

On top of Hideaway Hill, the spot where they shared their first kiss, Blake and Veronica waited for the Memorial Day fireworks to start. It was the perfect location. You could see the whole park, but no one could see you. Blake claimed the hill to be his favorite spot in all of town. He could spend hours up there thinking, and no one ever came to bother him. It also happened to be the most practical place to view the fireworks. Since it was still early in the year, a slight chill hung in the air. He and Veronica were wrapped in a blanket passing the time by kissing. It was a little past dusk and the fireworks were going to start at any minute. Moving his hand over her soft skin, Blake broke from their kiss and his lips began to glide down her neck. "Blake?" Veronica's voice came out low and raspy as she sucked in a breath of air. Her velvety voice sounded like music to his ears, but he knew what she was about to say. "I know, sorry. I'll stop." Blake began to pull his hand away. Veronica reached for it and threaded her fingers with his. They were close enough so that he could see her smiling at him. Her lips, which glistened, looked a little swollen from their kissing. 8 "That's not what I was going to say." Leaning forward, she kissed him softly on the lips. Blake felt his heart beat faster from her touch. He brought his free hand up and brushed a strand of her hair away from her face. "What is it, Vee?" "I want to." He gave her a perplexed look as he repeated what she said. "You want to..." Realizing what she meant, his blood raced. "Are you sure? I told you we can wait." Giving Blake a smile that took his breath away, Veronica nodded. "Yes, I'm sure." She then leaned in to kiss his lips again. Her lips felt so smooth against his, he let a low moan slip from his mouth. "I love you, Blake." "I love you too, Vee." As the fireworks began to illuminate the sky above them, Blake and Veronica made love for the first time on Hideaway Hill.