

# *Rebecca*

**by Donna M.**

“That girl again,” I mumbled to myself.

The petite brunette was across the Little League diamond as I watched my son take embarrassing swings during his at-bat. From this distance it was hard to tell, but I swore she’d been watching me throughout the game. I wondered if she’d been stalking me: I saw her at the market; I saw her near the job site; I even saw her once when I picked Timmy up at middle school one day late in the school year. I figured her to be in her mid-to-late teens, which meant she should have been at the high school instead of outside Timmy’s. A thin wisp of a girl, she looked very pretty with her long brown hair and full, Angelina Jolie lips. Who was she and why did she always seem to be around?

My mind wandered as the game progressed, not able to shake her relentless attention. As she appeared to watch me I brazenly began staring back. Our mutual stare-off confirmed it was me, not someone else who held her unnerving concentration. I tried to ignore her as the game progressed.

“Hey dad, did you see me hit the fly ball?” my son asked after the game. I assured him I was proud he’d at least connected on one pitch. He took off to say goodbye to his teammates while I walked over to the car.

“Hi Jim,” a voice piped up behind me. I turned to see my new nemesis standing near me, and I got angry.

“Hi. I don’t know what’s going on, but young lady, my name is Mr. Talbot. You have no business calling me by my first name since we do not know each other. Whatever your game is, I’m not interested.”

Damn, I thought she’d cry. My words had stung; she did have a tear forming at the corner of one eye but kept herself together under my glare. “I thought you’d see it, Jim. I’m Rebecca...Rebecca Jenkins, really I am.”

As cute and innocent as she looked I wanted to kill her. How could she say that? Who put her up to this? Rebecca Jenkins—the real Rebecca Jenkins—had been the first (and Janie please forgive me, maybe only) true love of my life.

We went together for about a year when I was a first-year student at the community college in my old hometown and she was a high-school senior. I took her to her Senior Prom. I'd taken her virginity a month before that. I promised her eternal love, and we spoke of marriage some day. I fucked up that love later when I screwed around with a local slut and she found out. When we were together we threw sparks. When we made wild love, time had no meaning. When she felt betrayed by my unfaithfulness, her hatred was hotter than the core of a nuclear reactor. I had learned to fear that anger just as I had learned to savor her sexual intensity.

"Cut the shit, your name can't be Rebecca Jenkins, and frankly I don't know what I'm supposed to 'see'."

She cocked her head to one side, stuck her lower lip out slightly, and began playing with her hair, twirling thick tresses around her index finger in ringlets. "It *is* me, Jim. I remember all those times we...we made love, like the first time...at Billy's apartment on Elm St. I remember how strong you were and how gentle you were with me, and..."

How could she know about Billy's apartment more than twenty years ago? How could she mimic all of Rebecca's mannerisms: the hair twirling, the pouty lip, the head tilt? Had someone put this girl up to this? I hardly heard the rest of what she said, until—

"...you taught me so much, like loving anal sex and how much I used to yell when I had a great orgasm. I want to feel that again...with you, Jim."

"No, this can't be real," I said. "I don't know who you are but you're sick, kid. Sixteen, seventeen? Talking about sex like that at your age. I don't know how you came to this...ahem...'memory' about me, but it stops now," I nearly shouted.

"I'm not giving up...like last time. I'll have you again. We'll make love again, like we did before..."

"Something wrong, Dad?" Timmy had approached, surprising me. Had he heard any of it?

"Nothing's wrong, Tim. I was talking to this girl," I said, motioning toward the stranger—no way could I even think of her as Rebecca—as she turned to

walk away.

“Who is she?”

“I don’t know, Timmy...I don’t know.” He seemed to shrug it off and we went home for dinner.

I was little more than a zombie the remainder of the evening. Janie sensed something wrong, as wives are apt to do, but she could never in a million years comprehend what I was going through, thinking about the encounter at the baseball field. This “Rebecca” was about twenty years too young. And my love, Rebecca, sweet Rebecca was twenty years dead.

Having the old memories come flooding back had an expected impact on my libido. When Janie undressed for bed I was instantly hard and she saw it. “My, my, does somebody want something tonight?” she asked.

Yes, I wanted something. Something I couldn’t have. Janie was the steadying rudder in my life. That’s why I married her. I recognized, especially after Rebecca’s death, the self-destructive demon that resided within me, sometimes hidden but always there. I love Janie, no doubt about that, and she’s been a great wife and mother, but being an anchor to my speedboat didn’t always feed that inner demon. The fire of my youth was still there and probably always would be; Rebecca had been gasoline—boom!

My wife could play any character she wanted to on the local theater stage but she had always been so one-dimensional and unimaginative in bed. No matter how many times I tried to teach her new things and give her new experiences we’d end up back at the good-old missionary position, and ho-hum, questionable orgasms. I say questionable since most of the time I figured she faked it, and being a good actress, how was I to know for sure? Tonight while I was pumping away my mind conjured up the vivid memory of fucking Rebecca, and in a brief moment it was Rebecca who lay under me. In my mind I heard her pleas to go faster, go harder, go deeper, before she screamed out her explosive climax. How could I not cum to that?

“What got into you tonight, Jim? That must have been great for you the way you sounded when...”

I couldn’t tell her the truth. “I guess I’ve been saving that one up,” I said

lately. *Maybe for two decades.*

In the morning I called my friend Gerry, who was a cop. I wanted to get to the bottom of this, before the girl really got to me. I told him about her, omitting the whole “I’m Rebecca” claim, saying I was worried she was an attention grabber of some sort, perhaps even a potential blackmailer, and I wanted to know exactly who she was. “I don’t know, Gerry, maybe she wants to get close to me so she can claim rape or something, knowing I’ve got some money. Sounds weird but I have no other explanation for her stalking me,” I told him when he asked about her possible motive. After I gave him some particulars he said he’d look into her, find out who she was.

In the meantime I had a life to live. That evening Timmy had another ballgame, and sure enough the girl was there watching me. During the second inning my cell phone chirped. It was Gerry.

“If it’s the same girl, her name’s Heather Buckridge. Lives with her folks and a brother.” He gave me the address. “Doesn’t seem to be any trouble attached to the family. Moved here two years ago from upstate. No legal history I can find.” He wished me good luck and said to call if I needed anything more, or if she gave me any more trouble. I thanked him.

After the game, she predictably approached me. “Hi Jim.” Once more. With any other woman—and especially with my wife—her facial expression, one of love bordering on adoration, would have stirred many emotions within me, but not the pure anger I was feeling toward her then.

“What do you want from me...*Heather?*” I asked, stressing her real name.

“I want *YOU*, Jim. It took so long to find you, to manipulate my host family to move closer, so we can make love again, be together again. Forever.”

“‘Host family’, shit, girl, you’re a nut case!” I said in disbelief. “I don’t know why, or who’s behind this, but this ‘Rebecca’ shit has to stop. She’s dead, dammit. *SHE’S DEAD!*” I yelled, and became aware people were now staring at us. “Leave me alone, Heather, please.”

By then she was bawling, and more people were staring. I was sure it was a grand spectacle: the big, grown man yelling at the poor defenseless, crying teenaged girl. Jesus! Before I knew it she lunged forward and stuffed a piece of

paper into my hand and ran away. Luckily, Timmy hadn't seen any of it, which spared me the unpleasantness of explaining the unexplainable to him.

I stuffed the folded, lilac-colored paper into my pocket and tried not to think about the strange teen and what she claimed. Throughout the evening my mind was somewhere else, not at home. All memories of Rebecca, both happy and tragic, came back to me. I remembered how she showed no nervousness as we approached the moment she'd lose her virginity. I remembered how aggressive a lover she soon became; insatiable, and sometimes scary in her burgeoning sexual appetite. The teacher soon became the student, as she led me places in bed I'd only dreamed about. She'd been the first to suggest anal sex. She'd heard girlfriends talk of it and openly admitted experimenting with inanimate objects. Anal quickly became a regular staple of our lovemaking.

That day still haunts me when Rebecca said in complete anger, "If I can't be with you, there's no reason to live." Why hadn't I done anything? Later that day she ran her car head-on into a bridge abutment. The police report was inconclusive as to what had happened, but I knew.

The note remained unread and in my pocket. An electric shock ran through me when I first saw that folded up lilac notepaper in my hand. Rebecca always used these small lilac notepads adorned with pastel butterflies for notes, often passing them to me like a grade school girl with a crush. I loved her for that sweet innocence. Now I was instead petrified.

It wasn't until Janie had gone to bed that I dug the note out with trepidation and read it. Oh my God, it was Rebecca's unmistakable handwriting! How could it be?

*My Dearest Jim,*

*I don't care if you are married, I cannot bear to let you get away from me a second time. I love you and want to be with you forever. Please don't reject me again. How can I convince you it's me? If I tell you about the birthmark you have on your left*

*thigh, and how I giggled the first time I looked at it when I tried to give you a blow job, would you believe I am Rebecca? If I reminded you what you had said when I told you I wanted to try anal sex, would you believe me? You may not believe in Transmigration of the Soul, but I am almost all Rebecca now—Heather was so shallow she's merely a shell at this point, to contain me until we consummate our love once more.*

*(By the way, you said “Who gave you that idea?”)*

*I love you ♥ xoxox  
Rebecca*

I was stunned. She was correct, that's what I stupidly said that time. “Transmigration of the Soul”—what was that, reincarnation? I certainly didn't believe in any of that mumbo-jumbo. There had to be a logical explanation—sinister, but at least logical.

No goodnight's sleep for me. I dreamed of Rebecca: the curve of her hips, the unusually soft down of her pubic hair, the way her nipples hardened when kissed, the gooseflesh at the nape of her neck when she was aroused, and the peculiar way she screeched when she climaxed. All of it resulted in vivid REM sleep, waking me several times with the most raging hard-on since I was a teenager. I tried to arouse Janie to take care of my ‘affliction’ but she'd have none of it, pushing me away and rolling over, back to sleep. By the first hint of dawn I couldn't stand it anymore and went into the bathroom to jerk off. I think I whispered Rebecca's name as I shot my load, incredibly hitting the opposite wall from my perch on the toilet. I can't remember ever having a pornstar cumshot like that in my entire life!

After days of dreading Timmy's baseball games, I now couldn't wait for the next one. Would she be there? I had to see her before then. When Gerry had given me the info on Heather he'd given me a phone number. I called it later that day from my office. Now who was the stalker?

The phone was answered by someone I assumed to be Heather's mother. "Hello Mrs. Buckridge, may I speak with Heather please?"

She of course wanted to know who I was and what I wanted. I told a mostly-true tale about speaking with Heather at my son's Little League game and simply wanted to ask her a question. Thankfully she didn't ask where I got their phone number, and soon Heather was on the phone.

"Yes?"

"Hello, Heather...Rebecca I mean...this is...er...Jim," I said. "Don't say anything out loud, but I want to see you...I need to see you..."

"Oh yes!" she said, as close to a shout as any whisper could be. "How?"

"Can you get to the Dunkin Donuts on Chestnut Street? I'll meet you there at four."

Another whisper, "Yes, oh yes, I'll be there." Before she hung up, I swore I heard her blow me a kiss over the line.

At four o'clock she was there. As much as I was getting to believe, her look of teen innocence and vulnerability renewed my doubts. I ordered two coffees and a chocolate chip muffin for her and motioned toward a far table where she sat and waited. I stole glances as the coffees were being poured. She looked nothing like Rebecca did, though every subtle movement she made screamed her memory.

"This is another test, right?" she asked. I feigned innocence. "You think I'd like be Rebecca and not carry over her likes and dislikes?" she said as she pushed the muffin away from her. "Fuckin' chocolate chip! The worst!" More incongruity—Heather's looks, Rebecca's attitude. Most of my disbelief was gone. In a hushed voice I challenged the entire concept of reincarnation. She corrected me by saying she didn't think it was reincarnation "like the Hindus believe" but more along the lines of her "soul" coming back for "unfinished business." Her unfinished business appeared to be me.

She leaned closer at one point, smiled and said, “Giraffe.” O, the word! But, the power of that one word—my belief was complete. You see, when she saw me naked for the first time, she giggled and said the birthmark on my left thigh looked like a giraffe. “And look here,” she had said. “Here’s his lonnnnnnnng neck,” palming my stiffening member before taking me into her inviting mouth.

My coffee cooling and forgotten, I lean closer and whisper, “What do you want?”

“You, of course,” she whispers back.

I drove to a secluded spot behind the ball field and in the soon steamy interior of my car I surrendered to her. The lissome contours of her teen body were a revelation. In contrast to Rebecca’s (and my wife’s for that matter) soft curves and healthy bosom, Heather was small and lean. As we kissed she explored the known territory behind my zipper, while I explored the unknown of her. Heather (my mind still balked at thinking of this teen as Rebecca just yet) had small, high, upswept breasts with tiny areolas and nipples. Those nipples however were as sensitive as I ever remembered Rebecca’s to be; as soon as I began touching and tweaking her nipples she was hyperventilating and begging for more. When my hand crept into her panties I found her wonderfully wet.

“Fuck me,” she murmured hungrily.

“Here?” I croaked. “We...I...don’t have a condom.”

I expected her to say it didn’t matter, but of course it did. Instead, she whimpered, “Eat my pussy...please!”

Her jeans and panties came the rest of the way off and I buried my face in the magical cleft between her thighs. My Rebecca had only bikini-trimmed her pubic thatch; in contrast Heather-Rebecca was completely shaven (of course, customs have changed in twenty years yet I was still a bit surprised to see this since Rebecca was supposedly ‘in charge’, not Heather.) Her pussy was as petite as the rest of her. I licked her labia, tasting the sweet nectar of her arousal, having forgotten how sweet a young girl could be. My tongue worked as she moaned approval. I moved slowly up to her clitoris, discovering its difference as well. Rebecca’s had been a plump little pearl that had to be coaxed from



under its hood. Heather's clit was a proud little mini-cock that sprang out and hungrily greeted the tip of my tongue. While I licked and nibbled I absently wondered which shape could be more sensitive and as if in answer Heather-Rebecca moaned loudly and uttered another word that sold me on who she was.

"Eight," she groaned between deep, panting breaths.

I always kidded her about my "figure 8's" during cunnilingus. When I worked my tongue in small figure 8's around her clit and labia it only took moments for her to sing out in climax. Up to this moment Heather's voice had been much different than Rebecca's throaty warble. Not now. Her scream of orgasm sent chills up and down my spine from its familiarity—so long ago but still like it was yesterday.

When her twitching and keening subsided she kissed me like she would suck the marrow from my bones. After a while she pulled her lips away from mine and throatily asked, "Your turn, Jimbo?" Nobody since Rebecca dared call me that.

She got my pants down enough to free my cock and wasted no time sucking me. She instinctually always knew how sensitive certain places were on a man's cock. Though it was Heather's sensuous lips wrapped around my aching shaft, it was obviously Rebecca in the driver's seat as she expertly worked her magic. Deep, deeper, Heather's throat took me.

I was moaning and then I groaned, "I'm cumming...oh God... Ohhhhhhhh."

She never pulled away. Our eyes met as she gulped; taking every rope I sent her way. And then she smiled. "I guess I still have the touch...oops...I guess Heather's pretty good, huh?" she said before laughing, with a small trickle of semen at the corner of her mouth.

It wasn't until I'd dropped her off around the corner from her house that I thought of the risk I'd just taken. If a cop had patrolled the area where we parked I'd be screwed for being with an underage girl. Trying to explain Rebecca would have been absurd. Let's face it. I can't even explain it to *myself*.

She begged to see me again. "I want you...all the way," she'd said. The rational part of my brain had already vacated the premises by believing she was

Rebecca ‘returned’ to me; how would I ever be able to return myself to the life I had before today? It was hopeless. Before she exited my car I had promised a lot to her—the least of which was to plan a rendezvous for the “all the way” stuff.

It took a week’s worth of clandestine cell-phone calls to come up with a time we could be together. I knew of a quaint old motel about 10 miles out of town which still had those separate ‘cottages’ as rooms, nicely tucked into the abutting woods. I made a reservation for the most remote of those little cabin accommodations and made plans to pick up Rebecca. In my mind it was easily Rebecca now; no more thoughts of ‘Heather’ at all.

In the meantime, I went online and studied up on what she’d written in her note. Wikipedia had a page on Transmigration of the Soul and how it differed from reincarnation in certain eastern faiths. The whole idea confused and scared me. What I didn’t understand still had control over me and I was powerless to run away now.

I had my story all worked out so Janie wouldn’t be suspicious; though I knew, by the way she acted, she felt something had changed in me, as it truly had. One way she acted differently was her sudden aggressiveness in bed. The first night following my making the motel reservation, Janie put on the sexy black negligee she usually saved for “special occasions,” which occurred slightly more often than full solar eclipses. The lacy black number didn’t leave much to the imagination and accentuated her blond hair and blue eyes. Her arousal made me a believer in the power of pheromones. Thinking of Rebecca must have released a tidal wave of them from me.

“You look tense,” she said. “Let me massage that tension right out of you.” I guess she thought the tension was all in my cock, since that’s where she went to work.

During our entire marriage she never sucked me like she did then. Damned if I didn’t betray the mind of a cheater: *Who had she been practicing on?* I thought. She used her lips, hands and tongue to perfection and I almost came—almost, because just when I must have been showing signs of imminent release she straddled me reverse cowgirl and began grinding away. No need for lubrication to mount me; she turned out to be surprisingly wet and she slid onto me easily.

She rode...and rode...blond hair flying, head back, I actually felt the gush

of cum juice envelop my cock before any sound of orgasm escaped her lips. As I came, I pondered the irony of her climaxes: faking and she was loud, really cumming and she was as quiet as a mouse. If I hadn't been fantasizing about Rebecca I might have been stunned by her performance. Pheromones indeed; Janie knew something was up with me ('up' like my stiff cock in Rebecca's mouth) and it kicked her libido up several notches. Too bad it was too late.

"Mmmmm, I needed that," was her post-coital comment before falling asleep.

Unlike my wife, I couldn't sleep. Thinking of Rebecca in Heather's body—a nymphet dream coupled with the mind and experiences of a sexual dynamo—got me hard again. I nearly woke Janie to fuck her again, but something held me back. Saving myself for my old, long-lost lover?

The way colleagues looked at me at work let me know I wasn't acting as I usually did. I spent several days in an addled haze while begging off Janie's nightly advances. My near hypnotic daze continued up to the moment I picked up Rebecca and went to the motel.

I parked in such a way as to minimize the chance someone would see her going into the cabin with me. She'd told me she liked Mike's Hard Lemonade, so I had four bottles on ice in a small cooler already stashed and waiting for us. I figured supplying alcohol to a minor was the least of my legal worries. I had condoms, lube and a couple of sex toys stashed in the room as well; all per Rebecca's instructions. This was after all her show; I felt I was only playing a part, though one I was ever so willing to play.

Once inside the small cabin she began a slow strip tease, saying, "You're gonna like this little dynamo body, I think." Off came her shirt. "I had some curves but I always thought you lusted after the spinners, like Ellen—remember her? Seemed all skin and bones to me, but that's what you secretly wanted. I knew." The bra was off, exposing her cute little upturned points 'held way up firm and high' like Bob Seger sang about; tits I only vaguely got to know and enjoy the other day in my car. "I'll warn you," she chuckled, "Heather here is so fucking tight. I know because I've taken her for a few test drives." This was typical Rebecca sarcastic humor, her jeans off and panties now sliding down her legs. She took a long slug from her bottle of Mike's as I sat on the bed's edge in rapt attention. "I may have only thought of you, Jim my dear, but I wasn't

about to stay a celibate virgin. A girl has her needs.” Yes, I pondered, Rebecca always had her needs. Now naked, she stood before me, legs together and arms stretched out wide. She turned once as if to show me the whole package.

Facing me again, I couldn’t help but stare at the nice triangular gap at the junction between her thighs. I’ve always been attracted to lithe, supple women who have that gap. It was one of the little nuances that attracted me to Janie the first time I saw her naked. The original Rebecca had meatier thighs and thus no gap, but she had one now.

She laughed at me for still having my clothes on. Maybe it took Rebecca’s biting sarcasm to wrest me from my hypnotic state. My clothes very quickly joined hers on the floor.

“How can I explain how much I’ve dreamed of this moment,” she said as she lay next to me. She palmed my cock. “Someone else has been dreaming too.” I was rock hard. “I love you, Jim. I always have.”

No prelim, no foreplay, no lube, she rolled the condom on and mounted me. She was already wet, yet as she had warned she was also extremely tight. She had to work me in a little at a time before she began rocking and rolling.

As she moved, she whimpered, “Oh Jim...ugh...ugh...it feels...so good...so right.” She kept grunting “Eh...eh...eh...eh...” as her petite teen body swallowed my cock on each bounce.

I laid back and enjoyed the sensation. It was like getting two for the price of one—Heather’s tight young physique coupled with Rebecca’s insatiable sexual appetite. This was going to be one memorable fucking day. The sight of her, her little cupcakes bouncing firmly on her chest; the sound of her, her squeals of impending climax; and the feel of her, her teen vagina a slippery yet gripping force brought me to my orgasm quickly.

“Oh...oh...I’m cumming!” I moaned.

If she heard me or felt me she didn’t react. She kept riding me, her head back, lost in her own world. I was glad I didn’t wilt right away.

Soon, she wailed, “Ohh, ohhhh...Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!” The way her cries turned to screeching intensity made twenty years melt away in an instant.

Sweaty and sated, we managed to stuff ourselves into the cabin's tiny shower stall. Getting wet, I spent the time studying the girl my old lover now possessed. In the afterglow of her orgasm, Heather was even more beautiful than I'd first surmised. When I first saw her I thought of a petite Angelina, but up close and without makeup she was more like a young Jennifer Connelly. She smiled up at me, her eyes luminous. She was without an ounce of baby fat on her yet not too skinny like an anorexic girl would be, I thought. Without her doing much I was stiff again.

Giggling, she pulled me from the shower stall. We were back on the bed without drying off. Another condom was rolled on and I began doing her from behind. She kept up constant pleas, begging, "Harder...harder...yes...yes...harder, fuck me good...yeah...harder..."

I knew it was coming so I wasn't surprised that she acted as if I wasn't nailing her hard enough and began slamming backwards to meet my thrusts. Rebecca's ample ass had always jello-wiggled as I thwacked against her; now, Heather's tight little ass hardly jiggled at all. This was indeed the best of both worlds. I held onto her slight hips and slammed away.

Soon I leaned down and reaching around, fondled her firm little tits. God, her skin was like silk! This time we came together. With one last thrust as deep as I could penetrate her tight velvet hole, I groaned and unloaded. She screamed, "Ahhhhhhhh...I'mmmmmmm cummmmming toooooo!" Her pulsating vagina squeezed more semen from me.

We were bathed in sweat, the small cabin's crappy air conditioner not able to keep up with our frenetic exercise level. I pulled off the spent, semen-filled condom and tossed it unceremoniously to a corner of the room to join its mate from earlier. Tangled in each other's arms we talked.

Often failing to summon the right words, Rebecca tried to explain her life within Heather. "I was aware, you know, what was going on when I was like two or three. At first it freaked me out so much I think Heather's mom and dad thought she was nuts. Maybe like one of those...savants, especially when she... I...talked." She talked about the struggles to come to terms with who she was and what she could do. "I mean, I could do things and know things a kid that age shouldn't. It took me like years to figure out I had to hide being Rebecca. By that time the real Heather was toast. She was smart enough I guess, but like

emotionally she wasn't strong enough to overcome me. I simply took over. And thought of you. Always."

I had to ask the one question that forever haunted me. "Did you...did you...was the crash an accident or—?"

She looked into my eyes but didn't answer right away. Maybe she didn't have to answer since in my heart I'd always known. She knew I knew. Eventually she said, "We're together again. That's what matters. We'll work something out so we can always be together. Always."

There was that word again—*always*—and what it meant to me and my life. Leaving Janie? Losing Timmy? Letting Rebecca bury Heather forever? Risk legal consequences for what we've done today? I glanced at the bedside clock and was shocked at how long we'd been here.

"We've got to go...I've got to get you home before too long."

"Aw, can't we do it again?" she asked, looking at me with those mesmerizing eyes.

"Hey, I'm not as young as you remember me. This old body doesn't recover like it used to." What I said didn't stop her from trying, first with hands and then with her sensuous lips. Oh boy, the mind was willing but the flesh was weak. She still managed to get me semi-rigid, so she kept right on sucking until I rewarded her with a little cum.

She wiped a trickle of semen from her lips, and with a triumphant gleam in her eye said, "See, I knew you could do it, big boy. That's why I came back. That's why I love you." Then she proclaimed, "Lay back there and let me finish up." She got one of the vibrators I'd stashed and went to work on herself. Her eyes closed and her head back, she diddled and I watched. Usually during sex, I'm as much paying attention to what I was doing as I would my partner. Watching a woman masturbate is a whole 'nother ballgame. As the vibrator vibrated against her clit the rest of her began to twitch until her eyes closed and she spasmed. Her body shook as if gripped by a grand mal seizure. She sang her marvelous song of orgasmic bliss. The old Rebecca had explosive orgasms but none like the one I just witnessed.

We showered again, got dressed and I took her home, making sure to drop

her off around the block from her house. I'd go back to the cabin later and clean up a bit and check out. While driving I kept thinking about the predicament I was in. It truly was amazing to have Rebecca back in my life, especially in her Heather package, but what was I to do? She was quick to cite her love for me. How long would she wait to hear those three words from me?

I spent the next several days more or less back to normalcy; a normalcy consisting of countless daydreams about our time in the little motel cabin. Those several days were also spent waiting to hear from her again. Almost a week went by before she called me.

"Hi, my love," she said. "Figure out a way for us to spend some time together?"

I told her I was working on it, to be patient. Of course, *I* was the impatient one.

I heard her chuckle before saying, "It wasn't impatience, Jim...it was all about letting an old man recharge his batteries."

"Don't worry babe, my batteries are fully charged."

"That's my boy. How about I show up at Timmy's game tomorrow night?"

Could I say no? "Sure, but don't do anything stupid, okay?"

"C'mon, you know I'm smarter than that," she said with a perceptible snarl. That sure was the Rebecca I remembered.

So, that's what we did. At the game she nonchalantly sat near me and waited a couple of innings before sidling closer and asking, "How come your wife doesn't come out to watch your son play?"

I nervously looked around to gauge who was within earshot, and comfortable by everyone's distance on the aluminum bleachers said, "Janie's usually working at the playhouse or practicing or whatever. It's not like she doesn't care about Timmy." Why did it sound as if I was overly defending her?

"Janie," she said as if she somehow was tasting the name. "She must be a self-centered bitch."

"No she's not," I said, still defending.

She looked at me and smiled broadly. God, were those eyes and that face hypnotic! “Okay, then why are you fucking me?”

I took another surreptitious look around. Once more the words coming from her mouth didn’t match the teenager saying them. “Rebecca, you know why. You know how I’ve always felt about you. I died a bit inside when you died.”

“Say it then. Say those words. I want to hear them.”

“I love you.”

She looked smug. “I love you too. So, when are you gonna leave the bitch and take me away from here?”

For a moment I was nonplussed. “Well...I...er...I think maybe you’ve got to be legal first.”

“Okay, lover, do you carry a photo of your wife in that wallet of yours?” I took it out and showed her one I had. “Hey, she looks hot, though maybe a little cold. Yeah, cold. I bet she’s like the ice maiden, huh?”

“She does have her moments.”

“I’m sure she does. I feel better already about you dumping the ice queen for me. Oooh, we are gonna make quite the couple!” She slipped her arm under mine and hugged me.

I pushed her away, trying not to draw attention to us and said, “Not here, not in public, okay?”

She pouted a few seconds then smiled. “Okay. We got that cabin lined up again, loverboy?”

“I’m working on it,” I said. “Not the same place again but maybe something a little more upscale.”

“Like a suite with a Jacuzzi tub in the room?”

“I might be able to wrangle that, as long as I can get away that is.”

“Fuck Janiel!” she said loudly, which made me look around again with worry that she’d been overheard by someone else in the bleachers.



I leaned closer and said softly, “You really want me to?”

She got my meaning. “Hell no, I want you ready to go for me, over and over. Oooh, I’m getting wet just thinking about it!”

“Ssssh,” I admonished her. “Let me watch the rest of the game, okay?” which she did, though I did detect a little bit of pouting within the silence.

After the game Timmy asked me, “You said you didn’t know that girl, then why did she sit next to you the whole game?”

“Just trying to be friendly is all. Her name is Heather and I think she’s related to one of the boys on your team, but I don’t remember who.” I hoped the lie was smooth enough.

The following day Rebecca called me on my cell. “Did you get the room yet?” she asked, sounding edgy even before I could answer.

I explained that I was working on it and told her to be patient. She said that her patience was in short supply. She said she was horny and wanted me in her. She said she didn’t think she could wait too long. I wondered if there was a threat in there somewhere. Later, I logged on and searched for a suitable hotel that would be nice yet far enough away to maintain secrecy. I found a chain hotel two towns away on the interstate that had Jacuzzi rooms. I booked one, and then set about coming up with my excuse to get away.

As before, I picked up Rebecca at a predetermined place after I’d stopped at a package store and bought a bottle of chilled champagne. Her state of arousal was palpable in the car as we drove, so much so it got me hard without even thinking about the upcoming sex, watching her from the corner of my eye fidget and squirm in the passenger seat. She had on a short denim skirt; as I drove I reached over and ran my hand up her thin, tight thigh until I touched the lace of her thong. She was already wet, even wetter than I thought she’d be. When we got to the hotel I went and checked in while she waited in the car. I had condoms and lube along with the champagne in a small satchel which at least gave the appearance of having a traveling bag. I walked from the front desk to a side entrance door and let Rebecca in as we had planned, and went up to the room. Once inside she giggled, and like the kid she was physically, ran to the bathroom and began filling the tub.

She wasted no time in getting naked, saying “Hurry up and open the champagne! I’m thirsty and horny, and not necessarily in that order!”

I popped the cork and poured out two cups in the plastic ones provided by the hotel. Then I got undressed as I studied the young brunette ‘possessed’ by Rebecca. She was gazing around the room, checking out the mini-suite unfazed by her nakedness. On the other hand, I was ‘fazed’ as my cock sprung rigid from my pants. She noticed and giggled again. She took a cup of champagne and gulped it down. Another giggle followed.

She went in and shut the water off. Before I could move that way she came back and said, “Damn, I can’t wait,” and tackled me onto the bed.

More than last time, what we did was Fuck with a capital F. I was in her in a flash and we writhed around on the bed; at times her on top and at times I was. Our hips flayed and smashed together in copulating frenzy; the kind of sex where partners can hardly tell their own arms and legs from the other’s limbs. The only woman who I ever fucked this intensely was Rebecca and now we were at it again, returning me to the fire of my youth with her own. She kept up a steady ululation, alternating between moans and cries.

“I’m gonna cum,” I moaned.

“Oh, not yet...not yet...not...” she cried out.

It was too late, and yet it wasn’t; for as I ejaculated deep within her she screamed out she was cumming too. And what a climax it was! I know sometimes orgasms are described as convulsions but hers was indeed that and more. She quivered, trembled and shook like an earthquake hit, taking me right along with her like a bronco rider trying to hold on. My cock remained embedded while my eardrums balked at her primal shriek of orgasmic heaven.

“Oh my God, that’s what I needed...we both needed,” she said as we lay together in bed, our sweat-soaked bodies finally untangled.

I suddenly grew afraid of saying the wrong thing, something that would break the mood. Is this where I need to pledge my soul in undying love? Should I tread within the minefield of our future? Or should I be a coward and run? I chose the latter.

I said, “Why don’t we use the Jacuzzi like I paid all the money for?”

I got a look that I couldn't decipher, but she agreed and we got off the bed and walked toward the bathroom and tub. She looked down at herself and said, "Wow, that's quite the creampie, huh?"

Looking at her crotch I saw the rivulets of semen running from her and down her thighs. Of course then it hit me I hadn't used a condom. Was she on the pill?

She saw my expression; this time her chuckle held more menace than glee. "Freaking you out I might get pregnant? Maybe that's what has to happen to get you away from the ice queen and with me for good." Her expression told me she knew she'd hit that nail on the head. "I bet if we had a kid it would be beautiful...our love child."

I had no retort and none seemed to be expected. We climbed into the tub and turned on the jets. The water wasn't hot any longer but neither was it tepid. For a few minutes we stayed on our knees facing each other and washed the detritus of sweat and semen from each other. Soon we were kissing and fondling and I was growing erect again. Rebecca had that effect. She nudged me back to a sitting position and unexpectedly climbed from the tub.

"I'll be right back, lover boy," she said. She came back in seconds, holding the tube of lube I'd brought along. "I think it's time you took my virginity. What do you think?" Like a dumb-ass I sat there wondering what she meant, until she turned her backside to me and gave it a little wiggle. She didn't wait for me as she worked a dollop of jelly around and into her anus. She leaned over the tub's edge and said, "What are you waiting for?"

I wasn't waiting for anything. I sidled over behind that glorious little ass and worked the head of my uncovered cock into her lubricated opening. She grunted, "God...no...ugh" as she grimaced from the assault though only my cock-head was inside her. She uttered one more tentative "No" before shivering and saying, "Don't stop, do it...do it, before I say no again...NOW!"

I went deeper and she grunted and shivered again, her hands clenched around a bath towel she'd pulled up from the floor. She told me not to stop and I didn't. I fucked her slowly at first, not wanting to hurt her (clearly she began in pain) but picked up my tempo after she gave me the green light. "Okay, okay, uh...uh...it's better...uh...uh...Jesus, this...wasn't like...our first time!" she bellowed. "Heather must have the smallest, tightest sphincter in the

world!”

I asked her if she wanted me to stop and pull out, but she yelled “NO” and so I went back at it. As my rhythm picked up my depth picked up as well. I was drilling her deep and she now loved it. Her hand had traveled down between her legs and she was furiously working her clit as I worked her rectum. “Yes! ...Yes! ...” she cried over and over. Before long she reared up on her knees and leaned back against me. I reached around and cupped her breasts. The water splashed everywhere as we fucked until a small groan deep in her throat grew to a wail and I felt her orgasmic tremors vibrate her anal muscles like a tuning fork around my ready to explode cock. So—I exploded!

We fell from the now cool tub to the bathroom floor, hugging each other as we bathed not in water but in the afterglow of sensational orgasms.

She giggled and said, “I forgot how good that felt but damn, this chick is too fucking tight. Maybe I should’ve practiced.”

My turn to chuckle. “You sure are a minx...‘practice’ huh? I can imagine the fit Heather’s mom would have if she discovered a big dong in her precious daughter’s bedroom.”

We finished up the champagne, feeling satisfied and supremely happy to be together. She asked, “Ever do anal with Janie?”

I said “No” and she responded with a grin. She knew the answer before she asked it.

“Still worried you forgot the condom?”

“Yeah, maybe,” I said.

“Does that mean you have second thoughts about us?”

I told her, “This isn’t easy for me, you know.”

“Fucking me and lying to your wife seems to come easy enough to you so far,” she said, something I didn’t have an answer for. It has been easy—too easy.

We were quiet for a while until she suggested we refill the tub and enjoy it while we could. When we settled into the hot and bubbling water she wondered

aloud if I could get it up a third time. She said it like she considered it a personal challenge and she began ‘accepting’ that challenge. Rebecca could always get me hard and now was no exception. As she played with my cock she regaled me with a story from Heather’s youth.

“When Heather was seven, I pretty much was in control. One night her uncle baby-sat me...her...and he was kinda cute, like he reminded me of you a little. I got naked and walked around right in front of him just about all evening. It drove him nuts! I could see the bulge in his pants and every once in a while he would rub himself there. He never said a word. I mean, what could he say? When it was time for bed I jumped up in his lap and asked him for a goodnight kiss. It was like he stopped breathing. He kissed me, and do you believe it, he moaned! I kinda rubbed my ass on his lap and I could feel his prick push against me in his pants.” She laughed as she thought about what she’d done.

She continued, “I asked him what that was I felt. You should’ve seen the look in his eyes! The guy actually said ‘It’s part of my body, would you like to see it?’ so I said yes and he took his pants off, and it really wasn’t that big but he was proud of it, I could tell.”

“You didn’t, did you—?”

“No, silly. I touched it while he put a finger in me, that’s all. He came so quick not much else could happen.”

I pictured a naked and nonchalant seven year old, with the mind of an adult, covered in an uncle’s semen and at the same time dismissing the size of his member. Jesus!

After soaking for a while as she told me this and lazily stroked me to firmness, we dried and went back to bed. With a condom this time we fucked in the missionary position, slower yet somehow more intensely for it. She didn’t have that one big orgasm but instead seemed to enjoy a string of little quakes that kept going until I couldn’t hold it any longer. As I came I focused on her face. Heather-Rebecca was even more darkly beautiful post-climactic, her luminous eyes fluttering, not quite closed yet not fully open either. For the umpteenth time I thought of my luck: two fantastic women. One the flaming, sensuously transcendental soul and one the teenaged embodiment of budding loveliness.

I took her home but not until we talked more about the idea of transmigration of the soul and how it brought her to me. She explained some more about what she knew, and things she sensed during her soul's "reconnection" as she called it.

During the next few days I practically thought of nothing but Rebecca. I fucked up things at work and knew people were wondering about me. I read as much as I could find on the whole phenomena of reincarnation and soul transmigration as believed by many eastern religions. I was now a believer too.

Though we spoke frequently on the phone it was weeks before we could see each other again. By that time we were as horny as hell. I arranged to pick her up at a local store and drove to a secluded spot on the outskirts of town and we fucked in the car. I pulled the driver's seat all the way back and she straddled me. She had the short denim skirt on, and she tugged her thong aside and fell onto me as soon as my pants were pulled down. She gave my car's driver seat a stress test probably more strenuous than the manufacturer could have imagined. She bounced and swayed in a rapid rhythm until we both came in loud harmony. I'd given no thought to not using a condom.

As she had been doing, on the way home she kept up the pressure. "When are you leaving Janie?" she asked incessantly. I couldn't withstand the pressure much longer. I had to make a decision.

The following day at Timmy's game, one that Janie decided to attend, I saw Rebecca hanging around. I worried about her making a scene with my wife there but she kept her distance. However, her stare was ugly and made me think of the old saying 'if looks could kill'. The next time we spoke she sounded cooler than usual and that worried me too. We had another clandestine meeting where we fucked each other silly. Afterwards I admitted that leaving Janie and Tim was maybe too complicated for me to handle, but that I had an idea.

When I told her what I wanted to do her eyes grew wide. Through her shock, she said, "But we'll be together...any way we'll be together always is right with me. I love you Jim, and if that's what you think we should do then I say yes." We kissed long and passionately, sealing our decision. "I love you too, Rebecca," I said.

Two days later I picked her up a block from her house and we drove down the frontage road near the interstate. I reached over and ran my hand up her

thigh to her crotch. I felt her extreme wetness as I took my eyes off the road for a second and locked hers with mine.

“Ready?” I said.

She nodded and shivered a little, as if she had a small orgasm.

I steadily picked up speed until I was driving near a hundred on the narrow road. At the last moment I swerved toward the cinder block retaining wall at the overpass and we slammed into it, our eyes again locked together at the penultimate moment.

I don’t know about that ‘life flashing before your eyes’ bullshit. A week ago I’d read a passage from a sacred Hindu text: *“Death is certain for anyone born, and birth is certain for the dead; since the cycle is inevitable, you have no cause to grieve.”*

She’d done it once—come back—and felt extremely confident she could do it again and this time guide me along with her. We would not grieve what will be lost, for we believed in the cycle of our souls.

I no longer saw or felt anything, at least corporeal, but after impact I ‘saw’ two sparks of light hover above the wreck before soaring skyward to join other sparks. Our souls. No one would ever know why the young girl was in a stranger’s car and there would be much speculation and possible recriminations, but I ‘felt’ the headlines would be kind. Our souls would remain together and one day, perhaps as young they’re-made-for-each-other teens we would consummate our love again, unencumbered by society’s strings.

We believed.

## The End

*I got the idea from some e-mail correspondences with another ASSTR author, “Cotton Candy” (She’s good - I hope you’ve read her stories.) I began writing it from the girl character’s perspective but soon figured out it wasn’t working, so I rewrote it using a third-person, omniscient voice. This sucked, so still obsessed by what I thought to be a great story idea, I scrapped what I had and wrote it in the man’s voice. I’d dabbled in writing from a man’s POV before (“[The Sweetest Revenge](#)” is an example) and didn’t want to do it again, however here is another one. I hope I did okay. In case you’re wondering, I don’t believe in soul transmigration, but I do keep an open mind.*

*Donna*

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