

## ***A note from Lane Roberts***

*This story is my gift to readers. No signup, no catch, no nonsense.*

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## **The Guy**

“I never...” Teresa’s girlfriend hesitated, holding her wine glass high, as if she were delivering a toast. In actuality, she was daring herself to finish the sultry thought. Her eyes flicked nervously to the jesting grins of the girls gathered around her. Finally, with a deep breath, the courage surfaced. “I never... went down on a guy... in a public place.”

The room erupted into nervous laughter, jeers, and a chorus of “Oh my God!” from the tribe of girlfriends surrounding their sleep over circle. Comfy pajamas. Pillows. And wine, of course wine. Glasses were raised in unison, though only one woman took a sip. Her bold admission quickly met with flying pillows, friendly jibes, and playful cries of, “You sluuuutt!”

Girls’ weekend. Not just any girls’ weekend, though. Teresa had known these women since college. These were deep rooted friendships. Solid. Tested over years, into marriages, through divorces, around children, - up, down, over and under all of the unpredictable twists and perils of life. Together, they stepped forward into adulthood and now they navigated life’s hazards with an unshakable bond. Reliable. Like I said, tested.

Every summer, they returned to their alma mater, Notre Dame. No, not the cathedral in Paris. South Bend, Indiana. One member would rent a house for the weekend, and the others would pitch in with plane tickets, Uber rides, and naturally - wine. Always wine.

The circle was buzzing when one of the women turned to Teresa, her grin mischievous. “Teresa’s got a story like that.”

“No, I don’t,” Teresa shot back quickly.

“Oh, come on,” the woman teased, dragging out her words. “You know. The guuuuuyyy?!?”

Teresa raised her brow. “What guy?”, her tone deceptive and lightly defensive.

Another chimed in, her eyes alight with recognition. “Oh yeah! I remember. Go on. Tell them about ‘The Guy,’ Teresa.”

Teresa hesitated. She had known exactly who they meant the moment the topic surfaced. The story of “The Guy” wasn’t just a college fling. The tale had taken on a kind of mythic quality over the years for Teresa. The story resembled a drama but was more a historical tale stretching back to those college years. She had stopped at an enclosed ATM vestibule, when “The Guy” strolled in, holding the trifecta hand for attraction: tall, dark, and handsome. But he also held a bonus pair of pocket kings: athleticism and charm. That’s a tough hand to beat. Young and inexperienced, Teresa found herself utterly captivated by his presence, as though she’d been transported to another world just by standing near him.

The vestibule housed two ATMs, each with its own small line. Teresa and “The Guy” ended up at opposing machines, a silent exchange unfolding between them as they waited in line. Without saying a word, they began a playful, unspoken conversation through fleeting glances and coy gestures. Teresa brushed a strand of hair from her face while his Irish green eyes danced from the floor... over to Teresa...then cast onto the ceiling, but they always returned back to her.

His shyness eventually dissolved, and when she caught a true look of those eyes, they weren’t just green; they shifted, deepening to a mossy hue when shadows touched them. In the right light, they held the power to disarm her, as though staring into a forest at dawn - calm, endless, and dangerous. His gaze lingered, intense and knowing, as if he could see every thought that she was too afraid to speak. And when he looked at her, really looked, she felt like drowning in something wild and untamed, something she didn’t want to escape.

She debated whether to say something, maybe ask him a casual question, but youth has a way of wrapping us in self-doubt. Her inexperience and self-consciousness held her firmly in place. Slowly, the lines moved forward until they were both standing at their respective ATMs, the last two in the vestibule. Teresa’s nerves bubbled up. She rushed through the screen prompts, suddenly hyper aware of her actions. She knew she looked flustered but couldn’t figure out why. The machine’s gears whirled as if taking an eternity to dispense her cash, feeding her growing impatience.

Finally - BEEP. The screen flashed the prompt to collect her cash, card, and receipt. Teresa snagged her card, stuffing it into her clutch along with her cash, then zipping the small bag within a wink. She ripped the receipt from the machine while pivoting toward the door when - BAM! She collided directly into him, just as he turned from his own machine.

He was taller, much taller. Her head had bumped squarely into his chest. The impact slowed her chaotic urgency, almost as if hitting pause on the moment. Her social recovery plan was simple: look up and apologize. But...those eyes...those late Spring green eyes...their mesmerizing effect. When her's met his', everything around them faded. His nearness sent a ripple through her, like a storm brewing just beneath Teresa's skin. Her thoughts became a blur of sensations. Childish words floated to her mind: "princess," "forever," and "Disney." She couldn't explain why, but she felt swept up in something larger than herself, which made her nearly drop her clutch while her ATM receipt slipped away, floating like a feather between his feet.

On instinct, Teresa rose onto her toes, her hand trailing upward to the back of his head. Gently, she pulled him closer and kissed him. For a moment, he froze, caught off guard. But then, slowly, his lips softened, and the kiss deepened into something meaningful. They hadn't exchanged a single word, yet the connection between them felt almost otherworldly, as if this existed on a plane beyond reason.

And then, just as suddenly as the whole thing had started, Teresa bolted.

"WHAT?" The collective gasp from her girlfriends was deafening, their disbelief palpable. Questions came rapid-fire. "How could you?" "Why?" "Where is he now?" "I don't get it!"

Teresa shook her head, her whispered reply unwavering. "I don't know. I don't know."

The group eventually dispersed, frustrated by the lack of a satisfying ending to her story. But for Teresa, the memory of the mysterious young man lingered. This wasn't the first time. Over the years, she had replayed that encounter countless times, imagining alternate endings and weaving "what if" scenarios into the fabric of her regrets. Whenever she endured heartbreak, another failed relationship or a rough breakup, her mind inevitably drifted back to him.

He had become her emotional anchor, the centerpiece of every fantasy she used to soothe herself. Even her private, "me times" or personal fantasy experience came back to their shared emotional center. The memory of that fleeting, unexplained connection brought her comfort, with underlying longing. That night, as always, thoughts of him lulled her to sleep, leaving her with romantic and erotic dreams of what might have been.

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The next morning greeted the women with an air of excitement, as though the day held an adventure waiting to unfold. The group had splintered into smaller clusters, exploring a lively street fair. Teresa found herself gravitating toward two of her former roommates, the ones she felt most at ease with, the ones who allowed her to be her true self. The others?

Still cherished friends, but some friendships demanded the expectation of “good girl” perfection, a performance Teresa needed to momentarily step away from. For now, she was happily assigned to “1st Battalion, Fun Company,” where laughter and lightheartedness replaced judgment.

As they wandered past cotton candy vendors, carnival game booths, and stalls of amateur artists, Teresa’s squad leader convinced her to sit for a portrait by a bohemian-artist. The attractive, middle-aged woman had surrounded her makeshift studio with energy globes and aura beads which created a soothing sensation. Teresa accepted the order without any resistance to the idea. With a playful shrug, she perched herself on the artist’s creaky wooden chair like a bird settling into its nest.

From her seat, Teresa kept an eye on her two roommates, who stood behind the artist, watching the drawing take shape. At first, their faces were lit with curiosity, but soon their expressions began to shift. Puzzlement crept in. The two exchanged glances, their brows furrowing slightly.

“What?” Teresa asked, smirking.

Neither answered. One leaned closer to get a better look while the other squinted, her head tilting slightly. Teresa’s curiosity turned into uneasiness. “What’s she drawing? Is it a caricature?” she asked, laughing nervously.

Still, no answer. Finally, one of her friends took a step towards the artist, as if ready to intervene, but the other grabbed her arm and pointed to a small sign next to the artist. They both stared at the sign for a moment, then exchanged knowing nods. The first retreated back to her spot, her expression now returning to her original curiosity.

Teresa raised an eyebrow. “What did you guys get me into?” she teased, settling back into the chair.

For a brief moment, silence reigned between them. The ambient buzz of the fair blended into a distant, muffled hum. The only distinct sound was the scratch of the artist’s charcoal pencil, a rhythmic, almost hypnotic noise against the canvas. Teresa drifted into a gentle, meditative trance, as if this bohemian woman were pulling fragments of joy from her, like whispers of light, and weaving them into the canvas.

Before Teresa could stir herself from her peaceful daydreaming, the bohemian woman peeked from behind the canvas, a soft “All done” escaping her lips. She stepped aside, revealing her creation. Teresa rose slowly, her gaze catching the playful glint in her friends’ eyes as she rounded the easel. The artist turned the canvas toward her, and time seemed to shatter into stillness.

Her breath caught, as she folded both hands around her lips. Her chest tightened. Color drained from her face, leaving her ashen, as if she'd come face to face with a ghost.

Her friends erupted into laughter, one of them throwing an arm around her shoulders. "He's handsome, isn't he?" they teased.

But Teresa could not respond. She could not move. Her wide eyes were fixed on the portrait, her mind swirling. Finally, she managed to whisper one word: "How?"

One of her friends giggled. "How what?" She pointed to the artist's posting.

The sign read: *I will draw your soulmate.*

What her friends did not know was that the gypsy artist had captured *him*. The boy from the ATM, some fifteen years ago. The gypsy artist had somehow drawn...*The Guy*.

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Teresa held the portrait in both hands, her fingers tracing its edges as though the image might slip away. Another platoon of girlfriends wandered into the portrait tent, buzzing with their usual banter. One chatted about a guy selling handmade earrings, another was on the hunt for deep fried Snickers bars. But Teresa did not hear them. She remained transfixed, her thoughts locked on the drawing.

One of the ladies from the invading friendship squad, chomping gum and cradling an almost empty fountain drink, sidled up to Teresa. She shook her cup, the crushed ice rattling like an impatient complaint. "Where's Aiden?" she asked, her words casual yet cutting through the chatter.

Teresa's squad exchanged puzzled looks. "Who's Aiden?" one of them asked.

The gum chomper took one last, loud sip of air from her straw before gesturing at Teresa's portrait with the drink as her pointer. "Aiden. Where's Aiden?"

A hush fell over the group. Even the gum chewing paused, the woman now twirling her gum between her teeth as she sensed the weight of the moment. A friend from Teresa's group stepped forward, her tone guarded. "That's not...Aiden. That's *The Guy*. Teresa's guy. Who's Aiden?"

But the gum chomper scoffed, her tone a blend of mockery and certainty. "No... *That's* Aiden. We went to school with him. He's the soccer coach now."

Teresa's breath twitched. "What?"

“He coaches soccer,” the girl said, her voice matter-of-fact.

Another friend jumped in. “Wait, where?”

“Here,” Gum Chomper replied, as if this were the most obvious thing in the world. Her voice dipped into sarcasm. “What do you mean, *where*?”

Teresa’s squad leader pressed further, pointing at the portrait. “So, you’re telling me the guy in this picture is the Notre Dame soccer coach?”

“Uh-huh.” The gum popped loudly, sealing her reply.

“And he’s the guy Teresa told us about last night?”

Gum chomper shrugged and gestured lazily at Teresa. “I guess so. Ask her.”

All eyes turned to Teresa, whose fingers traced the jawline of the portrait. Her voice was barely audible. “That’s him.”

Excitement ignited the group like a spark hitting dry kindling. One friend blurted, “This only happens in movies!” Another repeatedly muttered, “Holy shit. Holy shit.” Someone finally voiced what they were all thinking: “We’ve gotta find him.”

Teresa remained frozen, not responding to any of their excitement. The noise surrounding her faded as tension brewed, dripping into her mug of anxiety. For years, *The Guy* had been her escape, a pillar. She leaned on him through fantasy whenever life dealt from the bottom of the deck or fucked up the shuffle. But now, with reality closing in, she couldn’t help but wonder, would the real him measure up to the dream? Would that emotional crutch be there if she ever needed it?

When she finally emerged from her trance, the second platoon of girls had nearly vanished. She watched them fade into the crowd, stumbling over one another with determined energy. Alarmed, she asked, “Where are they going?”

A comrade from her own unit hesitated before replying, “I think... they’re going...to get him.”

Teresa’s shoulders slumped. What had been a deeply personal moment for her was quickly turning into a schoolyard spectacle. Recognizing her distress, one former roommate said, “We should get her home.”

“Before they get back,” the other agreed.

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At the rented house, Teresa sat on the edge of her bed, staring at the portrait resting on her lap. “How could the artist have known?” she murmured. The gypsy who sketched the drawing had captured something that felt almost supernatural. At times, Teresa leaned into ideas of a “forever person”. A Hallmark Christmas movie might nudge her into embracing “happily ever after”, but the effect never lingered for more than an hour or two. Real life eventually picked up where fantasy left off for Teresa. “Reality comes crashing down” had always been her default sentiment.

She was still lost in thought when Elina entered the room. Though not a close friend, Elina's serene presence had always been a quiet source of comfort. Elina hadn't attended the university, and to Teresa, she was more of an acquaintance. She had been a peripheral “friend of a friend” who had permeated the group over the years and eventually evolved into another loving member.

A bit eccentric. Well-traveled. Well spoken. Accepting of all. Elina's kindness was rare. Genuine. Almost palpable. She loved nature. And on first glance, most people would think that she would have loved the 60's, but we're all born into time period's we don't belong in.

“Oh. I didn't know that you were in here, Teresa. I am so sorry to disturb you,” Elina whispered. “I just need something from my bag.”

In truth, Teresa appreciated the kindness of the interruption. Again, Elina offered comforting company everywhere she went. Teresa felt like she was hanging out with someone who possessed the combined wisdom of a parent, a grandparent, and three generations of great grandparents. But that wisdom was never flaunted. No one would ever know this by looking at her.

Teresa smiled faintly. “You're fine. I'm embarrassed for being such a drama queen.”

“Shush,” Elina said softly. “Childhood memories can get overwhelming at times.”

Teresa waited to respond. She was remembering. While Elina waited to listen. She was supporting.

“I was nineteen,” Teresa laughed in a weak tone.

“Still developing,” Elina replied with quiet certainty. Her argument was two words, yet simple, direct, accepting, and undeniably solid. Teresa felt an instant connection. She appreciated feeling seen.

Teresa pressed for more wisdom, “Can I ask you something?”

Elina smiled, “About your crush?”

Teresa hesitated, stumbling over her words and her fear of seeming foolish. Her thoughts pervaded. Those thoughts were stuck in the mud. Elina sat patiently on the opposing bed, while Teresa pried the thoughts free from her mental tar pit. Clearly Elina had already endeared herself to Teresa, even close friends had trouble extending such charitable depths, but Elina's graceful essence bordered on an artform.

Her thoughts were liberated in chunks as Teresa stumbled through them, "I don't know him. He's just a fantasy.

"A fantasy that you kissed," Elina's words brought Aiden into reality a bit more. She had indeed touched him, in real life. She had a moment with him, in real life.

Teresa chuckled. "Yeah, but I was just a girl."

Elina's tone softened further as she drove straight to the heart of the matter "What is your biggest fear with this situation?"

Teresa trusted the candor of the question. She didn't even have to think before replying. She knew. "That if I meet him again, I'll lose the *idea* of him, the thing I lean on when life gets hard. Which inevitably happens."

Elina consumed the thought with a head nod. Teresa watched as Elina's mind chewed on her reply. She shot back with another equally gentle question, "All those times you leaned on the idea of him, do you think those moments would have been much easier if he were *actually* there to lean on?"

Teresa blinked, struck by the logic. She had no option but to capitulate with another smile.

Elina continued, her replies somehow now even more sympathetic, "There's always risk with the heart," Elina continued. "But with smart decisions, the rewards outweigh risks."

As Elina's simple logic burned through excuse after excuse, Teresa warmed herself with their incineration. Teresa could feel herself being set free. She shared a coyish smile when Elina accurately teased her about the inevitable number of dirty thoughts Teresa had likely had regarding Aiden over the years.

Her closing arguments were simply far too convincing to deny, "Here's the thing, Teresa. All those times that you leaned on the idea of Aiden. That's not what got you through those times. **YOU** got you through those times. **HE** was simply an idea. The real strength was already within you. The only choice now is, will you decide to turn '*the idea of him*' into '*the reality of him...and maybe enjoy life a little more from his presence*'?"

Teresa heard the faint echoes of clanking metal. Her emotional chains were loosening, and as the full effect of Elina’s wisdom struck her, Teresa heard the thud of those chains crashing to the floor.

Elina stood and moved to Teresa. She wrapped her arms around Teresa, offering an embrace so genuine it felt like a weighted blanket of love that had been warmed by the glow of a comforting fire. Friends like this were truly rare.

And just as smoothly as Elina had glided into the room, her presence evaporated.

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Moments later, Teresa emerged from the bedroom. Second Platoon, Giggle Company had returned from their scouting mission, accounting details regarding Aiden. Their seventh grade-like exuberance still percolated as one squad member squealed, “He’s going to meet you.”

Another assisted in the sentence, “Tonight. At 7:00”

The third squad member finished the report, “After practice. At the soccer complex”.

As if on cue, the three voices came together in a trio saying, “He’s taking you out”.

Teresa chuckled at their ridiculous performance. Two girls fell into the background, taking their shared dialogue about how hot Aiden looked with them. The third approached Teresa. She stated that Aiden said he was not normally into blind dates but considering that a gaggle of girls were campaigning for him, he considered the occasion.

Bathing in her newfound freedom, Teresa relished in her excitement. Her respiration and heart rate were accelerating, and Aiden wasn’t even in the room.

She recalled again how during her “me times”, if the novel that she was reading or the movie that she was watching wasn’t doing the job for her, Aiden’s memory always pushed her over the edge. In those fantasies she and Aiden had done everything: making love, quickies at work, hand jobs, blow jobs. Oh, and she’d lost count of the number of times he’d gone down on her. That was always the score kicker for her. Those fantasies extended into places, as well: bathtubs, kitchen countertops, backseats, closets at weddings, luxurious hotel rooms, even the 50-yard line of Notre Dame Stadium. The priests would have had a field day with that one.

Teresa chuckled to herself that she’d probably had more fantasy sex with Aiden than she’d ever had actual sex with any boyfriend. If there was any remaining grip of anxiety for Teresa, these fantasies were the source. She forgave herself, because such anxiety made natural sense. Years of their slow-burning buildup flashed through her mind, igniting a

thrill she could not contain. This was no longer just a story she told herself. This was becoming real.

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As 7:00 approached, Teresa slipped out quietly, feeling more like she was orchestrating a prison break than heading out for a date. She wanted to avoid the inquisition from her girlfriends, knowing she'd face their "press conference" later. For now, she reveled in the bravery of venturing into uncharted emotional territory.

Indiana summer nights are warm and sticky. Every year, some local utters the same tiresome old maxim, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity." Evenings do offer a little relief, but it's never "good sleeping weather", another Midwest adage. Teresa accounted for the sticky evening by selecting a light sundress and Jessica Simpson sandals. She had always doubted her selection in footwear, and though the sandals had a heel, she knew the leggy Texan understood sexy shoes better than she. She had no problem following Simpson's lead.

The rhythmic click of those heels echoed along the bike path leading to the soccer complex. She expected nostalgia to wash over her, but her emotional tank was already topped off with Aiden anticipation. In the distance, she could see the soccer field lights reflecting off the surrounding treetops. Those lights were a homing beacon, pulling each of her steps closer to reality.

When she cleared the trees, she could distinguish the entire field. In the distance, several young men chanted around a central figure. Their husky young voices chanted in unison, "Notre Dame, Our Mother!" They clapped together in perfect rhythm and peeled away from the central figure. They swiftly gathered like a flock at the bleachers before scattering - some grabbing their bikes, others jogging back to their dorms. That central figure that was left behind? Aiden, sitting alone in the bleachers, tapping notes into his iPad. Practice was over.

Teresa followed the curve of the path around the field and approached the metal stands. Aiden sat five rows up. Teresa's nervousness? Surprisingly, none. She had just a simple nugget of pride, reflected by the courage it was taking for her to face whatever it was that she was facing. Aiden looked up at her, after hearing her heels approaching the bleachers.

"Are you my blind date?" he teased with a polite smirk.

"You could say that," Teresa replied, smiling. She realized that before their date began that she should probably at least allude to how they know one another, that their interaction had not been entirely by chance. She understood that perhaps an apology might even be in order. She placed one foot on the metallic bleachers and began a climb to him. Aiden holstered his iPad. "There's something you should know," she began.

“Oh?” he said, curious.

“We’ve met before,” she confessed.

“Yeah?”

“In school,” she clarified, hesitating.

“Okay”.

Teresa was looking to see if anything would jog his memory. But she thought to herself, *Honestly, why would it? Our encounter was so brief.* She continued stammering while stating her truth, “Did...my girlfriends...tell you any of this?”

“No,” Aiden answered casually. “They just asked if I’d like to go on a blind date. That she’s pretty, smart, and fun. And that her first name is Teresa.”

The stadium lights suddenly shut off, automatic timer, leaving them bathed in August moonlight. Teresa looked up at the stadium lights then back down at Aiden, continuing her reveal. She hesitated, then shrugged. “Well... I’m Teresa.” She offered her hand, with an attempt to further explain. “I’m Teresa...”

“Callahan” he interrupted. They both paused. Teresa looked puzzled. Aiden continued, “Your name is Teresa Callahan. It means ‘bright headed’, right?” he added softly.

“Did my girlfriends tell you my last name?” Teresa asked, surprised, a second mystery for her today.

“No,” he whispered.

She asked, “Then how did you...”

Again, she was interrupted. This time by Aiden’s movement. He retrieved his leather wallet from his front pocket, reached in, and pulled out a thin paper that was aged with yellowing and creases. A receipt. An ATM receipt. He read from the paper, “Your name is Teresa Callahan and fifteen years ago you had forty-three dollars and eighteen cents in your Partners First Federal Credit Union checking account. He glanced at her, smiling. “I looked up your surname’s meaning. It’s kind of a hobby of mine.”

Teresa stared at the receipt, her pulse quickening as the connection hit her. She couldn’t believe that he’d kept the receipt. She looked again into his Irish green eyes, and the same trance-like state began to overtake her. “I kissed you,” she murmured.

“Don’t I know it?” he replied with a grin. “Actually, I’d call it ‘making out.’”

She laughed, remembering her boldness from back then. The memory struck her hormones. She hadn’t just kissed him. She’d pulled him into her audaciousness, like a tractor beam. He was right. She’d made out with him. But those times were so much more than kisses, now. They were enmeshed with familiarity that had ripened over the years, like perfectly aged wine. And that nervous energy, that wanting energy, had aged well into one fine vintage.

Teresa sat down beside him, her tush inadvertently crashing against his on impact with the bleachers. Her momentum in the drop had also inadvertently crashed her torso against him, as well. The feedback from the collisions echoed the firmness of his fit build. “Soccer guys stay in great shape”, she thought. His “hotness” had compounded over the years: powerful legs, a thin abdominal region, and defined forearms that a sketch artist could use as a learning model. Teresa chuckled again with this realization. A sketch, after all, was what had guided her here this evening.

Though infatuation was still brewing within her, Teresa still felt that she needed to apologize. She began to drive in that direction when Aiden gently hushed her. His acceptance was even more bonding. “We were kids”.

She shook her head in agreement, swallowing his gentle forgiveness. She looked at him, seeing her own reflection in those forest-green eyes and for the first time in a long time, knowing that she was truly seen. She realized that Elina had been right, that through all those previous trials, having Aiden there would have made navigating them so much easier.

“You’ve no idea how often I thought about you,” she admitted softly.

“Me too,” he replied, his brow furrowing.

She smirked when she remembered how she’d thought about him in more “poetic” ways, as well. And, whether it was hormones or the trust from knowing each other as kids, Teresa dipped her hand into the waters of bravery again, expanding on her statement. “No, like *thought* of you”. She lowered her voice for emphasis, trying to allude to just when and how she had thought of him.

Had she revealed too much? She was beginning to feel those old feelings of moving a thousand miles per hour. The rush. Oh, God. Was he now going to be the one to run away? Her head was spinning. She braced herself when she heard him chuckle. Aiden shook his head in understanding, and softly huffed, “Me too.”

The pause between them buzzed with energy. Teresa felt the rush of yesteryear pass through her, again, an internal wind of daringness and trust. In one smooth movement, she moved her hands to his face, and pressed her lips against him, again – finally.

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Teresa labeled his initial response at her daringness as “surprise”, but a split second later he had adapted, parting his lips to receive her. He tasted the same as he had fifteen years ago, maybe even better, like aged wine from an artisan vintner. Aiden had added a counter move to this kiss, though. In a motion even more smooth than hers, he’d wrapped his arm around her waist, pulled her onto him, and stood up. His second arm secured her. He wasn’t letting her go this time. Teresa wrapped her legs around him, reinforcing the idea. She wasn’t letting go either.

Aiden’s full lips grazed her neck. At first, they were simple, delicate pecks, a greeting to her soft neckline. But emotionally, she could sense that his hunger for her was expanding, and as it did, his lips took the lead. His soft tongue signed into the game, becoming a reliable teammate to his lips and when they found the sensitive spot just below her ear, the world tilted. Desire surged through Teresa, leaving her lightheaded, as if she were being swept away by a warm, irresistible tide.

Without hesitation, Aiden descended the metal staircase with Teresa wrapped securely around him. She did not ask where they were headed - it didn’t matter. She was with him. He moved with steady confidence, each step deliberate, never faltering. She floated in his arms, her body curled around his torso, as though the world existed only for them.

She was acutely aware of the intimate closeness between them, the way her most precious secret pressed against him - but none of this mattered. In that moment, she was drawing something from him, something she craved just as much. Because, with every step he took, she felt the ripples of his abdominals through the thin barrier of her panties. The sensation teased her, igniting fantasies of indulgence and a desire to ride those sculpted muscles to the edge of her sanity. This thought alone sent a flush of heat through her.

When Teresa had snapped out of her momentary fantasy, she found that Aiden had brought her to the soccer field. The grass remained warm, having sunned itself throughout the day and its professionally manicured tone resembled a heated carpet against her back. Their lips hadn’t parted during the journey. Their tongues continued moving in a rhythm that left Teresa breathless. Her chest rose and fell with the weight of her desire.

Her hips lifted toward him instinctively, searching for the rub down again from his abs. Aiden arched his back, the hardness within his soccer shorts brushed against her. The sensation left her whispering a single, supportive word: “Damn”.

He let out a breathless laugh, her desire reflected in his eyes. In a hurried manner, and huffing with his own desire, Aiden pushed himself onto his knees, then pulled his shirt from over his back. The full effect of his sculpted-ness sat before her, and “damn” was no longer a fitting depiction. Any new description would have to begin with the word, “Holy”.

Teresa reached up for him, landing her fingertips on his abs and the backside of her elbow on her own treasure. Her admiration traced his abdominals along with her fingers, following their peaks and valleys as though she were committing them to memory. Their ripples excited her further. Her fingers channeled the energy of his powerful physique down her own forearm to the heart of her femininity. Her back arched forward, instinctively. She savored the feeling, closing her eyes.

Aiden guided her hand to his face. Teresa could feel her pussy fluttering with excitement when his full lips caressed her curious fingertips, then eventually pulled Teresa’s ring finger into his mouth, sucking her. She felt the strength of those lips pull her finger inside of him. His green-eyed, predatory gaze fastened itself to the softness of her yielding glances. The wetness of his lips and tongue mirrored Teresa’s own wetness. Her elbow continued to rest against herself, again transferring the energy from his lips and tongue directly to her.

Teresa knew that Aiden had a direct line of sight to her lower lips, but she no longer cared. She had waved the white flag of surrender long ago, the moment that he carried her, literally sweeping her off of her feet. In turn, she could see him being just as vulnerable as she glanced at the throb in his shorts, howling with excitement.

Aiden’s teasing intensified, his lips pulled her finger in and out, his movements deliberate and laden with meaning. The sensuality of his actions magnified her hunger for him. She cupped her free fingers around his jaw, feeling the strength in his features. When he released her finger, his lips didn’t stop; they transitioned seamlessly to the inside of her palm, then her wrist, each kiss leaving a trail of heat in its wake.

Aiden’s lips followed the shadow of his exhales, kissing her wrist, then along her forearm, and continuing to slide forward. His breath was a warm whisper against her skin. But, that breath quickened with excitement when his lips rounded her shoulders, then lingered momentarily in the alley between her breasts. His teeth gently coaxed the surrender of their sundress covering. A swelling of want flushed through Teresa when his lips and strong tongue unveiled their intentions to the valley between her breasts, as well as her nipples. They lingered there momentarily before continuing their descent along her

abdomen. Teresa's hips arched off the ground as anticipation swelled within her. Her fingers found his hair, tangling themselves in the wavy strands, grounding her in the storm of sensation.

When his lips reached their destination, Teresa's mind emptied. Thinking was no longer possible; all that remained was an overwhelming, aching need. Both hands gripped a fist full of his hair as his lips and tongue danced along her outer thigh, then ventured inward. His breath warmed her through the thin fabric of her panties, the teasing touch driving her wild. When his cheek rested against her, Teresa thought she might finish through her panties from the simple touch of masculine features resting against her.

She continued to massage her fingers through his hair. "Something to hold onto", she thought. Aiden's tongue outlined her folds through the fabric, sending waves of anticipating pleasure coursing through her. She gasped as the warm night air kissed her skin, and he had shifted her panties aside. His lips met hers, their connection raw and electric. She reached upward and pulled the top of her summer dress downward, fully exposing her breasts to the voyeuristic August night. Aiden's hands followed hers, cupping her breasts as his lips continued their teen-age make out session with her pussy.

The pace between them quickened. Teresa's back arched upward as Aiden's tongue slipped inside her, a breathless "Oh my God" escaping her lips. His movements were deliberate, his tongue exploring her with a fullness that made her toes curl. She was being fucked by Aiden's tongue. His mouth and hands worked in harmony, one teasing her breasts while the other anchored her, steadying her through the storm.

Two fingers gently pinched a nipple while, simultaneously, Aiden's mouth had moved to introduce himself to Teresa's clit. With a gentlemanly bow, his tongue politely requested a dance with her. Knowing that such a request would inevitably take her over the edge, Teresa's clit curtsied in formal acceptance. As a gentleman, his tongue paraded around her permitter, flashing features like a peacock. Her clit bathed in the attention. Then swiftly, and seemingly inadvertently, his tongue strolled across the top. Teresa's back curled with excitement, as she moaned, "Yes."

His movements were both overwhelming and precise. His tongue danced around her, teasing and coaxing, until finally brushing over her with deliberate pressure. Teresa gasped, her body reacting instinctively, her hips rising to meet him. Aiden's hunger for her was palpable, every movement of his lips and tongue reflected his desire.

His hands continued massaging and steadying her via her breasts. Teresa appreciated hearing the moans of enjoyment Aiden emanated from tasting her. The reverberations of his voice gently shook her clit even more.

Like an antebellum dance, his tongue handed her clitoris off to his lips, another gentleman who bowed in introduction. This gentleman was a much more direct dancer. Not Fred Astaire, but more Patrick Swayze - Dirty Dancing. His lips seized her clit, fully taking her into his mouth. Just as Aiden had done with her finger, his tongue pushed her out, while his lips sucked her back in. She was experiencing the full lip and tongue, push-pull action that men receive from a blow job. This was new. She cherished the realization that her clit was inside his mouth, sucking her.

On one stroke of her clit being pulled fully into Aiden's mouth, he held her inside him, while gently reintroducing his tongue. She moaned with his rhythm. His tongue became more daring, more fluid like in his movements, like a private lap dance. And with the curtain of his lips drawing privacy around her clit, his tongue could swell around her however he pleased.

She felt him release her breast and reposition one hand under her backside. He was trying, desperately, to pull more of her into him. His observed and genuine hunger for her radiated through Teresa's body. She pushed his head into her while, coincidentally, his second hand presented a strong finger. Her body swooned with the combined wetness of his mouth and her nature.

Her crescendo, just beyond reach. Aiden's finger joined in the seduction, presenting himself just outside her lips before easily sliding in and resting against her north wall. The additional pressure, combined with his lips sucking her clit into his mouth, and his tongue frolicking about, flooded her. Ripples and pulses accumulated. She voluntarily followed her body's leap. Her toes curled. The moan of release echoed off the stadium walls. Her pussy pulsed. Then, her leg. Ripples flooded through her. Ripple after ripple reminding her of Aiden's abs. The ripples morphed into waves. Overtaking waves. He increased the internal pressure, literally pushing the waves out of her.

They continued. Teresa wondered if they would stop. Each ripple and wave combo lingered. Backed by another. But, eventually, the timing between them began to increase. What began as split-second responses, eventually downshifted into heartbeats, and before long dissipated into momentary aftershocks.

With her thighs draped over his full shoulders and Aiden's warm cheek resting against her wetness, Teresa basked in her nest of afterglow. Her hands reclaimed their position, with her fingers running through his hair, massaging him. Wonderment, and appreciation blanketed them. Silence enveloped them, broken only by the shared rhythm of their breaths.

Finally, Aiden spoke, his tone light but carrying an undercurrent of mischief. "I have something very important to ask you."

“Oh God”, Teresa considered. Reasoning had not yet fully returned to her cognitive abilities. “What on earth could this possibly be?” She paused to consider all that had occurred through their years. How she’d reacted when she was a kid. What she was missing out on. Where was he emotionally?

He fortified the tension that she tortured herself with by saying, “It’s kind of important”.

With no alternative, she relented, “Okay. Ask away.”

He comically stumbled, “Can I...get your number...finally?” He then paused, gazed at her directly, and burst into laughter. She instinctively smiled with relief and could not help but follow him. She lay there virtually naked. Satisfied. Vulnerable. Their laughter grew together into shared bellows. Their amusement echoed off the stadium walls and faded into the August night sky as evidence of their undeniable chemistry.

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