

Back To School

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 Nov 2012



It was the first day of school; we had a new health teacher. Homework wasn't all that she gave me...

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A ray of sun broke through a crevice in my window, shining directly on my face. I covered myself up with the blanket trying to get a few more minutes of sleep. RING... RING... RING... My alarm clock blared. "Damn it." I muttered. It seemed like only a minute ago it was 11:00 p.m. I checked my alarm clock, hoping I had set the wrong time. No luck. It was 7:30 in the morning and school started forty minutes from now, giving me half an hour to get ready. "Why do you hate me so much, alarm clock?" I whined, wearily sitting up from bed to turn it off. It was the first day of eleventh grade and I had mixed feelings about it. My friends were going to be there, and I was excited to see them again. I had been a bit preoccupied during summer break to hang out with them. But now as the new school year finally rolled around, I was hoping to make up for that lost time. I considered my social life to be pretty normal. I was an outgoing person, so I had a fair amount of friends at school. I couldn't say I was that popular, but neither was I unsocial. My band and I were signing up for this year's talent show, so if we did well, my social status possibly might change. However amidst all my plans I had for this year, I wasn't that thrilled about the whole "run back to school" concept; as bombardment by homework was surely inevitable. And I despised homework, especially since I had so many classes. It was easy to become overwhelmed by it. I stood up and sauntered my way to the bathroom. I rested my hands on the sink to keep balanced and studied myself in the mirror. My green eyes stared back at me through the glass. I was glad I didn't look as tired as I felt. The shower would defiantly perk me up, so I began to strip my clothes off. I had an average body type for my age at seventeen. My uncircumcised cock was around seven inches in length and five inches in girth. I had recently shaved, making it appear even larger than it was. I adjusted the temperature then stepped in the shower. The cold water instantly woke me up. I wonder if there will be a lot more new kids this year, I thought. Washington High was a pretty small school. It only had around two-hundred fifty students attending there, and I usually saw more familiar faces every year rather than new ones. I thought back to my first day there, three years ago. I was sitting in lunch with my friend Michael, who I had just recently met that morning... "So you're new here too?" Michael asked me. He picked at his chicken salad with his spoon. It didn't look that appetizing so I could understand why he didn't have the eagerness to eat it. "Yep, went to Richmond last year." I replied as I popped a few strawberries in my mouth, it was probably the only appealing thing in our lunch. "Richmond have a lot of cute girls?" He mused. I

chuckled at his question. "Of course... You're saying there aren't any cute girls here?" "Yeah, but this school is so small... It would be awkward bumping into all your ex's every day." I laughed at his remark. "Anyway", I said still giggling, "Where did you go?" "Jefferson." He replied. "Oh, so have you..." I trailed off. A girl had caught my attention; she was walking with two other girls who I figured were her friends. She was beautiful. Her long, brown hair swayed majestically behind her as she made her way to her seat. Even from where I was sitting at, her striking bright green eyes mesmerized me and I couldn't help but stare at her. She wore blue skinny jeans that fit tightly against her, along with a stylish, colorful blouse that complemented well with her eyes. Michael caught what I was staring at and gave me a cheesy grin. "You like her, don't you?" He teased. "What's it to you?" I replied, embarrassed. "Go talk to her." He urged me. "I don't know..." I replied timidly. I was afraid that I would make a fool of myself on the first day. From the girl's expression, it appeared she had forgotten something and started to walk in our direction. "Alright, if that's the way you feel." Michael shrugged, appearing to drop the subject. "Are you done eating? Let's go find Nick. I think he's waiting for us to go outside." -Nick was my other friend who I met that morning as well.- I nodded my head and stood up. We had to walk past the girl to get to the exit of the cafeteria. As soon as we were about to cross paths, Michael suddenly pushed me onto her. "I – I'm so sorry!" I apologized, helping her regain her balance. I was glad we didn't go spiraling into the tables! "I d –didn't mean to bump into you." Now as I stood closer to her, I couldn't believe how attractive she was. She seemed to resemble that "girl next door" type of appearance. "It's probably my fault. These heels are killing me." She replied with a warm smile. Her voice was melodious, putting to shame even the softest and meaningful compositions. "My friend pushed me and – "I stopped in mid-sentence as I turned to find Michael gone. "That son of a bitch." I mumbled. He did this on purpose. She gazed into my eyes, looking as if she was in search of something inside my cornea. "Are you new here? I don't think I've seen you around." "Yeah, I went to Richmond before I came here." I replied softly. Her eyes seemed to pierce through me as I spoke; making me unaware of the words that escaped my lips. "My name's Adriana." She offered her hand to me. I seemed to break from a trance by her greeting. "David." I responded quickly, accepting her handshake. It was a bit awkward greeting such a beautiful girl in this way, it felt too business-like. "So why were you in such a rush?" Adriana asked. My mind seemed to blank out. "Oh... um." I thought hard trying to remember. "I was looking for a friend of mine." "Is that him?" She giggled, pointing to the right of me. Michael and Nick both were giving me a thumbs up by the doorway. I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, that's him." She giggled at my expression. "Well, I'll see you around. I forgot that I had to give my friend her precious songbook back." She chuckled. "She's probably going nuts without it." "Sure." I replied. I wanted to continue the conversation, but I didn't want to keep her from her task. She turned back into the direction she was going in, my eyes involuntarily followed her along the way. What am I doing? I can't be gawking at someone so obviously in the middle of the lunchroom, I thought. I continued to the exit in search of Michael – who had disappeared with Nick back into the halls, not sure whether to scold him, or thank him... I wrapped the towel around my waist and headed back into my room. Ever since that day, I couldn't get Adriana out of my head. I didn't have the nerve to talk to her again though, mostly because we didn't

have one classroom together for the next two years. And to top it off, since that first day, we both didn't have the same lunch period either. We would see each other in the halls from time to time and give a friendly wave on occasion, but that was all. I was hoping that this year it would be different. I had enough credits this year to pick the classes that I wanted to take. And whatever class Adriana had, I was to be sure I took. I slipped into my pair of boxers and jeans. I was struggling to get my shirt on when my dad appeared in the doorway. "You're up pretty early." He commented, surprised. "I don't want to be late on my first day of school." I chuckled. "Did you eat breakfast yet?" I shook my head. "Well, let me know when you're done eating so we can leave." "Okay." I responded. I already knew how to drive, but we only had one car and my dad needed it to go to work. Even though the school wasn't that far, I would be late if I went walking now. I finished my breakfast a few minutes later then let my dad know I was ready to go. We walked outside to his car. "You're dressed pretty sharp today. Are you planning on meeting a girl?" He asked with a grin as he opened his car door. "You can say that." I replied. I wasn't sure if I was able to get a hold of Adriana today and I figured it would be a week before I could sort things between us. He started the engine and we headed off. We pulled up to the side of the building a few minutes later. I spotted my friends hanging out by the front entrance, waiting for me. "I'll see you after school." I told my dad, exiting the car. "Bye." He responded. I made my way toward my friends as my dad pulled out of the parking lot. "You guys missed me?" I smirked. "Who are you again?" Nick joked, shaking my hand. He looked the same since I last saw him. His hair was still spiked up into that surfer like hair-due. And as if that didn't make him appear as if he were Californian enough, he had Hawaiian styled shorts and t-shirt on too. "How's it going?" Michael asked as I shook his hand as well. In contrast to Nick, Michael looked totally different. He had gotten rid of his afro and he appeared to have shrunk a few inches. But even with that gone, he was still a little taller than me, although I was older than him by a year. "Pretty good. Just hoping this year's different. Speaking of different, when did you get a haircut?" I asked him. "Three days ago, I think." He answered, "Too much of a hassle maintaining it, you know." I laughed. "You look pretty different yourself." He commented looking me over, "Looks like you're going to some popular nightclub or something." I looked down as if I had no clue what I had put on today. "Oh, you know. Just want to look sharp for this year." I replied simply. I actually wanted to appear classy for another reason. Adriana. An unfamiliar black car pulled up by the building. A woman stepped out. She fumbled with her briefcase as she made her way to the entrance of the school. "Who's that?" I asked no one in particular. "The new health teacher I'm guessing." Nick answered. I had forgotten that our previous teacher had moved on to another school this year. This new health teacher looked unbelievably young. I estimated around twenty-three or so. Her long, straight blonde hair flowed freely behind her. Her face was flawless, besides a small beauty mole that was slightly above her upper lip. She had bright blue eyes that were as lively as the summer sky. Her figure was feminine and her posture seemed as if she were some famous model walking down a runway. She wore a skirt that ended just above her knees, displaying the never ending smoothness of her legs and she seemed to show a lot of cleavage through her business-like top, but I guess she didn't realize. Wow, I thought. She looked unbelievably attractive. And by the way everyone stared at her, they probably thought so too. The

school bell rang, letting us know first hour had started. "What's your schedule?" I asked Michael and Nick as we entered the building. The school didn't seem to change that much from last year, besides a few new posters decorating the walls. They both handed me a paper that had their classes written on them. "Too lazy to just tell me, huh?" I joked, showing them mine. They laughed. We had most of the classes together, besides one or two. I had Math for first period, then English, Science, Art, History, Music, and finally Health. First period was one of the classes that we didn't have together, so we said our goodbyes and departed until we met again for second hour. I headed up the second floor to where my locker was. Once I got there I set my books down and struggled with my lock. After four attempts, I started to grow impatient. "Damn it." I cursed, frustrated. "Why do they have to give me numbers so close together?" "Need help?" A familiar voice asked from behind me. I turned to find Adriana. She never seemed to change since the first day I met her. She was now seventeen, but she never really seemed to lose that innocent look she had. And yet again, her eyes captivated me as she stood so close, I could see my reflection in her eyes. She was wearing a small white t-shirt that exposed her stomach, along with some faded blue jeans. No matter what she wore, she looked amazing. "You sure you could open it?" I asked her. She motioned me to step aside and worked on the lock. "What's your combination?" She asked. "Seventeen, twenty, and nineteen." She slowly turned the knob until it opened with a click. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" She smirked playfully. "Thanks." I smiled, a bit embarrassed. She bit her bottom lip. "I was meaning to ask you something." She said coyly. "What's that?" I asked. My heart began to race by her sudden question. "Um – I – I was thinking, do you want to go somewhere today? With me, that is." She asked softly. Don't fuck this up, don't fuck this up, don't fuck this up, I nervously repeated in my head. "Of course." I replied smoothly. "Where would you like to go?" She pondered for a minute. "Does the movie theater sound good to you?" She asked. "Defiantly." I replied. My palms started to sweat, so I discreetly wiped them on my jeans. "Um, here's my phone number. In case you need to get a hold of me." She said. She pulled out a pen and grabbed my hand, scribbling her number on the back of it. The school bell rang again suddenly, telling us we were late for first hour. "I have to go. I'll see you later." She said as she finished writing the last digits. "Yep." Was all I could bring out. She gave a warm smile and headed off to class, leaving me the only one standing in the hall. I couldn't believe what just happened. I spent almost three months contemplating a plan to get her to go out with me this year, yet here she was, seeking me out. I suddenly snapped back into my senses as I realized I was the only one out of class. I quickly made my way to Math, being careful not to be caught by the principle who was roaming the halls in search of tardy students. I walked around the rest of the day in a haze as a million thoughts raced through my mind about tonight. What should I do? What should I say? What should I wear? "Hey... hey!" Michael called, waving his hand in front of my face. "What's up with you?" We were sitting in our sixth hour, music class. "This is your favorite subject. It's not like you to be so quiet in here." He continued. "I'm fine." I assured him. He stared at me intently, trying to read my face. "I know what's wrong." He smirked. "No you don't." I scoffed. "No? I can see it written all over your face." He teased. "It has something to do with Adriana, am I right?" "I just had to pick a friend who was a mind reader." I snickered. "What happened?" He pressed. "She just wanted to go out." I told him. His

mouth formed a wide smile. "That's great! So now you're just wondering what to do next, huh?" He asked. "Yeah." I replied, a bit surprised by the accuracy of his assumptions. I was starting to think that he really could read minds. "Just be yourself." He advised simply. "I'm sur – David, Michael, do you have something to share with the class?" Mr. Underwood interrupted impatiently. "No." We answered, ending our conversation. He nodded and continued with his lesson. It was two thirty when I walked into my last class, health. The new teacher sat at her desk with her legs crossed, flipping through a book. Now that I stood closer to her, she looked even more attractive than I thought. I found a seat at one of the desks in the front row. The bell rang a second later as the last of the students flooded into the classroom and took their seats. The teacher stood up from her chair and paced a bit, holding on to her book. "Okay class." She started, "As you may already know, I'm your new health teacher, Ms. Starr – and that's with two R's." She pointed at her name written on the whiteboard. "Since you're all eleventh graders – and hopefully mature enough to handle it – we're diving straight into sex education." She went on. "The way teen pregnancy is on a rise lately, it's crucial to learn this." She stopped at my desk and stared at me. "You guys will be mature about this, right?" My face flushed, so I turned my head to try and hide it. Some students snickered as the rest of them nodded their heads agreeably. "I'm going to play a movie. And I'm not going to tolerate any misbehavior or shrewd comments." She warned, switching the lights off. She played the movie on the projector and made her way back to her seat. An image of uterus flooded the screen, followed by a narrator speaking in the background. Twenty minutes ticked by as I grew more and more restless. My lower body had fallen asleep from the lack of movement so I shifted in my seat to see what the class was up to. Most of them appeared to be sleeping. I chuckled softly and turned to see if Ms. Starr had noticed them. She had her eyes closed. At first I thought that she too, had fallen asleep, but as my eyes adjusted in the darkness, I could see that she had her hand up her skirt. She noticed me watching her and quickly set her hands on the table, afraid that I'd caught her. I couldn't believe what I had just seen. Had I fallen asleep from the movie? I pinched myself to make sure. Nope, it hurt. That meant I was wide awake. I slowly started to get aroused as I replayed the image in my head. Why was she doing that in the classroom? I wondered. The last ten minutes were agonizing. I had a huge tent in my pants that needed to be treated, plus I was afraid that someone would notice. And the sexual intercourse video wasn't helping. I shut my eyes and tried to think of something else. It was difficult to do, but I was able to get myself under control before class ended. The bell rang for the last time and everyone basically stampeded out the door. I collected my things and began to head out. "Can I talk to you for a second?" Ms. Starr called. She got up from her desk and sat on the table where I had been sitting at. "Yes, of course. What is it?" I asked. I sat on the desk next to her, nervously shifting around for a comfortable position. I wasn't quite sure what she wanted. I was eager to get back home and get ready for the date I had with Adriana tonight. "It's David, right?" She asked me. I nodded. "Did you... notice what I was doing during the video?" She asked sheepishly. Her face began to blush. I hesitated for a moment, not quite sure how to respond. "Yes..." I replied softly. "Listen." She began, "I know it was completely inappropriate for me to do that in the classroom. I had just gotten a job here and I was hoping that you can keep this to yourself. I can't afford to get fired." She pleaded. I could

tell by the quaver in her voice that she was really worried. "I wouldn't do that to you." I reassured her. "You seem like a really good teacher and I like you... wait – I don't mean..." I stammered nervously. "Really?" She asked softly. I could see tears start to swell in her eyes. "No, no don't cry." I comforted. I wasn't sure why she was crying. Was she that afraid to lose her job? She wiped the tears away with her hand. "I'm sorry it's just..." I got up and handed her a tissue. "Thank you." She acknowledged. We sat there for a few seconds until she continued with, "Things have been really difficult... especially with my boyfriend. We've been really tight on money lately so I decided to get a job as a teacher here." "But Andrew thinks that only a man should provide for his "girl" – so he says, but he's just being a chauvinist pig. We had a huge argument last night and..." She trailed off for a second then continued, "He left... saying that I deserved better; that I deserve someone more successful so I wouldn't have to work anymore. "I've been sexually frustrated ever since he left, so that's why I was doing that." She began to sob. I hated seeing someone cry, so by instinct, I put my arm around her for comfort. "I shouldn't be droning on about my problems like this to a student." She sniffed. "It's perfectly fine. I understand you're going through a lot, it's good that you're letting it out. And it doesn't matter if I'm a student; I'll be here if you need to talk." She stared into my eyes, possibly wondering if I really meant what I was saying. "How can you be so understanding?" She asked softly. "It's just how I am..." I shrugged. She slowly moved her face closer to mine, stopping just inches away. I could feel the warmth emanate off her skin. Our lips suddenly met. I could taste her tears. She turned her head suddenly. "I shouldn't be doing this." She argued with herself. She turned back and stared at me intently. I couldn't believe how beautiful she looked, even with tears streaming down her face, she was stunning. "I don't understand why anyone would hurt you." I said softly. "You're just so..." She startled me with a sudden kiss that felt stronger and more passionate than the last. My hands automatically cupped her face as I returned with the same intensity. Her hands fondled my hair a bit then slowly made their way lower and lower, soon finding their way onto my belt buckle. She began to undo it. She let out a soft moan as I started to massage her firm breasts through her shirt. They fit perfectly in my cupped hands. As she finished discarding my belt, she knelt down to concentrate on my zipper. Once she managed to loosen it, she pulled my jeans off along with my boxers. My throbbing member pointed straight up at full attention. She slowly licked it from base to tip like an ice cream cone. Once she was familiar with the taste; she engulfed half of it into her mouth. I could feel the moistness and heat from her mouth wrap around my cock. Her teeth scraped against my shaft, but so lightly I barely felt it. She began to bob her head in a slow rhythmic fashion, being sure to look up at me to see the satisfaction on my face. Her big blue eyes were still a bit red from her crying. It was extremely erotic watching her and hearing the loud slurping noises she was making each time she came back up. I wasn't sure I would last long. Her moans sent vibrations up my shaft, only making it more difficult. I hadn't done this before but being the teenager I am, I've seen plenty of X-rated videos to know what to do next. I started to thrust up into her mouth, making her take more of me in. She seemed to oblige and went with it. She was able to take little by little until my cock hit the back of her throat; she gagged a bit and drew her head back. Pre-cum and saliva sloppily slid down the corner of her mouth and my cock glistened from the fluids. She stood up and began pulling off my

jacket and shirt. Once she had me completely nude, she motioned me to strip her clothes off as well. I obeyed and started with her top. Her breasts were held up perkily in her black bra. I reached around to unhook it. Once I did, I let it fall to the ground and gazed admiringly at her perfect round breasts. I caressed them thoroughly with both hands. She laid her head on my shoulder to muffle her loud moans. "Have you done this before?" She whispered in my ear, sending a chill run down my spine. "No." I answered. She began to stoke my member with her hand while I massaged her firm breasts. I did this for a few minutes until I realized that she still had her skirt on, so I knelt down and pulled it off. Her waist was unbelievably curvy, as you would expect from a model's. Her laced panties hugged tightly against her. I slowly slid them down, making the moment last. Her shaved pussy came into view; it looked so smooth and soft. I motioned her to lie on the floor. She complied and lied on her back, giving me better access to her womanhood. I licked her slit from bottom to top – as she'd done to me, drawing a soft whimper from her. I could taste her warm juices on my tongue. It tasted as sweet as strawberries. If I could, I'd probably lick her all day. She grabbed my hair and tugged at it softly, pulling me closer in. "Oh fuck!" She gasped. She started squirming a bit as I worked on her. I slid in a few fingers, drawing another gasp from her. "You have done... done this, haven't you." She panted. "Honestly, I haven't." I grinned. "Pretty amazing for... your first time then." I could feel her pussy start to clamp around my fingers. "Oh Shit!" She exclaimed. I could feel her juices drench over my face. I continued to finger her while I lapped up her juices greedily. Once her climax subsided, I let her catch her breath for a bit. "That was amazing." She panted. She noticed my cock was still hard as a rock. "I guess I should return the favor, shouldn't I?" She positioned me on her desk then sat on top of me. The feel of her soft skin against mine was just too sensual, I was afraid I'd explode. I could feel the heat of her pussy emanate on my stomach. She rubbed herself against me, driving me mad with lust. I was about to lose it and screw her brains out, but no. I had to take my time. I wanted this to last. Once she thought I had enough teasing, she slowly reached around and slid my painfully throbbing cock inside her. "Oh my god." I gasped. Her pussy felt as if it was on fire and it was so tight, I was worried I would cum right then and there. I clenched my teeth and struggled to keep cool. She began to rock back and forth on my cock. "You're so big." She exclaimed. She began to go faster and faster, not letting me rest for a second. "Oh fuck!" I cried. The creaks from the desk were so loud, I was afraid it would collapse on itself. Our moans grew louder and louder as we both drew close to orgasm. "I'm... I'm cumming." I struggled to say. She didn't seem to hear me. She had her head drawn back in silent scream. I felt her body began to spasm against me as her pussy clenched around my cock. Her juices splattered over my abdomen, sending me over the edge. But at the very last second, the door swung open. Adriana stood at the doorway with her mouth agape, surprised by what she was witnessing. "Shit!" I shouted. Ms. Starr turned to see what I was looking at, and her face grew pale. "I-I came t-t o ask when y-y-ou would pick me up tonight." She stammered, walking in. She was fixated on my cock that was still inside of Ms. Starr. Ms. Starr broke from her state of shock and quickly made her way to the door, locking it. She turned back to Adriana. "Please. You can't tell anyone about this. I'll get fired for sure." She begged her. Adriana had seemed to regain her senses and answered, "I-It's okay... I won't say anything." She appeared to be mesmerized by our

nudity. Mr. Starr caught her stare and asked softly, "You can join us if you want." My mouth dropped by her suggestion. Surely, Adriana wouldn't agree, I thought. Adriana nodded her head, catching me by surprise. Ms. Starr pecked her lips, testing whether she was sure. It appeared Adriana wasn't going to resist, so their kiss grew more intense. I couldn't believe what was happening. I just sat there on Ms. Starr's desk, watching her and Adriana making out in front of me, not knowing what to do next. Ms. Starr grabbed Adriana's jeans and slid them off. There was a wet spot on her white panties, indicating she was turned on. Ms. Starr then continued to slide them off as well, exposing Adriana's shaved pussy. Ms. Starr then removed the rest of Adriana's clothes, revealing her amazing, perky D-cupped breasts. She seemed pretty developed for seventeen, her body almost resembled Ms. Starr's figure. She instructed her to lie on a desk by me. Adriana obeyed and spread her legs for her. Ms. Starr lowered her head onto her sex and began to lick like mad. She slid one finger in, then two, then three. Pretty soon Adriana was humping her face, ready to reach orgasm. "MMmmppphhh!" She muffled into her arm. Adriana's legs buckled around her head as she came on Ms. Starr's face. Ms. Starr lapped up the rest of her juices then made her way back to me. "Don't worry. I haven't forgotten about you." She grinned. She straddled me again but this time she was wetter than before. She had gotten excited over Adriana's climax. I set my legs on the desk and started to hammer her. I was just too aroused to start off slow again. She gasped in surprise but didn't stop me. I turned my head and noticed Adriana fingering herself, making it harder for me to hold my climax at bay. I continued my assault until she gasped, "I – I'm gonna cum again!" For the third time, her pussy clamped around my cock and sprayed more of her juices over my lower body. I could start to feel it slide down my crack. "Shit..." She huffed, falling limp on her chair. Without warning, Adriana climbed on top of me and slowly slid my still stiff member inside of her. Her pussy was surprisingly tighter than Ms. Starr's and I figured it wouldn't be long before I finally came. "You're so big." She commented. She began to bounce on my cock. I had to make an effort to make sure she came before I had. As the seconds passed, her strokes became longer and faster. Once I had caught my breath, I too met her thrust to thrust. Each time I went up, she slammed down. My balls began to slap against her ass so hard, it began to hurt a bit. "Oh Shit!" She screamed. Her pussy grasped my cock so tightly, I thought it would cut off its circulation. She continued to ride me until her orgasm subsided. She fell limp on top of me, breathing hard on my chest. "Oh, sorry. We forgot about you." Adriana grinned. She crawled down and started to suck her juices off my cock. "Let me have some too." Ms. Starr demanded. They took turns sucking and stoking my cock until I was at the point of no return. "I'm cumming." I groaned. They didn't stop at my warning and continued. "Oh fuck!" I exclaimed. Thick strands of cum shot out and landed in their eagerly waiting mouths. I never felt so good before and wished this never ended. I almost shot five loads until my orgasm finally subsided. They both began to clean off the left over cum that was on my cock and their faces. We rested for a bit to regain our breath. We were sweating like crazy. Once we had our strength back, we wiped each other clean with a rag and got dressed. "Look," Ms. Starr began, "What happened today has to stay between us. We mustn't breathe a word of it." "My lips are sealed." I assured. Adriana nodded her head. We said our goodbyes and headed home. It was half an hour past when school had ended. I was hoping my parents wouldn't be asking any

questions when I got home. I was about to make my way out the door until Adriana stopped me. “Is our date still on tonight?” She asked with a smile. “Of course it is.” I grinned. “I’ll see you at eight.”

Thanks for reading. I hoped you enjoyed my story. I really do enjoy reading your feedback, so please feel free to give this a thumbs up, leave a comment, or you can contact me. If I get a lot of responses, I’ll continue to make more stories for you guys. J P.S. If you want to be included in one of my stories, or have suggestions on what I should write about next, please contact me by email. Thanks for all of your support.