

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



EIGHTIES LOVE

PETULA CAESAR

Phaze
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Eighties Love © 2007 by Petula Caesar

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Cover art © 2007 by Debi Lewis

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

www.Phaze.com

Eighties Love

by Petula Caesar

They met for lunch at a popular café. He'd picked the place because it was centrally located and would be easy for both of them to get to from their respective parts of town. He got there first, and was surprised that she was not inside. He knew she'd gotten there before him because she'd called to tell him so and to see how long he'd be. He told her he was five minutes behind her, and then asked, "so, are you excited? About seeing me?" That question took her aback. She was looking forward to seeing him, but excited wasn't exactly how she felt about it. But she didn't want him to think she was not looking forward to lunch so she said, "I'm very much looking forward to lunch."

He paused. "You're not excited?"

"I didn't say that," she responded, laughing. She lied a little. "Yes, I'm excited."

He knew she wasn't, and now felt silly that he was. "I'll see you soon."

He had the hostess seat him near the rear of the restaurant, with his back against the wall, gangster style. Scanning the restaurant one more time to confirm that she wasn't there, he called her and said, "where are you?"

"I'm right outside, on my cell phone. I got a call that I had to take. Where are you?"

"Inside the restaurant. I don't know how I missed you."

"Me either. But let me wrap this up and I'll be right in."

He folded his phone shut and closed his eyes. When he opened them, she was there, almost as if by magic. She was looking right at him but seemed not to recognize him. But he recognized her immediately. She was very fashionably dressed and for a moment he considered his casual appearance. She only recognized him by the familiar way he looked at her -- she felt the warmth from his eyes reaching out to her.

She walked over to where he sat. He stood to greet her. He'd planned to hug her but something in her demeanor prevented it.

There wasn't exactly a wall between them...it was more like a veil. He knew instinctively that he wasn't supposed to lift it. She wasn't accessible to him at this moment. She'd always been kind of mysterious, difficult to read, like a walking breathing Mona Lisa. She knew he'd planned to hug her and was glad he restrained the urge. She was still

trying to decide how she felt about having lunch with him, and her defenses were on alert.

“Hey you,” she said softly as she took a seat. He sat down as well.

“Hello Sarah Jones,” he said rather formally. She smiled. The waitress trailed behind her, greeting them and offering menus, departing after taking their drink orders. ‘In The Air Tonight’ by Phil Collins began to play over the loudspeakers.

“Oh my goodness,” she said. “Do you remember this song?”

“Yeah I do. This is all they play here...eighties music.”

“This is going to be funny. I get to hear all the music that was out when we were dating.” She began to sing, horribly off key. She was oblivious to the stares she got from the tables nearby. But the patrons seemed to approve of her outburst, for they began smiling and bobbing their heads along with her.

“It’s so good to see you,” she said as David Bowie’s ‘Let’s Dance’ replaced Mr. Collins.

“It’s good to see you too. It’s been much too long, and it’s mostly my fault.”

“We should have done this sooner. But I know you’re so busy, and I’ve been kind of busy myself.”

They smiled at each other and looked directly into each other’s eyes, years of familiarity steadying their gazes. He reached over to touch her cheek. “You know, I still see the same shy little girl I remember from years ago. Still shy and beautiful with the bright sexy eyes.”

She blushed. “I wasn’t that little when we met. I was what, fifteen? Sixteen? And I am the same shy person. Just because I’m in the public eye a bit doesn’t mean I can’t be shy.” She grew redder and redder with each word she spoke, and was positively crimson by the time she was done. He was touched to see he could still make her blush.

He removed his hand from her face. “I guess I just thought you’d be...different.”

“I am.”

“Maybe I don’t see it. You look the same. Except the hair. But you have the same face.”

“A lot of the changes in me aren’t things you’d necessarily see with the naked eye.”

“Things I wouldn’t be aware of in public, huh?”

She shook her head, trying to ward away the suggestiveness of the comment. Her voice was firm as she said, “no.”

There was a pause as the waitress brought their drinks, then took their orders...a large crab dip appetizer for them to share, shrimp salad sandwich and baked potato for her, honey roasted chicken, wild rice and a salad for him. Bowie was replaced by The Human League's 'Don't You Want Me Baby', and she began to sing again. He touched the naked ring finger of his left hand and sighed. He hadn't worn it in years, in spite of his wife's protests. It was the only sign of resentment that he'd consistently held on to regarding his marriage; he'd worn the ring on his wedding day, and promptly put it away in a lockbox when they returned from City Hall.

It would have been normal for two old friends who had been apart for so long to ask about spouses, kids, pets, and careers.

They didn't have to do this because they both already knew all the answers to those questions. They had never totally severed the cord between each other, both quietly keeping track of each other, each making discreet inquiries of mutual friends from time to time on the status of the other. He was still married with five kids. She had never married, but had one child who was mildly autistic. Both had lost a child. Her son had been one of twin boys and the other died *in utero*; he had lost an infant son to SIDS many years ago. He had become a state trooper, eventually finding his way to college to major in computer science, with an emphasis on computer security issues. He combined his law enforcement experience and his degree to start his own successful security business, doing everything from installing sophisticated alarm systems to investigating identity theft to providing bodyguards and personal protection for athletes, celebrities and events. She had attended several colleges, finally earning a degree in English. She'd been a part-time graphic designer, then worked at a dot com that folded. She cobbled together an existence for herself and her son with a hodgepodge of part-time jobs while continuing to live with her parents for a long span of time. She finally got her own apartment in a two-story walkup in a suspicious neighborhood that he arranged to have patrolled without her knowledge until she moved into a safer place. Since her son was disabled she was able to collect Supplemental Security Income for him, and she got food stamps and a small cash assistance check. She dated sporadically, and never very seriously. In the midst of all of this she was always pursuing her writing as if possessed. Her first big break was landing a fairly steady spot as a contributing writer for the local alternative weekly newspaper. Now she was on staff at the paper with

her own column, she covered the arts scene in the area, and she had recently published her first novel that was generating good buzz. He'd been shot once and was severely injured, almost fatally so. Her son's pregnancy had been a high risk one for her and nearly killed her. He'd gained almost eighty pounds since he last saw her, but tried to keep it under control by going to the gym as often as he could. She had maybe gained thirty, and her formerly slim curves had become voluptuous. She'd grown her hair long and it hung down her back now. He'd been shaving his head bald for years. She noticed that he was larger and had developed strong bulging biceps. She admired the perfect round symmetry of his head. But neither said a word about any of this...they just continued smiling at each other, he quietly and insistently, she continuing to sing as she stared.

As the music faded he said, "you remember the words to this stuff! You're really are stuck in the eighties, aren't you?"

"I think you're stuck in the eighties too, which is why we're having lunch today."

Spandau Ballet's 'True' was next up on the play list. He said, "I have always loved that about you. The way you express yourself. So open and honest."

"One of us has to do it. You were always so secretive."

"I wasn't..."

As the words left his lips and registered with her, he watched the veil transform into a wall.

The last time he saw Sarah before today was the day she rang his doorbell and his very new wife had answered the door. She had not known he had married. Almost six months previously he and Sarah had gotten into a huge argument...the worst they'd ever had. He couldn't even remember how the argument started now, but he remembered the noise and the emotions running so high in his tiny apartment that the walls began to vibrate. He remembered her leaving, saying she never wanted to see him again. He remembered going to his friend Ricky's place to talk to him about what happened, and that his sister Denise was there. He remembered the gold tequila clearly, but only vaguely remembered the night he spent in Denise's bed. He remembered finding out Denise was pregnant seven weeks later from Ricky. Denise refused to abort the baby. He remembered feeling set up. He couldn't remember if he'd used a condom or not because of the tequila. He never contacted Sarah to explain. He didn't see the point.

On that day when he heard Sarah's voice at the door, he rushed from the back of the apartment just as Denise said, "sweetheart, who is this? Is she a friend of yours?" He arrived in the doorway just in time to see Sarah's face crumble as she took in the simple gold band and the ample growing belly in Denise's possession. Sarah jumped into her Chevy Nova and drove blindly away. He'd jumped into his 280Z and caught up to her quickly. He waved his arms at her, trying to get her to pull over so they could talk. They drove down the road like this for several blocks until she turned off, the heavy traffic preventing him from changing lanes quickly enough to catch her.

As he drove the few short blocks back to the apartment he cursed at himself for allowing Sarah to make him forget his word to Denise and their unborn child so quickly. Mentally firming his resolve, he returned to his home and his new family. Since that day he slavishly devoted his life to being a column of strength to his family, a rock of stability to the brood that grew by leaps and bounds over the years that followed. Even in his work he made people feel secure, protected, and safe. He was intensely committed to his life decision most of the time. Denise to her credit seemed determined to repay him for the trickery she employed to snare him by giving him a good life in every way she could. She actually turned out to be a pretty good wife, a good money manager, and an excellent mother. If he had known about the good qualities she possessed before he might have fallen in love with her on his own. He often thought it was a shame that Denise never knew how wonderful she truly was and thought she had to manipulate people to get what she wanted. That was the one thing he had never been able to fully digest about her even though they had been married close to twenty years.

He grabbed Sarah's hand and squeezed it. "I'm sorry Sarah."

She squeezed back. "I know you are."

"I've always been sorry about how badly I treated you..."

"I know."

"I always wanted to tell you that I never meant to make you feel like you didn't matter. Because you did. You were always special to me. I..."

She cut him off. "It took a long time for me to understand how you could...why you could...but it was so long ago. We were both young and you were trying to do the right thing. I understand that now. I admire your high level of commitment." He squeezed her hand again, then she suddenly blurted out, "science!"

She began to bob her head again, and repeated the word. Thomas Dolby's 'She Blinded Me With Science' was playing now. It had been one of his favorites too, so he joined her in singing. He stumbled over the words, but she remembered every one and laughed at his memory lapses. Music was how she remembered things, especially him. They were transported back in time to days when he'd sit in her living room as she pranced around in her skintight Calvin Klein jeans and her pink Izod polo shirt, grabbing him by the hands, encouraging him to dance with her, ignoring his pleas that she stop. He remembered taking her to see 'Pretty In Pink', 'The Breakfast Club', and 'Sixteen Candles' to satisfy her obsession with Molly Ringwald. Pink Floyd's 'The Wall' was next up as the waitress brought the crab dip appetizer. They grabbed crusty bits of the warm baguettes and began dipping. She dipped and blew on hers and he admired the O shape her lips formed. He was hungry and hurriedly tried to eat, but the hot dip burned his mouth. He dropped the bread and she laughed. She picked up a fresh piece of baguette and dipped it in the crab, blowing on it to cool it and passing it to him. Instead of taking it with his hands, he opened his mouth slightly, and she placed it in, smiling. Feeling impulsive for the first time in decades, he grabbed her hand and licked the bit of dip that had escaped the baguette off her fingers. The people at the tables around them smiled approvingly, imagining them to be lovers. But she froze the minute his tongue made contact with her flesh, and she pulled her hand from him as gently as she could. She knew she'd started it so she couldn't be angry, but she hadn't expected him to cross the line so readily and eagerly. A strand of her hair fell over her shoulder and he reached over to push it back. She pushed it back herself before he had a chance.

She spoke, breaking the spell. "I hope you didn't bring me here just to apologize," she said sincerely. "I do appreciate the gesture, but it really wasn't necessary. We could have talked about this over the phone. Or you could have e-mailed or IM'd me."

"You didn't want to see me," he asked playfully.

"Well, no, it's not that."

"Does it hurt to see me?"

“It stung at first. But only a little. Does it hurt to see me?”

He swallowed a large sip of his soda. “I’m very glad to see you. And I’m very proud of you too.”

“Why proud?”

“Because you did what you set out to do. I respect you a lot Sarah. Very few people in this world do what they say they’re going to do. People have dreams, goals, and life gets hold of them and they never do what they really want. They use all kinds of excuses. But you found a way to make your dreams real. You always said you’d be a writer, and you are. You have no idea how much I respect that.”

She was blushing again. “I respect you too.”

“Why?”

“Because you are a responsible person. As much as what happened back then hurt at the time, I admire what you did. You could have easily abandoned the situation, but you didn’t. You recognized what was important to you...giving your child a two-parent home, a stable home. You knew you wanted to raise your children every day of their lives, and did what you had to do.”

“You don’t think you’re a responsible person?”

She began to scrape dip from the bottom of the serving bowl. They had gone through it pretty quickly. “I’m not entirely sure. The choices I’ve made in my life haven’t always led to...stability. I just wanted to write so badly...I was so driven, just consumed by it. I guess once you and I...well, I became kind of self absorbed, just wanted to do what I wanted to do, make myself happy. Other than that all I thought about was writing, being successful at writing. All those years on welfare while I was trying to get stuff off the ground, only taking part-time jobs, buying groceries with food stamps, living off my son’s SSI money, when I knew I could have just gotten a decent job...”

He felt compelled to interrupt her. “You are a great mother. Especially considering his autism. I can only imagine how you got through it all alone. You didn’t let your circumstances stop you. Look at all you have to show for it now.”

“Sure...now I have a little something. But there were lots of times, especially when Noah was younger that there wasn’t a lot in my life. I couldn’t give him things. We lived with my parents for what seemed like forever, and then a shabby apartment after that in a really bad neighborhood. Even now, though things are better, the rug could get pulled out from under me any time. After all, it’s just me. I don’t have

anyone else to lean on really. My art is supporting my son and me. There's not a lot of stability in that. Sometimes I wish I'd taken a more traditional road like you did. You have a great life...nice truck, charge cards, beautiful home that you actually own, a life partner, decent credit..." she chuckled and he joined her as she continued. "I have this pseudo-bohemian lifestyle, a rented duplex, a used car in desperate need of some work..."

"You did what you wanted to do Sarah."

"But you did what was right."

"We still ended up in here though, huh?"

They both paused at that fork in the conversation. The sounds of Toto's 'Rosanna' fell into the quiet.

"This was one of my favorite albums," she said in a low voice, almost to herself.

"Yeah. Mine too."

They listened to the yearning, mournful lyrics of their youth as the waitress brought out their food. She smiled, and picked up one half of her sandwich. He grabbed his utensils and began to slice his chicken.

They were both ready for their food so talk was temporarily suspended so they could eat. Toto gave way to Hall & Oates' 'One On One'. She sang between bites of food, and asked, "is the nostalgia bothering you?"

He wanted to be accurate this time when he responded. "It's hard sometimes, looking at the path in life you didn't take." There was a shift in the air around them. The veil was lifting now.

She nodded as she chewed and swallowed. "That's one of the hardest things to acknowledge about life. You can't travel every road. You only travel one, and hope for the best."

He signed. "You've just seem so...free to me. I wish I were. I was afraid to be. I was afraid of what I might become if I was left to my own devices. As much as I cared about you, in the end I still didn't do right by you even though I wanted to. And I never wanted to be responsible for hurting another woman like I hurt you. So I did what I thought was right. You did what you wanted to do, and your life still came out okay."

"And you seem so...stable to me. Believe me, I wish I could be. But I know I'm selfish. I felt like I deserved it after what happened between us. I gave myself to you and ...well...I just started being all about myself after that. You did what was honorable. And guess what...your life still came out okay too."

Not that honorable, he thought to himself. He had been dodging memories of his sex life with Sarah since she'd sat down at the table, but suddenly he felt too tired to run. Prince's 'Little Red Corvette' provided an appropriate soundtrack for his thoughts.

Back then they spent a lot of time in his car, exploring each other. To this day he got an erection whenever he saw vanilla ice cream or honey glazed donuts. Once he got his own place sometimes they would just wile away the hours in bed. Occasionally she seemed sad and withdrawn after they would be together, and it troubled him. He wanted to please her more than anything, and did everything his relatively inexperienced mind could think of. He often wondered if she had orgasms with him, but was too embarrassed to ask. Women's orgasms were foreign to him in those days, and to some extent, still were.

"Why did you look sad sometimes after we made love," he said, almost to himself. Then, speaking directly to her, "I mean, it wasn't all the time. A lot of the time you didn't but...sometimes you did."

She met him head on. "Because sometimes I didn't think you loved me. I thought you just liked having sex with me."

"That wasn't true at all. Sometimes I felt like I couldn't make you happy in bed. And you always made me feel so good." He remembered how every inch of her felt on him, next to him, under him, beside him, around him, over him, invading him from the inside out and the outside in, microscopic bits of her spirit clinging to his life...her eyes, her lips, her tongue, her hands, her legs, her feet. In all his years of marriage he hardly ever slept with his wife without thinking of Sarah. Sarah had learned not to think of him while being intimate with others – she saved memories of him for times when she pleased herself.

She was still learning to be comfortable with her sexuality when they began being intimate. She was not at all experienced, and since he was older, she imagined he'd been with a lot of women and that she wasn't measuring up. (She was too afraid to ask.) Sometimes felt like she wasn't satisfying him, that their closeness in the bedroom was what mattered most to him. Young women always worried about that kind of thing...trying to balance their desire to be respectable with their need for physical intimacy, and she was no different. It was a hard dance to do back then, and she never quite got the hang of it while they were together. But in spite of her insecurities, most times being with him gave her so much pleasure she felt compelled to hide it.

He laughed when he recognized the first few notes of Madonna's 'Like A Virgin'. He saw her face light up and he said, "I can still see you with the beads and bracelets and lace headbands and gloves. I could hear you coming a mile away with all that clanking racket."

"I wasn't that bad."

"Yeah you were. And you lip synched this song at the talent show. Remember that weekend?"

She laughed hysterically, recalling herself eighteen years younger and fifty pounds lighter, clad in a skimpy white dress with a bustier top, and writhing around onstage at a local club.

"That dress was pretty hot if I recall. I can still see it now just as clearly." He became lost in the memory, and, finding it impossible to resist, she joined him. They smiled as Madonna sang, and he remarked softly, "you looked so good that night, I didn't want to ever let you go."

After the talent show (she'd won first prize), they danced until 4 a.m., went to an all-night diner, and finally collapsed in his bed as the sun rose. He wanted to undress her slowly and seductively, and he began working at getting her out of the outfit. The bustier part of the dress had at least a hundred hooks and eyes. He struggled mightily to get them open, trying to contain his longing for her and make his fingers work all at once. She began to help him after laughing at his struggles. She helped reveal herself to him, his fingers pressing against her here and there, together exposing her soft skin to his touch little by little, sharing in the quest to make themselves naked to each other. Just when he could take it no longer the last hook released and her breasts came fully into view. He smiled broadly. She unbuttoned the buttons at the front of his shirt slowly as he undid the buttons at his cuffs. He threw off his shirt impatiently and kissed her like a starving man, taking her breasts into his hands and running his fingers across the nipples. He told his mind to slow down, and with an effort he eased the force of his lips against hers. He kissed her more tenderly, more gently, and he heard a moan in her throat. She moved closer to him, pressing her breasts against his chest. Soon she pushed him down and she was on top of him, unzipping and unbuttoning his jeans to free his imprisoned erection. The rest of the weekend they spent so enmeshed it was impossible to determine where she ended and where he began.

They had finished their meal. Don Henley's 'Boys of Summer' was on. The waitress brought them back into the present by coming to the table and asking if they wanted to see dessert menus she carried. He

looked inquisitively at her, deciding if he wanted to extend their lunch. He nodded and took the menus from the waitress as she bussed the table.

She looked at her watch. "Are you sure you have time for this?"

He looked at his watch. "Well, I'm going to make time for it today. Plus the carrot cake here is excellent."

"I thought maybe you were working up the nerve to proposition me. But since this is just about carrot cake, I'd love a piece."

He ordered two slices of cake, ignoring her comment. Once the waitress left he beckoned to Sarah. Their heads came closer together over the small table and he whispered to her, "you look really beautiful."

"Thank you."

"There have been times when I've really missed you. I used to go months and months and not think about you, but as I got older, I thought of you more and more."

She silently took in the weight of his admission.

He tried to finish his thoughts. "Now half my life's gone by, and you weren't there to witness it." The look on her face stopped him.

She chose her words carefully. "Seeing you here today does make me think. Maybe I shouldn't have run off that day."

He tried again. "Maybe I should have caught up to you."

"Maybe I should have written you a letter..."

"Maybe I should have followed you to your house."

"Maybe I shouldn't have argued with you, and walked out that night..."

"Maybe I should have told you before I did it. Maybe I shouldn't have ma..."

But Sarah cut him off. "Don't say that. Don't ever say that."

"Why not?"

'She Drives Me Crazy' by The Fine Young Cannibals started coming through the speakers.

He wasn't sure if she really wanted to let sleeping dogs lie. But neither was he. They both thought about how funny life was. It truly was a circle, and you eventually stood at every point in that circle, your perspective always rotating and changing as you learned about yourself, about others, about love, about sacrifice. They both laughed. No matter what you did, time had its way with you like an inconsiderate lover – it was only the manner in which it had its way that differed for each and every person. The waitress brought over their carrot cake.

Simultaneously, they picked up their forks and began to eat. It was delicious, freshly made carrot cake, chock full of bits of carrot and walnut, moist and covered with sweet sticky cream cheese icing. They both used their fingers to wipe frosting from their plates once the slices were gone, and laughed at each other. They each ordered a piece to go. She finally hugged him as they waited for the waitress to wrap the desserts, and they held on tight for a long moment to fully create the memory, making sure they would remember the feeling. They left the restaurant arm in arm, carrying identical white boxes. They were parked at opposite ends of the block, and turned to face each other, kissing gently and warmly on the lips. The gusts of cold wind became spring-like as their mouths touched. For ten seconds it was 1983 again. But as quickly as it came, it left. Like soldiers going off to war, they squared their shoulders, turned their backs to each other and marched off in opposite directions, each taking something sweet with them as they went. Both managed to successfully fight the urge to stop and look back.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

If you enjoyed “Eighties Love” and want to read more of Miss Caesar’s work, you can order her erotic short story anthology entitled “Lipstick And Other Stories” by going to www.Phaze.com

Petula Caesar (www.myspace.com/tulalove) is a writer living in Baltimore, Maryland who doesn’t have the good sense to write under a pseudonym. A diverse writing talent, she has had short stories, poetry, and opt-ed pieces published in everything from *The Baltimore Sun* and Baltimore’s *City Paper*, (where she is a contributing writer), to popular erotica e-zines like *Clean Sheets* and *Desdmona*. She has an erotica anthology currently published called *Lipstick and Other Stories*, and has a short story in Zane’s latest erotica anthology *Caramel Flava*. She is currently working on her second erotica collection called *Unusual Positions*. She also is the Associate Editor for *Mic Life Magazine*, a bi-monthly full color print publication that covers the microphone culture scene in the Baltimore/DC metropolitan area. She has performed her erotic spoken word poetry live at popular area venues and on DC’s WHUR FM Radio. When she’s not writing, you can find her spending time with her kids, hanging out with her friends, listening to music, buying high heeled shoes, drinking plum wine and eating Chinese food. Rumor has it that she even has sex occasionally.



The hottest romance, the most memorable heroines,
and the most gorgeous heroes...

Welcome to the next PHAZE in erotic romance!

Join us online for author chats and writing workshops.

Win big prize contests with our FREE monthly newsletter!

www.phaze.com

groups.yahoo.com/group/PhazeChatters

eBooks available at
Fictionwise.com, CyberRead.com,
and AllRomanceeBooks.com

Print titles available at
Amazon.com, BN.com, BooksAMillion.com,
and on the shelves of Borders bookstores!