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## Centerfold

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The waiter poured my third glass of water with just a hint of annoyance on his face. I'm sure he had me pegged for a loser, someone who would sit there drinking water until I finally realized I'd been stood up, and then leave nothing on the table. I didn't care. Angie had invited me, after all, so I had every reason to expect her to show.

And show she did. About 35 minutes late but nonetheless radiant, Angie entered the hotel restaurant and every male head turned immediately in her direction. She scanned the room until she spotted me, then flashed me one of her megawatt smiles and came over. I admired the way she moved as she approached, my mind reconciling the two images I'd held so long in my head: Angie's yearbook photo, snapped in a hurry by a harried photographer with two hundred other teens to do in the same morning; and the magazine photos I'd spotted two months ago, done with extreme care to bring out every dazzling feature. One was the girl I'd had a secret crush on for years, the girl I tried a hundred times to get up the nerve to speak to, but whose silence intimidated me like nothing else. The other was the monthly masturbation fantasy of thousands of men nationwide. Both were Angie, and both were unattainable. Or so I'd assumed.

The biggest surprise of my life had come just a few days before. I'd been sitting at the computer checking out the latest Daily Topless when the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Jeff?" The voice had that vaguely familiar quality to it, like a relative of someone you know really well. "It's Angie. Angie Donnelly."

And that was all it took to recall images of my blonde angel from high school, the girl I'd lusted after for years but never had the guts to approach. I'd almost forgotten about her,

to be honest. Almost, but not quite. Then one day I stood in the bookstore leafing through a men's magazine, and my angel was right there in the center. The images clashed in my mind, the innocent fantasies of my youth sold to the masses for \$5.99 a copy.

I bought the magazine, of course. An entire evening went by with me staring in fascination at the pictorial, seeing parts of my angel I'd only imagined before. I think I set a world's record for jerking off in a single day.

And then, on a whim, I went to one of those find-your-classmates Web sites and pulled up a list of my high school class. Surprisingly enough, Angie was listed. I registered myself, got her email address, and sent an innocent message just to say hello. And then promptly forgot about it, assuming she'd never answer.

But she did. And now she was three paces away from making me the most envied guy in that entire restaurant, and all I could seem to do was gawk at her like everyone else. Duh! I got up and pulled out a seat for her.

She favored me with a brief hug before taking it. That hug electrified my body. Even as I sat back down across from her, I could still feel the tingle of cotton on my arms and the sensuous aroma of her perfume in my nose. "You still like fuzzy sweaters, I see."

She giggled at my feeble opening line. "That's what I always liked about you, Jeff. No pretense. Anyone else would have spent the last four days thinking of the perfect opening line."

"Don't think I didn't try," I told her. "I've just never been good at those kinds of games."

"Me neither," she confessed. "If I'd had buck teeth and glasses, I'd probably still be a virgin."

While I was trying to figure out how to respond to that one, the waiter came over to see if we were ready to order. Angie just asked for a salad and a glass of water and I picked a deli sandwich and cola. It didn't really matter; I was too distracted to notice the food anyway.

Angie fixed her seductive blue eyes on me. "So what have you been doing since high school, Jeff?"

I shrugged and sipped water. "College and work, mostly. I went to Maryland, got my degree in accounting. Went to work for a private firm. Got my CPA. Still looking for the money they promised me before I got it."

"What about home? Isn't there a wife in that picture somewhere, and maybe a kid or two?"

I shook my head. "Nope. No kids, no wife. Not even a girlfriend in a while. I don't get out much."

She leaned forward a little, and it took every bit of self-control I had not to let my eyes dive down the front of her blouse as she did. “That surprises me. I always thought you’d be the perfect guy to marry and settle down with. I can’t believe that hasn’t happened yet.”

“Thanks,” I said, a little surprised. “What about you, though?”

“I went to Villa Julie,” she told me. “Majored in drama, of course. Then I moved out to LA to try and break into acting.”

“Really? How’s that going?”

She wagged her hand in the air. “So-so. I was in a commercial for a mattress company. After I’d been shown all over the West coast in a nightie, my agent started getting calls from magazines wanting me to pose nude. She talked me into doing a session for *Connoisseur*. I don’t know if you’ve seen that, but I was their Miss June.”

I choked down some more water. “I did see that, in fact,” I said, qualifying myself for Understatement Of The Year. “I wondered if it was you, but the name didn’t match.” I hoped the lie wasn’t too transparent.

She nodded. “Misty McCoy. My agent made it up. She said there are too many Angies in the business right now.”

“That probably kept you from getting a lot of calls from old friends,” I observed.

“Pretty much,” she agreed. “I did hear from you, of course. I also got emails from Tony DiBlasio and Stan Dorfman. There were maybe ten others, too, but I forget who offhand.”

“I remember Stan. Didn’t you two go to the prom together?”

She grimaced. “Don’t remind me, please. I can’t believe I dated that jerk our entire senior year. He got thrown out of Florida State for cheating, did you know that? He’s a car salesman now.”

“Strangely appropriate,” I remarked. “So I’m guessing you didn’t call him, eh?”

“No, thanks.” She looked directly into my eyes and lowered her voice a little. “The only person I called back was you.”

Now it was my turn to be surprised. “Really? Thank you. I’m honored.” I was trying very hard not to blush.

Her smile was warm. “You’re so sweet, Jeff. Can I tell you something?”

“Sure.”

“When we were in school, I had the biggest crush on you.”

I felt around the table, found my jaw, and put it back in place. “You’re kidding!”

“Nope,” she insisted. “It was almost funny. My girlfriends knew about it and teased me mercilessly, of course. But every time it seemed like you were about to talk to me, I just froze up. I was so afraid you’d think I was some shallow ditz that I guess I ended up acting like one.”

“I never thought you were a ditz,” I told her. “I just thought you could have any guy you wanted, so why would you want someone like me?”

Her eyes opened wide. “You’re kidding me, right? You were such a nice guy, Jeff.”

I shrugged. “Nice guys don’t get the girls in high school -- jocks do.”

Angie thought about that, and nodded slowly. “You’re right, I guess. That’s certainly how it was at our school. Do you ever wonder what else we may have missed out on, just because we never had the courage to ask for it?”

“Sometimes. Mostly, though, it’s water under the bridge. We can’t go back and relive it.”

Lunch arrived. We ate and talked, mostly about people we’d known in high school. Angie was in town promoting *Connoisseur* on morning radio shows, I discovered. She’d been late because the last one had wanted her to stay around for some publicity photos afterwards.

Before any time at all had passed, or so it seemed, our dishes had been cleared, the check paid, and our glasses were empty again. I didn’t want this lunch to end, but it clearly had. Now what?

Angie looked around at the clearing restaurant. “I guess we should go,” she observed.

“Probably,” I agreed reluctantly. “Thanks for meeting me, Angie. This was very special.”

She smiled. “For me, too.” Then she stood up and fumbled in her purse. I turned to leave, until her voice stopped me. “Jeff?”

I turned back to see her holding a plastic hotel key. “Yes?”

She looked around quickly, then back to me. “I don’t have to be anywhere until later this evening. Do you want to come up to my room for a while?”

Our eyes met. “Are you sure?”

She nodded.

“I’d love to.”

I followed Angie to the elevators, my eyes already trying to look through the sweater and skirt to the curves below. We held hands in the elevator, riding up with a handful of other people in the slowest elevator in civilization.

Finally we reached her floor. Angie's hand trembled slightly as she fitted the card into the slot and opened it. I slipped the Do Not Disturb sign onto the outer knob before closing the door.

Angie sat on the edge of the bed, kicked off her shoes, and patted the space beside her. I sat there and put my arm around her, feeling the mattress sigh. She pulled me closer and our lips met.

The kiss was long and hot. Our mouths opened and our tongues probed each other, first tentatively and then with hunger. I let my hands roam up and down the sides of her body, not quite daring to come too far forward just yet. If I had any doubt as to Angie's intentions, they vanished when I felt her hands pulling up on my shirt. I lifted my arms and let her pull the shirt off me, taking my undershirt with it. She leaned back a little and began to unbutton her sweater. "No," I said quickly, stopping her. "Let me, please."

Angie gave me a puzzled look, then smiled and leaned back. "Be my guest."

And so it was that I got to live out a recurring fantasy: slowly, gently, lovingly unbuttoning Angie's sweater, pulling the sides back to reveal soft skin and a lace bra. I pressed my nose against her breastbone and inhaled deeply, hoping against all hope that if this was just a dream I wouldn't wake up for at least another half hour. Then I kissed my way up to her neck and across one shoulder as I slid the sleeves down her arms.

Angie breathed into my ear, "The bra next." So I slipped my arms inside hers and around to the back, where the clasp to her bra waited. I fumbled with it just a little before the hooks gave way. My hands slid around to the front and underneath the loose fabric, feeling the exquisite softness of her breasts, squeezing, caressing.

Somehow the bra and sweater ended up on the floor. Angie lay back on the pillows, watching my face and smiling as I fondled her. She lifted her bottom slightly and I heard the zipper from her skirt parting. That was my cue, and I took it: I curled my fingers around the waistband of the skirt and pulled it off completely, tossing it aside to join the rest of our clothes. She wore the tiniest of G-strings underneath it. A sudden playful urge overtook me and I kissed my way up the inside of her leg until I could smell her arousal. A couple of deep whiffs inspired me to pull the panties off with my teeth. Then, with her legs open before me, I dove back in to fulfill another teenage fantasy.

Angie's blonde thatch was trimmed to a thin golden line that tickled my nose as I nuzzled her, eliciting moans as I explored to discover what she liked best. At first her fingers played with my hair, guiding me a little bit and pulling me closer. After a while the fingers withdrew and she fell back, letting go as her body quivered with my attentions. The only thing that kept me from exploding in my shorts was the fact that I'd jerked off to this very fantasy in the shower that morning, just a few hours before.

Her hands grabbed my head again, this time to pull me upward. I crawled up her body gladly, letting her bring me in for another long kiss. Her tastes mingled in my mouth, an exotic nectar. Then she moved and rolled and was on top of me, holding my hands down, kissing her way down my chest and belly. My pants and shorts were stripped off in an instant, leaving King George fully exposed and standing proud.

“Don’t move,” she told me. Angie climbed off the bed long enough to find her purse, root through it, and remove a foil packet. “I’m sorry, Jeff,” she said, waving the packet, “but I have to be careful. There’s so much at stake for me.”

I understood. “It’s fine,” I assured her, and held my hand out for it.

Instead of giving it to me, she ripped the packet open and popped the contents into her mouth. “Let me.”

Seeing her smile, I lay back and folded my hands behind my head. “Be my guest.”

Angie crept back onto the bed, moving like a cat stalking prey. She crawled over to me slowly, putting herself on display for me, giving King George all the more reason to stand up and demand attention. And attention he got: first her breasts enveloped him, squeezing and taunting him from all sides at once with softness and warmth; then her mouth closed over his crown and slowly eased its way down, using her lips and tongue to seat the latex robe securely over His Majesty. I thought I was going to blow a gasket, recent relief or not.

She paid homage to the King until I thought I might pass out if I didn’t come. She knew exactly what she was doing, though—each time I thought I was about to lose it, she’d back off just enough to keep me teetering on the edge a while longer. Just as I was about to start begging, she released me from her grip and came up for another long kiss. There was a slight powdery texture in the kiss from the condom, but I was in no mood to complain.

It was time for the grand finale. Angie raised her hips up and lowered herself onto me, tilting and rocking to get seated all the way. We shivered together at the tightness of the fit, as if we had been made for each other. Primal instinct took over and we began rocking together, grunting in an ever-quickening rhythm as our bodies sought the release they needed.

It arrived quickly, and with impact. Angie clamped down hard on me and threw her head toward the ceiling, crying out with each gasping breath. I felt the rush of fluid begin and my eyes rolled back into my head as every nerve in my body seemed temporarily tied to my groin. I clutched Angie’s knees and rode the waves, feeling it everywhere. Finally time started again. Angie lowered herself down next to me and snuggled in so we could enjoy the afterglow together.

We spent the afternoon like that, cuddled together in the hotel bed, sharing the secrets of our brief adult years. Neither of us wanted it to end, but it had to. Angie had a business dinner to go to with the magazine publisher, and I had a ton of work waiting for

me out in the real world. We kissed and dressed and promised we'd go to the ten-year reunion together if we weren't married or seriously dating at the time. She gave me her private number in LA, and one more treasure: an 8x10 glossy of her centerfold photo, with a handwritten note:

*To Jeff,*

*I'll always cherish our afternoon in bed together. Sometimes you CAN go back.*

*Love, Misty*

-wg  
11/18/02