The Nevers He Broke That Year

A Bad Boy Good Girl Story

by Sarah McKellen

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Amy fell for John because of a sentence.

Amy was 17 when she met John. John wasn't the likeable type of guys. He was notorious at Redwood High School, a rowdy, a loner. He never cared about his grades, failed as many exams as he could, he fought anyone who got on his nerves and rarely lost. If John had been a popular guy or if he had had lots of money, he could have been as arrogant or as unbridled as he wanted. Yet he didn't have any of those advantages. He wasn't even the good-looking guy; he was tall and well-built but with common facial features. Thus, nobody had any reason to be around such a troublemaker. Every time Amy saw John, he had some stitches or some band-aid sticking on his face. Amy could recognize John easily because he almost always dressed in a pair of old jeans and an army-green jacket. She had never given more than one or two thoughts about that guy. And one of the two thoughts was about his ... moans. Yes, you heard it right, his moans. Amy happened to hear John moaning once after his fight with another punk of the school. He won, like always though looking especially rough, breathing heavily and slightly moaning due to the pain. At that moment, Amy thought that it was the sexiest sound she had ever heard. Such a delinquent yet Amy fell for just because of a sentence.

Amy lived in a very different world from John's. She came from an old money family; she wasn't a bourgeois; she was raised with etiquettes and manners of true age-old upper-class society members. Everything was taught: how to eat, how to greet guests, how to walk, what knife was used for what, and so many other things. Unlike her younger sister, Caroline, Amy did not hate this lifestyle. She had never shown any sign of rebellion: she excelled at school and agreed with whatever her parents planned for her. She was the parents' pride, the perfect girl. Amy would not ever, in her wildest dream, think that she'd be involved with a guy like John. The closest contact they'd ever had was that one time Amy was assigned to collect students' money in supporting of victims of a typhoon, John

didn't have enough money with so she told him to go find her the next day at The Student Center. She saw him a few times after that but also just for collecting donation money. And that's that.

Everything began when Jessica came bothering Amy after school one day. Amy knew this day would come. Jessica always wanted to be the prettiest, the most popular girl at school and obviously, Amy was the one standing on her way to 'the throne'. Amy had never cared about these trifles but troubles came her way anyway.

"What do you want?", asked Amy, calmly looked at Jessica and the other two girls.

"I want you to give up running for the Student Club's president", Jessica jerked up her chin.

"No, I won't", Amy replied with a smile after a few seconds.

Jessica's expression became twisted as she heard Amy. Jessica disliked that face, always so poised, like Amy didn't care about anything yet she always won everything. Jessica suddenly stepped forward and violently pulled Amy's hair. Even the other girls were scared by her abrupt move.

"You don't seem to realize your position, do you?", asked Jessica with threatening in her voice.

While Amy was thinking how to diffuse this situation, out of nowhere, a black backpack was flung at Jessica's arm, forcing her to let go of Amy's hair.

"What are you doing?", screamed Jessica at the guy who had just *blithely* flung the backpack at her.

"Slip", he replied curtly, staring at Jessica with a challenging look.

Of course Jessica recognized who that was - the infamous John. She bit her lips, not knowing what to do as he still stood there, having no intention of going away.

"We are in a private conversation right now, do you mind?", she asked angrily.

"I do mind. You are interrupting my nap." John pointed to a corner hidden from view, implying where he had been sleeping. "And if you don't want to leave, fine, I'll make sure everyone knows about your *private conversation*", said John as he pulled out his cell phone and showed Jessica everything that had just happened, recorded on his phone.

Jessica had no choice but leaving the scene in anger.

"Thank you," Amy picked up her stuff, she wasn't sure how to deal with John.

"Treat me lunch." John suddenly requested, looking as calm as usual yet Amy noticed he gripped the backpack's straps so tightly in his hand.

And they had lunch together, a very quiet meal. John barely said anything and only looked up from his dish to meet Amy's eyes sometimes. After that lunch, Amy seemed to run into John everywhere she went. He started showing up at classes and exams, though only sat at the end row and rarely interacted with anyone. Sometimes Amy felt like someone was staring at her in class but as she turned her head, nothing, and she usually saw John playing with his phone. One day, John asked her to have another lunch with him and Amy didn't see any reason to reject. After that, they had lunch together every now and then. John started to talk to her. At first, just some daily trifles, what pissed him off, what he felt interested in, as well as asking Amy about her day. Every time Amy said something, John would quietly listen to her, never made a comment unless she asked him to. Amy would sometimes ask her driver not to come pick her up so John could walk her home. He always let her walk on the inside and he'd grabbed her waist and pulled her close to him if there was a bicycle or a pedestrian passing by. Amy often looked at where his hand touched her body but never shook out of his hold. And then they were officially together. It's John who said it first.

One day, they had lunch appointment like usual, right before they parted their ways, John abruptly said to her, "Hey, I'm into you. By the way, nice earrings." And then he left before Amy could comprehend what he had just said.

For the next few days, John almost disappeared. He didn't see her for lunch, he didn't come to class, he didn't even reply to her messages and Amy heard that he constantly fought with the neighbourhood's gangsters. He was expressing self-destructive behaviours more than ever. After a few days feeling all perplexed, Amy seemed to figure it out why he was doing those things. She asked around and found out where John usually hung out and came looking for him after school. When Amy saw John, he was fighting quite 'fervently'. His face got some cuts and bruises but he seemed ... satisfied. What a masochist he was!

"Hey John," Amy called out. Her abrupt presence sort of paused the fight for a few seconds until one of the guys threw a punch at John but he dodged it. John spent a little more than five minutes more to knock out all three guys, who had been beaten up pretty bad so far, and walked over their 'bodies' toward her.

"Hey, what's up?", he sucked his nose, looking a bit uncomfortable.

"I didn't see you for the past few days" she raised her voice at the end, implying a demand for an explanation.

"I'm busy," he said, avoiding her eyes.

"Yeah, I can tell," she cast a glance to the side where the guys whom John had just fought with were now writhing in pain. "John, let's try dating."

Amy's straightforwardness stunned him a for few seconds. "What do you mean? Dating? Like being together?" he asked, looking unsure of what he just heard.

"Yes, we can try dating, you and me," Amy smiled.

At that moment, Amy swore she saw John's face slowly turning red, he looked clumsy as he didn't know what to say or to do with his hands. The infamous delinquent of the school suddenly looked so adorable that Amy giggled. John felt so embarrassed, his brain shut down as though struck dumb by the angel facing him now and no words could be articulated.

Well, if no words can be said, then say nothing. That was John's last thought before he abruptly pushed Amy against the wall with one hand behind her head so that she wouldn't get hurt. And he put his lips on hers. Amy gently closed her eyes and put her arms around John's shoulders, which excited John so much he felt out of control. John licked through her teeth, her lips, every inch inside her little mouth. Amy was out of breath but John was like addicted to kissing her.

"John...," Amy slightly moaned. She could see John struggled to pull out from the kiss and hugged her tightly instead. Amy blushed as she felt that hard rock thing under his pants.

One of the thugs abruptly got up from the floor and rashly hurled his heavy body upon John. In a blink of eyes, John turned around, covered Amy behind his back and gave that dumbhead a furious kick in the tummy. "Don't interfere with the big boss's business," he flashed an arrogant smirk.

"Again, you mean it?" John turned to face Amy after the other guy had collapsed to the floor.

"I just say try. I can't guarantee we will work out," Amy slightly diverted her look.

"That's good enough," John wore a big smile on his face as he pulled Amy close and sniffed the smell in her neck.

They kissed a bit more before John took Amy back to her home.

I'll see you tomorrow at school. Amy received John's text as she just got back to her room. She smiled, feeling excited about tomorrow.

The next morning, Amy suddenly realized it took her a lot longer to do her hair, her make-up and put on her perfume. She had never been in this situation before, she didn't know what other girls would do, she didn't know what she should do. Did she show too much eagerness? Should she be more reserved? But what if he thought she didn't like him? So many thoughts running in Amy's head she felt so troubled.

And just like that, they were together. Amy didn't try to hide the relationship; she wouldn't avoid John's intimate gestures in public, even responded to them. They took classes together, had lunch together, at weekends John would take Amy out to a park, a cafe or just somewhere they could be alone together. Being with Amy, John had to face a lot of pressure and resentment from teachers, her friends, and even guys who liked Amy. Amy kept seeing John's bruises and cuts, he had never told her anything about them, she had therefore never asked. Yet she started to form the habit of always carrying around some band-aid, medical alcohol or personal medical kit. Not long after, to everyone's surprise, John's grades started to climb up. When he got his first B+ in math, the teacher looked at Amy, sitting a few rows away from John, for a few seconds and then quietly turned away. As John's grades continued to improve, idle gossips around them accordingly faded away. It's not that Amy never paid attention to those gossips, she thought about them here and there. Sometimes she wondered why she agreed to be with John. What was this about him?

"What's wrong?" John asked one day as Amy had been quiet for the whole lunch time.

"I got B for History," Amy sighed, "But that's OK. It was my fault, I hadn't memorized well the ancient Greek history," she smiled to John.

He winced as he looked at her smile. John knew Amy's history teacher, Mr Noah, a weird nerd who liked to 'surprise' his students with brain-racking questions and rarely gave out a grade higher than A. And John knew Amy enough to know that she didn't omit her study; there must be something that that Noah did.

"Don't smile. Unlovely," he said.

Amy's smile froze, her anger began to form in her stomach. Yet before she could let it out, John pulled her into his embrace, rubbing her hair as he asked, "Do you want me to beat the crap out of that Noah guy?"

Amy burst into laughter and her embryonic anger was gone in a blink of an eye, "No, you can't. You'll get expelled".

"I'm not stupid. I'll mask my face," John growled under his breath. "Baby, you don't have to smile in front of me. If you're in a bad mood, you can hit me; if you are angry, you can scream at me; if you feel writhed, you can cry to me," John gently whispered into Amy's ear. And after that, I'll beat the crap out of the guy who upsets you. Of course, this sentence John only said to himself silently. For many years later, every time Amy woke up in the middle of the night, what John said that day would come back to her and she'd whisper to herself "What if I want to cry now but you're not here?".

One beautiful day, John and Amy went to a shopping mall on a date. It was the weekend so the mall was horribly crowded; it didn't take long for them to lose each other in the middle of the crowd.

John, where are you? Amy mumbled as she picked up her phone to call him. John didn't receive the call. Thirty minutes passed by, Amy still stood at the same spot yet she was thinking about going to the broadcasting service to call out for John. Abruptly, out of nowhere, a giant figure made a dash at her and before she realized who was that, she fell into a tight embrace and the familiar smell pervaded around her.

"Where the hell did you go?" John slightly howled.

"I didn't. I have been standing here, waiting for you," Amy said with worries in her voice. "I was about to go to the broadcasting service to call for you."

And John took Amy home. As they stopped in front of her house, she didn't let go of John's sleeve. John gently rubbed Amy's hair as he hugged her; somehow he felt all the fears, the worries, the uncertainties in her heart.

"I'll never leave you alone," John said.

Such a delinquent whom no one saw anything good about yet Amy fell for just because of that sentence, "I'll never leave you alone". Long after that day, so long that Amy even forgot how much John used to love touching her long blonde hair, any time that those memories hit her, she would remember the gentle voice that whispered those words to her, that he would never leave her alone, and she sobbed, I'm so sorry you had to break your Nevers.

"Do you want to come to my place?" asked John.

After a few seconds, Amy slightly nodded. That night, Amy didn't come home for the first time. Since that day, they frequently made love, at John's place, sneakily at school, secretly at a motel. They were addicted, succinct to the passion of young love. John was a perfect partner in bed; he'd melt her heart with his tenderness and made her beg with his wildness. He often did Amy so rough that she could barely breathe after finishing. And Amy loved it. The insanity in his look, his sexy breathing, his chest dripping wet with sweat, he was uncontrollable every time he grabbed her hair and fucked her from behind. Amy was like a drug addict and only John could alleviate her addiction. John was a delinquent, he pissed off people, he didn't study, he fought gangsters; John was like a lion that clawed at anyone who got on his nerves. But Amy couldn't help falling for an untamed animal like him.

It was surprising how smoothly things were going between them factoring how different their lives were. John kept fighting people, looking for troubles, and fucking Amy. Basically, John was still John, only stopped skipping school and got much better grades. Of course, like every other couple, there was drama sometimes. One of them was how jealous Amy finally found out John was. So, like most of the rich kids in town, Amy also had one long-time rich friend, a guy named Chris. Just like Amy's family, Chris' family was quite loaded, and quite chaotic too. Amy and Chris had been friends for nearly 10 years and everyone was surprised at the fact that they had never had feelings for each other.

"Chris is a numbskull. Girls get fooled by his smartass appearance," Amy commented when John asked. He knew about this Chris guy and had seen him talking to Amy a few times. John didn't like how polished this guy looked, the type of prince charming in every girl's dreams. Rumours had it that Chris had never dated any girl for more than 3 months and he was pretty asshole to her once he broke up with the girl.

Amy and Chris had never had anything between them but for other people, it just didn't make any sense. Come to think of it, they had been friends for a long time, their families knew one another well, they came from the same social class and had many things at par. It was only natural that they would have been together, yet they weren't and people were sceptical about them, despite the fact that Chris kept changing his girlfriend every once in a while.

"They say Chris is just trying to make you jealous," John sniffed Amy's hair, trying to cover his uneasiness when talking about his 'love rival'.

"How defecting those guys' brains are!" Amy sighed, pretending to empathize.

John laughed and pulled her in for a kiss. It's not that he didn't believe Amy when he asked about Chris but people in love were always full of insecurities. How couldn't he be? Amy was such an excellent girl after all.

A few days later, John saw Chris saying something to Amy that made her giggle; he made purposeful steps toward them, put his arm around Amy and shamelessly interrupted the conversation. He also didn't forget to glare at Chris with that donot-touch-my-girl look.

"I don't like that Chris," John confessed to Amy when they were alone later.

"I see. I won't hang out with him as much," replied Amy, seeing a smile started showing on John's face.

If anyone said that John was controlling, Amy would say she didn't care. For her, trifles weren't worth disagreeing over. If compromising insignificant things made John smile, she would do it over and over again. Besides, Chris, that jerk wasn't worth even the tiniest disharmony between them.

"What's troubling you?" asked John one day as he heard Amy sigh.

"Nothing."

"Come one, tell me," he touched her hair and tried to comfort her.

"I want to study at Princeton University," answered Amy.

"Why?" John asked as he gently kissed her hair.

"Because it's here, and you're here," replied Amy, looking into his eyes.

"With your academic grades and being the student club's president, that shouldn't be a problem. And we can still be together," John smiled.

"My father wants me to apply for Stanford," said Amy with sadness in her voice.

And she didn't need to say any other things. John knew her parents, they decided everything and the plan must be followed. That's how Amy had been living her life, under her parents' so-called guidance. John knew he couldn't do anything to help her; this feeling of helplessness was what he hated the most. At that time, John didn't know that things would only get worse from that point onward.

Amy's mood only became gloomier as the graduation day came closer; everyone was about to go on their own paths, chose different universities or careers; some were in a down mood because of leaving high school, some couldn't wait to escape this hell; only she didn't know what to expect. John watched Amy be beset with her unfulfilling wishes every day and it killed him slowly that he couldn't do anything for her.

"Tell me, what can I do to help you?" asked John as he caressed Amy's cheek.

"What can you do, you can't even take care of yourself," Amy sighed and avoided his caresses.

"What do you mean by that remark?" he grimaced.

"Nothing. I just mean it would be much easier if you could go to Stanford."

"Going to Stanford? Like your Chris? I should always excel in school, be the football team's superstar and a manwhore?" John asked mockingly.

"You know that's not what I mean," Amy said, feeling a bit pissed off.

"I don't know what you mean anymore, Amy. You know all too well how different we are. I'm not the Stanford-type of guys. And I'm not asking you to sacrifice your future for me," then John left. It was the first time they had ever fought. He didn't reply to her texts, calls, or find her at school for three days until she came to find him at his apartment one raining night, looking like she had just fought through a battle to be here.

"What happened?" John almost growled through his teeth as he pulled her inside, rushing to give her a dry towel and clothes. While Amy was changing clothes, John made a cup of hot cocoa, her favourite drink, for her.

"I had a quarrel with my father. I told him I wanted Princeton and he said he didn't want a daughter like me. So I left," Amy told John what happened.

He hugged her tight and sniffed the smell of her hair like he always did. John was so surprised at what Amy'd just told him that he didn't know what to say. They had been dating for a few months and John thought he knew Amy well enough not to expect something like this. Amy wasn't an impulsive girl, she had her well-thought plans for most of the things in life. She had always been very calm and

rational. They even joked sometimes that she had a 71-year-old soul inside a 17-year-old body. For her to do something like objecting to her dad was simply astonishing.

"Can I stay with you for a few days?" asked Amy.

"Yes. Stay as long as you want."

"Thanks," murmured Amy as she rested her head on John's chest.

Amy realized, for the first time, she had someone to turn to when she was in need. Completely contrasting to his attitude toward other people, John always mollycoddled her, being as much affectionate and gentle as he could be to her. All of those tenderness made Amy gradually forget her initial intention, she hadn't intended to stay in this relationship for this long. Sometimes she started at the realization of how deep she had been involved with John; for her, John had already acquired the status of a craving; unconsciously she had fallen deeply in love with John; and those moments of realization tortured her, her stomach turned in knots and she felt the urge to just get away from everything, from John. Sometimes life was very generous as it would grant you what you were wishing for. And Amy had her wish granted.

If there was someone who loved you insanely but didn't have the heart to encumber you, how would you feel?

Several days later, Amy got a phone call from her father. He sounded calm as usual, saying he wanted to fix things between them and found a solution that could satisfy both their wishes. After a long talk on the phone, Amy agreed to come home. And to her surprise, her father said he would consider her wish for Princeton and would give her his final thought after her winter break at school. Everything seemed to be auspicious. Yet somehow Amy felt insecure. That night, she looked up more information about Stanford University.

Winter break John went to Amy's house to find her. He cheerfully walked on the street lined with withered trees that led to her house, the sound of dry leaves crashed under his feet made John mood even brighter. They hadn't seen each other for two weeks. John missed her like crazy. Staying outside, John saw Amy standing next to the kitchen counter, spreading blueberry jam on her sandwiches. No need to ask John why he knew it was blueberry; Amy hated sweet things, yet blueberry jam was an exception.

"Hey, what's up?" asked John via mobile phone.

"Hey!" Amy's happy voice passed through the phone to John's ears.

"It's me. Where are you?" asked John despite that he was looking right at her figure through the glasses of the windows. He even saw the white strap tank top she was wearing, her tight shorts and thinking of how he would rip them off once she was under him.

"I'm at home. And you?" replied she.

"Do you miss me?" John's rusty giggle passed through phone, making Amy weak on her knees.

"I do, but it's winter break," Amy slightly bit her lower lip as she uttered softly.

"Then come out here. Blueberry jam is more attractive than me?" laughed John and knocked on the kitchen window.

Amy opened her eyes wide and uttered a sound of joy before opening the back door and throwing herself upon his embrace. That night, they went to John's apartment.

After winter break, John didn't go back to school. Amy didn't know what happened but she had the feeling that it wasn't something good. She wasn't a pessimist but life wasn't all pink and rose, if we only expected good things and never anticipated bad things, how dangerous would that be? She didn't go find him on purpose; there was something that precluded her from doing it. A few days later, Amy heard the news that John was arranging for school transfer.

One day while she was having lunch alone, Chris plopped his tray on the table, sat down and started a conversation the way he usually talked to her, obnoxiously.

"Are you sure you're not anti-social?" asked him with a smirk.

"No. What do you want?" Amy grimaced.

"Don't be so heady," Chris put up his hands, gesturing surrender. "That guy who always follows you, he had proceeded for school transfer. I heard that the principal approved this morning."

"How could he?" Amy's eyes wide opened. Just a few days ago John still said he looked forward to the new semester so that he could see her every day. Why did he transfer?

Amy was almost going to storm out of the cafeteria but that moment she stood up, a thought popped out in her head. Let's end here! This was just the right

opportunity, the opportunity for breaking up. Things would not work out for them eventually, why didn't just stop right now? Amy realized she even grew a little scared of her very own thought. John and she were not living in the same world. Amy knew how many advantages she had in life and she could have anyone that was compatible with her background, someone that was ... not John. Her feelings for him had got out of control; they became much deeper than she had anticipated since she agreed to be with him. As the thought settled, Amy put away her emptied tray and walked to the stair which led to the rooftop, this had been their favourite dating spot before. But the door was closed for maintenance. Amy gave up her usual elegant image as she angrily kicked the door; the giant red CLOSED sign swinging in front of her eyes greatly pissed her off.

That was how Amy's high school first and only love closed. Not really a happy ending. Amy didn't see her little lion again. Sometimes in the crowd, she had auditory illusions such as the sounds of someone speaking to her, saying "I'll never leave you alone". Although many years had passed by, her heart somehow wrenched. A long time ago, Amy once asked John why he liked her. What was his answer back then? Oh, he said, "Because nobody has ever been good to me like you are." What a common cheesy answer. In Amy's head, she had always objected to that line, no, John, more than anybody, I am the one who has been worst to you.

Time flew so fast and Amy didn't even realize it until one day she got a call from Aiden, one of her seniors in high school. He was 3 years older than her and they knew each other well because he was the Student Club President before her. Aiden was about to get married, coincidentally enough, with someone whose background was very different from his. Like other friends she had, Aiden was also from a wealthy family yet his fiancée came from a modest one; they met in college. Amy didn't know much about his future wife beside the fact that she had made her own fortune from nothing. Aiden wanted to invite Amy to the wedding in one week. Amy checked her schedule and then accepted the invitation. After hanging up the phone with Aiden, Amy stared into space for a long time. She didn't remember how many wedding invitations she had received from old buddies; there were guite a few. Everyone she knew seemed to find the one for them. Yet she, after so many years, had not had that strong passionate "in love" feelings once ever again. The man that lived in "the same world" with her turned out to be not so easy to find. Either their appearances weren't up to her standards or their family backgrounds were too different from hers or they weren't smart enough or were too smart or they were just ... not her type. Friends and family had introduced to her a dozen of men, every one of them was thought by others to be a good match with her. Some of the relationships she had did last for a few months before all hell broke loose. In short, she just didn't feel satisfied,

there was something that's just ... wrong, like going shopping for a dress, everything looked promising on the clothing racks until being tried on; none of them fitted, none of them pleased her. Going back and forth like that made her daunted, she ended up losing every interest in relationships, just filled up her time with work until she exhausted and fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow.

A week passed by and Amy took the flight to where Aiden's wedding would be held to attend the ceremony. She finally got to see Aiden's bride, a gentle and shy woman whom Aiden always looked at with that sparkling in his eyes like a sky full of stars. He was truly in love, that's what Amy thought. Amy met quite a few old friends and also someone whom she had never dreamed of seeing here. The young wild lion that year had now become a manly grown-up lion. It didn't matter how long had it been, Amy recognized John with just a swift glance. It didn't matter how tall had he become, how mature had he grow to be, Amy still recognized him easily. Besides, his legs were still long and toned like before, those used to be her favourite parts in his body. Amy didn't call him; she just stood there, silently watching him from a distance, watching him talking to people, watching him laughing and making jokes, watching him sipping from the champagne glass as elegantly as any gentleman she had met. Amy ceased to see anything else but him, like she wanted to make it up for the last ten years that they were apart from each other. After a while, John left the crowd and found a quiet spot for a bit alone time, as he was about to return to the ceremony, Amy promptly called out his name, "John Wright!".

John turned around and looked at Amy with confusion in his eyes. As he slowly recalled the girl in front of him, John joyfully smiled to her like a normal old friend to another old friend, "Oh, it's you. A ... Amy ... um ...".

"Amy Kendrick," she continued. Seeing John's face as he tried to recall her name was like a slap in her face; it hurt yet she had to constrain her grimace expressions and faked a smile as she reminded him.

"Yes, you. Amy Kendrick!" John laughed and walked toward her to give her a friendly welcome hug, exactly like a friend. "You look nice" he added.

Amy had never thought she'd see John again, thus, this situation totally caught her off guard. Her brain sort of shut down, she couldn't think or say anything even some of the most basic lines such as "How's it going?", "What are you up to lately?" or "Let's go grab a drink sometimes". John, on the contrary, seemed very free and casual as he asked if she wanted lunch tomorrow to catch up with an old friend. Amy nearly didn't care about the fact that she had booked the plane ticket back to her city tomorrow and had a meeting in the morning when she said yes to him. Going back to her hotel that night, Amy cancelled both her flight and her meeting.

The next day they had lunch at a small restaurant not far from Amy's hotel. When Amy came out from the hotel's front door, John was already standing there waiting for her, hands inside his jacket pockets, he looked even more rugged now as he grew some bear around his jawline. For a moment, Amy had an illusion that she had been back in time, back to that winter when he was waiting for her at the school gate every day.

Everything went smooth during lunch; they both had a lot to catch up with. Amy was now a financial analyst, a career which her father disapproved of yet she went with it. To her surprise, John started up his own furniture company and was doing pretty.

"Do you like the food?" asked John after they left the restaurant.

"It was OK," she used rather constrain words. For someone who had tried most of the luxury restaurants in the world like her, this small restaurant's food was not something she'd opt for if given a choice. "And you?"

"With you, everything is good," John smiled and met her eyes.

Being lost in those deep hazel eyes, Amy's heart beat faster than ever. "Can we begin again?" Amy started as those words slipped out of her mouth. She regretted immediately. That's something she shouldn't have said. She should have gradually got to know him one more time, tested him, observed him see if he still had feelings for her. If he did, then it's the best time to say those words. But now, Amy didn't even know if he was with anyone or not. He didn't even remember her name at first. What made her think he'd agree? Amy wallowed in her own regretful thoughts, realizing that the only thing that hadn't changed through the years was her poor self-control over anything stamped John-related. At that moment, she quickly became aware of one thing that she had refused to

see for years: for so long had she been picky, choosy about who to be with as well as never been really devoted in a relationship wasn't because she had not found the one but because she had already had one, him. If it wasn't him, everyone else was just ... someone else, they all weren't John.

After the initial surprise, John looked at Amy for a long time, so long that she thought he was trying to come up with how to reject her politely. "I'm sor..."

"Alright," John interrupted her. He smiled as he hugged her and touched her hair gently. Amy slightly trembled in his embrace. After ten years, he once again touched her hair. Her hair smelled different from what John remembered. Amy had stopped using the fragrance she used in high school because it reminded her of their happy time together and she just couldn't stand that.

A week later, Amy turned in her resignation letter, packed her clothes and flew to John's city. This time, she's not letting go. After three months of dating, they moved in together. Amy got to know John's life a little more day by day. John didn't go to college but with his talent in crafting, he was running his furniture business guite successfully. He practised boxing in his free time and also built wooden house models. They made love, as passionately as in the old days. John still liked grabbing her hair when he did her from behind and his sexy breathing still turned her on crazily, making her embarrassingly wet. The day they moved in together, John gave her a credit card and told her to spend as much as she wished. Amy smiled and put the card in her purse. Although she didn't receive support from her family anymore and the new job she got here wasn't as wellpaid, she didn't lack money. Yet she used the card to buy clothes, cosmetics, accessories, all the material things that every woman liked buying and showed them to John. She did it simply because she saw the satisfaction flickering in his eyes every time she told him she spent his money. He had that my-woman-isspending-my-money kind of pride written on his face.

They hired a cook to cook everyday meals because none of them was capable of such a thing. Amy was once very eager cooking for her man yet the reality wasn't

very pretty as she burnt quite a few things. Finally, they decided that for the sake of their stomachs, a cook would be a good choice, and they dined out at weekends when they had date nights. Sometimes they fought over things like cancelling plans or just simply her being on ... PMS and unilaterally waging war on him. Except for these small sour notes, they were quite happy and in harmony.

But she had a secret.

Amy had never asked John why he transferred school that year. He had never brought up the topic by himself either. Until one day, Amy's father appeared out of the blue. She came home after a long working day and saw him sitting in the living room with John. She scowled for a second before she greeted him. Her hunts told her that he didn't just come for a normal visit.

"What did he tell you?" asked Amy after her father left.

"The same thing," replied he.

Amy uncontrollably trembled. The familiar fear slowly wrapped around her. "And what was your answer?" asked she.

John was quiet for a while before thoughtfully looking into her eyes, "Amy, shouldn't you ask what the same thing is?"

She slipped. She terrifyingly realized she had just slipped.

Amy wasn't stupid. She knew her father well enough to figure it out he must have something to do with why John left her ten years ago. Actually, she was almost certain that he had directly caused John to transfer. But she had never confronted her father about that.

"Because you tacitly approved what he did. You wanted to break up with me," John stated bitterly.

A teardrop streamed down her cheek. The secret she had tried to hide had come to light. That year when she agreed to go out with John, the seventeen-year-old Amy had intentionally left a way out for herself.

"When I told you that we could try dating ..." Amy's voice shaking as she attempted to complete the sentence.

"You said *try*. You also said you couldn't guarantee things would work out," John completed her sentence. Yes, John remembered everything.

Amy had always had the upper hand in everything, love included. For her, whoever loved more than the other had already lost the game. Although she first proposed to be together, she had planned an escape since the beginning. When they were together back in the days, there had been lots of people wondering why a girl like her wanted anything with a guy like him; they gossiped, they spread rumours, some guys who were into Amy even came to challenge John. Although none of them said anything in front of her, they didn't hold back with John. Fortunately, John wasn't the chicken-livered type of guys. Anyone coming to him to ask for troubles, he handled them all, quite violently sometimes. And John had never lost a fight. But he never said a word about any of those things to Amy. She didn't need to care about anything. Whatever he could do, he'd do it for them to be together.

"You have always prepared to leave me, haven't you?" he asked, looking straight into her eyes.

Amy wanted to say she had in the past but she did not now, yet she felt like something just stuck in her throat; she couldn't utter a word; she was so afraid that whatever she said would just sound like a lie to him. She was afraid of seeing his disappointing expressions. John grabbed his jacket and headed to the door. He just had to leave the house. But Amy was faster, she stood between him and the door, locking his way out.

"Where do you want to go?" she asked.

"Out," he answered curtly. "Get out of my way," he growled through his teeth but she didn't move an inch.

"No. Beat me up if you want but I'm not moving," she persisted.

John was on the verge of exploding but he took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. Then abruptly, he bent down and lifted Amy up on his shoulder. He angrily kicked the bedroom door open but threw her on the bed in a way that wouldn't hurt her. Amy was struck dumb by what was happening. John stripped his shirt, unclasped his belt and dropped it to the floor. He unzipped his jeans and Amy could see the shape of his big thing tightened in his boxer. Her breathing picked up as his giant body fell onto her. He put his palms on both sides of her against the mattress. He expressed a dangerous vibe of a predator who knew for sure he's gonna catch his prey. He landed his lips on hers, a fierce and passionate kiss took over, she couldn't think of anything, just let herself be lost in his smell and his possessive touching. Both of his hands intertwined with hers, his chest slightly rubbed against her tits, making her utter some soft moans. John reached for the lubricant in the bedside drawer, carelessly smeared some onto his huge dick before forcefully thrusting in. Amy cried out as she felt that big monster thing of him inside her. The familiar excitement ran all over her body and she shivered with every thrust he pushed in. Taking off the everyday gentleman mask, John came back to his nature, wild, fearless, and rowdy. He turned her over, grabbed her ass tightly as he banged her rough from behind. The white sticky liquid kept coming out from where they were connected. John leaned forward, his chest touched her back; he groped her boobs and folded them hungrily as he kept driving that huge thing into her body. His sexy growling, the sweat dripping from his chest, the uncontrollable fucking, everything was too much to handle. Amy cried out in pleasure, she tried to crawl forward to escape his grip but he immediately pulled her back and banged her even harder as a punishment. A few minutes before cumming, he speeded up, faster, stronger, deeper. Her climax hit hard as he pushed back in and her juice pouring out everywhere. He also couldn't

hold it any longer, he growled, a warm sticky wave of fluid shooting straight into her. Like everything was drained out of his body, John fell down on the mattress next to her, his eyes closed and he tried to regulate his breathing. That night, John was like a starving animal. He constantly asked for more and did her two more times until she begged for forgiveness. Right before falling asleep, he whispered into her ears, "I love you, no matter what." And she silently cried tears of happiness. This was the man, despite 10 years of separation, had never stopped loving her.

"I love you too, more than anything in the world," she whispered back.

The End.

Author's Note

I have written some extra short cute stories about Amy and John's daily life, other stories of the same series coming out soon. If you like this couple, please follow them to the sequel (also here on Amazon Kindle) where a cup full of sugar is waiting for you. You can follow me on Amazon Author Central <u>Sarah McKellen</u> or Twitter <u>mckellen sarah</u>

Thank you so much!