

## **The Summer of Billy Stevens - Excerpt**

While the exhaust settled and the roar of the engine faded, Donny was left to stand alone in front of a bar he was just kicked out of. He knew now what to think, and his mind was empty. I'm too damn drunk for this, he thought to himself as he turned around to see the bartender behind him. He hadn't even realized he was there, instead focusing on the searing pain in his jaw and stomach.

"What the hell happened?" the thin bartender asked, stumbling over his confused words. Donny tried to remember his name. Not remembering names had proved to be an important downfall of his. Through the pounding in his skull he tried to focus his vision, for at the moment he saw three bartenders standing in front of him. It was to no avail, and after a moment of struggling to keep his balance Donny promptly leaned over at the hip and vomited onto the black street.

"Jesus man!" the bartender shrieked as blood and regurgitated matter splattered onto his shoes. Donny dropped down to a knee. The world had never spun around him so hard. He knew not what was happening or why, only that everything was fucked. He had no money and the only means of getting it now at this point were stealing or selling more drugs that, at the moment, he didn't have either. The only ones he had were not for sale. Now at the moment he found

himself asking if he would rather snort them or smoke, or both. This was all he thought about now as he kneeled on the blood stained pavement.

"Get me a taxi," Donny moaned with slurred words. The bartender shook his head in pity then walked inside the bar. Night had now fallen.

The tires of the red Mustang shrieked in agony as Billy slammed his foot on the brake across the street from Rachel's apartment. The apartment was about a ten minute drive northwest of O' Hooligans with traffic, but Billy had made it there in just over twenty. He had spent that time speeding westward, mindlessly directing the car up and down hills, towards the last faint purple glow in the sky that sat below the night and fog on the horizon. At some point he had decided to turn and go to Rachel's. He probably would have driven until he fell into the ocean if it weren't for her.

His heart was still pounding as he roughly put the car in park and let his head fall back against the headrest. His nose was still bleeding slightly and had dyed his shirt with a dark red river running down the front. He slowly unbuckled his seatbelt and peeled the white shirt from his back so he was only wearing the sweaty black beater. He then brought the white shirt up to his nose and did his best to slow

the bleeding. It only sent electric shocks through his brain and down his spine as his hair fell into his face.

Fuck this, Billy thought to himself while bringing a sweaty palm to his chest. He couldn't take this. Any thoughts that he had ever had about not being cut out for the city were now confirmed.

It was then that, for the first time since he had moved out on his own, that he felt the lead coat of depression return. Now it was real however. Through the heavy weight he had inherited from Rick's suicide and his falling out with Donny he was able to see more and more how spoiled he really was back in the suburbs. How could I have ever considered suicide as a reasonable alternative to my situation before?, he thought frantically to himself inside the car. How bad had he actually fucked up?

He did his best to keep taking slow deep breaths, and focused on the road in front of him. He was on the slight incline of a hill and the horizon in front of him was rather close. But after that horizon there was nothing, only blackness. In his demented, tired mind he now pictured flooring the gas pedal and driving over that horizon and finally coming face to face with the nothingness he had danced around all summer. Even the thought of Rachel couldn't swing his mood about his future. His dad was right, this was a failure.

At his lowest point he thought for a second about getting out of the car and ending his life in some way. Maybe he could just buy enough drugs to do it. And although the thought of Rachel couldn't brighten his mood, it was enough to make him forget his mind, turn off the car and open the door. With the lead jacket on his back he took a step onto the street.

He had only been to the apartment a handful of times, but this felt like his first. It was positioned on an incline as it was further up the majestic, rolling hills of the city than any place he had frequented before. It was high enough, and the building tall enough, that the top of it lay hidden in the rolling fog that was making it's way into the city to encase it in it's grey, depressed snow globe and, eventually float it's way into the suburbs and cool the summer there.

From Rachel's apartment, he knew, a view of the entire bay was possible. He also knew, however, that he didn't want to spend any time locked inside a room. The walls would cave in around him and he would never emerge from the rubble. His imagination still never ceased to torment him. His feet hit the road somewhere beneath him, but he couldn't feel it. With the exception of his nose and the sting of the now cold, dark night everything was numb once more. He preferred this greatly, he realized as he looked to the dismal street

lights running up and down the hill that the apartment sat on, doing very little to illuminate the scene.

As he walked across the well paved, two lane street through the darkness he looked up to the building. It was taller than either of Donny's or Rick's apartments however much thinner and less squat around as well. It was also much better kept, with little amounts of trash around the place and no graffiti or harm done to the outside of the building. Despite this, it reminded Billy of ninety percent of the other apartment buildings in the city, and the sudden thought that even Rachel could live in a place as monotonous as this just depressed him more.

With each step he took the cold stung his naked skin not covered by the thin black beater. He was beginning to hate San Francisco again.

The apartment had no name on the outside of it, but it was on the San Francisco State University campus, so Billy trusted it had some stupid name written somewhere inside. In fact, Billy had seen it before but had no recollection of it. He stopped and took a deep breath before a small set of concrete stairs that led to the front door and the intercom on the side of it. He had known from his first few times here that walking through the lobby and asking for Rachel was a mistake, for he might have preferred Jaba the Hut at Rick's apartment over the

crazy Asian bitch that sat here. He took a deep breath and pressed the intercom for Rachel's room.

"Rachel," he grunted into the intercom. He stood alone on the cement steps, watching the fog drift in around him for a moment before Rachel responded.

"Billy, thank God. Come up please I have to show you something." her voice sang through the bristly speaker. Billy looked down to the ground as he spoke into the box. "Can you come down here?" he asked roughly. The tone in his voice, even though he hadn't meant it to do so, gave the message loud and clear that he didn't want to go up to Rachel's room.

"O.K," she replied softly but still with a hint of optimism, "Be down there in a second."

Donny stumbled through the unlocked door of his loft. He hadn't paid for the cab ride, the bartender did. Donny didn't even remember this however, as he stepped into the dismal apartment. It was illuminated from brown light as it spun before him. He took a step into the room, his chest heaving up and down quickly, and noticed that all of Billy's possessions were gone. In his drunken mind it only angered him and reminded him of Billy's ungratefulness. Fuck him.

Donny's face was pale and his eyes blood shot red. Blood trickled from the sides of his mouth and his nose. The front of his green shirt was stained with it as well as a mass of sweat protruding from his collar bone down to his chest. He stood like this before the area where Billy used to live, wobbling back and forth on his unsteady feet, with his mind empty. Only bitterness and regret fueled him now. After standing next to the dead couch for a minute he stumbled to the kitchen. Guilt streamed through his being for the first time since he could remember. He hated that feeling.

He flipped on the dull yellow lights in the kitchen and the grabbed a glass. He stumbled to the sink and filled up the cup as sweat trickled down his face. He felt the urge to vomit once more. He chugged the water and shook his bloody face. He brought a hand up to his jaw. He couldn't move it with out having paralyzing daggers shot down his throat. The pain was almost as bad as the guilt. If he weren't as drunk as he was he would have been in incredible pain without touching the jaw at all.

He dropped the glass in the sink and heard from somewhere far away the sound of glass shattering. Stumbling over himself he made his way to his room, and quickly emerged with a small bag of white clumps of coke. His hand trembled as he carried it over to the table.

When he sat down at the table with the bag before him he wasn't thinking, rather acting on an impulse that had he had carried since he had left his father years ago. He knew of only one way to smother guilt and pain.

As the rough speaker shut off Billy turned and started walking back to the car across the street. With each step he took in the opposite direction of the car the numbness inside of him retreated, just enough for him to feel the sharp pain in his stomach. Anxiety plagued him from the inside, and he hated the pain. He always had, ever since he wasted so many worried moments over whether he was cool enough in high school. Fuck, how useless that seemed now.

He finally reached the car and leaned back against the front door, awaiting Rachel's appearance through the double doors of the apartment the same way he had waited for Donny outside of the bar. Bumps arose on his arms and his hair stood up. He could practically feel his body temperature dropping while his teeth chattered. The wind howled lightly around him, blowing his hair in his face while his heart pounded anxiously inside of him.

Billy lifted his forefinger to his mouth and nervously started chewing his already damaged nail. His mind raced from subject to subject. Rick, Donny, Rachel, suicide, home, coke, the pain on his face and the dried blood now on his neck. Blood had, for the most part,

stopped dripping from his nose, but it still hurt like shit. Now he was trying to forget about his guilt.

Rachel then emerged from the apartment doors across the street. She walked down the small, cement stairs with her head down and a short sleeve, youth white t shirt on. Now her hair was up behind her head. She stopped at the other side of the street to look down the road and then at Billy. Immediately shock lit up her eyes and her mouth dropped slightly as she squinted at him through the fog.

Shit, Billy thought to himself, forgot about how hideous I must look. He hadn't really, as the pain still was shooting arrows through his nasal passage, but it was just another reminder of the day so far that he was trying to forget.

"Billy," she started as she started jogging across the street to her car, "What the fuck?"

She slowed down as she reached him and took a step to him until she was a foot away.

"Are you O.K" she whispered now, slowly reaching a gentle hand to his face. Billy turned away slightly. He had a goatee of blood.

"I'm fine," he said shortly, his eyes averted to the ground. Rachel brought her hand to his chin and tilted it up. His eyes were wide and red, his glare somewhat menacing.

"Come in," she said firmly, looking into his eyes. Her bangs that were curled around her ears flew into her face with the wind. "I'll clean you up."

"I don't want to go inside Rachel." Billy quickly replied back, his eyes still held with hers. Seagulls squawked in the distant night and, as always, the ocean stung their faces.

"But Billy, your hurt-"

"I'm fine. Can we just, go for a drive?" he chirped with as much optimism in his voice as he could muster. Rachel raised her eye brows.

"What? No just come inside let me help you." she replied sternly now. Billy took a slight breath.

"I have something to show you." he said. The words came out like an order. Rachel stood silent before him for a second, her green eyes now shaded sharper than Billy's had first been.

"O.K," she said smoothly after thinking for a second," Just let me go inside and get something to wash your face with. I'm not kissing you like that."

Billy felt the urge to smile as she turned and took a step towards the apartment.

"You'd want to kiss me? Look at me."

"Yeah, looks like you need a kiss." she replied quickly over her shoulder, the hint of a forced smile evident.

Donny sat before his kitchen table with a credit card in hand. He dumped the coke on the table. *Clack, Clack, Sshhh!* Eventually he had four thin lines of white powder in front of him. He grabbed a dollar bill from his wallet and clumsily rolled it into a small cylinder. Fuck Billy.

He put the bill to his right nostril and leaned his nose over one of the lines. Sniffing quickly, the drug went up into his brain. Without stopping, and possibly due to the alcohol in his system, he did the second line immediately after. Sharp pain rang through out his face and he pulled back just as quickly as he had snorted the line. The back of his throat quickly started to burn and the rush hit him immediately. The world that was spinning around him started to do so even quicker. Donny leaned back in his chair, clenched his teeth and shook his face. The pain from his jaw was subsiding by the second.

He decided to keep going.

In a minute she was back and Billy was in the car waiting for her. Like a mother she hopped in the passenger's seat and leaned towards Billy with a wait rag in her hand.

"You have to drive me somewhere to show me something? I could have shown you something pretty sweet just in my room." she crooned as she placed the wet rag to Billy's chest. The dry blood came off easily.

"It's not far from here." Billy said as he leaned his neck back so she could clean that. Rachel gave a concentrated nod in response.

"Please tell me what happened." she then moaned while rubbing the rag along his mouth.

"I got into it with Donny," he said distractedly, his attention and his eyes looking to the dirty rag running over his lips.

"This might hurt," Rachel quickly said as she reached his top lip with the rag.

"Shit!" Billy jumped back, his eyes somewhat scared. Like a child's.

"Come on, baby." Rachel mocked in response to Billy's cry. Billy eyed the rag suspiciously as Rachel brought it to his face one more.

"I'm just wiping off this dried blood shit," she whispered, as if she were trying to calm down a horse. There was a short silence as Billy gritted his teeth and Rachel softly wiped the blood from around his nose. When she finished and pulled away Billy quickly brought the key to the ignition and started the car. Rachel looked at him with a smile while the engine roared to life.

"Good as new," she started," But I'm wondering, what did you do to Donny to make him want to break your nose?" she said this to the dashboard in front of her with a small smirk on.

The fourth line of coke went up his right nostril. An orgasmic, euphoric feeling had overtaken him now. With each heartbeat it seemed to grow more intense. BOOM. His entire being was numb now, even though the back of his throat screamed for mercy. He felt a small sting in his stomach somewhere far away but ignored it, just as he had done with all of his pain that evening. He managed to roll his head to look out the window over the kitchen. The world looked black, grey and terrifying.

He then placed both of his sweaty hands on the wooden table and propelled himself up. His entire body was shaking. He felt the urge to talk to himself but couldn't make his mouth move. Somewhere deep inside of himself he wanted to find Billy and kill him, the same way he wanted to kill his father. BOOM.

He turned and walked slowly to the kitchen. Walking, at that time, was the hardest thing he ever had to do. The world revolved around him in swirling colors, and when he finally made it to the drawer closest to him he threw himself upon it. With as much effort as he could put forth he slid open the drawer to see the small bag of

translucent crystals he had gotten in Berkley from one of his old band mates the day earlier.

"I started it," Billy replied with his right hand on the steering wheel, his eyes locked forward. He directed the car down a hill, back towards the water.

Rachel nodded, keeping that smirk on her face. Billy couldn't help but notice. He glanced over to her.

"What?" he asked, letting his lips part slightly with a small grin. He almost wanted to curse himself for it, but Rachel had already brightened his mood. He hated himself currently for what had happened that day, but loving her made him forget that while he was with her.

"I have to ask you," she started as Billy banked left towards the far end of Fisherman's Wharf, "did you kick his fucking ass?" Her voice sounded as if she truly cared about the answer. Billy smiled to himself, and then let his face become perfectly straight. At a stop sign he turned to her.

"I went Kimbo Slice on his ass." he snarled before letting a satisfying smile come to his face in sight of his lie. He laughed to himself. "He was pretty drunk though."

He looked to Rachel again. A smile was on her face, sitting smartly beneath her green eyes as if she knew she had done what she

wanted to do. Billy appreciated it more than he would ever be able to put into words.

"Where are we going?" Rachel asked brightly. Billy looked to her as they came to another stop sign at the corner of Bay Street the jutting forward. There were hardly any people out walking the streets that night, and those who were didn't seem fit to interact with. The two were alone, gliding through the fog as if blazing their own trail. Billy turned the car up a hill, towards a spot he remembered all too well.

"I'm taking you to the spot where I spent my first night here." he replied flatly. Rachel nodded as Billy drove up a steep hill. She couldn't see the street signs on the side of the street. Once they reached a flat intersection Billy took a right, directing the car down the hill towards the Wharf now below them. Quickly he pulled up to the clearing off the side of the road where they could see, if it were not for the blanket of fog, the far west wide of Fisherman's Wharf. The clearing was much smaller than Billy had remembered, providing only enough dirt and concrete off the side of the road where a couple cars could pull over and enjoy the view.

"O.K," she started, still nodding, "I don't want you to leave Billy,"

Billy stopped the car a few feet from the metal guardrail sharply. He gulped hard and looked at Rachel with pain apparent in his face. He tried to shake it out, along with everything he hadn't thought about on the short drive here. He tried to open his mouth and process words but couldn't make his lips move. Guilt shot through him and collided with his love for the woman beside him. He turned off the lights of the car, keeping his eyes locked with hers. The orange lights from the ceiling of the mustang shot to life when Billy pulled the key from the ignition. They provided their only light, as everything from the outside was blocked by the fog that now entombed the city entirely.

"Billy," Rachel brought a hand to his restless right leg, "I'm sorry about what has happened today. None of it is your fault but I know you're not going to stop telling yourself that. But I also know that I'm here for you, and that if you let me, I will make everything O.K. I've seen death before, and I know it seems as if the world will never keep going but it will. If you don't believe me then let me try and convince you until you can."

A tear dropped from her eye. It seemed as if she didn't know it would for she quickly raised the back of her hand to her eye to wipe it from her face.

Donny fell onto the wooden table, the small bag of meth in his hand, and although his auditory receptors were completely fucked he could hear a cracking sound from below him. If he were sober he would have risen and tried to fix it, however there was nothing he could do to move. The orange lights from the ceiling blinded him, and the alcohol was making him sick. His face was pale, and blood still stained his face. Sweat dripped from his dark, wet mop of hair and cut through the dry blood like a snake through tall grass. He could feel the urge to throw up; however the coke erased any of those worries. He was still feeling far too good at this point to care. It was the urge to take another line that inspired him to change his position.

Eventually he was able to tumble into the chair next to him. When seated, somewhat, he drunkenly emptied the bag of coke with one more line in it on the table. It was already broken up. He then did the same with the meth, dumping all the contents of the bag onto the table, mixing it with the white powder. With the same credit card, and huge, red eyes covering pupils that were the size of marbles, he started breaking up the crystals. They resembled shards of glass before he chopped them down. Much of it ended up on the floor due to Donny's carelessness, however once again he showed no interest.

Instead he managed to break up the crystals remaining on the table into three, chunky lines.

He then leaned back in the wooden chair and looked at the table in front of him. He could barely make out all three lines, instead appearing as six or seven. It was then that he tried to stop himself, however, for whatever conscious he had left was doing its best to fight through the twelve shots of Jim Bean he had taken and the four lines that were lighting his brain on fire. Amidst these rational thoughts however, the image of Billy popped into his brain. This somehow countered any positive thought he might have had. The coke had him feeling unstoppable.

With the same dollar bill he had used for the coke he bent down and snorted the first line. The burn in his nose was much more painful than the coke; however the numbness under which he was entombed eased the sensation. He sat back in the chair to see how it felt and immediately started melting into the wood. The world was crashing down on him now, with all its pressure and gravity forcing him lower and lower.

His breaths were retched and withered and his arms shook violently. He had to pin them on the table to keep them from doing so. His mouth hung open like an autistic child's would. Despite how

superhuman he felt, STOP ran across his mind as he lifted his head to look around the room.

BOOM.

Upon doing so he saw the walls starting to close in on him. Everything seemed smaller and dirtier, and it was only because he was so drunk that he didn't get up and clean the place, as he had done a hundred times before after snorting various uppers.

In response to not being able to rise he bent down to the table with the bill to his left nostril now and snorted the second line of the meth. He didn't want to, and didn't even try to really, but the situation was out of his hands. He needed to keep going, to see how far he could fly before he crashed. He now was merely left to bear witness to an incredible feeling, much stronger than any he had ever felt from coke shot through his veins. With each thump of his pounding heart the sensation grew stronger until his ears started ringing violently.

BOOM BOOM.

He closed his eyes for a second but when he opened them all he saw was blue and red dots scattered before his eyes. Cold sweat started pouring down his face and bubbled on his hairy arms.

Suddenly a sharp pain arose from his middle finger to his elbow. BOOM. It felt like he was being stabbed along the line of his pain, or as if someone were slowly cutting open his skin from his finger

up to his elbow. Even through his numbness he could feel it.

Something was wrong.

"Geez," she whispered to herself, shaking her head. Billy grabbed her hand off his leg as she did so, and brought it to his lips. Billy glowed inside all of a sudden. Nothing else mattered for his greatest fear that of Rachel not feeling the same about him as he did about her was just done away with. She brought her eyes up to him and he was sure of it. She loved him, but he still had one nagging pain in his head. It couldn't be held in.

"What are we going to do?" he whispered lightly, his fear obvious in his voice and Rachel's hand still in his.

"We'll get by together." she shot back quickly, slowly inching up on her seat.

"How do you know?" Billy responded quickly, fear replaced by doubt. Rachel took a breath and held her gaze with Billy.

"Because of this summer." she said. Billy narrowed his eyes before Rachel started.

"Billy, the summer is more than just a period of time spent. I mean it is, but it is spent with more freedom and passion and raw emotion than any other period of time. The summer represents something that is bigger and more meaningful than Suburbans and fake tits, as you say. This doesn't have to end." Rachel's eyes were

pleading with Billy from across the center console of the Mustang. Fog had started to roll into the city outside, and grey clouds floated by in the blackness out of the window. Billy looked at Rachel with that window framing her face. She was wise and, as always, her words came out in beautiful, perfect rhythm.

"Do you really think that?" Billy asked quietly in response. Rachel smiled with her lips and now brought Billy's hand to them.

"I think that, yeah there's a chance this could be a summer fling, but I know that I've never felt the way I feel when I'm around you."

"Do you really think that this doesn't have to end?" he asked. His eyes were bright with the thought of her wanting to spend her life with him for the near future.

"I don't have anything to do; you're a runaway from L.A. If we have time to pursue something, as we walked about, I'd love to do it with you." she kissed his lips and dropped her eyes down to his knuckles as she did so. Billy felt his stomach drop, plummeting into the fragile ice upon which his sanity sat. Why did she have to say this now?

Images of college and Amy suddenly replaced those of Rick and Donny scratching the back of his brain. However when Rachel brought her eyes back up to his, he realized something. She was right; nothing

mattered if he was with her. And he knew he was being completely honest with himself.

"Let's leave. Fuck this city. Fuck Donny and everything that's wrong here. You and me, lets go to L.A. I can get a job to support us until you hit your big break."

His excitement showed in his voice while his imagination started to race. Nothing that had happened here would matter. Rachel smiled her smart grin at him.

"Later," she said and reached across Billy to the side of his seat.

"What-" he started to ask before she adjusted the seat and it flopped backward to where it was laying down. He set his bewildered eyes to Rachel through the orange light of the car.

"For now let's stay here," she whispered through the grin. She quickly reached her right hand up to the ceiling and turned off the light. Suddenly all was black.

Rachel swung herself over the middle console to straddle Billy, still lying down on the reclined seat. All he could see at first was her shadow. A silhouette of a dream that he thought would never happen. He didn't know what had just happened, it had done so so quickly. Suddenly Rachel was on top of him. Then however, as his eyes adjusted he was able to see that the full moon to the east had

emerged slightly through the fog, and gradually the blackness that had entombed Rachel and him inside the car turned to dark silver. She leaned down and kissed him softly on the lips.

Donny fell back against the wall and eventually to the floor. In desperation he clutched his right arm and brought his legs to his chest. The world was spinning far too quickly around him, picking him up and twisting his insides like wrench clamped on his intestines as it did so. The pain was growing rapidly worse in his arm as he took huge, desperate breaths. Fuck! He screamed inside of his mind, closing his eyes. Anytime he opened them the blue and red dots grew larger and more numerous.

BOOM.

Just as suddenly as the pain had hit him from the meth his stomach lurched and an acidic taste hit the back of his throat. He was able to lean his head to the side before he started to vomit violently. Green and yellow chunks of regurgitative matter splattered around him on the floor and his clothes. His stomach lurched again and this time sent Donny back into the wall as it did so, prohibiting him from getting the vomit on the floor. Instead it flowed onto his lap, settling on his sweat pants like a lake. It trickled from his mouth and stained his dark green shirt, already sopping wet with sweat.

"AAAHHHH!!" Donny shrieked to himself in a blood curdling voice, vomit and sweat and dark red blood flinging from his mouth as he cradled his paralyzed right arm. His teeth were stained with blood. His pulse was sky rocketing, and from deep inside his fucked up state a bitter cold stung him. From his blood shot eyes he looked up the ceiling, praying to anything that it would fall on him and end this terrible pain he suddenly found himself in.

Billy sat up from the laid back seat, using his abs to hold him up with Rachel's legs wrapped around him. Strands of his long, blond hair fell into his eyes as he gazed into hers from inches away. She brushed the strands out of his face with her right hand and kissed Billy hard on the lips. Slowly their hips began swaying against each other in perfect rhythm, slowly but firmly. Billy felt the normal sensation she gave him in his pants. This time it was different however, for he felt as if he truly needed it. He needed her right now. All of her.

He slipped his right hand along the back pocket of her tight jeans with his left softly touching the side of her face as he pulled his lips from hers for a moment. In the silver light she looked more like an angel than ever, her green eyes full of tenacity. She leaned in and kissed him hard on the lips, and eventually let her passion out completely for the first time in front of Billy. Her hips started grinding against his with more force as she let out a long, slow breath. Billy

then leaned her back so her shoulder blades were against the steering wheel and bit her lower lip softly. She leaned her head back and Billy kissed the side of her neck and her collar bone. She let out another soft sigh as the windows started to fog up around them.

When she brought her head back up from the steering wheel she made eye contact with Billy, letting his bruised face, beaded with sweat on his brow, hypnotize her. She closed her eyes for a second, breathing through her nose as she felt something hard on the inside of her thigh. Billy now brought both of his hands to the bottom of her white shirt and began rolling it up to her breasts. Rachel immediately raised her arms and Billy commenced with taking it off completely. Under it a dark red bra held soft, large breasts that slowly rose and fell with the rhythm of her breaths, growing steadily deeper and harder. Billy leaned forward and lightly kissed her right breast, letting his left hand creep up towards it. Her stomach was flat and warm, and as he caressed her body with his hands lightning bolts shot through his palms. He had completely forgotten about the day. All he cared about was the woman in front of him.

Rachel then brought her hands to the bottom of Billy's black beater and stripped it from his body, revealing a thin chest with remnants of blood still staining his skin. With her right hand she flung the shirt to the passenger's seat and with the left she pushed Billy

back in the reclined seat. She held eye contact with him once more as she slowly slipped away from his hips, slithered down and let her knees hit the floor of the car beneath the steering wheel. With soft, wet lips she kissed Billy's chest, slowly making her way down to the edge of his jeans. Billy looked down at her for a second before closing his eyes as Rachel kissed him below his belly button and unbuttoned his pants.

He then opened his eyes again to see she was still keeping her eyes locked with his.

She pulled the dirty, light blue jeans from his waist and brought them down to his ankles. Protruding from his boxers was an erection that looked ready to hitch a tent. Rachel let her fingertips graze it softly as she glided back up to Billy, eventually settling her right knee right before his crotch on the seat. She used her arms to hold herself up over Billy and bent down at the hips and kissed him one more time. Billy let his eyes drop to her cleavage and brought both of his hands up to her face.

As soon as he did so Rachel grabbed his right and slowly placed his palm on her stomach. Billy let his hand slowly graze her lower abs until they reached the pants she was wearing. With surprising ease he was able to unbutton the pants. Rachel rose slightly as she assisted Billy's awkward hands in stripping the tight pants from her legs. Once

she had done so Billy could see black, lacy boy shorts tightly covering her. Through the silver light of the moon he could also see that they were see through, letting her warm skin show underneath the black lace.

Billy then forced himself to sit up once more and grabbed Rachel with both hands around her waist. He pulled her into him, and she wrapped her legs around him once again. He could feel the inside of her long, thin legs tremble as Billy brought his right hand to the soft lace covering her ass and pulled it towards him. Warmth shot through his crotch as he leaned forward and bit her right breast softly. Rachel dropped her head back and brought her right hand to the back of Billy's neck, bracing herself as she leaned back, letting the v in her panties grind against him.

The windows around them now dripped with condensation, making it nearly impossible to see outside. Beads of sweat trickled down Billy's forehead and down his cheek. Long strands of his wet hair hung down below his eyes. He couldn't control his breathing as his heart was beating faster than it ever had before, however he noticed that neither could Rachel.

Quickly then he brought both of his hands down to the black, lacy shorts and set them on her hips. She brought her eyes back to Billy and brought the hand not around his neck down to his right. She

used her legs to lift her self up slightly, then took Billy's hand and placed it at the front of the black lace. Through the tips of his fingers he felt how warm and moist the v in the panties had become. Without thinking he peeled the panties aside to reveal a part of Rachel he had never seen. He let one finger slowly graze the thin, wet lips between her legs. Rachel let out a loud sigh as she let her head fall back again, her hips thrusting slightly against Billy's finger.

Donny closed his eyes. If he gave into what he was feeling, it would stop, he knew that. He was now sprawled along the base of the wall and the floor, nearly under the table. Suddenly his entire body had become freezing cold. All he wanted was a blanket and water but he couldn't move. He couldn't do anything.

A tear slowly dropped from his right eye. He managed to lift his right arm slightly, and through that eye he was able to see where the pain was coming from. The entire arm was now a light shade of blue. Deep inside of him, distant from the drugs he had overdosed on and the alcohol he had consumed and the hatred towards himself and everything around him that he felt, he knew what he was feeling. Death.

Billy immediately brought his hands down to his boxers and pulled them down to his knees. Rachel sat up again and kept herself lifted in the air, this time hovering above Billy's dick. Slowly she let her

self come down upon it, and let Billy inside of her. She let out a high pitched, soft moan.

"Billy," she whispered as she placed her hands around his neck, closing her eyes and letting her mouth dangle open. Billy dropped his hips back slightly to where he was barely inside of her, and then pushed forward again. He had never felt such a sensation.

Donny opened his eyes with his last bit of energy. Everything was moving so fast. He could feel his heart going like a jack hammer inside his chest. What he saw in his last glance was the wooden table in front of him, rising high in the sky behind the blue and red dots that dominated his vision. His breaths suddenly grew slow and weak.

The windows now were completely fogged up, making the two people inside completely cut off from everything else. Only the sounds of their deep breathing set the scene, along with the silver light.

Through it Billy looked into Rachel's eyes once more.

"I love you," he said, not surprised that he had done so.

One last lurch of pain racked Donny's being. It ran from his left arm to his heart. He opened his eyes wide, and made a weak attempt to rise. He fell back into his own vomit.

He truly meant it, and as he was deep inside of her Rachel let out a louder moan and placed her hand on the ceiling of the car as the rhythm of Billy's thrusts increased. Billy suddenly stopped and brought

Rachel closer into him. They sat wrapped around each other like a human v, both sweating, both breathing hard.

"I love you too," she said between harsh, racked breaths and she brought both of her hands to Billy's face and kissed him more passionately than Billy had ever been kissed before.

Everything stopped. Donny died with his eyes open.