

**FROM: AFTER MY SHOTGUN WEDDING**  
**CHAPTER TWENTY, PAGES 559-566**

Saturday, November 8, 1986, about ten o'clock in the morning, Steven came out of emergency surgery. It had been an especially difficult automobile injury to the spine. He hoped that his patient would be able to walk and would not be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of her life.

Steven walked home to the apartment that he still shared with Stephanie and Lenore. He saw a moving van out front. He walked up the stairs and found the door to their apartment open. A man seemed to be lurking in the hallway to the bedrooms.

Steven demanded, "Hey, what's going on here?"

The man had a clipboard with a paper on it. He said, "I can't get her to come out of the bedroom and sign this. I can't leave until someone signs this."

Steven looked at the paper. It was an authorization to move clothes and a couple of items of furniture out of the smaller bedroom, Stephanie's bedroom.

Steven read the checklist and went into Stephanie's bedroom and looked in the drawers and the closet and walked through the rest of the apartment and noted that all of Stephanie's books and clothes were gone.

Steven signed the paper and the man went away, closing the door to the apartment behind him.

Steven went to Lenore's bedroom door and listened. He could hear broken-hearted crying. Steven knocked. There was no response.

Steven called out, "Lenore, it's Steven, can I come in?"

There was no response. He tried the door. It was locked.

After several more attempts to get Lenore to open the door, Steven finally jimmyed the lock again and went into Lenore's bedroom. Lenore was naked on the bed

surrounded by her sex toys.

Steven put his hand on Lenore's shoulder. Lenore came up on her knees. She saw how much he cared for her in his face. She lunged at him and put her arms around his neck and cried.

Lenore wailed, "They got married at city hall yesterday afternoon. They are going to New England for Thanksgiving so she can meet his family. She's pregnant. She's been fucking him for six months at his apartment. Now she's moving in with him and she doesn't want me anymore. She doesn't want him to ever know that we were lovers. She doesn't love me. She doesn't love me. She doesn't love me."

Steven whispered, "Well, I love you, Lenore. I have always loved you. And I will always love you."

Lenore pulled away from him and looked Steven in the eyes. Until that moment, she never knew. She thought Steven just tolerated her because she was his sister's lover.

Lenore kissed him. And Steven kissed her back. And there was passion in their kiss that she had never felt before. She kissed him passionately and he kissed her back just as passionately. She undressed him so she could kiss him all over his body. She went down on him and swung her bottom over on top of his face and he ate her.

He was very inexperienced but very ardent. Every inch of her skin was magic. He kissed her and licked her. And he kneaded her buttocks with his hands. He came down her throat and he rolled her over and turned around and buried his face in her crotch and ate her and licked his way up her belly and licked and kissed her nipples and her neck and her face. And he entered her.

And she cried out from the pleasure of him moving in and out of her. She rolled him over on his back and fucked him that way. She would lean down and let him suck on one nipple and then the other. He pulled her down so her

nipples were against his chest. And her Kegel was working on him as she rocked her pelvis on his cock; she began to come from the stimulation on her clitoris. And the rhythm of her coming brought him off. He ejaculated into her vagina and she felt it and remembered her fantasy when her father came into her body. And she passed out from the ecstasy of knowing that Steven was the man of her dreams.

When she woke up, she was on her back again and Steven was still inside her, blowing on her neck.

Lenore said, "Oh, God. Oh, God. I am so happy."

And she brought his head down and kissed him on the mouth. He let his lips trail over her face and down her neck and over her nipples and down into her vagina. He ate her, gaining experience as he went along. He didn't mind that his semen was pouring out of her. He ate her with passion and enthusiasm. He took her whole vulva into his mouth and sucked on it and found her clitoris and played with it until she had come a dozen times or more. And she wanted him inside her again. She wanted to feel his oppressive weight on her body, mashing her into the mattress. And he came in her again and she came at the same time.

And she cried with the joy of it. Lenore whispered, "Why have you waited so long? I've wanted you so much but I didn't know that I wanted you until you kissed me."

And then Steven began to cry. And as he cried he pulled out of her. He got off of the bed and knelt on the floor.

Steven sobbed, "Please. Please. Please, forgive me."

Lenore was mystified. She sat up in bed, looking at him kneeling on the floor. Lenore asked, "Forgive you for what?"

Steven sobbed, "I was one of the boys who raped you."

And Lenore screamed. He had never heard such a scream of anguish. And then she attacked him. She hit him with her fists. She scratched him and she bit him.

Crying all the time, Steven just knelt there on the floor, and did not move. He closed his eyes but otherwise he did

not protect himself from her fury.

When her fury was spent, Lenore was huddled on the floor beside him, crying in her grief. She sobbed, "And I let you fuck me again. I could kill you."

Steven sobbed, "Please do. Please do. I love you so much. Just put me out of my misery."

When he said that, Lenore looked up at him.

His eyes were closed. His face and chest were bleeding from her fingernails and bite marks.

Her fists had punished his eyes and his nose and his mouth.

He knelt there, at her mercy, waiting for her to kill him or forgive him.

She got up on her knees. She moved over to him. She let her hands caress over his sandy hair. With gentle fingers she touched each bite mark where she had drawn blood. He would need some stitches in one ear. She put her arms around him and pulled his head down to her shoulder.

She whispered, "Oh, Steven! How could you?"

And Steven sobbed and told her everything and how ashamed he was for being like that, so afraid to lose his status with the team, so afraid to do what was right.

Lenore took him into the kitchen and sat him down in a dining room chair. She turned on the bright florescent light and cleaned up the scratches and bite marks. She got some surgical thread and anesthetic antiseptic out of her medical bag. She put it on his ear and sewed it together.

Steven didn't want to go to the emergency room for anything. There would be too many questions that he did not want to answer.

When she was finished with the first aid, Lenore sat down on his lap and very softly kissed his black eyes and bruised nose and bleeding mouth.

Steven asked, "Can I put my arms around you, please?"

She whispered, "Yes, Steven, hold me."

With a sigh of relief, Steven put his arms around her and held her gently on his lap. She put her head on his shoulder and wept quietly.

Steven whispered, "Lenore, I have loved you for so long. You make my day. When I see you in the hall at the hospital, I am content the rest of the day. You are my sunshine."

She snuggled her head into the crook of his neck. The tears were still flowing out of her eyes.

She whispered, "Right now, I am your rain."

He started to rock with her in rhythm to his breathing.

After a time, she whispered, "Would I be too heavy for you? Can you carry me?"

He said, "I think so."

She said, "Then carry me to my bed and make love to me again."

And he did.