them stared at me with raised eyebrows. They looked curious, but neither seemed willing to ask what the envelope contained. I wasn't in a mood to entertain strangers, so I nodded in thanks and shoved the envelope into the pocket of my coat with barely a glance thrown at it. As I walked back toward the gym I heard them grumble. A devilish smile spread across my lips. It was petty, true, but it was a minor petty, and I could live with it.

As I passed into the gym I was assaulted by garish colors, flashing lights, and blaring music. I felt like Alice falling down the rabbit hole, but a hole straight out of John Hughes' fevered nightmares, and it made me dizzy. But, when Bobby Brown's voice faded away to be replaced by Simple Minds, my world righted itself just a little.

After catching my breath I moved along the wall to the right so that I could take in the gym in all its checkered-pastel glory. To the far left, on a raised platform, was the DJ. Judging by the pimples on his cheeks and forehead he'd probably been born around the same time I'd graduated, and the bored look plastered on his face made it clear the playlist he'd been given didn't suit him in the least little bit. I sympathized. It didn't suit me much either, and I'd been raised on it.

In front of him, beyond his complicated stack of equipment and speakers, was a throng of people. Most of them were dancing, their moves vintage late 80's, but a few were standing in small groups and chatting. The invitation for the reunion had said that the dress code was dress casual, but there were enough Jay Kos and Brioni suits in attendance to make a fashion show

seem underdressed. Most of the faces were familiar to me, in a distant "Oh, I know who that is, but what is their name?" sort of way, with added lines and less hair. A lucky few looked almost identical to their senior yearbook photos, and the smug way they walked around suggested they knew how fortunate they were.

Beyond the dance floor were arrayed tables decorated with slowly deflating balloons and flower centerpieces. Only a couple of the tables were occupied, and the people sitting at them seemed as miserable as I was. For a moment I considered finding a table of my own, but when I realized I'd only be joining the unhappily sitting damned I decided to drown my sorrows instead.

A row of buffet tables sat along the back wall of the gym, along with several fully stocked and staffed bars. The straightest path to them would have led me across the dance floor, but I wasn't ready to mingle yet, so I took the long way around to the left. By the time I reached the closest bar my heels were already starting to make my feet sore. That's what I got for wearing shoes I hadn't broken in yet. Damn those yummy straps.

"What can I get you?" the bartender asked as I leaned against the bar and rubbed at my right calf. He was handsome, looked to be in his early twenties, and seemed eager to please. I knew plenty of women would have been happy to let him please them, but I wasn't ready to spiral into cougar-dom just yet, so I ignored his charms.

"You have any slippers back there?"

The bartender laughed and shook his head. "Not unless that's a new drink I haven't heard of yet."

"Then I'll take a rum and coke."

"Coming right up." He grabbed a glass and went to work.

As I turned to look back out at the sea of people in the gymnasium, a face caught my

attention, and I couldn't help but stop and stare. *Is that Bonny?* I thought to myself. *I think it is!*

Bonny, who'd glanced over at me at the same time, recognized me immediately, and within seconds we both shouted, "Oh my god!"

"I cannot believe it," Bonny said as she walked over and opened her arms.

I entering the hug and returning it with as much warmth as I could. "Finally, a friendly face. I thought I was going to go all night without seeing a single person I liked."

Bonny smirked and rolled her eyes, an expression I knew far too well. "Yeah, that's the Sarah I remember. No one was good enough for her."

"That's not true. *They* always thought they were too good for *me*."

"No, that's what you *thought* they were thinking."

"And was I wrong?"

Bonny began to speak, but then stopped and thought for a moment. She then laughed and said, "Yeah, I guess you were right most of the time. But, can I say again, oh my god! What are you doing here?"

"I'm attending my twentieth class reunion, what does it look like?"

"Considering this is the first time I've seen you since we graduated, cut my disbelief a little slack. Every time I came to one of these things I hoped I'd see you here, and every time I left disappointed. Looks like the dry streak is finally over."

Before I could reply, the bartender tapped my arm and handed me a short glass filled with barely fizzing dark liquid. The rum was overwhelmed by the coke, but such was to be expected from an open bar. The bartender then took Bonny's order of a White Russian before turning to his mixer.

"Had I known people were keeping track, I might have been more inclined to make an

appearance," I said. "As it is, I almost didn't come to this one."

"Then why did you? I mean, I'm glad you did, but honestly I didn't expect you to."

A heavy stone dropped in my stomach as I saw the pain on my old friend's face. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Bonny. I didn't mean to hurt anyone. It's just... you know me. I never really felt part of this place. The only reason I came to this school was because my parents had gone here. It was always about money, the older the better. Everyone here came from it, and it seemed to be all that mattered. It never mattered to me, though, and I ran as soon as I could. To this day my family and I only talk on holidays."

The bartender handed Bonny her drink, and she seemed to approve as she downed half of it in one swallow. "Then why come back?"

I'd known the question would come up at some point in the evening, and when I'd visualized it I always figured it would be Bonny asking it. That didn't mean I was ready for it though. "Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"My ex-husband. One of the reasons he... he left me was because he said I was too closed off. He said he felt like he didn't really know me. I tried to explain, but... it didn't matter. I tried blaming him, even hating him, but eventually I had to fess up that he was right. I've built up a lot of walls around me, and if I'm ever going to be really open and honest with someone, then I need to tear those walls down. So, here I am. In my mind this place is a dungeon filled with trolls. I know that's not really true, but I still needed to come back and prove it."

Bonny laughed into her glass as she downed the rest of her drink. A thin milky mustache sat on her upper lip, and she wiped it off with a napkin. "Wow, I'm not sure how to respond to that. I'm a troll?"

"Oh no, not you," I replied as quickly as I could, horrified that I'd made such a blanket statement without thinking. "You were one of the few bright spots in my life, Bonny. Trust me."

A broad smile crossed her face, and my heart lightened a bit.

"I'm glad to hear that. And I'm glad you're here. You were right to hate some of these people, but some of them are good and honest, just trying to make their way like you."

"I know. Deep down, I know. But speaking of which, where's your brother?"

"Billy?"

"Do you have another twin I don't know about?"

Bonny laughed good and hard. "One is plenty, thank you. No, Billy's gone to the rest room. He said he'd eaten a bit of bad fish, but I think he had to make a business call. I told him I'd forbidden him to work tonight, so now he's been reduced to using subterfuge to do it."

"And how is he? Rich and married, I assume?"

"Rich, yes. Married, no."

That didn't shock me. Billy and I were never that close, but since he was my best friend's brother we'd been forced to interact from time to time. He'd been as handsome as his sister was beautiful, but he'd also been incredibly insular. I didn't recall ever seeing him date or take an interest in anything that didn't involve his studies. The fact that he wasn't married hit with the force of a feather, but still, it was strange. "Is he divorced then?"

"Nope, never married. I'm on my second husband – he's at home by the way – but Billy never got around to it. He always blames work getting in the way. Personally I think he's gay and doesn't want to come out."

Now it was my turn to erupt into laughter. My chest hurt as I tried to catch my breath in between gasps, and it took nearly a minute before I was able to speak. "Are you serious?"

"Oh, I don't know," Bonny replied with her patented smirk. "It's not like I've ever seen him with anyone, man or otherwise. He just seems to fit the profile. He's far too fit, handsome, bookish, and well dressed to be single at his age. If he isn't gay, I have several male friends who will be sorely disappointed."

As she finished speaking, Bonny raised her glass and shook it. The bartender, who'd been standing at attention nearby, took it and worked to refill it quickly.

"Anyway, enough about him," she said. "Why don't you take off your coat and stay awhile? You have to be sweltering in that thing."

A trickle of sweat fell down my back, proving her right. I pointed at a nearby table and asked, "Do you think it'd be okay to leave it at one of these tables?"

"Probably, but I wouldn't. If you head out the east door you'll see the teacher's lounge across the hall. You can leave your coat in there. Steve Schmidt drew the short straw this year, so he's in there standing guard. Strangely enough, he always seems to draw the short straw. Odd how that happens."

I tossed my head back and laughed. "And he's trustworthy?"

"As the day is long. We've yet to hear of anyone losing something under his care."

"Okay, then I'll be right back. Get me another drink?"

"Of course. Rum and coke?"

"You know me well."

"Some things never change."

I smiled as I turned and headed to the east door. The hallway beyond it was like every other hall in the school – pristine, tasteful, and cold. The door across from me had "TEACHERS LOUNGE – NO STUDENTS ALLOWED" stenciled on the frosted glass. I opened it and saw

that the overhead lights were dimmed. A series of coats were laid out on a counter near the door, and on the dining tables were arranged enough Louis Vuitton and Dolce & Gabbana purses to open a store on Fifth Avenue. The only thing I didn't see was Steve Schmidt.

Figuring my coat would be the last thing a thief might steal given the other options in the room, I knew it would still be safe to leave it there, Steve or no Steve, so I entered the dimly lit room and shrugged my coat off. As I was about to lay it on a bare section of counter I heard a noise come from the back of the room. It sounded like a muffled giggle.

"Hello?" I asked. "Is someone there?"

I felt stupid, like that girl in a horror movie who wanders through a dark room calling out like a moron before the killer steps in and relieves her of her idiot life. I wasn't surprised when no one answered me, but I knew I'd heard something, so I held onto my coat and walked to the rear of the room to have a look. Around a stack of boxes I saw a door. It was closed, but from the crack underneath it I heard the muffled sound again. I gave the doorknob a gentle twist, and it turned in my hand with a soft click of metal against wood. As I slowly pushed the door open, I realized that it wasn't giggling I'd heard, but panting, and as my head peaked into the other room I had a pretty good idea of what it was I was about to see.

A man was sitting on a couch along the left wall, and hovering over his lap was a woman. I had no idea who she was, but in the half light that filtered through windows high on the wall I could tell that the man was Steve Schmidt. He was older than I remembered him, of course, but he still had the same cowlick and narrow chin. The kneeling woman's back was to me, but the slurping sounds she made and the way her head bobbed up and down made it more than clear what was going on. I felt a tingle gather itself in my pussy, and a warm flush traveled up my stomach to settle in my cheeks. I hadn't walked in on people having sex since I was in college.

As much as it embarrassed me, I was also intrigued, so I stayed where I was and watched.

"Oh god, Janet," Steve said as his head rolled backward. "I don't even want to know how you got that good."

The woman sucking his cock choked out a laugh before returning to her bobbing. I had to give it to her, she could work a dick. Her head moved up and down in smooth, steady strokes, and Steve luxuriated in every second of it.

In my chest I could feel my heartbeat increasing, and I knew that if I were to look in a mirror my neck and face would be flushed scarlet red. I then felt my nipples harden. I wanted so badly to reach up and squeeze them, but my blouse and bra blocked me, and I wasn't about to remove them. So, I did my best to satisfy the need by running my hands over my tits in slow movements. My breath caught in my throat, and it was all I could do not to moan out loud.

On the couch, Steve brought his head forward and reached down to move Janet's hair. Apparently he wanted a better view of his wet dick sliding in and out of her eager mouth. He then put his hands on the side of her head and began thrusting upward to meet her in mid stroke.

"This is too good," he said. "Way too good."

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?" Janet asked, stopping her blowjob for a moment.

Steve laughed, the sound coming from low in his throat. "Oh, as good as that sounds, I think I'd much rather do it up inside you. Come here."

Janet grabbed his knees and pushed herself up off the floor until she was standing in front of him. She had on a short black top and skirt that was tight enough to show off her curves without being tawdry. In the low light I couldn't tell what color her hair was, but it hung down to the middle of back in curls that made me green with envy. Steve's hands reached up and grabbed her ass hard enough to push her crotch into his face, making her giggle.

"You smell like heaven," he said against her skirt.

She groaned. "It's all because of you."

His hands moved down and grabbed for the hem of her skirt, which he pulled up to her waist, revealing an ass that only a team of physical trainers and personal nutrition chefs could provide. I'd never looked at other women as sexual objects, but it was hard to deny her appeal. Her hips were smooth, her legs were muscular, and the globes of her behind were firm and round. She looked like a Gucci goddess. Steve agreed, because he grabbed the waist band of her thong and pulled it down like a kid ripping open a birthday present he couldn't wait to play with.

"Oh, don't tear it, baby," Janet said. "Todd doesn't miss anything, and if he caught wind of this a divorce would be the least of our problems."

"Fuck Todd," Steve replied.

"No, fuck me."

Needing no more invitation than that, Steve grabbed the backs of her thighs and pulled her toward him. As Janet pitched forward I caught a glimpse of Steve's cock. It rose up from his lap like a monument to sex, and as the light shimmered down its shaft I felt my panties dampen. The urge to reach down and slip a finger into my vagina was powerful, but I contented myself with rubbing my thighs together as I watched Janet straddle him in a cowgirl position. His hands were busy doing something I couldn't see, most likely fondling her breasts, but I saw Janet reach down, take his cock in her hand, and guide it toward her pussy as she pushed down. They groaned in unison as he slid inside her all the way down to his balls in one long, fluid stroke.

At that point I knew I had to either get out of there or join them, and that second option wasn't an option at all. Once I stepped back and closed the door, I leaned against it to regain my composure. I didn't want to walk into the hall in the state I was, because I knew that with my

luck I'd most likely end up stumbling into someone, and I didn't want to have to answer questions about the blush glowing across my face and neck. So, I stayed where I was and concentrated on my breathing. After a few minutes it was back to normal.

That little adventure over with, I walked back to the entrance door. As I reached for the doorknob I stopped and laughed at my own absentmindedness. I'd nearly forgotten why I'd gone into the Teacher's Lounge in the first place. With a quiet chuckle I grabbed my coat and set it down on the table nearest the door. I then turned to leave, but before I could a flash of white from my coat pocket caught my attention.

Surprised, I reached over and opened the pocket. In it was an envelope. Confusion flittered through my mind until I recalled the encounter at the sign-in table. My name was written across the front of the white envelope in a flowing script. It wasn't as fancy as calligraphy, but it had the same sense of care and formality. The back flap was sealed, but there was enough space for me to push a fingernail behind it and tear the top in a clean line. Inside of it was a slip of paper. The light in the lounge wasn't great, but the dark black ink stood out from the white parchment paper more than enough to read it.

This is the year, it read. Every reunion I hope that I'll get to see your face again, yet I leave unfulfilled each time. This is the year, though, when you will come. I know it. I've loved you for so long, and finally I'll have my chance to tell you what you've meant to me throughout the years. If you want to hear those words, though, you'll need to seek me out. The next clue to finding me is in your old locker. I'm sure you remember where it was. Come and find me.

The letter was unsigned, and the handwriting wasn't even close to being familiar. I peeked back at the envelope, hoping I'd find something to illuminate who'd written the note, but it was empty. In my hands was a mystery.

I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say that I nearly crumpled the letter up and threw it away. You don't get to be a grown woman without having a healthy amount of suspicion instilled in you. It only takes hearing about one rape or abduction to make you see danger around every corner. But, something about the tone of the letter made me think it was anything but dangerous. The words held no hint of menace or desperation. In fact, it seemed rather sweet.

That didn't mean I was out of my mind though. I needed another perspective. Once I was back in the gym I found Bonny right where I'd left her. She swayed slightly where she stood against the bar, indicating she'd had a few more drinks during my absence, but her eyes seemed clear and focused when they saw me approach.

"Where have you been?" she asked as she set her empty glass down. "I was about to send out a search party to look for you.

I debated whether or not to tell her about seeing Steve Schmidt's rendezvous in the lounge, but really it was too juicy *not* to spill.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to take so long, but apparently coats and purses aren't the only thing Steve's handling in there."

I'd expected a shocked expression to set Bonny's face on fire, but she wasn't surprised in the least.

"I wonder who the lucky girl is this time," she replied with a roll of her eyes.

"This is common behavior, then?"

Bonny nodded. "The man is a whore."

"Maybe, but at least he's well equipped for the job."

That got the expression I'd wanted. Bonny's eyes widened until I was afraid they would tumble out of her face, and she grabbed my arm in a tight grip.

"You bad girl! You watched?"

There was no use denying it. "Yes, for a minute."

"And how was... you know, it?"

I contemplated how to answer the question for a few seconds, then figured that directness was the best way to go. "It looked better than most dicks I've seen, and he certainly knew how to use it. Honestly, my inner tramp wanted to join them."

A low moan rumbled up from Bonny's throat. "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a good fucking. I think the last time I had sex worth remembering was when Monica Lewinsky stained that tacky blue dress of hers. Since then, nothing but half a slam-bam and barely a thank-you-ma'am."

"You and me both," I confided. "Anyway, enough about that. Listen, this was given to me when I signed in, and I wanted to get your thoughts before I decided what to do."

I handed the envelope over and stared as my friend looked at it. "I was going to ask you about this," she said. "I happened to see it when I signed in an hour ago, and when I did I thought my chances of seeing you here had increased. Good to know I was right." She then opened the envelope and read the note within it. Her pupils went back and forth several times before she lowered it and looked at me with bright eyes. "Intriguing. Seems harmless enough. Sweet even. Are you going to follow it? Please tell me you're going to follow it. I love a mystery."

I tilted my head against my right shoulder. "I don't know. Like you said, it seems harmless, but would a rape letter actually read like a rape letter?"

"I guess that depends on who the rapist is," Bonny replied. My crestfallen look made her laugh. "Oh, come on. I'm kidding. I've had my fair share of stalkers, and this letter doesn't seem remotely like something any of those guys would have written. Were I you, I'd follow it. In fact,

I'll going to go with you. The letter didn't say you had to go alone or anything."

She had a point. And, truth be told, my curiosity had already overtaken my sense of caution. Her words only made me more sure of myself. But, I knew that if it was something I was going to do, I needed to do it on my own, on my terms.

"No, that's okay. I think the last thing I need is a half-drunk tagalong. "

Bonny scowled and pouted. "Party pooper."

"I'll still include you," I told her with a cheerful smile. "Do you have a cell phone?"

She nodded and held up her small purse.

"Okay. I'm going to send you a text message every step of the way. If you don't get one from me after three minutes from the last, call in the National Guard. What's your number?"

I programmed her cell number into my contact list and then opened my message program. I was ready, or at least as close as I could get to it.

"Do you even remember where your old locker is?" she asked me.

I laughed and tucked my phone in my dress pocket. "Are you kidding me? How could I forget? It was stuck between the chemistry classroom and 'Stinky' Stewie Lambert's locker. Every trip to it was torture."

"Oh, that's right. You poor thing."

"Yes, poor me. Hopefully things have improved since then."

A twinkle lit up Bonny's eyes, and she smiled. "You'll only know if you get over there, so go. And don't forget to text me! I want to know every move you make. One missed message and I'm bringing the whole dance floor with me to find you. Understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied with a nod.

"Good, then get out of here. Have fun!"

I echoed Bonny's smile as I turned and left the gym. My old locker was on the second floor, so from memory I knew I needed to turn left. Down the well-lit hall was a stairwell, and I took each step with a bounce.

The second floor of Weatherbee Academy was as brightly lit as the first, and here and there I saw people walking about, most likely visiting past haunts. As I saw couples walking arm in arm, my spirits fell bit by bit. It was hard seeing people happy and in love. I missed that, missed it terribly. My spirits lifted, though, when I arrived at my locker in the north-west corner of the school and saw an envelope taped to it.

It looked identical to the one handed to me at the sign-in desk. I took it in my hand and pulled it from the small metal door, then opened it. As I pull the note out, the first thing that struck me was the fruity smell of perfume wafting up from the paper. I don't recognize it at first, but after sniffing the note a few times my memory kicked in and I had to smile. It was Electric Youth by Debbie Gibson, the only perfume I'd worn when I was a kid. Now the citrus and fruit scent seemed overbearing, but back then I thought it made me smell like a star. After the nostalgia of the perfume wore off, I opened the note and read it.

I always felt so bad that you had to come to this foul little corner day after day, it read, but no matter how bad it smelled, you always overcame it with your smiles and laughter. The perfume didn't hurt either. Now I can't walk past a fruit stand without thinking of you. If you want to hear more, come to where your arch-nemesis finally fell from grace.

As before, nothing about the note caused me alarm. In fact, this one felt even sweeter than the first one. But, with it the mystery only deepened. Before I could tackle it, though, I had to let Bonny know I was okay.

IM GOOD, I texted. HUNT STILL ON.

A few seconds later she replied, LOL. DOGS CALLED OFF. TELL ME WHAT YOU FIND NEXT.

That done, I read the note one more time before putting it back in its envelope. My arch-nemesis? Who had those, outside of comic book superheroes? I hadn't interacted much with the people I'd gone to school with, and if I'd had few friends I'd had even fewer enemies. The only person I had ever really had trouble with was Tamara Hope. But she... and that was when it hit me – the pie heard round the world. The sudden recollection of that event caused me to laugh so hard I had to bend over and grab my knees. Oh my god, yes. One of the few shining moments of my academy days.

Tamara Hope had been a bitch. There was no use gilding that particular lily. She was a bitch, and everyone had known it, especially the group of girls she had cowed into following her. And, for reasons I'd never fully understood, she'd hated me. Maybe it was because she didn't impress or scare me, or perhaps it was because I wanted push away everything she felt was so important. Either way, she'd had a hate on for me something fierce, and somehow she'd found a way to bring a little misery to my life every day of my childhood.

All that had ended, though, one day in the lunch room when her boyfriend, Travis, had shoved a slice of lemon pie into her gaping face. The roar of laughter that had gone up after the pie landed nearly brought the roof down, and though I hate to admit it now, my voice had been the loudest of them all. At the time I'd had no idea what had brought it on, but that hadn't mattered. Just the sight of her with yellow lemon filling and white meringue stuck to her face like plaster was enough to give my life meaning. Later I learned that Travis had found out she was cheating on him with some guy on the football team, and since he figured she'd publically disgraced him it was only fitting he did the same. After that I must have fallen pretty low on

Tamara's list of priorities, because she practically ignored me for the rest of the year. Then again, she'd ignored everyone. I think she'd wanted to get out of school even more than I did.

With that revelation I had my next objective, so I aimed my feet for the nearest stairwell and took off walking, texting Bonny so that she was abreast of the development. Luckily the lunch room was directly beneath my locker, so the journey was a short one. When I came to the double push doors that led into the cafeteria, I had to stop and stare. It'd been two decades since I'd seen those doors, yet it felt like only yesterday that I'd strode through them hungry as a bear, wishing every day was pizza day. The lunch room was second only to the library on my list of places in the academy I didn't hate.

As I fired off another quick text message to Bonny, a voice to my right said, "I don't think they're serving food in there."

I turned and saw a small group of people conversing near the old art room. One of them was looking my direction, and I recognized him as Brad Murray. The lack of recognition in his eyes said that he had no memory of me.

"That's okay," I replied, tucking my phone back in my pocket. "I'm not hungry."

Brad nodded, flashed a quick smile, and then shifted back to his friends.

With a soft push I opened the cafeteria's swinging doors. Inside, the room was smaller than I remembered it, as were the tables and chairs. I looked around for my next clue, and on a table in the back left corner I saw an envelope and a rose. I smiled because that was the table I'd always sat at with Bonny.

The rose was red and had a long stem with the thorns removed. It smelled far better than my old perfume. Beneath it was the envelope.

The day Tamara fell from grace was one I'll never forget, the note inside read. *Not only*

because it was so funny in its own right, but also because of the joy it seemed to give you. She had tormented you for so long, so seeing her get some of that back seemed like sweet justice. Perhaps that was petty of us, but we were children, so it's excusable. This chase is growing thin, though, so let's end it. If you want to meet me, go to where you came the closest to ever showing school spirit. I'll be waiting.

School spirit? So far as I could recall, I'd never shown even the barest hint of school spirit. It hadn't been in my nature then, and it certainly wasn't now. But, the note said I had, so there had to have been a moment. A handful of seconds later I knew where I needed to go – the athletics center.

I didn't date much in my youth. I'd had the occasional boyfriend, but one that stuck out was Shane Sizemore. He'd been the captain of the lacrosse team, and to my young eyes the most beautiful man ever born. His light blond hair would have made any California surfer envious, his blue eyes sparkled in the sunlight, and his arms... oh, his arms. When I was wrapped up in them, I'd felt like the luckiest girl in the world. I was safe there.

Sadly, the day after I gave my virginity to him, I found out how wrong I'd been. Shane had barely given me the time of day, and by the end of the week he'd had that skank Patty Owens on his arm. It'd been awful. But, for the few weeks he and I had been together, I'd actually taken an interest in school sports. My hands had been clapping, my voice raised in joyous shouts. If there had been a moment of school spirit, that would have been it.

After sending off a short text to Bonny I made my way to a doorway and walked across the brightly lit outside walkway that led to the athletics center. Weatherbee Academy had a very robust sports program, with everything from golf and swimming to football and lacrosse, so the athletic center was a large building that dominated over half of the campus. As I walked to it, it

never occurred to me that the person leaving me the notes was the very last person I'd want to see at the reunion. The idea of Shane being able to write those notes was preposterous. But, when I opened the door and saw him standing at the far end of the room, a drink in hand and swaying in front of his team's old trophies, the idea became horrifyingly real.

OMG, I texted to Bonny. ITS SHANE.

SHANE?! She replied. WHERE?

ATHLETIC BLDG. THIS SUX.

I slapped my phone closed, and the sound of the plastic hitting together caught Shane's attention. He turned toward me, his eyes swimming drunkenly in his head.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Princess Peach finally decides to grace us with her presence. Aren't we lucky."

I wasn't in the mood for him. Seeing his face made all of the pleasant feelings tonight's mystery had created burn away into cinders. I'd hoped to find... I don't know... something better than a drunken ex-boyfriend. On a disappointment scale of one to ten, this went to eleven.

"You're drunk," I replied. My phone started vibrating in my hand, but I ignored it.

Shane chuckled as he tossed his empty glass toward a nearby garbage can. He missed it, and the glass shattered as it hit the floor, but he didn't care. "What can I say? The prospect of seeing you again made drinking seem like the thing to do."

Oh, that was rich. He was the one who'd mapped out my trip down memory lane, yet I was the bad one? Who did he think he was? I walked over to him and stuck my right index finger into his chest.

"Screw you, Shane," I said. "If you think I wanted to see you here, forget it."

He smiled a sloppy grin and spread his arms open. They were still large, but their muscles

weren't as firm as they used to be. "Oh, come on. Don't be like that, baby. Of course you wanted to see me. Why else would you come here?"

"I'm asking myself that same question," I replied.

Shane took my finger off his chest and held my hand in his large mitts. "Don't be coy. You came because you wanted to see me. Admit it. You still have feelings for me."

"Only if you count hatred."

His grin widened, and his hands slid up to my arms. "Hatred, and yet here you are. That has to mean something."

"Only that I'm an idiot," I replied with a slow shake of my head. In my hand, my phone continued to vibrate.

Shane pulled me closer to him, and I could smell the pungent odor of whiskey on his breath. "Don't be so hard on yourself, baby. That's my job."

The laugh he gave his joke made me sick, and I tried to step away from him, but his hands held me tight. "Let go of me."

He turned me like we were dancing, and the leering gaze on his face sent a shiver up my spine. He was drunker than I'd thought.

"I said let go of me."

"Only if you give me a kiss first," he replied, lowering his face toward mine.

Behind us I heard the door to the athletic center open violently, and a strong voice said, "Get away from her, Shane!"

Shane turned his head to reply, and I used his momentary distraction to drive my right knee deep into his crotch in as forceful a move as I could manage. Air blew out of his mouth in a boozy gust as he fell to the floor, his hands groping for his balls all the way down. As he

dropped, I saw a person standing behind him. At first I thought it was Bonny, but as the figure stepped further into the light I saw that it was her twin brother, Billy. I'd forgotten how much they favored each other, like mirrored halves of the gender coin. At that moment he was the most beautiful person alive.

"A damsel in distress you are not," he said with a thousand-watt smile.

I gave him a small curtsy. "No, but you're certainly a knight in shining armor."

Billy laughed and walked toward me. Meanwhile, Shane managed to get himself into a kneeling position, his crotch still cupped in his hands.

"You bitch," he said through clinched teeth. "You fucking teasing bitch."

"Oh shut up, Shane," Billy said. "You're lucky a knee to the balls was all you got."

I could barely look down at my ex without feeling disgust. "I told you twice to let me go. Twice."

Without warning Shane uncupped his balls and grabbed my arm. The look in his eyes was pure anger. "I'm going to sue your –"

He didn't get a chance to finish his sentence before Billy lashed out and punched him square in the face. Shane's eyes instantly rolled up into his head, and he fell back to the floor unconscious. A couple droplets of blood oozed from his nose, but other than that he seemed okay. Nothing an aspirin and an ice pack wouldn't cure.

"What an asshole," Billy said as he rubbed the knuckles of his right hand. "You want to call the police?"

I considered the question, but after a moment I figured it wasn't worth it. He hadn't hurt me, and if push came to shove I had a witness. I shook my head before turning toward the door.

"No, I'm fine. The less time I spend in his presence, the better."

Billy stepped close, took off his black pea coat, and laid it over my shoulders before walking me out of the athletic building.

"What on Earth were you doing in there?" he asked me. His words came out in white puffs as they entered the chilly night air.

I felt foolish answering him, but I knew I had to be honest, even if only with myself. "Following a stupid girl's dream, I guess."

Billy stopped walking and looked down at me. "What?"

The blush that spread across my face was partially from the chill and partially from embarrassment. I said, "I was given a note earlier tonight, and it lead me to others throughout the school. I thought... I thought they were written by someone who loved me. The way they were written was so sweet, and I dared to think the person behind them was just as sweet. But he wasn't. At the end of the trail I found Shane. You can imagine my disappointment."

The laugh that tumbled out of Billy's mouth was full and loud, but it wasn't mocking. "You silly woman, those were from me."

"What?" I asked, my eyes wide in surprise. "You?"

Billy nodded. "Of course. Who else would know you as well as I did? I always stood in my sister's shadow, hoping you'd notice me, watching and waiting for the day you'd see me standing there."

"But... You never said anything."

"I was too shy."

My mind was racing a mile a minute, but I couldn't take my eyes off the gorgeous face in front of me. The innocent vulnerability written across it had me spellbound. "You aren't shy anymore."

"I'm older now," he replied. "And hopefully wiser."

"Okay, so... you wrote the notes. I can get that. But then why have me come to the athletic center?"

Billy smirked and shook his head. "You weren't supposed to go there. You were supposed to go the swimming pool. I knew my clue was too vague on that last one."

"Swimming pool?" I replied, tilting my head to the side. "Why there?"

"Remember that time I joined the swim team? Don't worry if you can't, it didn't last long. I only had one meet before I decided it wasn't for me. But, for that one race you were there. You and Bonny both, holding a sign with my name on it. It was the only time I'd ever seen you at an event that had anything to do with the school. I'd completely forgotten about your time with Shane. If I had I would have been more specific."

The sad look that passed through his eyes pulled at my heartstrings, and inside my heart I could feel my walls beginning to crumble, brick by brick. In a surge of emotion that had been pent up for far too long I took his face in my hands and guided his lips down to mine. They were a little rough and dry, but they were also warm, and when our mouths opened I could tell that his breath was sweet. His tongue gently touched my teeth, as though he was unsure how deep to take the kiss, so I showed him by inhaling and drawing it into my mouth. My tongue drifted around his in lazy turns, and my lips closed on it, sucking it. Our teeth clicked together, and then I felt his hands caress the sides of my head. I could feel a slight growth of stubble on his chin and above his upper lip, but it only made me want to get that much closer. He was in turn gentle and demanding, and it made my knees weak.

After a minute we pulled away from each other and took deep breaths.

"Wow," he said with a gasp. "I have never been kissed like that in my life."

"I never wanted to kiss someone like that, so back at ya."

He closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment, then said, "I guess the night wasn't a total loss then."

I leaned into him and laughed. "Who said the night's over? Did I have another note waiting for me at the pool?"

Billy shook his head. "Nope, just me with roses in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other. It was supposed to have been romantic. I'm sure your feet would have been properly swept out from under you."

A warm glow filled my chest and trickled down into my belly. "Then let's go."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

With a swing of his arm we turned to the indoor pool that sat on the west side of the athletic building.

"By the way," I said, "how did you know where I was?"

"Bonny called me. She helped me get all this setup – don't be mad – and when she saw your text she knew you weren't in the right place. I went to you as soon as I knew what had happened. You running into Shane was just plain bad luck."

Understanding dawned on me. "Oh, so that's why she encouraged me to follow that note. And that answers why my phone kept buzzing. Remind me to thank her."

"Will do."

We came to the swimming area, and Billy opened the glass doors that led inside. The lights were off, but a glow from the outside more than lit up the building. Halfway down the length of the main pool I saw a red blanket spread out on the tiled ground a few yards from it,

and sitting on the blanket were two wine glasses. The roses and bottle of wine were on the ground nearby, presumably where he'd set them to come running.

"That is so sweet," I said before turning to look up at him.

Billy smiled softly. "Don't make me blush. It's unmanly."

I took his hand, kissed it, and walked him to the blanket. "Depends on the man," I said. I then shifted around until I was sitting on the ground. It was hard to do that in the dress I was wearing, but I managed with a little help from him. Soon after we were both sitting and sipping white wine. I had no idea who the wine maker was, but it was gentle and fruity with a slightly dry aftertaste.

"I can't believe you're here," he said, swirling his glass. "I've dreamed of this so many times, but I never thought it would actually happen."

The warm glow that had spread throughout my chest and stomach flowed up to my face. More of my inner walls fell as I looked at his beautiful face and saw honest affection there. "Why me?" I asked. "Not to jinx things, you understand, but you could have had any girl you wanted. I should have been the last person on your list, especially with how I seemed to never see you back then."

Billy took a sip of wine and replied, "Because you were everything I wanted to be but didn't have the courage. You hated all those pretentious people. So did I. You were strong enough to say so, though. It seemed like every thought and feeling I had was echoed in you. You were like this burning sun, and even though I wanted to tell you that, I was too afraid. So, after you left, I took those feelings and kept them inside, hidden from the world. I wanted to cherish them by myself. Is that stupid?"

I wanted to laugh, but even as innocent as it would have been I could tell that wasn't the

moment for it. Instead I said, "Given how short life is, probably, but there's nothing you can do about it now. Just make sure you don't keep doing that."

"Well, you're here," he said as he put his glass down. "That's a good first step. Maybe some dreams do come true."

I could almost hear the final stones crumbling in my heart, and in that moment I knew I had to let myself go or I'd never forgive myself. There, in the undulating light of the pool, I knew I had a chance to have what I'd always wanted – a man who knew me, who understood me, and he wanted me in spite of all that. So, like a bird flying through the door to a cage that had finally been opened, I threw my glass into the pool and lunged at him. He caught me as he fell backward onto the blanket, and my hands were caressing his face as I kissed him over and over again. My lips felt like they were on fire, and I was afraid that I would burn him, but he kissed me back just as hard, and his lips were just as hot. Our tongues slipped over and around each other like children at play. I could feel myself getting drawn into his mouth.

"I have wanted you for so long," he said as his hands reached into my hair.

"Then have me," I told him, meaning every word. "Have me right here and now."

He kissed me so hard that our noses were mashed together, and his hands moved from my hair to my back as he sought out the zipper to my dress. His questing fingers found their target quickly, and within seconds my top was unzipped and pulled down to my waist. My black bra stood out against my pale skin in the evening glow, and I could feel my skin prickle as the cool air blew across it.

"You're better than any dream," he said as he looked up at me.

Before I could turn into a puddle at the warmth in his eyes, I reached behind me and unclasped my bra. The flimsy material fell away, and as I sat there on top of him I'd never felt so

alive. His hands came up and grabbed my breasts gently. He squeezed them before taking my nipples between his thumb and index fingers and pinching them. I leaned over him, and as soon as my breasts were close enough he took the right one in his mouth. I gasped as his hot lips encircled my nipple and sucked. It felt as hard as a ripe cherry. He sucked it eagerly, and his tongue flicked across it before his teeth took light nibbles. I moaned as he shifted over to my other breast and gave it the same loving treatment. He squeezed and licked and sucked until my panting turned into cries.

"Take the rest of that dress off," he said into my ear like a late summer breeze.

Without hesitation I got to my feet and pulled my dress down over my hips. Once it was off I grabbed my black panties and slid them to my ankles. As I was about to kick those off as well Billy caught my foot and removed them reverently. He then undid the strap of my shoe and removed it like he were Prince Charming, but in reverse. He kissed my toes and then the arch of my foot before setting it down and doing the same to my other foot.

Wanting desperately to reciprocate, I knelt down on the floor next to him and unbuttoned his shirt. The chest beneath it was well muscled, and the light spread of hair on it was the same dirty blonde as the hair on his head. It tickled my palms as I ran my fingers through it on my way up to his collar. Once the shirt was removed I reached for his belt buckle and pulled at it. The damn belt loops almost burst before I had the buckle undone and the length of shiny black leather unspooled.

"Aggressive much?" he asked with a soft laugh.

Raising my right eyebrow at him, I laid my hand against his crotch and squeezed. "I want what I want when I want it," I told him. I felt his cock harden and twitch beneath me as I stroked it through his pants. He groaned and leaned back on the blanket. With a purr I leaned forward

and pressed the fabric of his pants down close to his skin, then put my mouth against it and breathed into the material. His dick surged against my face, straining to be free, and I could sense Billy lifting his ass to be even closer to me.

"How badly do you want me to suck your dick?" I asked him.

Billy moaned and put his hands on his face. "There aren't words."

Chuckling low in my throat, I unbuttoned his pants and slid them down his legs. Beneath them he wore black silk boxers, and the way they lifted upward was impressive. After his pants and socks were discarded I grabbed his underwear and slowly pulled them off. He nearly vibrated as he laid there, his entire body on fire as I exposed all of him. Once his cock was free and pointed into the air like a rocket that wanted to blast into the sky, he moaned.

It's not often that I've had the pleasure of saying someone had a pretty dick. Most of the time they barely rate looking at. No offense, but a lot of them are just poles of meat that perform a function, and that's as far as I thought about them. Billy, though, had a very pretty dick. The skin was smooth and unblemished, a blood-flushed red from head to balls, and it twitched in time with his raging heartbeat. I loved looking at it, but I knew I'd love sucking on it even more, so I bent over him and took the tip in my mouth.

A small pearl of pre-cum sat at the opening of his cock, and my tongue twirled it around his head before I lowered my mouth around the rest of it in one long swallow. He gasped as I took every inch of him into my mouth, and as my lips and tongue massaged his shaft I rubbed my tits on his leg, something past lovers had said they enjoyed. His cock was so hard in my mouth, like it was made of sun-warmed stone, and it was a pleasure to have it all to myself. Sometimes giving head is a chore, something to get through, but not this time. I felt like I had a live animal in my mouth, and I wanted to swallow it all.

When my right hand reached up and cuddled his balls, he bucked beneath me. The skin of his scrotum was tight, but I was able to roll his balls around in gentle motions while my mouth worked up and down on his cock, which got hotter and hotter. The longer I held him, the more he pumped, until finally it felt like he was fucking my mouth. I loved every second of it, especially when his pubic hair brushed my nose and tickled it. He smelled like soap and tasted like wine. But finally, just when I felt like my mouth couldn't take anymore, his balls tightened in my hand, and I knew what was about to happen. When he exploded in my mouth, he cried out and slapped his palms against the blanket.

"Oh my god!" he said, his chest rising and falling quickly.

His cum was warm and slightly salty. It took a few swallows, but eventually I was able to get it down and shift my body upward so that I could lie next to him. I laid my hand on his chest, feeling the rapid flutter of his heart, and I glowed knowing that I was the reason for it.

"If I were to die right now, it would be as a happy man," he said.

I laughed and played with his chest hair. "If it's all the same to you, I'd rather you stuck around a bit longer."

He turned and sat up on an elbow, then looked down at me. "Why? You think I owe you something in return?"

The mischievous twinkle in his eyes made me laugh again. "You bet your ass you do, but that isn't what I meant."

"What did you mean then?"

"I..." Unsure of what I'd intended to say, I paused until I could get my thoughts in order. Finally I said, "I mean that what you've done tonight has made me happier than I've been in a long time. I didn't know what that first note would bring, but somehow I knew it meant

something good, and every note after that confirmed it. This is a wonderful night, and I don't want it to stop."

Billy smiled and then reached over. "Who said it has to stop?" He ran his fingers under my breasts, barely brushing my nipples before he moved lower and touched the skin of my stomach. It wasn't the stomach of the girl I'd used to be. It was the stomach of a woman who'd enjoyed her fair share of good food and weekend long movie marathons. But he didn't seem to mind it. His fingers were gentle as they twirled around my belly button. My skin shivered as his fingertips, ever so slightly rough, danced across my ribs and ran across the tender skin below my stomach.

"Please," I whispered. The pounding in my chest was sending blood rushing through my ears.

"Please what?" he replied as his hand drifted a little lower, edging into my pubic hair.

A jolt ran through me. "You know what."

His mouth neared my right ear and he licked my earlobe as his hand moved another agonizing inch lower. "I have no idea what you mean."

Every part of me was burning, and it was all I could do not to grab his hand and force it where I wanted it. My lips barely functioned as I said, "Touch it."

His teeth nibbled at my diamond stud earring before he kissed my neck and shoulder. He then said, "You mean, touch *this*?" As the word left his mouth, his hand slid down and pressed against my pussy. I swear I could hear skin sizzle from the heat of his hand on me, and my body lifted into the air to grind against him. He pushed me back down, and then his fingers began playing with my labia, caressing the cleft between my legs like a musician tuning an instrument. My thighs closed on him as tight as a vice, but that didn't stop him from slipping a finger into

me. I groaned and moaned like a caged beast.

I wanted to cry his name out, but my words were smothered by his lips as he kissed me. Our breath was like the bellows of a furnace as we groaned against each other, and I moaned even harder as his finger slipped in and out of my wet pussy. His palm then pressed into my clit and rubbed it, sending jolts of electricity coursing through me. My pleasure was so intense that I hadn't noticed he'd moved down until I felt both of his hands on my thighs, gently trying to pry my locked legs apart.

"Is there a magic word I need to use?" he asked, his face so eager at my knees.

I couldn't part my legs quickly enough, and he settled between them with ease. His breath washed over my pussy as his fingers played with my lips. He treated them like they were the petals of a rare flower, and as he pulled them apart his mouth closed on my clit. I grabbed the back of his head, my fingers barely able to twine around his hair, and pushed him into me. As his teeth and tongue played with my clit, his fingers probed inside me. Every motion was like a whispered promise. He licked and sucked, twirled and explored. I was an unknown world, and he wanted to explore every inch of me. His tongue delved past my lips and tasted my inner sex in long, slow licks that made my jaw lock. I was an ice cream cone, a lollipop, a sacred wine, and he consumed me until I couldn't take anymore. Second by second I could feel my orgasm building. But, before I could pour myself all over his face and hands, he pulled back and rose up between my legs.

"I have to be inside you," he said, his face red and slick from our efforts.

I looked down at his cock, and it was purple from all the blood pumping through it. In the heat of the moment I hadn't seen him do it, but a condom was already sheathed over his dick. At that moment all I wanted was to feel him engulfed in my pussy, so I parted my legs further and

said, "Then fuck me. Right now. Fuck me hard or slow, but please just fuck me."

Looking like he'd been told the secret of the universe, Billy took his cock in his hand and guided it toward my pussy while he used his other arm to keep his body raised above me. I was only able to enjoy the sensation of his dick resting against the outer edge of my vagina for a moment before he thrust forward and plunged deeply into me.

The surge of pleasure that shot through my body was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. At that moment my entire world had shrunk to our coupled bodies, and then further to his cock and my pussy as we turned into one person. I grabbed his shoulders and felt his muscles flex as he thrust into me, and with every inch that moved in and out I felt my mind filling with bliss. I had never been fucked like that, and I didn't know if I could handle the overwhelming sensation for long.

"I was made for you," he said as he sank into me.

I looked into his eyes, and he meant what he said. In his face I saw years of longing. He had wanted me, and now he had me. And he looked back at me just as hard. He didn't look down at his cock as he took me, or at my breasts as they shivered with his thrusts, but right in my eyes. It was a moment of magic I'd never known possible.

"We were made for each other," I whispered back.

I put my hands on his chest, and his pecs were warm stone slabs beneath my fingers. I felt his body tense with every downward thrust, and the way our bodies fit so perfectly together made my head swim. I was a velvet glove made just for him, and he filled it over and over again.

"I'm cumming," I said as my breathing grew ragged and my chest heaved. "Oh dear god I'm cumming."

"Then cum with me," he said, grinding his pelvis into mine. His skin rubbed against my

clit, his cock grew even larger inside me. Finally, when I could take no more of it, I exploded in a flood of sensation so strong I nearly blacked out. A second later I felt his body tense up, and then he moaned loudly as he came inside me, bursting like hot champagne.

Billy lowered himself next to me as all his strength left him. When his cock slipped free of me I felt suddenly empty, without purpose. When he was on his back I removed his condom and had him back in my hand. He laughed as I stroked his glimmering wet shaft slowly.

"Dear god, woman," he said. "Can you not get enough?"

"Of this thing?" I asked, giving his dick a playful tug. "Never."

He pulled his arm around my shoulders and held me close. "Do you want to do it again?"

"Tonight?" I replied. His cock was already gaining strength again, so I knew he could if we wanted.

"Yes, tonight," he said with a chuckle. "But we don't have to keep things to just tonight, you know. I didn't plan this whole evening out for just some one night fling. I've loved you for too long for that."

That took me aback. I knew from his notes and words that he cared for me, but the "L" word took me by surprise. "Don't say that," I told him. "Love is a strong word."

"Yes, I suppose," he said. "Still, I know that the boy I was back then loved the girl you were, and I seriously doubt the years have changed either of us so much that we couldn't love each other now. And don't worry about me having some sort of impossibly dreamy image of who you are. I'm not that naive. I just know that I've spent too many years regretting my lack of courage, and I won't let that hold me back anymore. If you think this is something you want to work at, I will do everything in my power to make it happen. And not for nothing, but my powers are considerable. I loved you once, Sarah Jansen, and I can love you again. Hopefully

you can love me too."

Hearing his words made tears well up in my eyes, but I held them in check as best I could. At that moment I didn't want tears. I wanted to enjoy our bodies pressed together, our hearts beating in time with each other. We had created our own little world, and I was content to just lay there and enjoy it. Tomorrow would take care of itself.

The End