



Yes

by

Delaney Diamond

She shouldn't have come.

Dana shoved the keycard in the slot and the door to her hotel room clicked open. Inside, she tossed her purse on the bed and dropped onto the edge of the mattress.

She felt like even more of an outcast, the nerdy valedictorian whose small circle of friends only included fellow nerds. One of them, Ashley, was married now and had brought her husband. They had made plans with two other couples to hang out the rest of the weekend. Her good friend, Janice, hadn't come because she was in Egypt on a 'life-changing' archaeological dig.

For the most part, the jocks were still the jocks, except no one could have guessed that tall, muscular Jordan would now be a tubby giant whose ruddy complexion and strange behavior hinted at his familiarity with the bottom of a liquor bottle.

Then, there was Kevin. Thinking his name made her body tingle in places that had gone untouched for months.

Kevin had been a star on the football and track fields back in high school and existed completely outside her orbit. With yellow-brown skin and an instant smile that appeared genuine and friendly, he'd made her heart flutter every time she saw him walking through the halls.

Nothing had changed. In fact, he'd matured into an even better looking man with the same warm brown eyes that rested on her with curiosity and a nameless emotion that always made her a little uneasy because she couldn't define it. When he'd spoken to her tonight, she'd barely said two words and then run off to get punch—still tongue-tied like her teenaged self had always been.

Dana slapped a hand to her forehead and flopped backward onto the bed. "Idiot."

Being a night owl, it was way too early for her to go to bed, so she flipped on the television, surfing through channels that projected videos and late night talk show hosts. Nothing that really interested her.

The pay-per-movie channel offered some options, and she settled on *Fast & Furious 6* since she hadn't seen it yet.

Changing into a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt to sleep in, she figured she'd splurge and mix herself a cocktail from the liquor choices in the mini-fridge, and took the ice bucket out to the hallway.

At the entrance to the little room where the ice machine was stored, she came to an abrupt halt when she saw Kevin standing there. Shirtless and wearing gym shorts, his exposed skin revealed a muscular body that consisted of a trim waist and big biceps encircled by a barbwire tattoo on one arm. Clearly he still worked out.

“Hey.”

Whose voice was that?

Dana snapped out of her trance when she realized he’d spoken. “Hi.”

Her voice sounded weird. Hoarse, as if she had a cold or had been yelling at a football game all day.

“I’ll get that for you.”

“Huh?”

“Your ice.” He extended his hand, offering that friendly smile.

“Oh. Right.” He must think she was an idiot.

Dana shoved the small bucket at him and he scooped in ice to the brim, then handed it back to her.

“Thanks,” she said.

“No problem.”

They stood staring at each other for a minute. She couldn’t believe how cut he still was. And he was attractive, but not overtly so. His personality is what drew people to him. He wasn’t the least bit cocky, though if anyone had reason to be, he sure did because of his physique and athletic accomplishments.

Kevin cleared his throat. “So...I guess I’ll go back to my room now.”

“Oh! Of course.” Her cheeks burned. Thank goodness she was too dark to blush, or she’d be a furious shade of crimson right about now.

Dana unblocked the doorway by swinging around and heading back to her room.

Kevin fell into step beside her. “What are you up to tonight?”

“Nothing. Gonna watch a movie.”

“It’s kind of late for a movie, isn’t it?”

She shrugged, not looking at him. The round patterns in the dark carpet held her interest. Plus she had to concentrate on walking because her legs felt springy and irregular.

“I tend to stay up late,” she muttered.

She didn't think he'd heard her, but then he said, "Me, too."

She stopped outside her door and ventured a look at him. They had something in common. "You do?"

Kevin nodded. "Always been that way. My mom would always say, 'Kevin, it's a school night, go to sleep.'"

His voice had risen into a hilarious falsetto, which made her smile. The nervous battering of her heart against her ribcage slowed a notch.

"My parents were the same way. Then I'd hide under the covers with a flashlight and read until I finally got drowsy."

"Me, too. Huge Hardy Boys fan." He pointed at his ripped chest with a thumb, and she had to force her gaze not to linger too long.

"So was I." Something else they had in common.

"What movie are you going to watch?"

"Fast & Furious 6."

His eyebrows lifted.

"What?" she said.

"I never figured you for that type."

"What type?"

"The shoot 'em up and car chase type. I figured you more for a Bridges-of-Madison-County or Under-the-Tuscan-Sun type of woman."

"I like those, but I also like shoot 'em up, car chases, and people kicking butt."

He chuckled. "Let me guess, you're a Vin Diesel fan."

She wrinkled her nose. "He's all right. I'm more of a Dwayne Johnson fan."

"Can you smell what The Rock is cooking?" Kevin growled, scrunching his face into a scowl.

Dana laughed at his spot-on impression. Why was that the sexiest thing ever? She could kiss him right now.

When they finished laughing, the silence in the hallway seemed extra loud, and she clutched the bucket of ice to her chest. She didn't want to go in but couldn't think of anything to say to prolong the conversation. "Well, I guess..."

“You want some company?” Kevin glanced down the hall, and for a moment he appeared uneasy, almost unsure of himself. Then he looked at her again. “We could order a pizza. I haven’t seen *Fast & Furious 6*. But if you prefer to watch it alone...”

“No, no. I’d love to have company. And pizza sounds great.” A few nervous flutters invaded Dana’s stomach, but more than anything, it was hard to rein in her excitement. She managed, but with effort.

Kevin grinned. “Okay. I’ll go put this down and get a shirt and be right back.”

Forget the shirt.

Dana grinned back. “Sounds like a plan.”

The pizza arrived, a large one that was half Hawaiian for Dana and half meat lovers for Kevin. However, he’d never had Hawaiian, and after one slice enjoyed it so much he wanted more, prompting Dana to practically beat him back with the remote from her side of the pie.

They watched the entire movie, drinking sodas Kevin had purchased from the vending machine, yelling at various action scenes, and laughing at the over-the-top “stunts.” By the end, they were lounging against the headboard, bellies full with the wide-open, empty pizza box between them on the bed.

Kevin slow-clapped as the credits rolled. “Another masterpiece.”

Dana giggled. Not only was he good-looking and sweet, but he had a sense of humor, too.

“Clearly snubbed by the Oscars,” she said. Cracking herself up, she snorted and then covered her face in embarrassment.

“Hey, stop hiding.” Kevin grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away from her face. His warm eyes smiled into hers. “Own up to the snort.”

“Says a man whose probably never snorted or done anything remotely embarrassing in his life.”

“Only cause I seldom take chances.”

“I find that hard to believe. What chances have you not taken, Mr. Star Athlete?” She tilted her head sideways, thoroughly relaxed in his presence. Something she could never have predicted just hours ago.

The amused expression slowly withered from his face. Still holding her wrist, he said quietly, “I never asked a certain girl to the senior prom.”

“Wh—what girl?” Dana held her breath, too afraid to hope, even to herself.

“A certain girl who was the president of the science and technology club.”

“*Me?*” Even though she’d suspected he meant her, she still couldn’t believe it.

“Yeah, you.”

Dana yanked away her hand, shocked and maybe even a bit annoyed. How could this be? Was he playing some kind of game with her? “You took...um, what’s her name—Rhonda Young.”

“I took her because you already had a date. You agreed to go with Milton before I worked up enough nerve to ask you.” He looked upset, too. As if he was angry at her for going with Milton, a shy but funny boy from AP Biology.

“You never said anything.”

“Because you hardly ever spoke to me. Every time I tried to strike up a conversation, you’d say two words and then rush off. Honestly, I didn’t know what to think. The more I tried to talk to you, the more you avoided me. I thought you couldn’t stand me.”

Holy crap. He’d mistaken her nerves for dislike.

“I can’t believe this,” Dana murmured.

“If I’d asked you, are you saying...you would you have gone with me?” He swallowed.

“Of course I would have said yes!”

Kevin closed his eyes and ran a hand over his close-cropped hair. “Shit.” He heaved a heavy sigh and shook his head.

Then she heard, “Fuck it,” and the pizza box was swept onto the floor, two big hands clasped her face, and Kevin pressed his mouth against hers.

Stunned at first, Dana flattened her palms against his hard chest, but soon the heat of the kiss melted away the shock and her fingers clutched at his shirt. Groaning and clearly enjoying the kiss as much as she, Kevin pushed her onto her back. His hard erection nudged the cleft between her open legs and sent her senses reeling, her body throbbing in that one spot.

Dana hooked her arms around his neck and parted her quivering lips, drawing his tongue into her mouth. She released a husky moan at the intimate contact—a kiss that in her wildest dreams she never imagined taking place or tasting so exquisite.

Their tongues danced around each other, sliding and twirling. Eagerly, her body arched into his, and her hips grinded against his pelvis until heat flooded her core.

Kevin lifted his head and stared down at her, the narrow slits of his eyes filled with hungry fire. “I’m finally kissing you,” he breathed. He pressed a fevered kiss to her lips, one filled with urgency and promise.

Unbelievable. All that time she’d had a crush on him, he’d had a crush on her, too.

“Dana...?” Even without him saying the words, she understood the question he asked. The sexual urgency in his eyes had darkened and grown stronger.

“Yes,” she whispered.

Kevin groaned aloud and ran his hands down the curve of her waist to her hips and started dragging off her shorts. Moist but firm lips moved down her neck, sending shivers of pleasure across her skin. Sucking and licking, he elicited hoarse moans from her throat, and with impressive ease removed her shirt, leaving her in only a bra and panties.

A finger traced the lacy edge of her white bra. Such a featherlight touch, but it sent quivers across her sensitive breasts and out to her puckered nipples. With his hot gaze glued to her chest, Dana felt like the sexiest woman in the world.

In a rush, Kevin yanked the tee-shirt over his head and she aided him in peeling the gyms shorts past his hips. Before he flung them to the floor, he pulled a condom from one of the pockets. “I swear I didn’t plan this,” he said.

“I don’t care.”

Dana tossed her bra and panties over the side of the bed and yanked his naked body back down on top of hers. Her breasts filled his hands as he squeezed them together and tweaked the stinging nipples. Then his mouth followed to soothe the pained tips, tongue making moist circles around each one. Desire raged out of control in her body, as if a river filled with flames raged under her skin.

Kevin pried her thighs apart with such masterful control that she gasped, barely able to catch her breath before his arousal pressed into her stomach. She clutched his broad shoulders, belly trembling as he glided his thickness in the moisture at the juncture of her

thighs. Her toes curled at the erotic sensations that triggered along her abdomen with each sensuous glide against her engorged clit.

Marveling at Kevin's perfection, Dana explored his toned chest, tight abs, and thick biceps. She couldn't get enough of him. Her fingers curled into his back muscles and hands grabbed his tight ass.

Panting, hard and ready, he rolled the condom over his distended erection but hesitated, hovering over her as he searched her face one last time, graciously giving her an out, even at this critical point.

Dana's eyes met his, which were filled with such lust, they were the color of midnight. "Yes," she whispered.

Taking himself by the hand, Kevin found her lips again, kissing her hungrily at the same time he thrust in. She let out a gasping moan that filled his mouth and wrapped her legs around his waist. Clinging to each other, they rocked back and forth on the mattress, the light from the television flickering over their dark, naked bodies.

Breathing labored, they groaned as their passion climbed to new heights, forcing him to go harder and faster and deeper. Sweat gleamed on their skin. Heat built between her thighs.

The orgasm exploded with force and Dana screamed, pummeled by such exquisite agony that she tightened her arms around him, even as her hips bucked in an uncontrolled frenzy.

Kevin drew in a sharp breath. His body tightened and then shuddered before he collapsed on top of her.

Several minutes passed before their racing hearts returned to normal and their short, labored breaths quieted.

Kevin left to dispose of the condom. When he returned, Dana had slipped under the covers and Kevin joined her, as naturally as if they'd done this many times before. He opened his arms and she curled up against him, resting her head on his chest.

"Wow," he said.

"Yeah. Wow."

They lay there quietly, his hand running a soothing path up and down her back.

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“I know you live in Tennessee and I live in Florida,” Kevin said. “But I want to see you again. I’ve always liked you, Dana. I missed my chance in high school, but I feel like I’ve been given another opportunity to have you in my life. Are you open to trying a long distance relationship?”

Dana smiled against his chest, suddenly glad she’d come to the reunion after all.

“Yes.”

The End