



The Secret
Prequel

An Our Girl FanFiction

Miss Piony

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About a summer fling between a posh boy and a cockney girl and the long-lasting ripple effects

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It was the beginning of the summer the year I would turn seventeen. School was just about to end and ahead of me was a summer in the city without much to do or look forward to. Judging by the start of it, the heat would be oppressing on the paved roads between city buildings due to an unusual and long-lasting heat wave which had started in May and already had people complaining.

Then one Saturday, me and mum ran into an old class mate of hers, a woman in frizzy hair, neat dress and practical shoes named Janet Wilkins. Janet looked like she had done well for herself in this world, at least compared to mum, and she sounded well posh when she talked. Kind though.

"I left London many years ago, moved to Sandbanks where my husband comes from. It's so refreshing with the sea breeze. Here summer is simply insufferable, but I came for the weekend because I had to do some errands."

She wiped her forehead with a handkerchief and I noticed it was made of laced white cotton fabric, not thin paper like the ones we normally used to wipe our noses.

I would not know anything about refreshing sea breezes because I had never been to the sea, but suddenly I longed for it.

"My husband and I are running a B&B and café there. Business is always good, but the summer holiday is mad!" Suddenly her gaze fixed on me and she looked like she had an idea.

"We're looking for an extra waitress over the summer, a reliable one who won't stand us up because she found a summer boyfriend or wants to go swimming and who can accept that the employment will end when the summer guests leave. It's not that easy to find such a person. Would you be interested?"

Me? Compared to being stuck here on the heated tarmac it was an offer which almost seemed too good to be true. I looked at mum, unsure if she would let me go. Sometimes she let me drift without showing any interest in my whereabouts, sometimes she was surprisingly strict, and I had no idea if her relationship to Janet Wilkins had been a good or a bad one so she would even consider letting me go. She pursed her mouth and I was prepared for a no.

"Well, it would be great if she had a job for the summer of course, but where would she stay? We couldn't afford paying for a room there", she said and did not sound half as negative as I had expected, but naturally anything that would bring some extra cash to the household would be tempting to agree to.

"We have a spare room at the B&B. One which is too small to let to the regular guests because there isn't space for more than the bed really. You could stay there for free, get free meals at the café and a salary we agree on of course. Nothing over the top but fair pay for the job."

I wanted it. I wanted to go, to see what the sea looked like, work as a waitress, earn some money, get away from home, away from dad. Wanted it desperately. To my utter surprise mum accepted, we got Mrs. Wilkins' contact details and a week later, when the school term had ended mum accompanied me to Victoria station. She handed me a pack of sandwiches wrapped in paper and a few quid and hugged me goodbye with glossy eyes before I jumped onto an express bus, the cheapest travel option, and departed for Sandbanks. The journey took nearly four hours with a change of buses in Westbourne, but I did not mind. I had never been outside London before and my nose was glued to the window, watching the landscape passing by. The buildings of the city were soon replaced by fields as we drove the M25 south east and I felt so incredibly excited going far outside previously known territory.

When I arrived at the bus station in Sandbanks, a tiny one compared to Victoria coach station, Mrs. Wilkins and her husband met me and immediately insisted I should call them Janet and John. They seemed terribly nice and their two kids too. They were called Suzy and Peter and were only ten and seven years old. Apparently Mrs. Wilkins had not been knocked up as early in life as my mum, so they had no kids my age which was lucky because if they had they obviously could have worked in the café and they would never had asked me.

I did not know anything about Sandbanks before coming there, except that it was called just that and was located by the sea. Already at first sight I could tell it was the most beautiful place I had ever been to and Mr. Wilkins, John, proudly acted

tourist guide as we walked towards their home. Sandbanks was located on a peninsula of only half a square mile, so nothing was far off and there were sandy beaches all around. He told me their house had been in his family for ages and otherwise they would not have been able to buy anything here as the resort nowadays was very exclusive and house prices had boomed so only millionaires could afford to buy.

"We are a number of families who have lived here for generations and live here all around the year, but mostly the houses are owned by rich people, *very* rich, who only come here for holiday. In our B&B, just like some others like it, we have all sorts of guests of course so you don't have to be loaded to spend your holiday here though."

I was glad to hear it, the thought of waitressing on millionaires was slightly intimidating, especially as I never had done it before. The Wilkins' house was located by the waterfront with a view of the golden beach and sea and once I could tear away from the shimmering water to actually look at it, I saw that it was white like most other houses here, but despite that it was quite large and pretty it was much simpler than the surrounding luxury villas.

"I have been offered to sell it many times, like my previous neighbours, but I want to stay here. It doesn't matter if I would get an obscene amount of money, because I couldn't afford anything else here anyway and I don't want anyone to tear this house down and build something new and modern. This is *my* home, I was born here and so were my children, so it stays with us."

I liked his uncompromising stance in this matter.

The large house had been re-built and transformed over many years and these days the ground floor was the café with an outdoors terrace for the guests, the first floor was where they had the B&B and the family themselves lived on the top floor. That was also where there was a tiny room for me. Janet had not exaggerated when she said there was only room for a bed. It was a good thing that the door opened out to the hallway because otherwise it would not have been possible to open it at all because the bed was in the way. On the walls there were shelves and knob hangers I could use for my things and Janet also showed me a chest of drawers in the hallway where I could keep clothes, not that I had any big luggage with me for the simple reason that I did not own that much. When I unpacked my t-shirts, shorts, skirts and two dresses, the clothes felt very inadequate now when I knew that most people here were absolutely minted. I loved my room though, even if it was tiny. For the first time in my life I would stay in a room of my own, not sharing with my little sisters. It had a big window, so it was very light and that made it seem larger than it was, and the wallpaper had a pattern of peonies which I adored. It made me feel like I would be sleeping in a blooming garden. I had a feeling that even if I would be working most of the time, this would be the best summer ever.

Next morning, Janet showed me how everything worked out in the café. Another local girl, Lola, was employed all around the year as Janet had the B&B to take care of too. She was twenty-three, so way older than me, but seemed friendly and welcomed to have someone joining her in the café.

"From this week on there will be hordes of tourists coming so we will be busy, I can promise you that. As long as you're not one for sitting around on your arse waiting for something better to happen, I will like you." She looked at me sternly whilst twining a lock of her amazing red hair around her finger, then burst into a wide grin showing me that as long as I did my job I would have a friend in her.

On my second day, when my skills as a waitress still left a lot to wish for, a dozen girls and boys entered the café. They were all my age but there the similarities ended. They were beautiful, confident and they oozed money and class. They were dressed appropriately for a day on or near the beach and in the same preppy way, in bright matching colours and material that obviously were high-quality, fancy straw hats and designer sunglasses. The boys were tall and athletic, the girls tall and slender, with legs up to their chins, all looking like they could be models. No matter if the colour was blonde or dark their hairs were all shiny, immaculately cut and hanging loose or worn in tidy pony tail. Not a pimple, greasy hair or wrinkled garment in sight. I was happy that I was dressed in the quite pretty light blue dress with a matching frilled apron which was the café uniform, because that stood less in contrast to their appearances than my own clothes would have.

Before Lola and I had even taken their orders, I passed by their table just as one of the boys moved his chair back to have more space for his long legs. I took a side-step and, of course, dropped a tray loaded with cups, drinks and sandwiches. With heated cheeks I apologised for my clumsiness and immediately dived for the floor

to clean it away. My heart was pounding. I would never be like them, but I wished that I at least could stay invisible instead of making a tit of myself.

"Let me help you."

The boy kneeled beside me to help me pick up the broken cups and smashed sandwiches. I looked up into his face, was met by a wide smile and a pair of twinkling eyes which totally floored me. So expressive, warm and kind. He was definitely not looking down his nose on me, instead voluntarily lowered himself to my level without hesitating. He was so stunning my heart nearly stopped. He had a mop of dark hair which curled after swimming, beautiful features with a straight nose, high cheekbones and a chiselled jaw, tanned smooth skin, white even teeth and a dimple in his left cheek. I wondered if there could be a more perfect human being, especially since he seemed to top all that with a nice personality.

"Thanks, but you don't have to, it's my job."

"Of course, I will. It was my fault you dropped it and I'm sorry. I didn't look behind me before I moved my chair."

I liked the posh way he spoke, every word clearly articulated compared to my own rhyming slang which I knew was not easy for everyone to follow. I had never known anyone who spoke like him before.

"Are you new? I haven't seen you here before."

"It's my second day and I'm apparently rubbish at waitressing."

"You'll learn, in a week you'll be an expert."

"Yeah, I'll be the nuts at carrying trays", I smiled doubtfully.

"The nuts?"

"Good at it, awesome."

"Ah. I bet you will!"

When everything was picked up, he returned to his seat after giving me another encouraging smile which made my stomach twist. His friends seemed to tease him a bit over volunteering to help the staff, but he just shrugged his shoulders like it did not bother him what they thought, and I went to get the broom to clean away the last of it. I think I was in love with him already then.

In the evenings after the café had closed I was free to do what I wanted. The first evening, I put on my new swimsuit and went down to the water. For the first time dipped my toes in the sea and found it to be warm after the many weeks of warm weather and could not resist going in to dip all of me. I could not swim but to stand with my toes buried in the sand and feel the water move around me was amazing. As I had no friends and Lola was far too old and mature to hang with me after working hours no matter how nice she was, I was planning on doing the same this second evening.

"Hi, there." His deep, posh voice startled me. He was leaning against the wall surrounding the next-door villa, busy doing nothing, almost looking as if he had been waiting for me.

"Hi."

For a moment we just looked at each other, me slightly apprehensive, him smiling and finally I smiled back.

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you?"

"I think you must be mistaking me for someone else", I giggled. He could not seriously be waiting for *me*.

"Nope, I was waiting for the cute new waitress." Even if the line was a little bit cheesy, my heart made a little somersault of happiness. To get a compliment from someone like *him*.

"I was wondering if maybe I could take you for an ice-cream, to make up for making you drop the tray earlier?"

"You made up for that by helping me clean it up, thanks."

"So, you don't want an ice-cream?"

"I didn't say that. You just don't need to feel you *have to* buy me one if you don't want to."

"I want to."

Now he looked at me seriously and I realised that he actually meant it.

"Okay."

We popped by a small ice-cream bar along the promenade but brought the cones with us to sit down on the now almost empty beach. First conversation was a bit shy, but somehow it was easy talking to him. I was a bit reserved to begin with, thinking that maybe he had the idea that it would be easy to get into the pants of a girl like me, but he did not seem to be like that. He was not sleezy at all. He did not even seem to be flirting – and why would he flirt with me when he knew the group of gorgeous girls that had been with him to the café? So, in the end I relaxed and just enjoyed the friendly banter that developed. We sat there until it started to get a bit chilly, then he accompanied me back to the house just said bye without so much as a peck on the cheek, smiled and said he hoped we would meet again.

His group did not come to the café next day, but in the evening when I quit work he was there again. This time we just walked along the waterline, talking and talking and laughing. He told me of his posh boarding school which he did not care much for. I told him of my shitty school where the teachers always expected the worst of me and I found myself living up to it without even wanting to. He told me of the distant relationship he had with his parents as they had sent him off to

boarding school at such a young age and always were more occupied with their social life and making more money than with him and his siblings. I told him of the complicated relationship with my dad who was a kind person when he was sober, but rarely was. He did not judge where I was coming from, he just let me know that he felt for me and that he enjoyed my company. I tried to let him feel the same without seeming like I tried to flatter him overly much.

"Can I ask one thing of you?" he said before we said goodbye that evening. "When I come to the café with my friends, can we pretend like we don't have *this*? This friendship."

My first feeling was disappointment, because I thought it was because he would be ashamed of it, of *me*. He saw it in my face and hurried to explain.

"Don't think I wouldn't be proud to have you as my friend, but I like to hang with you alone. Without them. Somehow I feel like I can be myself with you in a way I never can with them. The other reason is that I know that some of them, especially the girls, would make life hard for you if they knew I considered you a friend. Not when I'm there but if they came to the café without me. They don't like it when one of us strays from the group. I can tell them to sod off, but I wouldn't be able to keep them from being mean to you when I'm not there."

His eyes did not express anything but honesty and I felt that I believed him, so when the group returned next day it did not feel like a betrayal when he did not acknowledge me except with a secret smile – and how I loved that smile. This time,

they were all dressed in white and carrying rackets. It seemed like they were only stopping by for a juice before heading for the tennis courts. When they left, I envied those girls for being in his company, but the feeling vanished when he was waiting for me again that evening.

"I have been longing for this all day", he said, and I knew it was the truth.

"So, tennis?"

"Yeah."

"Are you any good?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I've won a few competitions. Can you play?"

"Me? No, people don't play tennis where I come from. They *watch* football whilst drinking lots of lager and getting more obese by the minute."

He smiled.

"Would you like me to teach you? It's fun. We could go in the early morning before you start work, the courts are always free then because people sleep in on their holiday."

I hesitated slightly but realised I would very much like him to teach me the game and finally nodded.

Over the next weeks we established a routine. We met in the early mornings and he gave me tennis lessons, then we met again almost every evening after I quit work. Some evenings he said he had to meet with his friends or they would wonder what he was up to, but he ensured me that if it was not for that he would gladly had been only with me. I was not sure what he wanted from me, maybe just company where he could be himself, not play the role of the perfect millionaire son which I realised he must be. He did not touch me, except sometimes when giving me instructions during the tennis lessons and once giving me a spontaneous hug when I made progress. As soon as he realised what he was doing, he let go of me and backed away and I thought to myself that even if he liked me as a friend he must really find me unattractive. It was hard, because I fell harder for him for every day that went by in his company. I was so very happy, yet at the same time so unhappily in love but I felt like I was lucky to know him at all and every minute with him was precious to me.

When he had been giving me tennis lessons for two weeks and I thought, and he said, that I was starting to look like a decent player, he brought a parcel when he came to see me in the evening. I was curious, but he did not say anything about it until we said goodbye.

"This is for you, open it when you're alone."

I hurried up to my room and frantically tore it open and smiled when I saw what it was. So far I had been playing tennis in a t-shirt and shorts. He had bought me a super-cute white tennis dress like I had seen on the girls in his group, the perfect

size and all. I put it on before the tennis lesson next morning and tied my hair in a neat ponytail. When he saw me, he grinned;

"Now you *look* like a pro."

I also knew I had never looked prettier and there was a flicker of *something* at the bottom of his eyes which made my stomach flip.

Two evenings later he was not waiting for me. He had not said he would not be there, and I felt completely disappointed even if I knew he had a life without me, his little secret *friend*, and had no obligation to keep me informed of his doings. I walked down to the beach alone and sat there feeling sorry for myself. This reminded me that in a few weeks, we would both return to our respective lives and I would be nothing to him. Not so different to before I came here, except that *I* was different now because I was totally in love with him and he had made me feel appreciated like no one had before him.

"Hey, you", he sat down beside me and stretched out his long, muscular, tanned legs next to my shorter, slimmer but equally tanned ones and softly bumped his shoulder to mine. Nothing more was needed to make me feel ridiculously happy again, the future pushed to the back of my head.

"Hey."

"I missed you."

"You didn't?"

"Why not?"

"Because... because you're you and I'm just me."

"*Just* you? And if I happen to think that *just* you are amazing? Like no one else?"

I thought it was our usual banter until I met his eyes. He was serious, and I could not think of anything to say, my mouth dry like sand and I was not even sure that something coherent would come out if I opened it. Then he bent down and kissed me, so very softly.

"I have been wanting to do that since day one."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want you to think I'm the kind of guy who just assumes a girl I like necessarily wants to kiss me. Many of my friends are arrogant that way, I don't want to be like that especially when I for once met a girl I really, really wanted to kiss. When you looked up on me when you had dropped that tray, I wanted to kiss you then and there."

"I knew there was a reason why you were being so nice."

"Hey, it wasn't like that."

"I know, you numpty, I'm just winding you up. I wanted to kiss you too, that moment and ever since."

With that we stopped wasting more time and just kissed. Explored each other with lips and tongues, first sitting then lying down in the sand, until my entire body was heated lusting for more than just his mouth to mine. I had never felt like that. When I snogged boys at home and their hands wandered over my body or tried to get inside my clothes, I brushed them off. If they tried to put my hand to their groin, I squeaked and jumped away, told them to piss off. I had not been ready for any of that, not with them, but with him my body was alive and aching for *more*. I was not even sure for more of what. Just *more*. All too soon, he raked through my unruly hair with his fingers, smoothing it out and said;

"I guess it's time I take you home, so they don't start to wonder."

"Only if you promise we can do this again tomorrow."

"I promise. I wouldn't know how to resist."

The next weeks went by in a happy, utterly romantic blur. Our lovely friendship had turned into a lovely romance and we could not get enough of each other. Could not get enough of being close to one another, touching, kissing. It was mad but a lovely kind of mad. It was just that as weeks went by, we both grew increasingly frustrated. Frustrated by the limitations it meant only seeing each other out in the

open, albeit on the nearly empty beach or tennis court, because we both hungered for more and it was apparent from our frantic kisses and the way we pressed our bodies to each other snogging in the sand.

We were lying tangled in the sand, my lips feeling swollen from intensive kissing and his eyes were dark under half-shut eyelids. I touched his lips gently with my fingers, looking down on him where he was lying on his back, as always amazed this manboy wanted to be with me rather than with anyone else.

"I want to be alone with you", I told him.

"You are now?"

"Alone where no one can see us."

His eyes suddenly completely open and alert.

"You want that?"

"I can't stop thinking about being alone with you like that."

"I thought I was the only one", he smiled.

"Nope. Is there anywhere? My room wouldn't work, I couldn't bring you there."

"We have a boathouse, it belongs to my family. We could go there, if you want?"

"You came up with that quickly. You have given this a lot of thought, have you?" I could not resist teasing him.

"Might have", his cheeks turned slightly pink. "Only if you want."

"I want to. When?"

"Tomorrow?"

"I'd like that."

And so, it was decided, just like that. That sleepless night and the next day, I felt giddy with expectation, I was nauseous with apprehension and even fear. I was not entirely sure what would happen or even what I wanted to happen, but what if I disappointed him? What if I was nothing like he had expected. *If* we went as far as having sex, it would be my first time and compared to those divine girls that constantly swarmed around him I was bound to be crap at it.

He came to get me the next evening, looking more gorgeous than ever in jeans and a relaxed white linen shirt with a few buttons unbuttoned, the colour made him look even more tanned. Despite that he smiled, I felt nervous, intimidated by his looks and that he suddenly felt all grown-up instead of the teenagers we both were. How could I even think that I would be good enough, being alone with him? He who probably had been with many girls before me. I had on a white V-necked eyelet top with tiny buttons and a blue skirt. I knew I looked nowhere nearly as good as him, but he seemed to disagree and the look he gave me was like he both was in

love with me and wanted to eat me for breakfast and it made my cheeks heat and created a tickling sensation somewhere between my thighs. Maybe it would be all right after all.

He wrapped my tiny hand in his large, warm but dry one and it felt safe. When we walked there, he glanced down on me every other second and smiled like he was the happiest guy in the world. I wondered how it was possible that I made him feel like that. He also looked very confident and the closer we got to that boathouse, I was feeling everything but. My nerves playing me again. I tried to focus on that this was the same boy who had been my best friend all through this summer, who I already had snogged like crazy, but it was not possible. Somehow everything seemed different this evening, serious, and my heart was beating erratically.

"Here we are."

He broke the silence and I nearly jumped out of my skin.

Even though many of the luxury houses were facing the waterfront, few of them owned the land all the way down to the water so that they actually had a private beach. His family's house was an exception and we entered from that direction. The boathouse was situated by the water of course and large bushes and trees partly hid the house it belonged to, but I could see that it was huge and old, not one of these newly built modern houses. It looked amazing and absolutely terrifying, and just the glimpse of it made me feel even smaller. I was glad we were not headed to the main house but to the boathouse.

"Wait here", he said and went inside and left me waiting for a few minutes until he returned, took my hand again and indicated with a jerk of his head to come with him.

In the minutes he had been gone, he had lighted many, many tea light candles inside the boathouse.

"Maybe it's a bit of a cliché but I thought it might be cosy?" he said and raked his teeth over his lower lip. He had seemed so confident up to now, but all of a sudden it was gone, like it was a glossy layer he showed, and he was as nervous about this as me underneath.

"I love it, thank you."

He looked at me seriously and with complete earnest and awe in his voice said;

"You're so beautiful. I've never seen anything or anyone so beautiful in my life."

I giggled nervously, happy but embarrassed, unable to fully believe him.

"But those other girls you've been with, surely they must have been more beautiful than me?"

"Impossible. No one could be. And I haven't... I haven't been with anyone like *this* before. It's my first time alone like this with a girl."

Hard to believe but when he said it, I knew it was the truth. Even if I remained nervous still, all my hesitation flew out the window. It would be the first times for both of us. I wanted to share that with him more than anything. I swallowed hard before I admitted;

"Me neither, never alone with someone else like this."

I could see it made him as relieved as his confession had made me. I do not know who moved, but somehow we closed the space between us and our lips met. For a long while we just kissed but even just that was more exhilarating now when we were alone at last. I think we both were a bit shy to take the next step but finally he caressed with a long finger down my neck, until he reached the first button of my top and slowly undid it. When he received an encouraging smile, he undid the next and the next until the top fluttered open and he could push it off my shoulders. Then I did the same with his shirt, slowly undid button after button and then pulled it off. It felt like we were doing something forbidden. When I touched his bare torso with my palms, he shivered and I knew it was with excitement and barely contained desire.

The way he looked at me with those amazing eyes of his, framed by long eyelashes and with pupils dark and dilated, like I was the only girl in his world and only ever would be, it was the undoing of me. I loved how he took in the sight of me in white lace-trimmed bra and the way he fought to open the clasp of it, showing he really had not practised that many times before. I revelled in the way he took a deep breath of air, almost like gasping when it finally came off and he had my naked

breasts before him. When his hands went up to cup them softly, he unconsciously pulled his lower lip between his teeth and there was a split second of hesitation before he really touched them, when his palms hovered an inch above my skin and I almost moaned in anticipation. Then he did. First just held them covered by his warm hands, then started caressing them gently. I felt a bit embarrassed over my immediate and visible physical response, my nipples turning into two stiff, light pink berries, but I heard a low groan of fascination and desire escape him and stopped thinking I had to hide I fully wanted this. As if I could anyway.

I turned my face up to his and he kissed me deeply, still tenderly but with a feverish need underneath, matching my own. I coiled my arms around his neck and he moved his from my breasts, to instead graze over my belly, my lower abdomen, my hips following the curve of my hip bones, moving around to cup the cheeks of my arse and pull me to him. Then I felt it, felt how much he wanted me and it both excited and scared me. Mostly excited. I had friends who no longer were virgins who had told me in detail what I was in for, but I had not been prepared that it would feel so amazingly good to have his hardness pressed to me that I would actually crave to have it inside me.

Suddenly he bent down and caught a nipple in his mouth and I hissed with astonishment and pleasure. He immediately let go and looked up.

"Sorry, was that okay?"

I giggled, a little choked by the arousal.

"Yes. Please, do it again. I just never knew."

Other boys had roughly kneaded my tits whilst snogging me, but more focused on their own exploration and satisfaction than my pleasure. I had wondered what the deal was about having your breasts touched and thought that it certainly did not seem to be an erogenous zone of mine. *His* touch and now his lips were something else entirely and my body responded instantaneously.

His Adam's apple lurched, then he grinned with relief.

"Wasn't sure I was doing it right."

"Don't know how it's supposed to be done but I love the way *you* do it. Please."

He did it again, stayed longer this time, teased the now taut bud with the tip of his tongue, nuzzled gently, closed his lips around it and sucked gently. If he never had done it before, he was a natural.

"Do you want to take off the rest of our clothes?" he asked, and I had to smile about him ever being the gentleman, not just starting to tug my clothes like I knew other boys would have done if I had let them come this far.

"I do, and you?"

"Isn't obvious? That I'm keen?" he said, almost bashfully. "But I don't want you to do anything you're not comfortable with. Not go too fast."

A wave of boldness came over me and I reached for the button of his jeans, then the zipper and felt the prominent bulge as I did. I tugged to get them down over his hips, then let go and he wriggled a little, tried to kick them off but finally gave in and pulled them off using his hands. Not once did he drop eye contact. Then he let his fingers slide inside the waistband of my skirt and it went the same way as his trousers. Standing in front of each other both were suddenly a bit shy again, not daring to remove the final pieces of clothes because it felt momentous. Instead he took me by the hand and led me to the corner of the boathouse where a couple of blankets were spread out.

"Did you...?"

"I wanted you to be comfortable, *if* we...." He blushed, and I thought it was adorable that he had hoped and prepared for this.

We both went down on our knees, facing each other, let our lips meet again. He placed his palms softly on my shoulders and stroked down my arms leaving every little downy hair on them standing to attention as he passed, then moved them to my hips and pulled me closer to him. We continued kissing and touching and lay down on the blankets. Coyly, he removed my knickers and I his boxer briefs and was slightly shocked when I freed him. Of course, I had seen pictures of naked men before, but in reality it was different than I had thought. Larger than I had imagined, warm, hard and soft at the same time, swaying a bit even if it was stiff. It frightened me a little bit, but I was also fascinated by it and I shyly reached out my hand to touch him. Caressed softly over the rounded tip. When he moaned I

grew bolder and circled my fingers around him. He put his hand over mine and showed me how to move up and down. I loved to feel him and to notice what it did to him, to see his eyelids flutter with the waves of pleasure my touches brought to him. He was lost for a little while, *I* did that to him, and then he seemed to remember himself, that he wanted to give me the same and with one hand he caressed his way up the warm inside of my thighs, to the place where I had allowed no one before him. He touched me softly and I got the feeling that he was not even sure exactly where to touch but we both wanted him to be there. I wriggled slightly to get his fingers where I felt that I urgently needed them and pressed myself to him, so he applied more pressure. When he kept circling with his fingers there a moan escaped me, and I saw joyous triumph in his eyes like he had achieved something miraculous. He continued to touch me and leaned in and kissed me again and all I knew was that I wanted more and more and more until this amazing heated feeling went through my body in waves, made me stiff, made my insides contract, made me cling on to him and move desperately towards him and I heard a foreign sound escape over my lips, a mewl. I was not sure what this feeling was, but it was the most wondrous thing that ever had happened to me.

When I stilled and relaxed, I knew I wanted more of him. Wanted to be connected to him even if it also frightened me a little. I just *had* to have that connection and I knew he felt the same as we pressed our bodies together.

"Wait, I have a condom", he said and reached for his trousers to get out a small foil pack which he impatiently opened using his teeth. He moved away from me a little

and with trembling fingers fought to get it on. It was not easy. He fought to get it out of the package, he dropped it once and then unskilfully tried to roll it on.

"Shit", I heard him hiss. "I think I broke it, the rubber, there's a hole now. I don't have another one."

Disappointment was written all over his face and I felt the same. I could not imagine to interrupt this now, not to have him inside me was unimaginable.

"Let's do it anyway. It should be quite safe this time of the month and I'm sure nothing will happen the first time anyway", I said, sounding more confident than I really was.

"Are you sure?"

"I want you." My cheeks heated with my forwardness, but he only seemed to appreciate it and moved closer again, lay on top of me and I instinctively parted my legs for him.

His eyes were level with mine, locked into mine. He touched my cheek and kissed me.

"And I want you, more than I ever have wanted anything."

There was fumbling, there were moments with sprawling inexperienced limbs that were not all that gracious, but it was beautiful and intense. Supporting himself on one arm, he moved the other one down to help himself push inside me. It was a bit

of a struggle and I thought to myself that nature had made this more complicated than one would reasonably expect considering it was meant to be. Then he was suddenly partly inside. There was resistance, my walls protesting at the intrusion never experienced before but the rest of my body wanting this, arching towards him. He continued to thrust too and finally he was in to the hilt, his eyes hooded with excitement, his expression focused and serious except a little smile playing on his lips. It took some time to find the rhythm together, he slipped out once, and there was some discomfort from the friction inside me, but then we found a synchronised pace and moved as one. Spontaneously I wrapped my legs around him and clasped his back, willing him to me. Like this I did not have the same marvellous feeling his fingers had given me, but I loved feeling he was inside me, knowing we were joined together, and I loved the pleasure visible on his face and the groans he made. It did not last very long – he was too excited and inexperienced to hold back and with one final thrust he came inside me. His body relaxed and slumped over me, with his lips to my neck, inhaling me deeply, coming down as I was stroking his back. We stayed like that for many minutes, both unwilling to withdraw and break the connection. I felt like I would want to live my life attached to him.

When we finally moved apart, we still stayed in each other's arms, eyes locked, just pulled one of the blankets over us. Kissing, talking, silent, breathing slower. He ran his fingers through my long hair.

"I love your hair, it looks like a waterfall of gold, especially in the sun. Even before I knew you, I loved to watch how it moved over your shoulders when you moved around working in the café, and I fantasised how it would be to run my fingers through it. Now I know."

"I love your eyes, they're the greenest I've ever seen, and I've never seen a boy with such long eyelashes."

"I feel like a man now, though", he smiled and kissed me again, and truth was that he had made me feel like a woman for the first time.

I had never been so happy. I had never thought I would be allowed to experience such pure happiness in my life. Not me.

I knew I could not stay all night, if I were not back at the house by eleven they would start to wonder, but I could stay in his arms for a few hours more and felt myself starting to doze off in his comforting embrace. Before we fell asleep, he whispered with his lips in my hair;

"I'll never forget this. Never."

I was young and naïve, but still I knew with heart-breaking certainty that there was no version of this story where a boy like *him* and a girl like *me* would end up spending our lives together. I also knew without a shadow of a doubt that I never would forget him either.

"I love you, Belinda."

"I love you."

And just as certain as I was that this summer was all we had, I knew that I would love him always.