

The garage doors started lifting slowly, revealing to the pair familiar sights.

"Pardonne-moi. I almost managed to clean up.", William said. He finished raising the entrance shielding, then added: "It is mostly in order. By my standards. I did put the majority of the instruments to their respectable places."

Jean frowned slightly, taking a step inside.

"Another all-nighter?"

"Oh, no, not at all. Surprisingly. I did get quite a bit of sleep." He started rummaging, sometimes pausing to stroke the chin. "Still, I can not sleep more than eight hours. Well, it is more than enough, anyway," he murmured.

Jeannette crossed her arms and took a gaze around. The place had tables with tools on them and above them, a pair of chairs, a small clean kitchen section, two scaffolding-style shelve stands and loads of boxes stuffed with smaller boxes or parts. All in almost symmetrical and parallel to each other pattern, and almost all covered in dust. Apparently, order could exclude the dust, by such standards.

William took a good look at the several tools he had put in front of himself, allowed lips to raise into a slight smile, and reached for a knapsack.

"I do not remember this," Jean spoke, not providing any clarifications. "Order?"

William turned to see what she was looking at. It was a small device in black casing, located at the left side of the shelf, close to a tiny simplistic car. The device had a narrow blue screen, three different regulator handles and a few screw heads on the wide, flat top of it.

"Oh, that. No, 'tis a little project of my own. 'Morse Decoder', pretty self-explanatory."

"Is it?"

William put the screwdriver inside the side pocket of the knapsack, then raised his hand for abstract gestures to come.

"It intakes noise and parses it as periods of volume and silence, seeking the signal that might be decoded. I do not think it is much of a needed device, since, despite its simplicity, it has little use. Practical use. Moreover, it needs calibration, since I mostly get sequences of 'E'."

He looked in the knapsack, and then gazed up in disappointment.

"Damn it. I need the bag this time!"

He started unpacking the insides of the worn backpack, during which he added: "Not many orders nowadays, anyway."

Jean glanced at him and slightly raised an eyebrow. He turned to her.

"Would you like some coffee?", he spoke.

"I can make some myself.", she replied.

"Are you sure?"

"When aren't I?"

"Well," he paused, "Could I make you coffee?"

"Why?"

He paused, hesitated.

"I want to make you coffee. It would make me feel content."

"You, content." She was pushing these words.

He sighed. "Do you want coffee?"

"Yes."

„May I make you coffee?"

She gave it a thought. "Yes."

William nodded slightly to conceal a gentle smile and started towards the kitchen. „That is settled. Take a sit, if you wish."

"I am comfortable with standing," said Jean, leaning on the wall with her arms crossed.

"That is something I tend to say," said William.

He approached the coffee machine. He loaded it, put down the cup, checked the device, activated it. Coffee machine, along with the tools, was bought, not made here. William liked to work on various prototypes, but when it came to equipment, trusty machines were bought. They could have been modified afterwards, and they often were.

"Heyo, Liam!" said someone outside.

William turned around, already knowing who walked into the garage, noticing that Jeannette stiffened visibly. In the doorway stood a blonde girl with a cheeky expression. Long hair, curvy body; light and short, rather revealing clothes. She was officially adult, but something about her made it difficult to call her a young woman and not a girl.

She waved her hand briefly, looked at Jeannette and immediately added in a lower tone "Oh, this is your type."

William let out a tired sigh. "I clearly did not introduce you to each other. Jean, this is Kate..."

"Liam's lover!" chimed in Kate, coming closer to William.

He raised his index finger up, right in front of her nose, replying: "Ex-girlfriend and a constant nuisance."

Kate curled hands into fists, tensing her arms. "No way! Since when?"

William grabbed the cup and walked to Jeannette, hastily directing a remark to Kate. "Frankly, why is it that you can not get yourself someone else? I am sure that many would like your..." he paused, either for dramatic effect or to choose a good word, "appearance."

She shot back almost immediately, sounding tantalizing. "I hate boys who don't care 'bout me."

William passed the coffee to Jeannette.

She looked irritated. "Should I leave you two?"

He straightened his posture and shook his head calmly. "Not at all, there is no need. She is bearable when she herself wants it."

It was clear that Kate had a riposte ready, so he faced her, speaking first. "What did you come for?"

"For starters, could you make me some tea, please?" "Please" was clearly forced, but it was also tipped with sweetness and a shy wink. This made it furthermore suspicious but it also made it pleasant to hear.

But William did not meet her request with agreement. "I have no sugar in the kitchen." Kate did not drink tea without several spoons of it, so that was a decisive factor. "Anything else you might need?"

Kate pouted, peered sideways; a bit later she replied. "I want you to make another thing for me."

"You still had not paid for the last one," William countered, standing by Jeannette. She held her cup, observing the scene expressionlessly.

Kate grabbed herself by the elbow, supporting breasts with the forearm and used the free hand to put a finger to her lips. "I can repay you with something else..."

He met that with a look of displeasure, pressing his eyelids closer together. "That does not work on me."

Kate's smile was proud. "It does, doesn't it? You just don't want to admit it. It always did. Don't you remember how far did you go the last time?"

William did remember. When it came to Kate, that was something he could not forget.

Kate stayed with William overnight. They often spent time this way, enjoying the company of each other and carelessly having fun. They had various things to do, but it usually came down to William declaring some ambitious or poetic speech as he was lying on the bed or standing in the room. During that Kate usually listened and slightly teased him, saying this or that to contradict him.

Kate poked William in the hips, and he immediately jolted.

"Ow! I am sensitive. You know that I hate it!"

Kate was sitting still with smug all over her face. William shot an accusing gaze at her. Then he put both hands on her thigh that was nearest to him and started rubbing it violently.

"Stoh-p...", she moaned. Her reaction was surprisingly intense. She dropped herself on the bed fully, and William stopped the malice. Kate was looking at him suggestively.

He put his hands on her open hips, in between her shorts and her top, sliding them on her ribs. But as she curved her spine lightly, he slipped his arms further, hugging her. He toppled over, covering her. Their faces were close. He pressed his lips against her half-open mouth and indulged in a passionate kiss. She wrapped her arms around him. His long tongue intertwined with hers as they both softly shifted their bodies. She let him take control. He moved his hands onto her scapulae. She moaned silently.

They kept it going until William felt Kate weaken. He had withdrawn and they ended up panting face to face. Kate's face was red all over.

Having caught a breath and defeated the wide smile, William spoke: "Would you let me go?"

"Nope." Kate locked her legs on his pelvis, furthermore blocking him.

William sighed and laid himself down completely on her soft body. He relocated his arms to hug her more comfortably as she relaxed her legs.

"Then I shall stay," he said gently.

He lay for several minutes. Her body stiffened a bit. She shifted to the side, not letting go of William. Kate bit his neck and purred: "Why don't we... do it?"

William pushed her away with hesitation. "No."

"Why not?" Kate put her arms behind herself, rising.

William sat, shut his lips tight and looked away, aimlessly staring at the floor.

They were almost of age. She turned eighteen recently and he had a few months to it. But this was not the primary concern. William felt the primal instinct to the fullest and his rationality was getting foggy. This was exactly what he feared. He did not want to lose himself to something many considered normal and necessary. He saw this as an unnecessary addiction. Something that takes control and tames a human being. Restricts one to be a human being.

Kate pouted. "Why? I'm, like, your girlfriend. We totally can do that!"

William met her eyes. "I do not want to get addicted."

"Y-you mean..." she pointed an index finger at herself in a cute manner, implying that she was enough to cause an addiction.

William shook his head. "No! Well, yes, but not exactly! It is not that you... I do not want an intercourse! I do not want masturbation! I hate them!"

Kate opened her mouth a bit, seemingly surprised. "You're comparing fapping to sex? You've got any idea what you say?"

"Do you?" Given the situation, William did not notice the dip in his omnipresent grammar.

She stood up, reached somewhere and landed on the bed a tiny flat packet with a circular bulge.

William looked at her seriously. She stood and looked at him from above.

She yelled "I've got very much an idea!"

"Well, I do not want this. I do not want to know how it feels."

In a rash movement, she flung her top away, revealing her breasts. William swallowed nervously. Kate decisively took off her shorts together with her underwear. He gasped. Kate threw herself at him and pressed him against the bed.

Kate whispered in his ear "I see you want me. I know you do. And I", she located herself above him on the outstretched arms, "want you."

William felt his ears burn. He looked at her and he could not stop. Her body was beyond captivating. Her curves were mesmerizing, her hips were wide enough, but her waist was thin. Her breasts attracted

his attention, being large and round, yet not too big. Her body was perfect. Not too wide, not too oversized in specific places. She was slim and madly enticing even in clothes.

She licked her lips and grinned, showing her teeth. This bestial gesture alone was devastating. Its wilderness startled William. It was irresistible – fangs were his weakness. He swallowed again. Kate giggled. William felt his heart skip a beat. She was malicious. As much as he found it irritating to deal with, he found it very entertaining.

Close to being lost to lust completely, he took her shoulders and turned her over as she meowed "Ooh!" in surprise. He put her on her back, embraced her from the side and kissed her in the neck softly. Kate shifted her legs, slid her hand down and murmured "Mmh!"

William closed his eyes, smiled and rubbed his nose against her cheek. "Just do not catch cold."

"Oh, I won't... if you keep me warm."

William unapologetically reached for the blanket.

Kate growled "Oh no, you don't!" and jumped at him. She pinned him down and started undoing the buttons of his shirt. William felt her weight pushing him painfully. He could not move properly. She already had finished with the shirt and grabbed the belt.

"I want you. You want me. And I'll have you!" Kate pulled the belt free and did not even consider stopping.

William thought that he can not push her away because he does not want to. He does not want to harm her and he is hiding behind this factuality. His lust now has an excuse and thus has a way around his will.

And so he lost his resolve.

Kate towered over him victoriously. She was wet. They both were wet. Drops were on her unbelievable thighs. Since then, for this night her body was the only thing that William perceived.

"What... about the... condom?" William uttered the last spark of denial.

"Ah, fuck that. I've got pills."

Kate had her grin unwavering. She was blushed in deep scarlet.

And then they lost themselves.

The following morning William shut himself away at his place for the next four days, comprehending what happened. Whenever he interacted with Kate again, he met her cold. About a year had passed since, and he still could not accept anything that happened back then.

And that was that. William hated her, but at the same time somewhere in depth of himself he had sexual interest for her, and, alongside, still bore some leftover care. He did not want to harm her much. But he also despised her, and that often had more importance.

Nonetheless, he made his expression serious and neutral. "Given that I refuse to make you new contraptions unless you pay me, is there anything else you have to say?"

"You don't have sugar at all?"

"There is some left in the container inside that backpack. Please, bring it to me. I shall prepare the tea."

"Thank youuuu, Liam!"

Kate hurried to the backpack. Jeannette sipped the coffee and said silently "You are weird."

William nodded. "Thank you."