

Ryan stands out on his porch looking out into the lake. He misses her, a simple way to put a broken heart. Dated in high school, made love only once. He remembers everything vividly. Both slow and precious moments in time that are firmly implanted on his brain.

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They had first met when he moved from Canada down into California. A small town too. He didn't liked leaving his high school for another one, especially when it's so far from where he felt he belonged. It was before school; he was out sitting by the track planning his 'escape' back to where he belonged.

He saw her jogging around the track, her pace slowly picking up until she was like a cheetah. She hadn't like the time she got either; he still laughs. She caught him watching her and he had to blush slightly. She pulled out her headphones and walked over to him. "You watching me pretty boy?" He can't forget the smile.

"Didn't intend to, but glad I did." She smiled and put her music in her bag that was next to his feet. He watched her carefully. "I'm new this place."

“Where did you come from?”

“Canada.” She had looked at him funny and he arched an eyebrow. “Trying to make up a little joke in your mind?”

“Canadian's are hot.” She grabs her bag and walks off. He found her again at lunch and didn't leave her side. He watched her lips move as she talked, listened to every word she said. She laughed at his jokes and he laughed at hers. It was love at first sight for him. But everyone else would say that it was just that he had the hots for her. Of course he did, she was beautiful! But if he just had the hots for her he would have left her when they first made love. And it wouldn't have been called love.

He asked her to the dance the following month. She said she was going with someone else, a long time friend. He knew she was lying, but he wasn't going to bug her about it. When the dance came he went to her house and watched a movie with her. He learned more about her that night than he would of if they went to the dance. She fell asleep with her head in his lap and he carefully carried her upstairs and tucked her into bed. He hesitated before kissing her cheek.

“You missed.” She mumbled in her sleep. He runs a finger down her face.

“You are to be asleep young lady.” She smiles and rolls over.

“I woke up from your grunting as you took me upstairs.”

“I don't grunt. You're as light as a feather.”

“Uh-huh, and my cat is really a turtle.” He laughs and places his hand on her arm.

“That would be cool to see.” He leans over her. “I have to head home now, but I will see you on Monday.” He leans down and kisses her lips. “I'm glad you lied to me – this is way better than a school dance.”

“I didn't know you'd even come to my house.”

“I wanted to make it... a night to remember as some would say.” And he did remember it. And he remembered the aftermath of it all too. He finally made her go out with him when they went to an out-of-city fair. She was

very stubborn when he asked her out. She kept saying no. He asked her when he gave her a caramel apple, he asked her when they were at the bumper cars, and he asked her when she was throwing up her caramel apple after they went on the tea cups. He had to try a different tactic.

“Ryan what the hell are you doing!” He had pulled a stunt from a movie he had to watch with his sister. It was a lot more scary outside the movies.

“You're gonna fall!”

“Will you go out with me?” He hung in front of her. They were at the very top of a ferris wheel, and she sitting with her friend. He was dangling in front of them, scared out of his mind but driven by love.

“How many times to I have to tell you no?” He lets go with one hand and she screams.

“Don't!”

“I think I'm slipping.” He wasn't joking there.

“Okay! Okay, I will go out with you!”

“I don't want you to do something you don't want...”

“I do! I do want us to go out!”

“Oh alright, if you insist.” He grabs a hold of the bar again smiling at her. She blushes. He'll never forget that day either. Watching that movie with her sister definitely made him do crazy things for her. It was fun though... except the part of being kicked out of the fair afterward.

They had dated their entire junior and senior year of high school. Every time one came up he would ask her to go with him, and when she said no he would show up at her door that night with popcorn and soda. He thinks that she turned him down on purpose.

The one dance that he really wanted to go with her to was prom. He wanted to see her wear a dress, he wanted to hold her in his arms underneath the disco ball. She had said no.

“Its prom! Please, you just have to go with me.” She shakes her head.

“I don't do dresses.”

“You said so yourself you'd wear a dress on a special occasion.”

“So?” She looks at him.

“This is a special occasion.” She blows a raspberry and he drops his head to the table as the bell rings. “This isn't over!”

“Uh-huh.” She kisses his cheek before leaving for class. He decides to skip school the next day, with permission from his parents, to go to her house and ask her in a way she just couldn't refuse. He bought several bags of Kisses and a roll of black paper and glued the Kisses on the paper to form just the right words. He then torn roses apart and sprinkled them on her bed.

“I hope this isn't too overdone.” Her brother shows up behind him.

“She'll go nuts. And she is about a minute behind me.” Ryan quickly scrambles to clean up and lights a few candles. He hides behind her door and hears her walk in the door. Her brother tells her to put her backpack

in her room, and after a long argument she finally does. He sees her bag drop to the floor and her looking at the sign dumbfounded.

“Go to prom with me, and I'll show you how much I love you.” She covers her mouth and turns around as he shuts the door slowly. “You... you did... all of this?” She picks up a rose petal and rubs it between her fingers.

“I think your goal in life is to turn me down until I do something bigger then you can imagine.” He wipes a tear off of her cheek and rests his hand on her waist.

“You love me?” He nods and kisses her.

“Go to prom with me or I'll drop dead right now.” He whispers it into her neck. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.

“Fine!” She says it while laughing and crying. “Just don't laugh when you see me in a dress.”

“That is the last thing I would do.” He kisses her again. Prom showed up a few weeks later and the video in his mind of her walking down the stairs

in her green and white dress still makes him lightheaded. Yeah, guys can have their breath taken away – more than once too. He put the red rose around her wrist, got a few photos taken, and drove her to the prom. They talked all night, and danced all night. He can still feel her warm body under his fingers.

He took her out into the forest by the park that night. He had her brother, since he and his date left before they did, set up a blanket and snacks under the tree.

“Cheese whiz and crackers?” Ryan runs to the blanket and growls.

“I shall never trust Nick again.” She laughs and puts her arms around his waist.

“I had a feeling this was someone related to me.” She kisses him. “Nick is a special guy.” She kisses him again. “But I don't think I really was going to be eating tonight anyways.” She kisses him again.

“I think your brother figured that much too.” He points to the box of condoms with a bow on it sitting at the base of a tree. She laughs and puts

her nose against his.

“I'm glad they are there. Because I want you to make love to me.” He puts his arms around her waist and looks her in the eye.

“You sure?”

“I don't want to do anything you don't want to Ryan.” She grins and pulls away from him a bit, like she was going to walk away.

“I want to! I've wanted to for a long time now.” He pulls her right back into him, smiling into her ear nibbling a bit at her ear lobe.

“Good.” She kisses Ryan again and they keep at that. He will never forget kissing down her neck and slowly taking off her shoes and leggings. He remembers her fingers on his chest as she removed his tie and took off his shirt. The one thing that still lies in his dreams is when her dress was gone and he was able to touch her all over and make her feel so much pleasure. Doing all of that to her gave him even more pleasure. He liked it when she touched him too.

Usually it's the girl that is scared and the guy telling her it will be okay and he won't do anything she doesn't want him to do. Ryan was the one scared. He didn't want this to be screwed up. She rolled them over and did it all herself. She slowly pushed onto him her face in his neck. He moans and grips her back. He hears her gasp and he kisses her deeply.

“Want me to take it from here?” She nods and he rolls them back over. He slowly pulls in and out, holding onto her tightly panting. She came just as he did, and they laid there in the warmth of the night until she started to fall asleep. They help each other dress and he took her home.

After graduation, he received the frightening news. Then it was, but now he couldn't of asked for anything better... most of the time. The night they made love, the condom decided to break. When she told him she was crying. She hadn't told anyone else yet. He held her and told her that he would get a job and buy them a home so the three of them could live their together. She didn't want him to do everything for them. So they both got part-time jobs and went to college online. They got an apartment together, and soon the babies came. She had twins, and Ryan will never forget sitting in the room with her sleeping and his children in his arms as he looked out the window at the moon.

Then he had to loose her. A week later. He could of taken her running away from him. He could of taken her saying she didn't love him anymore. Anything else. He was at his job while she was at home with the kids. When he got to the door he heard crying. He figured it was feeding time again for the babies. He opened the door and nearly fainted. She was on the ground, bleeding coming from her chest. He scrambled over and blindly did CPR as he called 911. When they arrived they had to drag him off of her. They say she died instantly when she was stabbed. Right in the heart. He felt that stabbing pain too, but it still hasn't gone away...

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Five years later. He is on his porch, still mourning. The twins were at school. He was staring at the lake. She wanted the kids to grow up by the water, with a forest around them as well. She wanted them to get the most out of life. She was Ryan's life... and she was now in their children. He said he would take care of them all, and he failed on her. He can't fail on his kids.

He hears the bus pull up at the end of the driveway. He closes his laptop

and watches at they come running down the pathway jumping into his arms saying how much fun they had on their first day of school. He smiles at them and gets them inside to see if he has to sign anything. Then he lets them get into their bathing suits and they head out to the water.

He sits on the dock and pulls open his laptop. He was almost done with his story. She always joked that when she got old she was going to write their story, so if one of them forgot everything they would just read it to the other. Now it was him doing it. He just had one more paragraph.

“I am sure she is looking down on me, saying that I shouldn't feel guilt for what happened. The police caught the robber – just a scared homeless person. She would have wanted the best for him. I put aside my anger and made sure he did get the best. I loved her, actually I still do. We are going to be together again. My job right now is to take care of the only thing I have left of her. And I'm sure she is right behind me saying I misspelled something, her arms around my neck. It was true love at first sight... and I will always be her guardian angel.”

He saves and closes the laptop. And just in time as he is splashed with water. He laughs and dives in fully clothed, chasing after the twins as they

scream and try to get away. “You have your mom's eyes, you know that?”
He holds both of them in his arms kicking as he carries them out of the
water.

“I saw a picture of her. I look a lot like her right daddy?”

“Yes you do honey.” He pulls his daughter's hair into a pony tail. “And
your brother looks just like her too.”

“I'm going back in the water now.” He runs back in with his sister on his
heels before Ryan can get her hair up all the way. Ryan watches them and
smiles.

“It was no accident it worked out that way, right honey?” He looks up at
the sky. He can swear that single cloud was her nodding. “Right.”

THE END!