

Mia - Chapter 10: Spring Break (Part I)

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Mia felt the cold breeze of the air-conditioning make the hairs on her arm stand on end. The warmth from the setting sun was still beating down outside the car. Looking over to the driver seat through drowsy eyes, she smiled inwardly at herself as she admired the view of her boyfriend Jesse. They had already crossed quite a few state lines as they got closer and closer to their spring break retreat. Daytona Beach was the destination and they were planning to stay for the full week. Mia relaxed as best as she could in the cramped car thinking about the sun, sand and the complete change of scenery ahead. Jesse looked over to the passenger seat where Mia was drifting off. It was getting quite late, but he wanted to drive a bit longer so they could get to Florida as quickly as possible. Spending as little time on the road was his priority since he was lucky enough to be off work for a week. The decision to hit the beach was purely impulsive. At the start of the year Jesse hadn't even considered Spring Break, but being with Mia had quickly changed his priorities. Plus a week of Mia in a bikini was definitely a major benefit of the trip. Most of their peers at college had already booked their break a full year in advance, so it was just as well Mia was able to call in a few favours. Remembering, almost last minute, that Frankie's parents owned property in Florida (as well as Dubai, Spain, France and Australia), Mia was able to convince them to let her, Jesse and a few friends use it for the week. It was the sort of luck that made it seem perfect. What wasn't perfect though, was the fact that they missed out on getting affordable flights down to Florida from Boston, hence a twenty-two hour drive. Just over twelve hours in and Jesse was ready for turning in for the night. Everyone in the car was drifting off. He peeked in his rear-view mirror noticing the glamorous blonde Norah and the feisty, now green haired Hilde each dozing against their respective window. Reaching over to his left he squeezed Mia's knee, gently trying to keep her awake. "Mia," he said, softly urging her to open her eyes. "Baby, stay up with me, c'mon." Mia groaned in response and tried to angle her body away from him towards the door. Jesse chuckled and tried to torment her awake by tickling her thigh. "Stop it," she whined childishly as she slapped his hand away. "Ooooh, someone's grumpy when they're tired," Jesse jested as he continued to tickle her. "Well you should know that already by now," she snapped. Jesse thought back to his first encounter with Mia back in August. He'd managed to wake her in the middle of the day (she was hung-over no less) to carry out an inventory inspection. However, little did he know at the time, the real reason she was irritated was because he had interrupted her self-assisted-orgasm-comedown. This situation wasn't that much different. Jesse's stroking and tickling made her body respond warmly to him, but it was difficult to act upon it in his

cramped Civic with two of her friends snoozing in the backseat. Despite being used to how forward Jesse was with her, she still shied away from public displays of affection. A month had already passed since Jesse's birthday and the first night they had slept together. To Mia, the time seemed to have passed in a haze. The memory of every touch and kiss that night was still as clear to her as their more recent nights together. In that month she had learned so much about Jesse that her very first impression of him as an arrogant jock was proved completely wrong. She turned her body to face him, her eyes still heavy, as he was determined to drive on despite the late hour. Jesse glanced at her briefly and smiled as she stared at him, before turning his attention back to the road. "See something you like?" he teased as he reached for her hand and brought it to his lips. Mia felt her skin tingle and closed her eyes tight as the sensation spread all the way through her body. No man or boy before had an effect on her as Jesse did. Mia was always friends with a lot of boys – a lot of that contributed to the fact she was studying to become an engineer; a profession that is still male dominated. However, the boys she had went to school with were only ever friends – nothing more. Mia often wondered if that was the reason her first sexual partner was a girl; she had never found her male peers appealing. "Hmmm, I always see something I like when I look in your direction," she flirted, inwardly shocked at her honest omission. This boy is turning me into one of those characters I read about and hate for being so mushy. A grin spread across Jesse's face as he continued to look ahead at the road. He was beginning to lose concentration as his jeans became tighter around the crotch area thinking of what he could get up to with her in a cosy motel room. Mia took his hand and kissed along his knuckles before setting it back on her knee again. He accepted her invitation and moved his hand further up her thigh towards her hips. "You are such a bad influence on me – do you know that? I should be focusing on the road," he scolded while sliding his fingers under the hem of her jean shorts. Mia tried to hide the shocked hitch in her breathing at his fondling. "Excuse me, but aren't you the one whose got his hand on my thigh?" she gasped. "You could just take it away." Mmm, please don't. "I could, but I like how it feels," he answered giving Mia's thigh a squeeze. "I'm sure you like it too." Mia bushed one of her infamous blushes before biting her lip and nodding in agreement. "What else do you like?" "I think you have a good idea," she answered trying to keep her voice normal. "I do but..... I'm not sure if I'm right," he added huskily as his fingers played with the inside of her thigh. "You could just tell me..." "God, you two are revolting," interrupted a tired and irritated Irish voice from the backseat. "Get a bloody room." Mia turned a bold shade of magenta realising they had been overheard by her Irish roommate Norah. Jesse sniggered as he removed his hand and placed it back on the steering wheel. Mia shot him a chastising look before turning her body back towards her window, acknowledging a sub-conscious feeling of disappointment that she could no longer feel his touch. "Aww what did you do that for Norah?" sighed Hilde from the back. "It was getting good. I thought we might see some action, God knows we haven't had much in a while." "Where are we?" asked Norah irritably, ignoring Hilde's humour. "North Carolina, I'm going to call it a night and pull in at a motel," Jesse answered. "Thank fuck for that," she responded pulling up the hood of her sweater and turning back to her window. Jesse frowned as he gazed at her in the rear view. Norah was a strange one he pondered – to him she was no longer the flirty girl she started the

year as. Sure she was still feisty, but around Jesse she was a little hostile. He put it down to Norah just looking out for Mia – he knew that Norah wasn't very approving of their relationship for a while. Headlights from the car tailing them flashed and Jesse clocked his flatmate Mark signal that he wanted to pull over. A few minutes later they pulled into a motel just off the highway and everyone clambered out to stretch their legs. As well as the girls and Jesse's buddy Mark, Mia's other flatmates, Kris and Patrice, were along for Spring Break. The boys didn't need any convincing when it came to a week in the sun in Florida. There was already a plan for another one of Patrice's notorious competitions - this time to pull as many girls on holiday as possible. With another male on the roster, Mia couldn't imagine the shenanigans that would unfold this week. The gang of seven clambered into the little motel office and took the only two rooms that were available. Despite (or because of – it was hard to tell) Hilde's attempts to flirt with the sixty-year old motel owner, they could only get two twin rooms. "And here I was hoping we could get some privacy tonight," whispered Jesse holding Mia in his arms as the remaining five worked out their sleeping arrangements for the night. *** "Jess...Jesse. Wakey wakey handsome, time to get up," Mia cooed shaking Jesse's shoulder. "C'mon babe," she urged kissing his neck and shoulder. He rolled away from her trying to get another precious five minutes rest. He didn't get much sleep and it wasn't due to some sexy bedroom antics with Mia. Mark ended up in the other bed in their motel room and his snoring was horrendous –not exactly the saucy first night of his vacation that Jesse anticipated. Mia continued to urge him awake, first by whispering in his ear until he resisted and pulled the lumpy pillow over his head. Failing that attempt, she decided to move onto sneakier tactics. She slowly began to trail kisses down his back since it was turned toward her. She smiled to herself as she witnessed him hunch his shoulders in response. Shit, my weakness. She knows I love that. Fuck, I'm getting turned on now. I hope Mark isn't still here. Lifting the pillow off his face and turning back to face Mia, Jesse looked over at the other bed and saw that it was empty. Hell yeah! That was the cue he needed and he quickly climbed on top of Mia and pinned her down. She giggled as he kissed down her neck eagerly, his stubble tickling her as he went. "Finally, I can have you all to myself," Jesse muttered between kisses. Mia ran her fingers through his messy bed-hair. "I'm surprised he even left." "I offered to buy him breakfast if he would bugger off for a bit." "Bugger," Jesse laughed, still amused by Mia's Glaswegian slang. "Hey, why are you dressed already?" he asked looking down at her skinny-jeans and vest combo. "Everyone is going to get some food at that diner across the street and I'm starving." "So am I," he replied nibbling her earlobe. "But not for breakfast; not yet anyway. How long do we have?" Mia swallowed a gulp as Jesse slid his hands under her black top and traced her bra cup. She could feel her nipples harden through the material of her bra as he stroked his thumb across. Jesse kissed her lips, sliding his tongue in her mouth and gently sucking on her pouty lips. "Hilde was still to shower and Norah will probably take her time getting ready," she groaned. "Half an hour – maybe more..." "Quick isn't usually my style – but I could make an exception in this case," he flirted as he nibbled her bottom lip. Her need for food suddenly gone, Mia sat forward and pulled her vest over her head. She looked down towards Jesse's crotch and smiled at the very obvious tent-pole in his boxers. Reaching around her back, Jesse unhooked her bra, pulled it down her arms and threw it on the ground. Mia

reached forward, stroking his erection through his boxers, as Jesse cupped her bare breasts. There were still some times that she felt nervous with Jesse, especially as he was the more experienced of the pair. However, her confidence with him in the bedroom was steadily growing. Getting up from the bed, Jesse pulled off her tight jeans then quickly pulled down her panties. He removed his own boxers and knelt between her legs, spreading them wide apart. Mia looked away as Jesse gave her naked body a thorough admiring inspection before lying on top of her. He squeezed her taut, hardened nipples as he languidly kissed her mouth. Mia could feel his erection probe against her stomach as he kissed her. She lifted her hips a little to let her wet pussy lips slide against it – she wanted him inside her already. It felt as though her body was his for the taking. Jesse let his hands wander south of her waist, cupping her sex with his hand acknowledging his impatient girlfriend's need. He slipped his thumb between her dewy folds, finding her hardening little clitoris and circled it without haste. Mia bit her bottom lip in sexual frustration – she knew Jesse enjoyed sexually torturing her. To her it felt like a constant reminder of how much her body felt dependent of his. She panted deliriously. “So, you never finished telling me what else you liked me to do,” he whispered silkily as he continued his torturous ministrations of her clit. Mia narrowed her eyes as she took in his mischievous expression, remembering their flirtatious conversation in the car. She squirmed under his gaze and tried to ignore him. Mia tried to make sense of his questioning; there was no sign of a taunt or an indication that he wanted to humiliate her. She knew herself that as much as she enjoyed sex (especially with him) she couldn't always verbalize it. Maybe it was her Scottish trait not to keep her emotions and desires private. Knowing she wouldn't answer, Jesse slowed his fondling. Using his long index finger he began teasing her tight little opening. Mia thrust her hips upwards hoping he would let his finger slide in, but he lifted his hand away. “Uh-uh. Not until you tell me,” he coaxed. Mia shook her head, her body suffering from the lack of his touch. “Please Jesse,” she pleaded, reaching down for his cock that was twitching against her leg. He grabbed her hand before she could touch him and pinned it above her head. Jesse grinded against her wet cunt; taking his time before he would enter her. “So?” he groaned trying to hold back his own urges. Mia sighed, knowing that she wouldn't get what she wanted unless she told him what he wanted to hear. “I like it when...” “Yeah?” he answered. Using his free hand he reached over to his wallet on the bedside table and took out a condom. He let go of her hands briefly in order to sheath himself quickly and carefully. Positioning himself back at her entrance, Jesse pinned both of her hands down again as he waited for an answer. “I like it when you fuck me...hard...and deep –,” Her answer was cut off as Jesse plunged himself inside of her, right to the hilt. “Ahhhh,” she moaned loudly. He thrust in roughly, giving her exactly what she said she wanted. Jesse knelt between her legs, Mia still on her back. He grabbed her hips and plunged in swiftly. Mia's body was wound tight for him and with a simple change of his thrusting rhythm, she came quickly. Pleasure coursed through Jesse's body and he leaned back on top of her, pressing his hard body against her soft chest. He followed not long after, climaxing with abandon, unable to hold back a confession. “I love you Mia,” he breathed into her ear, clutching her close, panting furiously. Mia opened her eyes wide with shock, his words rendering her speechless and confused. The pair lay exhausted, listening to each of the sighs as their breathing returned to

normal. There was a gentle knock at the door which brought them back to reality. “If you two are quite finished,” spoke Mark’s voice from outside the door, “I’d like to be treated to breakfast now.” ***

Looking out towards the ocean in the backseat, as Patrice helped Jesse navigate up front; Mia was determined to stop thinking about Jesse’s revelation. Since that morning she hadn’t had the chance to have a moment alone with him on the remaining ten hour journey. She also didn’t have a clue how to even start a conversation about it. She certainly felt a great deal for him, but was she ready to say the same three words that seemed so easy for him? Maybe not – but as they got closer and closer to their holiday apartment Mia knew she would have to have something prepared. Mia always thought herself as a rational thinker. She always made very realistic judgements and decisions. She thought back to January when she had decided to take a chance on Jesse – it wasn’t something she had chosen impulsively. She knew that if they dated their future would be short lived – the oceanic distance between Canada and Scotland would limit any possibility of their relationship lasting. Jesse also hadn’t had much luck in the past with long-distance affairs. However, she couldn’t deny herself the opportunity to be with the first male that had made her body and her heart respond in a way it had never had before. Jesse kept up his normal appearance of his laid-back self; underneath the facade his mind raced through the events of the morning. Well done Man, you certainly made a mess of this one. What he said was one hundred percent the truth. He did love Mia and was in love with her, but did he need to tell her that soon? Asshole – she hasn’t even said anything all day. You probably scared her off now! Or now she just thinks you a drip. He gazed out of the window and took in the coastal scenery as they arrived in Daytona Beach. His thoughts were interrupted when he felt Mia tap his shoulder. “That’s it there Jay,” she said excitedly, pointing up at the huge block of apartments. “Wow, I knew Frankie’s family had money – I never knew how much! This is going to be the best holiday ever!” she squealed while slapping both the boys’ shoulders eagerly. Minutes later, once the others had caught up, the seven of them rushed for the elevator. They all spoke animatedly to each other, commenting on the elaborate lobby and how close the condos were to the beach. Reaching the top floor of the twenty storey complex, they rushed out the hall as Mia fished out the keys from her purse. “Oh my God, there are only two apartments on this floor!” squealed Hilde. “Didn’t Frankie mention it was a penthouse?” asked Norah. Mia shook her head as her hand clutched the keys remembering how vague her best friend had been about the details. All she was told was that it was another property that Frankie’s father loved to boast about. Turning the key in the lock, Mia opened the door and stepped in as everyone stood behind stock still. Floor to ceiling windows, which led out to the balcony, took over the wall directly facing them. The view of the ocean at night was magnificent. Mia quickly scanned her surroundings; there was a hallway to her left and right, one which led to a flight of stairs. Jesus, two fucking levels! The downstairs area was open plan with a large modern kitchen containing mahogany storage cupboards, a huge fridge freezer, a bar and an island unit in the center. A wall separated it from the main living space, where a plasma TV was mounted. Large welcoming couches dominated the living space as well as a dining table that seated twelve. Mia was about to run into the living room until she felt a hand hold her back. She looked up at Jesse whose face looked suspicious and slightly alarmed. “Anyone else notice that the lights were on

before we even came in?" he asked. The others shook their head then Kristopher spoke up. "Hey guys, there's a suitcase over there in the hall," he pointed. In the next second they heard the sound of the cistern flushing in the bathroom down the hall. Jesse and Patrice stepped forward as the bathroom door opened, blocking out Mia's view of the intruder. Bravely arching to her tiptoes she looked over Jesse's shoulder. She thought her eyes betrayed her as she took in the ravishing site of a familiar English brunette. "Frankie?!" she squealed, squeezing past Jesse and running towards her best friend. *** The others watched on as the two girls hugged each other in a warm embrace. Frankie could feel happy tears forming in the corner of her eyes as her best friend, whom she had been separated since Christmas, welcomed her arrival. "Awww babe, I've missed you so much," she whispered to Mia, before stepping out of their clinch aware of the six onlookers. "What are you doing here?" Mia asked, unable to hide an emotional quiver in her voice. She gave Frankie a quick inspection; Frankie wasn't exactly dressed in her usual on trend style. She wore a baggy pair of jeans with a t-shirt and cardigan. Mia also noticed the lack of make-up and the dull complexion it revealed. Frankie still looked great but Mia was the only one that knew it wasn't her usual Frankie standing in front of her. "I'll tell you all about it later. Do you want to introduce me to your friends first?" Frankie scanned the faces of Mia's friends who were still standing patiently in the apartment foyer. Most of them bore confused but interested expressions. Knowing that she had intruded on their Spring Break she immediately turned on the charm. As she walked over they all took in her immediate beauty. "Guys, this is Frankie – my best mate from back home, whose parents were kind enough to let us use their penthouse for the week," introduced Mia. "Frankie this is -," "No wait, let me guess," Frankie started as she walked over the others. They had all spread out and stood facing her in a semi-circle. For someone that didn't know Frankie well, meeting her best friend's new gang of buddies could have been intimidating, but it was situations like this that Frankie shone. "Ahhh, well we have kind of met before haven't we? Goodness, I didn't realise how leggy you are," she said as she looked at Norah, Mia's roommate. "Hi Norah, it's nice to meet you in person." Frankie held out her hand which Norah shook instantly. "Gosh, green hair – that's amazing! But I've a hunch it used to be purple – Hilde right? So nice to meet you." Hilde nodded and shook Frankie's hand. Turning to the next in the row, Frankie found the notorious milk-chocolate skinned ladies man eyeing her not too indiscreetly . "Bonjour, je m'appelle Frankie. Ca va?" "Ca va bien," replied Patrice. Frankie's flattery and flirtations carried on down the line, deciding to keep the game going she chose to keep the best until last. Standing in-front of Mia's boyfriend, Frankie relished the opportunity to finally meet the man who had been keeping her Mia so occupied of late. "Well well, who do we have here?" she asked as she looked him up and down. "Tall, handsome, athletic build, lovely hands, gorgeous skin and beautiful eyes. No wonder she's so difficult to get in touch with. Your Facebook picture does you no justice. It's nice to finally meet you in the flesh Jesse." Frankie grinned as Jesse ran his hands through his hair nervously under her intrusive gaze. Looking back at Mia, Frankie gave her an approving wink which made Mia roll her eyes. Brilliant, she even manages to make my super-confident boyfriend squirm. "I'm really sorry if I have intruded in your holiday –." A round of reassuring no's came from the group of strangers Frankie had just met. Her charm offensive had obviously done the trick. "Well I'm sure

you guys are dying to have a look around and make yourselves comfortable. I got here this morning so the fridge is full, just help yourselves.” Frankie turned to Jesse and Mia as the others spread out in the kitchen and wandered to the balcony. “I have a treat for the both of you,” she started taking each of their hands and leading them to the top level of the apartment. Jesse didn’t know what to make of the new girl. Her looks and her manner were certainly attractive, but he couldn’t deny the unease he felt about the closeness between Frankie and Mia. Unlike some of the others, he knew that Frankie was Mia’s ex-girlfriend as well as her best friend. Their relationship was somewhat unusual to him; he’d never dated a girl in the past that was close to her ex. Hell, he’d never dated a girl that was bisexual before either. Before now he never had to worry about Frankie since she was over three thousand miles away from Mia. However at the moment she was holding Mia’s hand (as well as his own) and was leading them upstairs. As much as he felt some discomfort there was almost an element of excitement he subconsciously couldn’t contain. The hallway on the top floor was wide with storage all the way down one side. There were two doors at the beginning of the hall. Behind the first was a large family bathroom with a walk-in double shower and large bathtub. The next room was a spacious queen room with ‘his and hers’ wardrobes and floor to ceiling windows exactly like downstairs. The big surprise was the last room Frankie showed them. She opened a set of double doors and made Mia and Jesse walk through first. “Holy shit! This is the most amazing thing I have ever seen,” exclaimed Jesse as he took in every aspect of the master suite. In the center of the room was a king-sized bed with an ornate wooden bed frame. On the wall opposite was large shelving unit containing a plasma screen TV of a smaller size to the one in the living room. “As you can see, the master suite boasts a king-sized bed, walk in closets, a balcony spanning the entire floor and an ensuite bathroom,” said Frankie with her best real estate agent impression. “Mia, come here!” commanded her excited boyfriend from the bathroom. Mia stood speechless at the bathroom entrance taking in the ‘his and hers’ sinks, vanity mirror, a shower unit that could hold at least four people and... “Oh my God a Jacuzzi bath!” she squealed. The bathtub sat in the corner of the bathroom in a turret, raised by a few steps off the floor. Small windows encircled the turret and views of the ocean could be seen. “I thought you two would like it,” Frankie spoke triumphantly. “When I got here today I realised I should probably let you guys see this room first in case the others ‘shot-gunned’ it.” Mia and Jesse looked at each other in amazement then back to the generous Frankie. They both ran over to her and sandwiched her in a big hug. “Thank you Frankie,” they chorused. “You’re welcome,” she giggled. “Even though this is giving me a strange thrill, if you wouldn’t mind releasing me I’ll let you snoop around a bit while the others pick their rooms.” Oh damn, thought Mia as she realised that being alone with Jesse would mean actually talking to him – quite possibly about this morning. Dealing with uncomfortable situations was not exactly her forte. The only major difficult situation she had to deal with in the past was before Christmas when Norah had given her the silent treatment. Even though they resolved their issues, it wasn’t something she would like to repeat – especially with her boyfriend. “Em, I’ll come down with you...I could do with a drink...and we can catch up,” she offered, hoping Jesse wouldn’t realise her motives. “It’s fine Mia, take your time and enjoy the place. We can catch up later.” Frankie walked out the room and headed downstairs where she

could hear everyone immerse themselves in full holiday spirit, leaving Jesse and Mia alone in the master bedroom. “This condo is crazy – never in a million years did I think I’d get to stay in a place like this,” Jesse said in awe. He sat down on the huge bed and lay back, patting the space beside him so Mia would join in. “Yeah, it’s amazing. Frankie used to go on about it all the time. Her family used to come all the time when she was younger. It’s nice to be able to finally see it,” Mia answered distractedly, torn as to whether distance from him would make it easier to escape if an awkward question came up. Reluctantly she sat next to him. Jesse pulled her back so she was laying down, her back to his front. Gently he began to kiss along her shoulder and trail his fingers up and down her arm. His sincere touches were impervious to the anguish she felt. Why is it so hard for me to think about right now? Am I heartless? God, why did he need to say anything? Maybe it was just in the heat of the moment...a post orgasmic Freudian slip. “Mia are you alright? You’ve hardly said anything all day. Is it about this morn-.” “I’m just a little worried about Frankie, that’s all,” she answered, stopping him from completing his sentence. Great, the ex-girlfriend is back and now she otherwise occupied, Jesse internalised. “She seemed pretty good to me,” he spoke, slightly affronted. “I just get the impression she’s hiding something – like something must have happened if she came all the way here. It’s not usually like her to just jump a flight to Florida when she has classes.” “Well she’s here for a week – I’m sure you’ll find out at some point. Let’s be honest, you’re glad she’s here anyway.” “What’s that supposed to mean?” she asked, sitting up and staring at him. The whole conversation was beginning to irritate her now and it was obvious from the tone of her voice. She wasn’t going to back down when it came to her friend. “If this is about the whole jealousy thing, then there’s nothing I can do for you Jesse. Frankie’s my best friend, despite our history, and that’s not likely to change. Maybe you should just get used to it. Anyway she’s just given us this amazing bedroom – do you really think she has ulterior motives?” Jesse lay still, Mia’s words were like a slap in the face. She had completely misunderstood what he was trying to say and now he was a little pissed off. It was never like her to be so cold; to Jesse she had done a complete one-eighty in the space of ten seconds. “Look Mia, I don’t want to argue over this; we’re both tired from the ride here. If you want to speak to your friend then go ahead – I’m not stopping you.” His voice was firm and didn’t display any sign of faltering. Jesse stood up and walked away towards the door, the tension between them was beginning to feel uncomfortable. “Where are you going?” Mia asked, her voice no longer angry but a little lost, knowing how her words impacted on him. “Just out to the car to get everyone’s bags.” “Wait,” she sighed. “I’ll come with you.” “No it’s fine. Just stay here. We could probably do with some space right now.” Jesse turned and headed out of the room. Alone in the huge bedroom Mia could hear everyone laughing and chatting downstairs. Well at least everyone else is settling in fine. What a mess I’ve made of this one. I wish Frankie was... Fuck she is!! *** Once everyone had chosen their rooms (Norah, Frankie and Hilde in the queen room, Kris and Patrice in the twin downstairs and Mark in the sofa-bed in the living room) they had all spread out around the apartment, merrily drinking and discussing the plans for the next day. Jesse and the boys had decided to go out for a wander and hit a few of the bars nearby. Norah and Hilde showered, exfoliated and moisturized to prep their skin for the sun the next day. Almost like second nature, Frankie and Mia knew there was a lot to say to each

other. They headed out to the beach and walked silently until they got outside. "So... tell me everything," commanded Frankie as she sand down on the sand. In the space of a couple of hours she had already worked out that Mia was having issues. That along with the awkward silence she noticed hung between Mia and Jesse since they arrived. "You're the visitor, shouldn't you be telling me first?" Mia asked trying to change the subject. "Well I can worry about my problems anytime; they won't be going anywhere soon. You, my dear, seem to have done something to upset the lovely Mr Jesse, haven't you?" "Why do you assume it was all me? Has it maybe occurred to you that he might have done something wrong too?" "Prove me wrong then." Frankie gave Mia an expectant look from under her lashes before delving into her handbag and pulling out a bottle of white wine. "Here, have some of this. It might make it easier for you." Mia shook her head in disbelief. This day cannot get any stranger: my boyfriend tells me he loves me then I argue with him to avoid speaking to him. My best friend shows up out of the blue and now I'm sitting out on the beach with her drinking wine. Sometimes I envy the days where all I'd do was sit around and watch TV in my Doctor Who pyjamas. She took the bottle from Frankie's hand and drank a few gulps. She sat down on the spot next to her, listening to the sound of the waves slapping against the sand. "So...tell me." And she did. Mia told her everything; from the night she first had sex with Jesse, meeting his family, every detail up to and including their falling out. Never missing out anything. It was something like therapy; in that moment with her best friend, Mia didn't feel burdened by her own love-life. Sitting next to Frankie had made her realise that she had never had the chance to go over the past couple of months. She'd spent so much time with Jesse that she felt that this was the first time she could take stock of it all. "Oh my God. He told you he loved you?" Frankie gasped in shock. "He's sensitive as well as handsome. Maybe I should have come here on the exchange programme." "It's mental right?" Mia cringed. "Hmmm, it's actually kind of sweet," Frankie couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter as she took in the horrified look on Mia's face. "Oh what, don't give me that Mia. Think about it; you guys have been messing with each other since you first came to America. All that flirting and teasing, the build-up to actually dating followed by the epic love making. What did you expect? He's mad about you. I've only just met the guy and I could tell straight away." "But. It's. Mental. It's been what – nearly two months if that? That's not exactly a long period of time to be dating someone and telling them you love them, is it?" "You can't help what you feel and compared to the one he used to go out with, it's not hard to see why he's smitten with you. To him you must be a complete breath of fresh air; your look, your accent, your warmth and the fact your from a country that lives and breathes football. What more could he want?" Frankie let her opinion resonate with Mia for a minute before she spoke again. "Anyway, you haven't told me what you feel back. It's clear adores you. What do you feel about him?" "I do really, really like him Frankie. More than I thought I could for anyone else besides you. Even then, it feels different with him. I dunno, I can't describe it yet. Sometimes I think we just fit, you know." "Well that's a relief 'cause I was starting to think that placing Mr Perfect right in your lap was becoming a wasted effort. In saying that, if at any point you want to put him on loan I'd be happy to give him a try. God knows I'm in need of a good shag." "Going through a dry spell are we?" Mia joked. "I thought you were into that Kevin dude. You never told me what happened with him." Frankie scrunched up her

face in a way that Mia knew she wouldn't be able to press for answers. "Look Mia, if you're struggling to say the three magic words then you could just tell him what you said to me. Anyway, he said it after sex – sometimes boys can't be trusted for that... It's like when they tell you they'll phone you and they never do." Mia grinned at Frankie, "What would I have done without you here, tonight?" "Well you probably wouldn't have picked a fight with him and used me as your excuse. The pair of you would be shagging in that huge bed up there," she joked pointing towards the apartment building behind them. "Or on the floor. Or in the shower. Or the bath!" "Okay, okay, I get the picture." "I do paint quite an erotic one, don't I? Saying that it's not very hard if you and Mr Sex-on-legs were in it." Frankie looked up to the sky to the twinkling stars overhead. "I guess I should go find him and say sorry," Mia volunteered, wondering if Jesse would be back at the apartment by now. "Yeah you should...but let's finish this wine first." *** It was well after two am when the boys returned from their explorations of the nightlife on Daytona Beach. Exhausted (and a tad tipsy) the four of them stumbled back up to the condo. Jesse was glad he had gone out with the guys - it was good to be around his own gender for a change. Not that Mia was a bore or anything, heck she was a better friend to Jesse than some of his soccer buddies, but getting away from their bubble was refreshing. Jesse still hadn't completely understood where Mia was coming from earlier on. He got that she wanted some time with her friend, but wouldn't she have months, years even with Frankie when she returned to Scotland? Maybe she was right – he was jealous. But he realised it wasn't because of their relationship; it was more the issue that he had no idea where his own relationship with Mia was going. Why did he feel so committed so early? Was it just deserts for all the times in the past girls felt that way for him and he never did? Who knows – all he hoped for now was that she had possibly forgotten about what he said earlier. It was too embarrassing to think of any other reply than the one he wanted. Mia was still awake; the bottle of wine she shared with Frankie left her with an unsettling feeling in her stomach, that along with the fact she owed Jesse an apology. The boys weren't exactly quiet when they got back to the apartment, but noticing the light was off in the bedroom Jesse crept in trying not to make a sound. "What time do you call this Mr Romanos?" Jesus Christ! Jesse mentally screamed as Mia's voice in the dark room gave him a fright. Mia reached over to the bedside cabinet and switched on the lamp. Jesse's rubbed his eyes as he adjusted to the light. He looked at Mia and noticed a small smile on her face as his heart returned to a normal pace after the fright. Smiling huh? I wonder if the bad mood is gone. "I didn't think you'd be waiting up for me," he said sulkily as he wandered into the bathroom. A few minutes later he came back in. Pulling his t-shirt off he tossed it on the floor along with the jeans he was wearing. Mia watched him, holding back a grin, as he ungracefully got undressed. However, even though his movement was uncharacteristic, Mia still couldn't deny the thrill she got when she looked at his muscular body he had perfected though many years of playing football (or soccer as he called it). Mmmm, Cristiano Ronaldo eat your heart out. He wandered over to the right side of the bed and climbed in, knowing that his absence let her claim his usual side on the left. Mia snuggled up beside him, her head on his chest; he didn't make any movement to pull her closer to him. She could tell from the way that his body felt that she had some grovelling to do. "Jesse, I'm sorry about earlier on. I completely turned into a nasty bitch. I supposed I was a little

overwhelmed with everything. The holiday, the apartment, staying with you for a week, Frankie's appearance; it was all a bit unexpected. I think I knew how to press your buttons to push you away and just went for it. It was horrible of me. Sorry – I just flipped out." Mia lifted her head and looked up at his face expectantly as Jesse ran his hands through his hair, digesting what she had said. He gazed at her seeing a look on her face he wasn't used to – remorse. His insides crumbled; how could he stay mad at this girl? Jesse tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear and wrapped his arms around her back, squeezing her tight against his chest. He lifted his head slightly and kissed her forehead. It was an astounding outcome for him. Never before had he been in a situation where the girl said sorry first – even if they were the one in the wrong. Mia was a genuine eye-opener. "Apology accepted," he smiled, stroking her long brown hair, laughing to himself. "What's so funny?" she asked leaning over his face. "Nothing – I just wasn't expecting you to say sorry that's all. You kind of knocked me off course there. Damn, how did I meet a girl who isn't afraid to admit she was wrong?" he chuckled. "I'd say through pure chance and jammy luck," she smiled back. "Jammy? God, I never get sick of your expressions." "We call it patter. As in 'his patter is pure brilliant'," she said in full Glaswegian lilt. Jesse shook with laughter underneath her that made Mia's heart swell. Yes, he's not mad at me, now on to the other issue. "Umm so about this morning...." Jesse became very still, he sort of expected her to forget about it knowing that Mia usually avoids awkward conversation. Now it was his turn to explain. Mia squeezed her curvy body between his legs, her hands clasped over his chest and her chin resting upon them. She tried to read his face for a reaction, all she saw was a slight tinge of pink spread across his angular cheeks. "To be perfectly honest, I don't mind not talking about it," she said looking away, giving him the opening she needed. "Why do you not want to talk about it? Did you not like what I had to say?" he asked, cupping her chin in his hand. "No...I liked it. I just don't know if it was a spur of the moment thing or...you actually meant it." A silence hung between them for a second, "I don't usually say things I don't mean Mia," he answered earnestly letting her chin go. She turned her face from him breaking his gaze. "It's alright Mia – if you don't feel it back. It's not like I asked you a question; you don't need to answer me. I guess I did just let it burst out – excuse the pun. I understand how it looks, some guy you've only known for like six months (and dated for even less) tells you he loves you, must sound a little nuts?" "I did think you were mental," she smiled. "You did or you do?" "Both! Uggghhh," she groaned as she sat up between his legs. "Don't think that because I haven't said anything that I don't have any feelings for you, because I do. I really do. It's just not that easy for me say it. If I say it then what happens next? I'm only here until for another few months..." "Okay that's enough of that," Jesse interrupted. "Look let's just forget about it. I don't want you to feel like you are obligated to say it back. I'm quite happy that you know how I feel and deep down I know you feel something back. I just want you to know that it's not something I'm prone to do. I don't say those kinds of things that easily...but with you I can't seem to hold back sometimes. You must know that by now. Let's just not start the conversation about you leaving just yet. Not tonight. Not this week. We're on vacation – we're going to have fun, get drunk and hopefully have sex on every possible surface in this fucking huge bedroom!" Jesse pulled Mia back down into his arms. "Do we have a deal?" "Deal," she nodded. "Good...Now take those PJs off; you're wearing

way too many clothes for me to have make-up sex with you.” *** Day three into the holiday and Mia groggily stumbled out of bed. The last night was a blur. She could vaguely remember there being a beach party during the day that then rolled over into the night. There were countless drinking games and something about a cucumber, but she couldn't remember what exactly. Jägermeister, Corona and very little to eat don't make for good bed fellows. Speaking of – her very own bedfellow wasn't in bed, realising that he must have taken a wander down to the gym. Not only was the size of the apartment and views spectacular, the added amenities were also an added bonus. Frankie showed them the indoor pool, shared gym and the outdoor pool and sun terrace the first day after they settled in. It was like living in a hotel – apart from the fact they had to make their own meals. Needless to say the top of the range kitchen hadn't been touched yet; take-out and alcohol got them by the first few days. Dehydrated and hung-over, Mia tip-toed into the kitchen to get a bottle of water whilst trying not to disturb Mark who was commandeering the sofa bed in the living room. She gulped the water down gratefully and wandered back into her own bathroom. A shower always made the headache better. She turned on the power shower and let it run while she gazed at herself in the large bathroom mirror. Brilliant – went to bed without taking my make-up off. I'll pay for that soon. Mia pulled out her cleanser and wiped off the eye make-up. Slow movements were all she could manage in her state. She focused all her energy on removing all the smudges. She didn't notice Jesse had returned until he came into view from behind her. “Must be hard being a girl huh?” he joked as he took in all of Mia's beauty products that were spread out over the bathroom counter. Mia rolled her eyes at his smart-ass remark. “Look you, I feel shitty as it is. I don't need you to be pointing out that I look horrendous right now. I'd like to keep my self-esteem intact this morning.” Especially when you look so delicious considering you are all sweaty from the work-out. God, even the scent of his body odour is heavenly – manly even. “Baby, in the words of my home boy, ‘Sweat pants, hair tied, chillin’ with no make-up on, That's when you're the prettiest, I hope that you don't take it wrong.’” Her defensive mood softened and Jesse wrapped his arms around her waist and gave her a sweet kiss. Who knew quoting Drake lyrics could make Jesse seem so poetic? Mia felt her insides melt from his touch and wondered how long this perfect bubble with Jesse could last. She pushed the thought back out of her head again – dwelling on the future was banned for the moment. “What were you thinking about?” Jesse asked, searching her eyes. “Oh nothing,” she lied while looking over at the shower. “Just thinking that I really need to get washed to help me feel less groggy.” “Mmm, me too. Feel like some company?” he suggested as his large hands slipped down her waist and over her curvy butt. A flush spread to Mia's face as Jesse's hands roamed under the waist band of her PJ shorts. She could feel that warm, melting feeling spread through her limbs again as he kissed her again. His tongue entered her mouth and flicked deliciously against hers. Placing her hands on his shoulders she broke away, trying to avoid his sultry gaze. “I dunno, sharing the shower is a bit strange is it not?” “Strange? How is it? I've saw you naked lots of times before.” He kissed down her neck and slid his hands into her panties, kneading her soft buns with his hands. “Okay, strange is the wrong word.” Mia couldn't think of the right one though while Jesse continued to grope her. “C'mon baby, let's go christen this shower,” he urged. Mia looked at him a little hesitantly, but before she could object he had already

lifted her off the ground and taken her in the shower stall with him – fully clothed. She screamed at the shock of the warm water as it flooded her pajamas. “Was that really necessary?” she laughed as Jesse placed her down. “No, but I couldn’t resist. It’s the closest thing I have to getting you in a wet t-shirt competition.” “You’re such a...” “What? Ass, jock, clown, sleaze, knuckle-dragger?” he suggested as he pressed her firmly against the cold tiles. “No – sex-pest is what I was going to use,” Mia joked as his hands worked their way under her soaking top. “I guess I can’t argue with that,” he smiled as he began to remove her clothes. “Especially since you are the one I get to pester.” All of Mia’s clothes were off; she stood vulnerably under the shower head as Jesse watched the water spray down her body. For the first time, she allowed herself to watch him as he gaped at her. She equally studied how his eyes, which were seconds ago glittering with excitement, were now hooded and full of lust. His admiration made her jitter inside; astounded at the growing feelings she had for him. Mia reached out and pulled at the heavy material that clung to Jesse’s body. He assisted her in taking off his clothes slowly, savouring the way her hands grazed lightly against him. His wet clothes were discarded on top of hers and now they both stood naked in front of one another. Jesse reached out to her shoulder and very lightly traced his index finger down the white strap line her bikini left from the day before. “You got some sun yesterday,” he said gravelly while mirroring his touch down her other side. “You did too,” Mia replied quietly as she ran her painted black nails along the tan line his shorts made at his waist. She peered down at his growing hard-on, watching as it twitched as she touched Jesse’s body. She was about to let her hand slip down farther before a better idea came into her head. Mia stretched over to the shelf where Jesse’s shower gel sat and squeezed some into her body puff. Jesse watched as she lathered the soap up in the green mesh. Trying to look as confidently as she could, she took his hand and softly began to rub the puff up and down his arm. Saying nothing, Jesse relaxed his rosy body as Mia continued her circular washing pattern to his other arm. Her attention then moved to his tanned torso and very slowly down his abdomen. Jesse squeezed his eyes shut as Mia let the foam cascade down his waist and over his now throbbing erection. Bending down slightly, she brushed the puff down his hips and over his pelvic joint, deliberately missing out the muscle that was desperate for her attention. She stepped around him and washed down his back, trailing very lightly down his spine, grinning to herself as he twisted under her touch. Jesse’s eyes shot open when he felt Mia glide the puff over his buttocks and pushed it slightly between the crack. “Woah!” he yelled as he almost jumped out of his skin. Mia couldn’t help but giggle at his reaction, maybe her washing was a little too thorough. “Sorry,” she chuckled. “I didn’t realise you had a no-go zone.” “Let’s just say that area is a little sensitive,” he breathed as he tried to regain composure. “I’ll keep that in mind,” she snickered then put down the body puff. Mia squeezed a little shampoo in her hand and lathered it up in her hands. “Bend down,” she instructed as she tip-toed and laced her fingers into his short golden-brown hair. Mia pressed her chest against him as she washed his hair. He couldn’t resist touching her body with his close proximity to her. She could feel how impatient he was becoming as his hard phallus nudged against her belly. “Uh-uh. No touching until I’m finished,” she directed, then quickly rinsed off the remaining shampoo. “There...all done.” Great now it’s my turn, Jesse gleefully mused. Repeating her procedure he mimicked her actions as

he washed her body. His movements were equally arousing and torturous to her body. Mia knew that by patiently washing him first, her body would be full of pent up desire and lust. Jesse's technique was far more lewd than her own. He had opted against the body puff and used his skillful hands instead. Mia loved the way the lather from her scented body wash made his hands glide effortlessly over her skin. He tweaked and squeezed her nipples before sliding down her stomach, then to her ample thighs avoiding her sweet spot in the middle. He rubbed the soap into her back, kneading at the muscles across her shoulders before stroking her spine down to her tribal tattoo. "I fucking love this," he gushed as his fingers traced over the pattern that centered itself above her behind. "You say you love a lot of things," Mia muttered without thinking, secretly smiling to herself. "Touché," he breathed pressing himself against her back, his erection dancing over her rump. Mia wiggled her derriere teasingly in front of him and couldn't suppress a grin knowing that he was just as turned on as she was. Spreading more soap over his hands Jesse gave her bum a cheeky slap (for her smart mouth) before massaging the fruity foam into her. He pushed her body against the tiled wall of the stall and parted her cheeks before sliding his fingers into the crevice. Mia struggled to contain the warm flush that swept over her wet body as his hands took control of her. Jesse's fingers wandered deftly between her crack and inched towards her tight entrance. The pads of his fingers flicked flirtily around her aching empty glory hole causing Mia to let out a frustrated moan. Teasing Jesse only leads to more torture in return she realised, but it was worth it. She sighed as the desperate ache for him to be inside her only intensified as he ran his hands down the backs of her thighs and down to her feet. His hands left her body which made her body feel cold and neglected; Mia realised that his touch was a need not a desire. She rested her head against the tiles and closed her eyes until she felt Jesse's hands work their way through her hair. Jesus, I never thought he'd actually wash my hair too. I don't know if I can take this much longer. Mia's body felt as though it was experiencing a rollercoaster ride; Jesse's touches causing her stomach to twist and turn and flip as the excitement built and then eased off. The way his fingers weaved into her scalp felt tender compared to the contrast of his rude body washing technique. Intimate, she thought to herself. That was the word that she couldn't think of earlier. The shower with him was intimate. "Baby, we need to get out of here," he said gruffly as the water rinsed off the remaining suds in her almost-black hair. "No," she pleaded turning back round to face him. "Let's stay here, please?" She wrapped her hands around his neck and kissed his neck and chest. Jesse sighed, his frustration getting greater as her lips trailed down his abdominal muscles to his belly button. "I've left the condoms in the bedroom..." "I don't care," she responded, pulling his body against hers as she stood up to face him. "I've been on the pill for months now. Please just...stay here. Anyway it was your idea to christen the shower in the first place." He cupped her chin, forcing her to make eye contact in order to make sure she was certain. She tip-toed so she was able to reach his mouth with hers and kissed him eagerly, hoping he would take it as reassurance. Mia could feel his body respond to her as he wrapped his arms around her back. She laced her tongue in his mouth greedily, wanting him more than she could have ever remembered before. A long guttural groan escaped from Jesse as his need and hunger for her intensified. He crouched down a little as he wrapped his hands around her thighs and picked her up. Mia bit her lip in

anguish as her swollen pussy lips rubbed against his pulsing unsheathed cock as she hooked her ankles behind his back. Wriggling her hips she adjusted her positioning so that she could slowly push down and let him enter her. She slid him inside, inch by glorious inch until he filled her completely, before lifting her weight up again. Jesse couldn't resist thrusting his hips upwards and into her. "Ohh fuck," Mia moaned as she threw her head back and gripped his body tighter as they met each other's thrusts. The constant flow of water was becoming a bit of an obstacle. Mia's grip around Jesse was loosening and she knew she had to change position. "Jay; put me down," she whispered, groaning as he withdrew from inside her. Once her two feet were back on the ground, she turned to face the wall again. Mia arched her back, sticking her curvy booty out suggestively. She looked back over her shoulder to glimpse Jesse's expression that was full of arousal. She shot him an inviting look, biting her lip as she did. He stepped forward and grabbed her hips almost roughly. Sliding his hand around her waist he pushed his fingers beneath her slippery folds whilst using the other hand to guide his stiff cock back to her opening. Mia mewled in pleasure as he entered her again but from behind - the first time she had experienced it that way. Jesse thrust in deep, looking down as he watched himself glide in and slip out of her tight, wet pussy. Mia leaned her head back against his neck, moaning in his ear as his thrusts became more and more urgent. His hands roamed up her body and cupped her boobs as they bounced up with the force of his hip movements. Mia felt the familiar overwhelming feeling of her limbs turning to jelly as all of her nerve endings south of her belly button were sensitised. Her brows furrowed at the blissful torment of her building orgasm. The sound of Jesse's voice brought her back briefly to the present. "Mia, Baby, I'm gonna come soon. Do you want me to pull out?" he gasped, slowing his rhythm. "No!" she almost wailed. "I want to know what it feels like. Please. Come inside me." Her request was almost his undoing. Did this girl know what sort of effect she had on him? He swallowed, pressing his forehead against her crown. Keeping one hand on her hip, Jesse twisted his free hand in her wet hair, pulling back her head so he could kiss her fiercely. His thrusts were now slow and deliberately laboured. The hand that was squeezing her hip moved back between her legs again, rubbing her clitoris vigorously. "Fuck," she cried out, hearing her moans reverberate in the bathroom. With another deep push inside her, she felt everything let go. Her body twisted against him, her head light with delirium. Mia could briefly feel him twitch inside her before she was squeezed between him and the wall as he came, his juices mixing with hers. Jesse panted in her ear; his eyes pressed shut as the last dregs of his cream left his body. He pulled out of her leaving Mia with an empty feeling except for the results of their actively now inside her. "Oh my God," Jesse groaned as Mia rested against him. "That was crazy - you know I think you're becoming a sex-pest too," he teased. "If I am it's because you're turning me into one," she answered as she felt his warm come slowly leak out and drip down her thigh. *** Frankie walked out to the sun terrace spotting Norah and Hilde holding the fort on the four sun loungers that she managed to save earlier in the morning. It wasn't hard for Frankie to make friends with all of Mia's new buddies. She fitted in well with the girls - most likely due to their living quarters. The three girls were sharing the queen bedroom (with the pull out futon which Hilde was sleeping on) for the week. The room had many benefits; it was similar in size to the master bedroom and with the boys occupying downstairs, they pretty much had the

upstairs family bathroom all to themselves. Frankie perched on one of the free loungers beside Norah and took out her sunscreen. "How's the head now?" asked Norah, knowing full well that the new girl was most definitely suffering from the night before. "A bit better now – thanks for the pain killers." They shared a giggle remembering the night before as the three of them stumbled back to the apartment singing and laughing which resulted in a complaint from the neighbours downstairs. Hilde swam over to the far side of the pool as she saw Mia in the distance. Norah and Frankie looked on as their friend approached, looking striking in her baggy tee and tiny shorts. Her newly tanned skinned glowed in the afternoon sunshine and the girls looked conspiringly at one another as they detected an obvious spring in her step. "Oh my God guys – I think I recognise that girl," Hilde shouted from the pool as Mia approached the terrace. "Yeah, she kinda looks like my roommate," added Norah. "But that can't be her – she's usually attached to this Canadian guy." "Hey stranger," welcomed Frankie as Mia sat down on the free lounge that happened to be farthest away from her. "Very funny guys," Mia responded sarcastically dumping her bag under the chair. "I'm surprised you chose to stay with us," quipped Frankie, knowing that the boys had opted to head to the beach again. "I was beginning to think I would need to come along on a date with you and Mr Perfect in order to spend some time with you." Mia rolled her eyes before putting on her sunglasses. A slight pang of guilt came over her as she realised she only had Frankie for a week before she returned home. Mia had spent a lot of time with Jesse so far; they even left early together the night before at the club. "Give her a break," said Hilde as she climbed out of the pool, her busty figure in the leopard print bikini attracting a few onlookers. "I think I'd be finding it hard to drag myself away from Jesse if he was my boyfriend. Hell I'm still dropping hints to him when Mia's not around but he's having none of it." "Thanks Hilde...I think," Mia piped up giving Frankie and Norah a fake scornful look. "Anyway I fancied a girly day...and it's nice to have some space from him now and again." "All those orgasms this morning must be exhausting, huh?" Frankie retorted. Mia's face turned a furious shade of fuchsia, realising that they must have heard her and Jesse in the shower that morning. The three girls giggled as Mia pulled her t-shirt over her face in embarrassment. "Aww don't worry about it babe," soothed Frankie. "We're just a bit jealous that none of us managed to pull last night despite my best efforts." "Really? I thought giving a blow-job to a cucumber would leave you with a queue of folk hoping to shag you," Mia added remembering Frankie on the stage the night before taking part in the Club's crude sex games. "Fuck! The cucumber," Frankie groaned as flashback from the night before resurfaced in her memory. The girls chorused in laughter again, each of them adding fragments of the night that they could remember. The four of them settled into an easy companionship that afternoon by the pool. Mia was glad she stuck with the girls for a change. Jesse's company was great – orgasmic even but it was good having a break from him. Mia was also glad that Frankie was getting on well with her friends too. There didn't seem to be any friction which can sometimes occur in a group of girls. Mia also noticed that Frankie and Norah got on like a house on fire – both of them sharing a common interest in all things glamour and make-up. They spent ages swapping tips and sharing articles in their fashion magazines. Sometimes it felt to Mia that she was almost a third wheel in their new friendship; but she knew that feeling that was a little immature. Even still she was relieved when Norah and Hilde

left to go and chat to a few fellow vacationers. Getting up from her lounge, Mia walked over to the new vacated spot next to Frankie. As Mia glanced at Frankie's sun-kissed skin and svelte, trim figure exposed by her purple bikini she noticed that Frankie had regained some of the sparkle she was lacking the first day she had arrived. Frankie took out her headphones and put down her book when she noticed Mia assessing her. "Hey, what's up?" Frankie asked curiously. "Nothing. I kinda realised that I haven't really paid that much attention to you for a little while and I feel bad to be honest. I still don't have any idea why you came here out of the blue." Taking a gulp from the bottle of water resting next to her, Frankie twisted so that she was lying face down on the lounge. She knew it was time that she and Mia had a chat that was long overdue. However she didn't want to burden Mia when she knew that things were going so well with her and Jesse. "Don't worry about it hun – we don't need to spoil this beautiful afternoon with my issues." Issues – so there is something wrong. Why hasn't she just told me before? Have I been that bad a friend that she doesn't want to tell me anything now? "Frankie, please can we just talk like normal. I feel like a crap friend already and you always help me with stuff. I want to be here for you while we're actually in the same city." Frankie glanced up to see the concern in Mia's face – she knew it was time to reveal all. Trust her best friend to know when things were going wrong. She sat back up in her lounge and played with the label of her towel as she prepared to tell all. "You remember Kevin right?" Frankie mumbled. "Yeah, your flatmate. The one you fancied – what happened?" "I had sex with him." Mia could see an almost shameful expression in Frankie's face which she couldn't understand. Frankie was known for her liaisons but why was this one different? "So...what's the problem? You liked him right?" Frankie nodded but kept her head down. Mia got up from her spot and squeezed in next to her best friend. "Please Frankie...just tell me? Did he hurt you or something?" "God no. Not like that. We hooked up – I mean you saw how it was with us. I liked him. A lot. But I knew the whole flatmate issue was complicated. We had this great relationship; well I thought we did anyway. I mean we used to just sit and cuddle but nothing would happen. It was comforting in a way. There was one night we were like this and I just decided to go for it. I kissed him. Then one thing led to another..." "And the pair of you had sex. So then what happened?" "I dunno, maybe it was me. I think I thought it would be different with him than with the guys I have been with before, because we were mates. I thought that maybe it would be the start of something. I got up the next day and he had gone. I just thought he had went to work or something so I didn't really think anything of it. I was really looking forward to seeing him once he got back but he never showed up. I decided against texting him because I didn't want to seem too clingy, you know maybe scare him off?" "When did he come back?" "The next night was when I saw him. I had just got back from uni and he looked as though he was getting ready to go out so I just asked him where he was off too. He told me he was going out on a date with some girl he used to know." Mia let out a gasp but Frankie continued without letting her speak. "I think he could tell from the look on my face that I was shocked. I didn't say anything. He brought up what happened between us and just referred to it as a one night thing. 'Just a bit of fun – nothing serious.' I don't think he realised that there was more to it for me." "So what did you say to him?" "Nothing. I just let him go off and didn't bother saying anything. He made it quite clear how he felt about everything and I didn't think telling him that I liked

him was going to change his mind. I was so angry. And disappointed. But in myself. I mean, you know I've done the one night thing before and been cool with it but why did this one have to slap me in the face?" Mia read Frankie's sullen expression. It was the first time she had really seen her best friend so down before. Usually Frankie was the one that solved all of Mia's problems. Mia wrapped her arm around Frankie's shoulders and gave her a hug. "So when did all of this happen and why are you only telling me this now?" "I think it around about the same time as you were hooking up with Jesse. I didn't really want to burden you with it. Plus, I didn't want you to have a negative opinion of men when you had just decided to start seeing one. Anyway, it was my mistake – lesson learned I guess." "Frankie you do know that I am here for you anytime – regardless if I'm with Jesse or not." "I know, I know but sometimes you just want to keep it to yourself. Well I did. I was so embarrassed." "You shouldn't be. You took a risk and it didn't work out. That doesn't mean that there isn't someone else out there." "When I think about it now I realise it wasn't right. Living with him after it was horrible too. I stayed in the uni library for hours after classes and just worked on my project so I didn't have to go back to the flat. That's why I took a week off and came here. I ended up finishing it and it's not even due until next month." "I'm so glad you came and got away for a bit. What are you going to do though when you go back?" "I told him a few weeks ago that I wanted him to move out. I told him I couldn't stay in the same place anymore. He was pissed off. But he started to get his things together before I left. I just hope he's gone before I get back." "I'm sorry Frankie," Mia soothed as she rubbed Frankie's back. "Don't be. I'm having a great time here and it's been great getting away from it all. I hadn't even thought about it until now." "Well I'm glad you're enjoying yourself." Frankie smiled realising how proud she was of herself for being so mature about it now. Her stint with Kevin was dashed but that didn't mean that she couldn't pick herself back up again. She was in Florida with her best friend and thousands of students all wanting to party and have a good time and this was as good a time as any. Hilde and Norah came back and joined the pair noticing that their intimate discussion had ended. Mia noticed how the sparkle in Frankie's eyes was now permanently back. "Hey Norah and I have a suggestion," stated Hilde. "I think the four of us should extend the girls afternoon into the evening. Let's go out tonight and leave the boys for a change. That's if we can drag Mia away..." Mia looked at the three eager faces of her friends whilst making her decision. "Just us four?" "Yep," answered Norah. "No cocks allowed – except for cocktails. Are you in?" Mia thought about Jesse and the time she had spent with him so far. A night off would be good for the both of them she hypothesized. What's the expression – 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'? Norah, Hilde and Frankie waited patiently for her answer. "Okay – I'm in..." End of Part One. Part Two coming soon...