



My Woman-Child

~K. Lyn~

Beau to Belle Erotic Romance

Copyright 2011-01-22: Beau to Beau Books

ISBN: 978-1-4524-6678-1

Beau to Belle Stories

All rights reserved

Included in: My Woman-Child

- 1. Openers**
- 2. Introduction**
- 3. My Woman-Child**

Introduction:

As Heidi prepares for a fun filled night at the newest and hottest club in the college town she has called home for four years, the last person she expects to see is the one man she has wanted for years and the only man who is forbidden to her. When she opens the door of her apartment to find this man standing there, looking better than any

man has a right to look, Heidi quickly replaces the surprised look on her face with a devilish grin. Knowing that time spent with this man could lead to crossing a line that she swore she never would cross, Heidi decides to flirt with danger and have some fun anyway.

My Woman-Child:

Heidi inched the black fishnet stockings upward along her long sexy legs and zipped the little red dress that fit her slender body like a glove, slipped her tiny feet into the five inch red pumps that were a perfect match to the dress, and admired her reflection in the full length mirror. “Mmm, good,” she said. Heidi very carefully outlined her luscious lips and then filled them in with bright red lipstick. She knew she looked good.

Heidi was young, just three months shy of twenty-two, slender, with perky breasts and a cute butt. Her height of five feet, five inches was the only thing that stood between her and the wonderful world of modeling, a world into which she longed to be welcomed. “In these heels, I could stomp any runway,” she said to the woman-child looking back at her.

She was almost out the door when the phone rang. “Oh, hi Lisa. Are you ready to kick it at the hottest spot in the city? What? No, Lisa, not tonight. Okay, see you later.” Heidi had planned to meet her friend Lisa at the hottest and newest club in the city. Tonight was its grand opening and every man in town was certain to be there. Heidi was a junior in college and she loved living off campus. Barely pulling a C average, she knew she had to get her grades back up, but Heidi loved to party. She picked up the little black purse that completed her perfect ensemble, tossed her loosely curled long blonde hair a couple of times to give it that “play with me look”, and headed for the door.

Just as she reached for the door, a knock on the other side of it made Heidi jump. She was not expecting anyone. She stepped back quickly and asked nervously, “Who is it?” The voice on the other side of the door was familiar, too familiar, and she rolled her eyes at the thought of the man whose knock she knew too well.

“What do you want?” she asked, rolling her eyes as she opened the door.

Walking in uninvited and giving Heidi a leisurely once-over with his eyes, the man asked sarcastically, “My, my, are we working the lounge tonight or the streets?”

“I *do not* look like a hooker.” Damn, this man could always get to her, and in more than one way.

“Shit, Heidi, with those stockings and a dress that looks like it was glued on, trust me, my dear, you look like a hooker.”

“Shut up, Joe, and tell me what you want. What are you doing in *my* town tonight?”

Joe ignored Heidi’s demanding tone and helped himself to a beer from her refrigerator.

“*Do* help yourself, Joe,” she said, sarcastically.

Pulling the tab off the can of beer, Joe sat down on Heidi’s sofa, his painted on jeans displaying his very full package extremely well. Heidi tried not to stare, but this was a man she had wanted for years, and the one man she knew was off limits to her.

Heidi’s gaze did not go unnoticed by Joe, and he smiled. Then he laughed.

“What’s so funny?” she demanded.

“You, Heidi. You are what’s so funny.”

Heidi could feel her cheeks getting hot. Had he caught her staring? How could she not stare? Joe was just sitting there in those tight jeans, his legs spread apart, drinking his beer. He was gorgeous, too, looking like an urban cowboy with his farmer’s tan and neatly trimmed facial hair.

Heidi and Joe made a good looking couple, though they both knew they would never and could never be a real couple.

“So, if your plans do not include making money in that little red dress, or slip, whatever you call it, where are you planning on going?”

“Not that it’s any of your business, Joey, but I am meeting Lisa at the new club. But it looks like I get to go by myself until Lisa gets off work later.” Heidi was none too pleased about going alone and she could not hide her disappointment.

Joe set his empty beer can on Heidi’s shiny glass table and stood up. He walked slowly toward her, standing so close to her now that she could smell the beer on his breath, the one manly scent that Heidi could not resist. She could feel the wetness form between her legs whenever she caught the faintest whiff of beer on a man’s breath and if there was even a drop of beer on a man’s lips when he kissed her, Heidi swore she climaxed at that very moment.

Lost in her lusty daydream, Heidi flinched when she felt Joe’s hand on the small of her back. He immediately stepped back.

“A bit jumpy, are we?”

“I, um, I, what do you want anyway, Joe? Why *did* you come here tonight?”

Joe had no answer for Heidi. He never did. “Come on, I like to party, too. I can hang around until Lisa shows up.”

Heidi laughed a nervous laugh. “You party? A little old, don’t you think? Look Joe, if I’m twenty-one, then you are thirty-one. See how I did that? You are ten years older than I, and twenty-one plus ten equals thirty-one.” Every word dripping with sarcasm, Heidi was daring Joe to challenge her.

He leaned in close to her again, purposely trying to unnerve her, and said, “I can add, Heidi. I do believe that I am the college graduate, and you, my dear, are the lowly student.”

Joe’s beer-flavored breath was killing Heidi but she would rather die than back down to this man. “Okay, come on, old man. Let’s party.” On the way out, she turned and said, “Just one more thing, Joey. You may not have heard, but disco is dead.” He glared at her, squinting his eyes, which only made him look sexier. Heidi tried to ignore the wetness she could already feel inside the skimpy panties she was wearing, and said nothing more until she and Joe arrived at the club.

Joe parked his truck, and Heidi reached for the door handle. Then she felt Joe’s hot heavy hand on her thigh, his fingers made thick from years of hard work on the farm pressed firmly on her inner thigh nearing her crotch.

“Excuse me,” she said firmly.

“Oh, please, you think I’m trying to cop a feel from a child? Just a word of caution, Heidi. You may want to try and stay on your feet tonight. A good crotch shot is something that the young studs in there should pay for, don’t you think?”

Heidi roughly pulled Joe’s hand from her thigh and slammed it down on the seat of the truck. “I’ll keep that in mind,” she said, and glared at Joe.

She stepped out of the truck feeling weak in the knees at the thought of Joe’s hand so close to her crotch. She could feel the womanly juices quickly filling her pussy. Damn, why does he get to me like that?

Collecting herself quickly, Heidi walked around the front of the truck where Joe was waiting for her with the usual smirk on his lips. They walked inside, and Heidi knew this was her kind of place. Every guy in college had to be here tonight, the place was packed, the music was loud, and everyone was dancing.

Heidi turned to Joe, said, “Here, watch my purse,” and hurried to dance with a couple of guys she had known from one of her classes.

Joe sat down at the bar and ordered a beer. He set the little black purse in his lap and struck up a conversation with the bartender. "From what I can see, you and I are the only two adults in the place."

"Tell me about it. Never seen so many fake I.D.s since I was in college."

Joe tried to keep an eye on Heidi, especially when she started drinking, but hell, he wasn't here to be her babysitter. What the fuck did he care? He stared off into space. Why did he care? "Maybe I feel like a father or older brother to the kid now that her old man is gone. That must be it."

Joe was jolted out of his daydream by the bartender. "Hey there, buddy. Looks like your girl may be getting wasted." Joe turned around. Heidi was not his girl, but she was definitely getting wasted. One guy was jamming his tongue down her throat while another guy was on his knees on the floor drunkenly inching his hands upward along Heidi's fishnets.

"Damn!" Joe shouted.

"Damn near screwin' on the dance floor," the bartender added. He was not amused. "If that red slip or dress, whatever the slut calls it, comes off, I gotta throw out all three of them."

Joe felt his blood boil at the bartender's choice of the word "slut" when referring to Heidi, and he had had just enough beer to lash out at someone.

"She is *not* a slut," he said, slammed his bottle of beer down on the counter, and slowly walked over to where Heidi was being aggressively felt up. Tapping the shoulder of the young man whose tongue had no doubt located Heidi's tonsils by now, Joe said, "Excuse me."

The young man pulled his tongue out of Heidi's mouth, and scowled at Joe. "Yeah, what do you want, old man?"

Ignoring the smartass comment or question, Joe reached for Heidi's beer. "I think you have had enough."

Heidi instantly pulled her hand away. "Not that it's any of your concern, but I am just getting started."

Joe forced the bottle from Heidi's hand and thrust it into the hands of the man whose own hands were slowly making their way to Heidi's crotch. "Come on, little girl, time to go home."

"You are a party, a party, a party pooper," she stuttered.

“If you say so,” Joe laughed. He hated that Heidi drank as much as she did, but he had to admit that she was funny when she was half blitzed.

Heidi held onto Joe as she stumbled toward the door in her high heels that were now killing her feet. Laughing too loud, the cold night air stopped Heidi in her tracks. “Oh, crap, now I have to pee,” she said, putting her hand to her crotch.

“Keep walking, Heidi.” Joe led her to the truck, opened the door, and lifted her tiny body up and onto the seat. He walked around to the driver’s side and threw Heidi’s little black purse on the dash. “Try not to puke in my truck.” He looked at her in all seriousness, and she burst out laughing. Then she scooted over and sat next to him.

Joe started the truck, and Heidi threw her arms around him. Her breath heavy with beer, she spoke with her mouth over his ear. “Why did you poop on my party, Joey Boy?” He squirmed in spite of himself. There was something about this girl that made him hard.

“It was not your party, little one. It was theirs.”

Heidi placed her mouth over Joe’s ear once again. “Whose party, Joey Boy?” she asked.

Joe pushed her off of him, and she fell laughing onto the seat.

“Those guys who were using you for a cheap thrill were having their own party.”

Heidi could not stop laughing. Joe had said absolutely nothing funny, nothing at all, but she laughed anyway.

When they got back to Heidi’s apartment, Joe helped a stumbling and laughing Heidi to the door.

“Watch, Joe,” she shouted, and held onto him while she kicked her shoes into the air and watched them fall. “Much better, but I still have to pee.” She ran down the hall to the bathroom.

Joe helped himself to another beer from Heidi’s refrigerator and made a quick call. “Yeah, Bob, looks like I’m staying in the city tonight. Can you help me out with the morning chores? Thanks.” Bob and Joe had been best friends since they were kids, and they now had land of their own to care for, but they never failed to be there for each other whenever needed.

Heidi had been gone for awhile and Joe began to wonder what she was doing. As drunk as she was, she could have passed out in the bathroom. He walked slowly down the hall and tapped on the bathroom door. “Hey, you okay in there?”

“Yes, dear,” Heidi retorted, adding her usual giggle. “Be right out, honey.”

When Heidi finally emerged from the bathroom and rounded the corner to the living room, Joe nearly fell over. Still stumbling, she laughed. “What are you staring at?”

“I’m not staring,” he lied. But Joe *was* staring. Heidi was perfect in Joe’s mind. She looked like a big pink marshmallow in her silk camisole top and cute boy shorts. Did she have any idea what she was doing to him?

Heidi disappeared into the kitchen, and Joe quickly adjusted himself before she returned. Heidi poured herself a glass of water and curled up next to Joe on the sofa.

“Having another beer there, Joey? Give me a sip.”

“Little girl, the last thing you need is another beer.”

Joe noticed Heidi’s minty-fresh breath and knew that she had brushed her teeth or used mouthwash. Joe was certain that Heidi must have been so drunk that she had no idea what she was doing, but she did. Heidi knew exactly what she was doing. She kissed Joe on the cheek and smoothed his shirt with her hand. She continued moving her hand downward, resting it on the buckle of Joe’s belt.

“Heidi,” he said, his voice shaky. Joe was hard and the top of his hardness was just below his belt buckle where Heidi’s hand was now resting. “Heidi, we can’t,” he said, trying to force his body to move away from her.

Joe looked down and watched as Heidi’s very feminine hand moved from the buckle of his belt downward to slowly outline his full erection. Just as Heidi had imagined, Joe was packing a full and wide load inside his skin tight jeans.

“Heidi, come on, you don’t want this.” Joe put his hand over Heidi’s very soft hand, but he did not remove it. The sweet hand of this sweet girl felt good under his rough hand and it felt even better on his hardness.

Heidi looked down at Joe’s erection and then slowly moved her gaze upward until her big beautiful blue eyes met Joe’s baby blues, which were equally as beautiful as Heidi’s.

“The hell I don’t want it, and you want it to, don’t you, Joey?” Joe squirmed. Damn, he was hard. Desperately hoping that the newly formed wetness that Joe could feel inside his shorts would not be found by Heidi’s perfect hand, he lifted her hand and slouched down a little. Then he realized that that was clearly a mistake.

With Heidi sitting with her legs underneath her, she and Joe were now face to face. “Mmm, getting comfy, are we?” Heidi was not letting up this time. They had played this game before, but it was just a game, and it had never gone quite this far.

Heidi’s eyes met Joe’s as she began to unbutton the western style shirt that she found so sexy. Heidi knew that Joe had a full chest of gorgeous black hair. She had seen him many times naked from the waist up. Tonight she was determined to run her hands through the thick mass of soft black curls.

Joe could feel his heart beating wildly as one by one the silver buttons of his shirt were released and the sides of his shirt opened. If this were any other woman he would have welcomed the seduction. He was definitely proud of all that he could offer a woman.

When Heidi had unbuttoned Joe’s shirt to where his nipples were plainly seen in their erect glory, his chest heaving from his quickened breathing, he knew that if he did not stop now he never would. He lifted Heidi’s hand from his chest, but not before she had swept her fingertips across his hard nipples, and scooted away from her.

Not to be deterred from her mission, Heidi was at his side again within seconds, and Joe was now pinned between Heidi and the arm of the sofa. Lightly stroking the side of Joe’s face, Heidi whispered, “I like the chase.”

Joe held Heidi’s tiny hand and tried desperately to steady his breathing. “You know we have to stop.”

“No, Joe, we do not have to stop.”

“Heidi, we do have to stop and you know why.”

Heidi swept her warm hand across Joe’s chest, fanning her fingers as she slowly slid them through the soft black curls that she had seen so many times but had never touched until now. Joe watched as Heidi’s delicate fingers drew back the hair surrounding his nipples, and he watched as those soft fingers lightly stroked across the hard tips of his nipples. The low moan escaped his lips before Joe could stop it.

Heidi continued stroking Joe’s nipples, and she looked up at his half closed eyes and his head that was laid back. Even the man’s Adam’s apple was sexy. Heidi was sure that Joe was now hers, for tonight at least. She leaned in, her soft blonde curls weaving in and out of Joe’s chest hair, and formed her luscious lips over a full hard nipple. Her breath was hot against this very erogenous place, and Joe could feel the wetness forming inside his skin tight jeans from the nearly continuous oozing of pre-cum.

When Heidi’s full perfect lips met Joe’s nipple, he instinctively grabbed the back of her head and pressed it firmly to his chest. The tongue that he had dreamed of was

now flicking across his hard nipple. "Ohh," he moaned, thrusting his chest to force his nipple into Heidi's warm wet mouth. "Bite it," he demanded.

Heidi nibbled at Joe's nipple, in a bite, lick, bite motion, and Joe had forgotten that the mouth on his nipple was that of his dead brother's ex, the girl who had grown into a woman before his very eyes.

Heidi sucked harder and bit harder, moving her hand to form around Joe's erection once again. Joe's jeans were damp where the mushroom head of his cock was held firmly by denim, and Heidi knew that she would have Joe tonight. He would rather die than stop her now.

With Joe's shirt now untucked and out of his jeans, his hairy chest fully exposed, Heidi lifted her head under the weight of Joe's hand and looked up at his face. He was completely lost under her spell.

Heidi uncovered the hard nipple on the opposite side of Joe's chest with only her tongue, laying back the soft black curls and wetting them down. She licked around the hard brown nipple, teasing it, circling it with the tip of her tongue, until Joe forced her head down again. She sucked hard on the brown nipple, biting it harder than she had the first one, and Joe's moans were louder and lasted longer. "That's it, oh, baby," he moaned.

"Mmm," Heidi hummed, biding her time until she would have the cock of her dreams inside her dripping wet pussy. When Heidi felt Joe's hand on her back moving downward, she swayed her back until Joe's hand rested on her butt. He squeezed its firmness, his fingers so close to Heidi's inner womanly pleasures that she gasped.

Heidi quickly unbuckled the shiny belt buckle on Joe's jeans and then slowly ran the zipper down over the hardness that would soon be hers. Her soft hand folding around Joe's barely covered erection as she slid her hand over his underwear somehow brought Joe's mind back to the present. He looked up, startled. Heidi would not be turned down tonight. She was in charge here.

"Heidi," he nearly shouted. His strong hands were on her upper arms holding her away, but Heidi was quick. She threw her right leg over Joe, straddling him, holding his face in her hands, and resting her panty covered crotch at the top of his erection. She fanned his thick black hair back, pushing his head back against the sofa.

"What is it, Joe?" Her lips were so close to his now that Joe's resistance was quickly waning. He closed his eyes. He wanted those lips on his, though he knew that that was the last thing he should want.

Heidi was tentative at first, having wanted this for so long. She looked for some sign in Joe's eyes, but of what she did not know. His eyes showed no sign of anything really. His eyes were fixed on Heidi's big blue eyes that tonight were more beautiful

than they had ever been. Joe lowered his hands to Heidi's waist and held her slender body in his strong hands.

Heidi's eyes went from Joe's eyes to Joe's lips and back to Joe's eyes. Then she lightly ran her tongue along her lips and lowered her lips to meet those of the man she had wanted like this for a long time. Their lips met and they both felt it, the spark they both knew would be there at this moment in time.

Joe pulled Heidi to him with his strong manly hands and kissed her just as he would kiss a woman not so forbidden to him. But Heidi was not just any woman. Heidi was deserving of so much more than a one night stand. Joe kissed her tenderly, but with a desire that soon overtook him. His mouth was open as he tried to kiss more of her. His kisses were eagerly returned. Heidi's lips felt more luscious and tasted more delicious than they looked. Joe wanted her. He knew he couldn't wait much longer to have her.

Heidi slowly moved her wet crotch back and forth across the head of Joe's cock, their juices now separated only by the thin crotch of Heidi's panties.

"Heidi," Joe said, but had no other words to follow. He had no idea what to say. Heidi looked into Joe's eyes that had lost some of their harshness, and that familiar cockiness, too, was gone.

"Please, Joe." She had been through too much to be rejected by this man she wanted. Heidi's father had passed away only two years ago, and then her boyfriend, Joe's brother, had been killed in a motorcycle accident recently, after the two of them had been together for four years. Heidi could not take any more rejection.

Joe's eyes were closed when Heidi surprised him with her lips on his again. She kissed his cheek and then his neck. She spoke softly. "Take me to bed, Joe."

It seemed like an hour had passed before Joe responded to Heidi's plea. He stood up, lifting Heidi's beautiful body, wrapping her legs around his waist, and folding his arms beneath her butt. Heidi wrapped her arms around Joe, resting her head on his shoulder, and lightly kissing his neck.

No words were spoken as Joe carried Heidi to her bedroom. It was dark in the little room and neither of them desired light. Whatever the two of them shared, however sinful, however wrong, could only be made right under the cloak of darkness.

Joe laid Heidi gently on her bed and as she watched, he freed his chest of its shirt, displaying the full chest of black hair that was Joe's, the hair that trailed downward as if leading the way to his full erection. Joe freed the full erection from its tight denim prison, and stood completely naked before the woman he had longed to please.

Heidi stared at the naked silhouette of the man she had wanted in her bedroom and in her bed for years. Her eyes moved upward from Joe's hairy legs to his full heavy

balls and the cock which she had earlier outlined through the thin material of his underwear. She had been right about the fullness of Joe's manhood. Joe's cock was thick and long, bigger than Heidi had imagined. His entire body seemed to be covered with black hair, and to Heidi he was manlier than any man she had ever known.

When their eyes met, Joe was watching her. He seemed to be waiting for her to look at him, to see all of him in his nakedness.

"Joe," she whispered.

He climbed onto the bed and straddled Heidi's slender body, his much larger manly body hovering over her. She could feel the heat from his body and she could see the thickness of his cock as it hung heavy from his body. Joe lowered his body and leaned on his elbows, cupping Heidi's face in his hands. He kissed her like a lover, and he removed her silky pink camisole.

Heidi's breasts were perfect, just as Joe had imagined them to be. Her nipples were firm and Joe couldn't wait to pull them into his mouth. Heidi pushed her chest upward and Joe lowered his mouth to Heidi's gorgeous womanly breasts. "Oh, Joe," she moaned. His was the one mouth, the only mouth that she really wanted to take her nipples. Joe could not hold back. He sucked hard on Heidi's nipples, biting them, licking them, sucking harder, first one, and then the other.

Heidi could feel the aching need in her body. She was wetter than she had ever been and she could feel her clit begin to spasm. She needed this and she wanted this.

"Joe," she moaned again, and tried to wiggle out of her panties. Joe pulled them off for her and forced Heidi's body underneath his own, sliding a thick manly finger into the wetness that was waiting for him and only him.

Heidi spread her legs for Joe and then she reached out and wrapped a hand around the thick man cock that she had dreamed about. "Joe, oh, Joe," she said. He gasped when he felt the soft hand of Heidi around his leaking cock.

Heidi eased the cock downward, forcing Joe to give her what her body needed. Her wetness made it easy for the massive rod to slide into Heidi. He filled her just as she knew he would. Joe filled her more than any man had. Just when Heidi thought that Joe was all the way inside of her, she felt even more of his hardness enter her, and then more, until she was completely filled.

"Fuck me, Joe. Fuck me like you know you want to." Joe's thrusts were hard and fast, and then slow and long, never the same, and Heidi's body was on fire. His cock was so thick and Heidi's clit so engorged that she came more times than she could remember.

"Heidi, Heidi, Heidi," he screamed.

“Fuck me, Joe. Fuck me harder.”

The two of them were perfect for each other. Joe’s massive cock filled Heidi, her clit full and throbbing now as if it knew exactly where it needed to be to get exactly what it needed. The sweat from Heidi’s body was absorbed by the hairiness of Joe’s body. This was the perfect fuck. Heidi was on fire. She fucked the man of her dreams like a wild woman. She swore, she commanded and demanded, until her womanly needs were met. She felt Joe’s body tense, his cock swell inside her, and then he was still as his hot cream exploded into the woman he had wanted for as long as he had known her.

“Ohhhh, fuck,” he shouted. Joe had never had such an explosive orgasm as he did with Heidi. He fell on Heidi’s spent little body, forcing her into the mattress as his body covered hers like a blanket. He wrapped his fingers around the thick blonde curls that lay on the bed, his chest heaving as his breathing slowly returned to normal.

They lay together in Heidi’s bed, the two lovers that should have never been lovers, neither wanting to soil the moment with words. They slept as they were, not moving until hours later.

Joe awoke long before daybreak, his flaccid dick still buried deep inside the woman it should never have entered. He opened his eyes and looked at the woman whose body was blanketed by his own. Heidi looked peaceful, beautiful, young, and so damned delicate that Joe would rather die than harm even one of the strands of blonde hair that adorned her gorgeous head and framed her perfect face. She looked like an angel as she slept. Joe laughed softly at the thought. Neither of them were angels, not after tonight. He lay there beside the woman most forbidden to him, unable to sleep. Did he want her because she was the one woman forbidden to him, or did he want her for her? Who *was* Heidi?

Joe thought back over the years that he had known this woman and what he knew about her, what he really knew about her. She was gorgeous, but she had always been a cute girl. She was vulnerable, having lost so much so recently. There had been her father, dead at the age of fifty. Joe remembered the man who had been his father’s right hand man. Heidi’s father had loved working on the farm with his dad. Joe looked over at the sleeping Heidi. And now I have slept with that man’s daughter, and the only woman my brother had ever loved. I am the worst person I know.

Heidi stirred in her sleep. She rolled onto her side and draped an arm across Joe, resting it in the thick mass of chest hair she loved. Joe whispered, “Heidi?” There was no answer, and then he heard the steady rhythm of Heidi’s breathing. Joe placed his hand on Heidi’s back.

He must have fallen asleep though he did not remember when. It was still dark when Joe awoke again. He lifted the soft blonde curls of the beautiful woman snuggled next to him and looked at his watch. It would be light out soon and he knew he would

have to leave, but for how long? He knew he would be back. Heidi was the only woman he wanted.

He shifted, and Heidi looked up. “Joe?” He smiled and played with the curls that had fallen over her shoulder. She lay next to him and looked up into his eyes that were as blue as her own.

“You remember last night?” he asked. “Yes, I remember last night. I’m young, remember?”

“Your age is in front of me every day, Heidi. Any regrets?”

“Nope,” she said, trying to sound more mature than her years. “You regret it, Joe?”

Joe closed his eyes, opening them slowly. “I should regret coming here at all, but no, I do not regret it. I don’t know which is worse, regretting it or not regretting it. But it’s too late for regrets now. What’s done is done.”

Heidi gave him a mean stare. “You want to regret it?”

“No, I said I should regret it, but I don’t.”

“Mmm, you coming back again, Joey Boy?”

Joe smiled as he twirled Heidi’s curls. She was a woman, yet a girl. “How can I not come back?”

“You never did tell me why you came here in the first place, Joe. Why did you come here last night?”

Joe looked away as he spoke. “I had meant to drive into town for a couple of beers, but at the last moment I headed west and before I knew it I was on the highway heading south.”

“And you passed town after town until you came here and just happened to end up at my apartment, right?”

He turned his head and looked directly at Heidi. He was fighting back tears, but hid it well. “That’s right, Heidi.”

Heidi looked away. She thought about last night. Where had things gone wrong? If Lisa had been able to meet her none of this would have happened. But Heidi had wanted this to happen, so maybe Lisa’s absence had opened a door for her, a door that she had wanted to kick open years ago.

“Hey, kid, what’s going on in there?” Joe tapped on the top of Heidi’s head, just as he had done since he had first known her.

Heidi looked up at Joe again. “Not much.”

“No secrets, Heidi, remember? We promised each other after Kent’s death. If I had known that he had been doing such dangerous stunts on a motorcycle, I could have stopped him.”

“No you couldn’t have, Joe. Kent did whatever he wanted to do. He was not a child. He was my age. But, I promise. No secrets,” she agreed.

“But this, my dear Heidi, what happened here last night, *is* our secret, just ours, got it?”

“Got it.” Heidi rarely heard such seriousness in Joe’s voice as she did now. Trying to lighten the mood, she offered the other thing they shared. “Shall we take the vow that we did when, you know, when Kent died, our blood vow? We pricked our fingers and mixed just one drop of our blood together.”

That at least got a smile from Joe. “Sure, Heidi, a drop of blood between us.”

“Good, it’s settled. Now we will have two blood vows, for our two secrets.” She leaned up and kissed Joe on the cheek. “Come on, I’ll make you breakfast before you go.”

Heidi pulled on her jeans and the little pink camisole, smiled at Joe, and padded off to the kitchen.

Joe put his hand to his forehead and brushed his hair back with his hand, feeling more confused now than he had before he left the farm less than twenty-four hours earlier. He made the sign of the cross the way he was taught as a young boy raised in the Catholic faith, looked toward the heavens, and mouthed the words, “I will love her, Kent. I promise you.” He wiped his eyes, pulled on his jeans, and went to join the woman he loved.

~K. Lyn~