Dartmouth Chronicles: Part 1

By Vaem24

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Nov 2012

Two former high school sweethearts find each other in college

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/dartmouth-chronicles-part-1.aspx

1

“What?! She’s coming here?” I exclaim after my friend, Neil, tells me who will be joining us at University. I haven’t seen Emma in over two years since she cut me off and moved to Florida. It took me forever to get over that harsh breakup. Neil had spent many-a-night at my place keeping me distracted with Call of Duty and pizza.

“Looks like someone’s still carrying a torch.” Neil says with raised eyebrows. “You know she screwed you up pretty bad last time. I mean, you could hardly even eat after that ordeal.” I felt a frown crease my face.

“Yea, she did. Didn’t she...” Yet I still feel a flutter in my chest at the idea of being able to see her again, I add in the silence of my thoughts. She was smart, beautiful, and kind up until the point she dissected my heart as it still beat.

“Please, don’t get involved with her again. If not for you, for me! I don’t want to ever have to play 50 card pickup with your heart again.”

“You would find a way to make this about you, wouldn’t you?” I shoot at Neil with a grin starting to break the frown.

“You know it.” He responds with a wink and a smirk, the same smirk I have to resist the urge to smack off his face every waking minute of our friendship. Just as I am about to say a very sarcastic (and possibly hurtful) retort, my phone starts buzzing. As I remove it from my pocket, I see that the caller ID says the caller is from California. Out of curiosity, I answer it.

“Hello?”

“Hello? Liam?” It’s her; it’s Emma. I still recognize her voice after two years.

“Hey, Em.” I respond habitually and wince as I use the petname I adopted for her.

“Liam, how are you?” I can feel how uncomfortable she is through the phone line. There is a hint of apology in her tone and it makes me want to just forgive it all.

“I’m fine, Emma. How are you?” Hoping my lack of ill-will comes across to her as readily as her apology reached me.

“Good.” She responds either in response to my acceptance of her or as an answer to my question. The relief in her voice is evident either way. “So I guess we’re going to be classmates again, eh? Just like old times.” She says, testing the water.

“Yea, I guess so. If you really want it to be like old times, you could meet me at the coffee shop on campus when you get here.” I do want to see her, but what if she thinks of me as a stranger now? “When is that, by the way?” I add quickly, realizing I may have overstepped a little bit on such an early invitation.

“I fly in on Saturday, and I’d love to take you up on your offer. We can sit and catch up on what’s been happening since we... parted ways.”

“Cute little euphemism there.” I say snidely. I can imagine her blushing on the other side of the phone. “How about we meet at the shop around say 10?”

“Works for me.”

“Ok, I will see you then.”

“Sure thing. Bye.” She chirps before hanging up. I realize at that moment that Neil is still in the room and has heard the whole conversation.

“That doesn’t sound like not getting involved with her again.” He scolds. I just shoot him a look in response. “Whatever, lets go to Jose’s for Taco Tuesday.”

2

The five days went by fast. I look up from my laptop when I hear the door open, but it isn’t her. I’ve been here for over an hour, yet she still hasn’t shown up. I can’t blame her considering I got here almost two hours early. I absentmindedly scratch at the roughness on my neck that has grown since my last shave a few days ago. I feel it adds character to my face and thought it’d make a better impression on Emma when she arrived.

Again I hear the faint jingle of the bell on the door, alerting everyone a new customer has arrived. I ignore it this time, knowing it won't be her. I sip at my chai tea and continue browsing through Facebook.

"Is this seat taken?" I hear a woman ask and absentmindedly respond.

"Help yourself." But instead of taking the chair to an adjacent table, I hear the mystery woman sit down across from me and become acutely aware she is watching me with interest. "Hi Emma." I know it's her even though I don't look at her face.

"Would you at least look at me when you greet me?" I hear laughter in her tone.

I look up and put on the most childish look on my face and respond as if I were in kindergarten. "Good Morning, Emma." She giggles in response and I smile out of enjoyment. It's almost as if she never moved away. Almost.

We spend the morning talking about this and that, where she's lived in the past couple of years (which happens to be Florida and California), how the family is, what extracurriculars we've each been involved in, any relationships we've been in since ours. As it turns out, neither one of us ever dated again.

Eventually, noon comes around and I have to leave to go meet Neil for lunch. So we get up and share a fleeting hug, an awkward hug, a comfortable hug.

"Would you like to have dinner tonight? I don't feel like we're done catching up." I offer another invitation.

"I would like that. I would really like that." And for a moment, I can't bring myself to look away from her captivating sky blue eyes. We just stand there in the middle of the coffee shop, staring into each other's eyes, remembering the last time we had done that. All it took was a single blink, and the spell was broken, and the moment gone. I exhaled the breath I had been holding and packed up my laptop. We shared one more hug before I left.

3

We sit at the bar in the restaurant sipping a few sodas after acknowledging to the bartender we were underage and just needed a place to sit and wait for a table to open up. We continue talking about the smallest of things, our conversation filled with awkward silences as we again grow accustomed to each other's presence. Throughout the conversation I begin to again notice just how stunningly

beautiful Emma is.

Her hair is a light blonde and comes down to the small of her back. She wears it loose across her shoulders and it accentuates her smooth jawline and brings her eyes to attention. Her nose is angular, but not unattractively so. The only flaw on her face is a small scar across her left eyebrow from a childhood accident, but it only augments her beauty.

She’s the perfect balance in weight that gives a woman that wonderful hourglass shape. Her breasts have gotten larger than the last time I saw her and now proudly fill a 34 C cup. They stand out from her body, and bounce as she moves and talks and it becomes increasingly difficult to pay attention to the words she is speaking.

Finally, the waiter comes to let us know that a table is ready and he would like to seat us. As we get off the bar stools, I gesture for her to go ahead of me in following the waiter. She starts walking and the sway in her hips draws my attention to the second thing that has grown since our last meet. While she used to have a rather plain, maybe even flat ass, she now possesses that kind of ass that every guy knows as “dat ass,” the ass that looks so tempting that it takes every inch of will power a guy has to not stare... and then some.

When we get to the table, I promptly pull out her chair for her and heave an internal sigh of relief as she sits down, removing such a temptation, at least for now. I take my place across from her and the waiter hands us our menus.

As we continue our conversation, I start to feel the slight pressure of her legs against mine and the familiar contact makes me stop mid-sentence. As I look again into her beautiful eyes, she reaches across the table and grabs my hand.

“I really missed you, Liam. I’m sorry for what I did. I was afraid of what would happen after I moved and I thought it’d be so much easier for us both if our relationship ended before I left. I was wrong. I was wrong and I am sorry.” Her eyes plead with me and it makes my heart ache that she feels so guilty, but the way she looks right now is just so cute and innocent that it makes my heart flutter at the same time.

“I know, Emma. I forgive you.” I see her worry slowly melt into relief and then into joy. An echoing smile finds its way to my face. “Do you want to go? I don’t feel like this is the appropriate place for this.”

“I agree.”

“My apartment is just a few blocks away, if you’d care to go there.”

“I would care to. I would love to.” She responds slowly, the smile still on her face.

With that, we leave the table just as the waiter returns to take our order. I quickly apologize for leaving and then we are out the door. We walk on in contemplative silence. Soon, we reach the door to my apartment. I unlock it and motion her through into the living room. We take a seat on the couch, close to each other. After staring at my hands for a few moments, I look up to meet her gaze.

“I missed you too, you know.” I say, finally breaking the silence. I slowly lean forward as she follows suit. Our foreheads meet and we just sit there in the presence of each other. Slowly, the rest of our bodies joins in the union until we are nearly sitting on each other. Still, our foreheads are together. I move slightly, and she moves slightly. We keep making small movements until our lips are mere millimeters apart and we sit there, almost touching. Our lips brush each other so lightly I am not even certain it happens, but it pulls the trigger and releases whatever was holding me back and I place a full and gentle kiss on her lips.

That one kiss turns into another, and then another, each kiss stronger, more needy than the last. Just as she forces her tongue into my mouth, searching for its match, I push her down so that she is laying on her back on the couch. Our tongues wrestle for dominance as the years apart come flooding into what we are doing right now. Just as she starts moaning, I pull away, hearing a groan of disappointment from Emma as she lunges back up to me, wrapping her legs around me so that I cannot separate us. Instead, I just pick her up off the couch and she squeals in delight.

I walk her over to the front door and lock the second deadbolt which cannot be unlocked from the outside. Then, continuing to carry her, I find my bed. I then fall on it, with her beneath me, getting another squeal from her.

We continue to kiss. She nibbles at my bottom lip and I return the favor by trailing my kisses down to her neck. As I kiss and bite her, I am thanked by the squeezing of her legs around my pelvis, grinding hers into me. My hands glide around her stomach, up until they almost touch her breasts and down until they almost touch her panty line, continuously teasing her until she finally grabs my hands out of frustration and places them directly on her breasts. I continue to kiss and bite her neck while massaging her breasts and she rewards my efforts with the grinding of her crotch on mine.

Her breathing is ragged and she no longer focuses on anything in the room. She just stares at the ceiling as I minister to her body. She writhes under my hands and moans frequently and loudly into my ear.

I slide my right hand down to the hem of her shirt and slowly inch it back up to her breast, going inside of her bra, to cup the bare mound. Her nipples poke into my hands as I rub and massage. I take one between my fingers and pinch it. She moans my name and pulls my face in for another kiss.

I move my hands to the bottom of her shirt and quickly remove it, leaving only the bra in place. I notice it has a clasp on the front and I swiftly open it, revealing her treasures.

I return my hands to her breasts, twisting her nipples every now and then, listening to her gasp and moan my name. It makes me happy to see her in such euphoria at the hands of me.

I lean down to take one of her nipples into my mouth, but before I can, the door to my bedroom opens abruptly to reveal Neil standing there. I jump up out of shock and Emma hurriedly grabs her shirt and holds it in front of her bare breasts.

Neil just looks at us and shakes his head, obvious disapproval and irritation clouding his features. “You know that second deadbolt only works if I am outside, right?” At that, he rolls his eyes and shuts the door.

I look over to Emma and see she is glowing a shade of crimson and I start to chuckle. She soon joins me with her charming little giggle and lays back on the bed again. I lean back over her. “Perhaps another time, then?” I propose.

“You bet your ass another time. I’m not done with you yet.” She says, still glazed in the eyes some. I lean down and kiss her lightly on the lips, compassion replacing the passion there was before.

“I’ll see you around then.”

To Be Continued...