

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Lolita of Loleta by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | July 2017

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by Mike Bozart
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A foster-care group home in Loleta, a small North Coast community situated 15 miles (24 km) south of Eureka (CA, USA), is where one 14½-year-old, über-precocious, fatalistic, raven-haired, brown-skinned, thin but no longer flat, already-dressing-rather-womanly Laura Swauger ended up in late July of 2015, a month after her Wiyot-Mexican mother died of an opiate overdose, and four years after her Caucasian father had run off with a casino tart in Reno (NV), never to be seen or heard from again.

Laura, surprisingly, was not an in-trouble student. She was excelling in her coursework despite her young life's tragic circumstances. In fact, she had made the A Honor Roll her freshman year at Table Bluff Academy, a special at-risk high school in a repurposed warehouse near the confluence of the Eel River and the North Bay estuary. And, even though just a rising sophomore, she would be allowed to take general psychology, a course that was usually restricted to juniors and seniors. She was more than thrilled; she was elated. Laura screamed "Yey!" over and over when no one was around on that mid-June weekday in 2016.

Online research was Laura's sole consuming love. It was a tunnel-like passion that occupied, focused and protected her budding mind; it kept troubling thoughts about her parents at bay, as well as emerging postpubescent desires for older boys. She was amazed at what shocking information she could dig up with just a few strategic mouse clicks. Yes, her desired occupation was already quite clear: back-office private investigator. She could hardly wait to start.

Laura was also extremely fascinated by people's motives for executing risqué and/or illicit out-of-character schemes. The human mind to her was an endless enigma, replete with illogical inclinations and irrational thoughts; it was fascinating, frightening and always mysterious. She yearned to learn more about it, partly for personal reasons.

Way over on the eastern side of North America was one Marc Matthieuwsohn, a dark-haired, goateed, average-height, lean, 24-year-old Caucasian, who had graduated from UNCA (University of North Carolina at Asheville) in May of 2014 with a bachelor's degree in adolescent psychology with a minor in education. After teaching for two years at Brevard High School (36 miles – 58 km – southwest of UNCA), Marc decided to seek employment elsewhere, as he

and his blonde-haired, blue-eyed, popular to so many in the area, almost-fiancée girlfriend, Kim, had abruptly split up due to irreconcilable differences: Kim still wanted to party eight nights a week – she couldn't let go of the bottle, nor the pipe; Marc had tired of the intoxicated dramas and wanted to settle down, get married, buy a house, and maybe have a kid. Well, this is the narrative that he told family, friends and acquaintances after that chapter-closing evening.

Marc's humble life plan for Kim and him together went up in a whiff of green smoke when he came home unexpectedly to their Pisgah Forest (5 miles – 8 km – northeast of Brevard) apartment for lunch on Friday, June 9th (2016). Kim and her red Honda Civic sedan were gone. There was no note. And, Kim wouldn't respond to his calls or text messages. He thought, occasionally aloud: *Where the hell is she? Should I call the police? Has she been abducted? No, I don't think so. I smell a rat. A deceitful weaselly rat. Hmmm ... No, let's just wait a few hours. Need to call the school and tell them that something urgent came up. Yeah, that's it. Let's see if my 'dear' lady shows up before my usual arrival time. Yeah, let's just wait and see. Need to park my car around the corner of the building to get it out of her sight. Surprise, honey! It's me.*

Kim returned at 4:14 PM – twelve minutes before Marc's typical schoolday arrival time – oblivious to his presence in their apartment. When confronted in the bedroom, Kim said that she was just communing with nature in the woods near a waterfall with some female friends in a steep gorge that blocked all cell phone reception.

Marc didn't buy it. He then asked to see her new iPhone. It was off. A missing condom from his sock drawer confirmed his suspicions at 9:29 PM. They were over and done by the 10 o'clock news. Kim would move out the next day, presumably with her new lover.

Six lonely days later, Marc saw the Table Bluff Academy ad posted on a teachers-wanted website. He literally jumped at it. The knocked-over cup of spearmint tea went all over the old Dell laptop's keyboard. Moreover, he was on a flight to ACV (Eureka-Arcata airport) the next Monday for an interview. He would get the job. And, an apartment.

The 2016-17 Table Bluff school year began on Wednesday, August 24th. Fifteen-year-old Laura was one of thirteen students in Marc's fifth-period general psychology class. She

sat quietly alone in the back of the classroom, taking copious notes and doodling. Laura maintained an A+ average through the Christmas break. The material wasn't that difficult for her. She thought Marc was an effective and somewhat handsome teacher who presented well, but she didn't have any amorous feelings for him. Well, not until the second semester, after she turned 16.

January of 2017 felt so different than last year to Laura. Whereas before she could suppress and rationalize away her feelings for the opposite sex, now she couldn't. And, it was all because of Marc. He now looked like a Hollywood actor to her. But, not a shallow photogenic-only actor – a very-wise-with-distinguished-looks thespian. Yes, Marc had become her sage Adonis. Laura's mind was already racing into the future. *Gosh, he's so sexy and smart. I love him already. I want to have sex with him! Soon! I want Marc to be the first. And, only. We'll get married. We'll have a family. Yes! It's going to be great. My life will have meaning. Finally.*

Laura moved up to the front of the classroom. She sat with her legs spread consciously wider than proper for a skirt. Her pellucid tan-colored blouse's third-from-the-top button was now conspicuously undone showing her 32-C bra. Laura's left hand was now incessantly twirling her silky jet-black locks. *Notice me! Please notice me, Marc. I'm right here.*

Marc noticed. He had dealt with such hormones-a-raging female student behavior a few times in Brevard. Marc then employed his tried and true defense: When now addressing Laura, he only looked – always solemnly – at her forehead, so as to avoid her wanton eyes. But, his stratagem would be severely tested this time. Laura was smitten. *I will win him over.*

Then, on Friday, February 10th, Laura significantly stepped up her attack on Marc's vulnerable psyche. As Marc was walking towards her, just before the end of the period, she pushed a small red envelope off her desktop onto the floor directly in front of him. Marc bent down to pick it up. That's when from the corner of his left eye, he noticed Laura's panty-less vulva. *Oh, my! Give me strength. / I know that he just saw my pussy. I know that he wants it. Bad.*

"Uh, this fell off your desk," Marc meekly announced as he handed the obviously-a-card-inside envelope to Laura. But, this time his eyes met hers. It was lust both ways. *I got him.*

He wants me. / This girl is playing me like a forty-dollar fiddle.

“Oh, it’s for you, teacher,” she said with a flirtatious smile. *Just for you.*

Marc kept it and walked back to the lectern. The bell sounded to his supreme relief. The eleven present-day students departed the high-ceilinged, taupe-painted, retrofitted, 2nd-floor classroom. Laura was last. She turned and blew Marc a kiss from the hallway. He stared at her with a blank expression. *Danger! She’s trouble. Serious trouble, because she’s not only sexy, but smart, too. Smart as a whip. What to do now? Remember, she’s a minor. Don’t want to end up in a Northern California prison. / I must have this man. Only this man. It will be Marc and me forever. It has to be. My life has had so much tragedy. This must be where I get a nice dose of good fortune. I deserve it. The cosmos owes me. Bigtime! It’s amazing that I haven’t committed suicide. Happy days here we come!*

Back at his one-bedroom apartment in downtown Eureka, Marc ate a frozen vegetable casserole for dinner. He had saved room for dessert: Laura’s card, which he now plucked from his inner jacket pocket and gazed at on his round, maple, almost-antique dining table. *Oh dear, I can only imagine what this card is going to say. Well, let’s get it over with.*

Marc opened the 3” x 5” (7.62 cm x 12.70 cm) envelope. A Valentine’s Day card was inside. It had two, conjoined, cartoonish hearts on the front. The script text proclaimed:

Sometimes you get lucky ... and find the love of your dreams. Call us lucky. Happy Valentine’s Day!

Marc inhaled and opened the card. Laura’s penmanship was meticulous. He read the message on the left side.

I’m so very glad – way beyond words, actually – that you took the teaching job at Table Bluff, my beau. You came 2,788 miles [4,487 km] from a small Blue Ridge town in North Carolina to meet me here in this tiny remote township in northwestern coastal California. It surely must be our destiny. Or, we can just call it fate. The word doesn’t really matter, honey. What matters is that

we will be a team of two from now on. I'm so glad that I waited for you, Marc. You will be my first and only. I promise. We will get married. I will give you children, sweetie. As many, or as few, as you wish. Wonderful, beautiful, smart children. We will cherish them together. Our love will be undying for each other. Let's just go ahead and consummate our relationship this weekend, since Valentine's Day is on Tuesday. I'm at the peak of my menstrual cycle, so I'm very horny and ready for it, loverboy. I want you to give it to me hard. Oh, and don't worry about any blood from my hymen rupturing. I already took care of that. Craving your touch already. Expecting your call or text. XoxoX, Laura 707-733-XXXX

Marc sighed and took a deep breath. *She just had to be in my class. How did she know where I was living?*

Then there was a loud thud. Someone had dropped something heavy in the apartment above. It momentarily freed Marc's troubling train of thought. He then read the pre-printed words on the right side of the card's interior.

I'm so happy to have you – you and only you – as my forever Valentine! Love always, sweetheart!

Underneath this text were Laura's lip prints in bright pink lipstick. He sniffed them; they had a rose-like fragrance. *She really has it bad for me. But, why? Crazy teenage-girl hormones. Must be smart about this. One wrong step could get my ass fired. Or, worse. Probably best to just ignore her. Sure is tempting, though. No, don't even think about it.*

Marc then turned the card over. A stark-naked image was immediately – and indelibly – etched onto his brain: a full-frontal nude photo of a young lady. The mirror flash conveniently obscured the eyes and most of the nose, but it was unmistakably Laura. Marc exhaled slowly and slid the card back into its tight-fitting envelope. *Whew! What am I going to do? Guess I should just do nothing. Certainly must not contact her. It's too bad that she's not 18. [the age of consent in California] This girl has got my pickle in a pickle. And, she certainly knows it. Maybe she will just lose interest in me. Red-hot crushes usually flame out fairly fast. Just tread carefully. Ignore, ignore, ignore. Repeat. Ignore ...*

It was now almost midnight in the group home on Cannibal Island Road. Laura's roommate, a 15-year-old Asian American girl of Laotian ancestry, was already asleep. Laura was restlessly pensive. *Why hasn't he called or texted me? He's afraid; it's so obvious. Does Marc think that I'm just setting him up for epic downfall? Does he think that I'm just the bait in some sting operation? Need to set his mind straight with an e-mail. His e-mail address is on the school's online directory. Yeah, let's ease my mentor's mind. No, no, no. Don't use that one. All of those e-mail accounts are monitored by the school. Need to get his personal e-mail address. I'm sure that he has a Gmail or Yahoo account. Time to get sleuthing.*

Laura picked up her android smartphone and got to work. In just three minutes she had found Marc's Gmail address. She clicked on the hyperlink. And then, she began to type away.

Hello my wonderful husband-to-be – my dearest Marc,

I'm very concerned about you. I can't sleep, because I haven't heard from you yet. Please put your mind at rest. I'm not part of some entrapment setup to snare sexual predators of minors. Rest assured that you are not going to be featured on *Dateline NBC*. Did you really think so? I hope not.

Marc, I am now very much a woman, as evidenced by the pic that I attached to the back of that Valentine's Day card. I'm not a little girl anymore, and I'm way more mature than females my age. Well, you saw it, right? If you haven't done so already, look at the photograph, Marc. It's really me. Did you get aroused? Tell me the truth. Don't lie to me.

Anyway, I had my first period four years ago. The so-called 'legal' age of consent may be 18 in priggish California, but it's 16 in neighboring Nevada (Shall we move there? Anywhere but Reno is fine.), only 15 in France (Bon voyage à Paris, mon chéri?), 14 in most of South America, and 13 where my mother's family came from in Mexico. In some countries, it is only 12. The point is, it's just an arbitrary number, Marc. You know that I'm not a girl anymore. I'm an intelligent young woman who is smart enough to choose you over the dumb jocks and loser pill-poppers. I told them all to go fly a kite – not interested.

Trust me, I'm nothing like your faithless ex-girlfriend Kim – Miss Infidelity!

Marc, you know that I could test out of high school tomorrow. I'm not just getting an A in your class. Not to brag, but I'm not the usual, dimwitted, troubled-past chick. So, please don't say that I'm too young to know what I'm doing, saying or typing. And, don't claim that the age gap is too great. My father was 10 years older than my mom. Our gap is less than 9 years.

Now, my darling, won't you please cease with your reticence and contact me? I can't go on without you. I can't sleep with this suffocating cloud of doubt surrounding me. Marc, stop fighting our future together; embrace it!

Love now and forever,

Laura

Marc awoke at 7:49 AM. The front of his blue briefs were a gooey mess from a nocturnal emission, his first in five years. In the erotic dream, he and Laura were having sex on the Crab Park beach, just down from the high school. Right as he reached orgasm, a police car rolled up.

He took a shower, made some strong coffee, and then checked his Gmail account. He immediately saw Laura's e-mail with this subject line:

It's me, honey ... waiting ... just for you

He sighed. Then he clicked on the column line. Marc slowly read her correspondence, startled by her explicit candor and advanced reasoning. He pondered her alarming missive. *Oh, boy! How does she know about my ex-girlfriend? She's quite the tech-savvy detective. She's certainly one mature lass. But, she's only 16. And, she's completely immersed in fantasyland. What to do now? Continue to just ignore her entreaties? Absolutely. Must never respond. Should I forward this to the school principal to cover my ass? Let's think about this for a while. Maybe come up with a plan after drinking some java.*

This particular winter Saturday was very chilly, but there was no rain like the nonstop steady soaker of yesterday. Some actual rays of sun filtered through the horizontal blinds. Just as Marc switched on the small TV on the kitchen counter, there was a knock on the front door. *Ah, that must be UPS. [United Parcel Service] Yes! My vaporizer has arrived from Colorado. A perfect day to lounge around and test it out.*

Marc, certain of the person outside, opened the oak door without looking through the peephole. Standing right there was none other than pink-lipsticked Laura in black jeans and a black, zippered, faux-leather jacket. She had a dour look glued to her rouged face. *Oh, no! She's here. How did she find my address? How did she get here? Did someone drive her here? Who? Where are they now? Are we on camera?*

“Why didn’t you call me?” Laura sternly asked. “You could have at least texted me. Very inconsiderate, Marc.” *Is this really happening?*

“I’m so sorry; I, uh, was just going to,” Marc said with hesitation. *What in the world do I do now? Think!*

“Did you not get my e-mail?”

“Yes. Yes, I got it. I just read it, but haven’t had time yet to compose an appropriate reply.” *An appropriate reply?*

“Well, are you going to invite me in? It’s cold out here.” *She’s got me in a fix. She knows it. I’m trapped. Damned if I do; damned if I don’t. Oh, just let her come inside before the nosy neighbors notice her.*

“Ok, yeah, sure.” *Yes! I’m going to capture his heart. He’s Play-Doh® in my hands now. / How does this day end? Hopefully not in handcuffs.*

“Thank you, kind sir,” Laura said as she marched into the kitchen, which was just off the foyer. She immediately sat down at the table, awaiting Marc’s arrival.

Marc closed and locked the front door. His heart was pounding. He took a deep breath and slowly walked to the kitchen. *Is this my last day as a free man? Why is this happening to me? I’m no heart-throb type. I didn’t solicit this. This is a tragic movie, and I’m trapped in it. I’m going to be the fall guy. I can feel it.*

“What are we having for breakfast, dear?” Laura asked as Marc emerged in the kitchen archway.

“Uh, I have some frozen waffles. That’s about it.”

“That will be fine, honey.” *She’s psycho.*

“Laura, how did you get here?” Marc asked out of utmost interest.

“RTS. [Redwood Transit System] I jumped on the 9:14 [AM] bus in Loleta. It was only a half-hour ride. I don’t have to be back at the group home until five. We’ve got seven hours together, darling. Our first day date.” *Darling? Day date? Oh, no. Better think of something quick. Need to get her out of here and back to Loleta as soon as possible. Maybe drive her back after she eats the waffles. That way she won’t feel*

put out. Yeah, just pay her some attention and be nice to her. Humor her. Feign attraction. Maybe that will satisfy her. Hope so. Though, she sure is cute. She could easily pass for 17, or even 18, the way she looks right now. But, she's only 16. Don't forget that! Must resist temptation. Stay strong, boy. / I wonder if my man has any idea of what he's in for.

After a long pause, Marc placed the two heated waffles on a plate and walked towards the table. He set the plate down in front of Laura. They made eye contact. *Wow! She's so damn hot. Resist. Resist. Resist. / Yes! He's mine now.*

"Would you like any butter or syrup?" Marc asked.

"I'd like to taste your sausage syrup, Marc." *Oh, my.*

Marc gulped. "That's a yellow card, Laura. Do you want anything to drink?" *Hope she doesn't say semen.*

"I'll take a half-pint of your semen, sailor." *Oh, no! Resist. Resist. Resist. She's making this so hard. And now, it's hard. She just had to be a nascent nympho. What a test case. / My lover-to-be is way too tightly wound. Need to relax him.*

"Very funny, Laura. Seriously though, are you thirsty, pretty girl?" *He called me pretty! But, I'm not a girl. He knows that.*

"How about a cup of coffee, love doctor?" *Love doctor? Maintain nonchalant demeanor. Resist. Resist. Resist.*

"Sure. I think I'll have another cup, too." Marc then walked over to the coffee maker and reloaded it. Soon it was gurgling away. *After coffee, we have to leave. Or, I may lose control. May not be able to resist anymore. Might give in. / I've got him all tensed-up. Need to change that.*

Soon Marc was placing the coffees down on the table. Laura winked at him. *He wants me, and he will get me. / What a challenge of self-control this is.*

"Laura, I have to take a pee. I'll be right back." *Finally. My chance has arrived. / I hope I can urinate. I think I'm already oozing pre-cum. Where is the hyperspace button?*

When Laura heard the bathroom door close, she extracted a sachet that looked like a sugar packet from her purse. She sprinkled the fine granules into Marc's chocolate-colored coffee and gave it a few stirs with her spoon. *This should de-*

stress my studly mate. Just twenty minutes until I lose my virginity. Can't wait!

Marc soon returned to the table and took his seat, which was across from Laura. He sipped his coffee. "I think I made it a little too sweet this time."

Laura quickly got up and poured the bottom of the coffee pot into Marc's mug. "That should even it out, honey."

"Thanks." Marc then guzzled a big slug. "Yep, it tastes perfect. Great job." *Drink up, love!*

"Thanks, sweetheart." *She won't let up.*

"Young lady, can we have a frank, adult conversation?" *Yes! He said 'lady' and 'adult'.*

"Certainly, sexy." *She's not making this easy.*

"Laura, you are more mature than your years. I will readily admit that. However, you are still only 16 years old. You have a great future ahead. In just two years you would probably regret having a sexual relationship with me. You would most likely regret it for the rest of your life. Your teenage brain is still growing. Your adolescent mind is still developing. Your decision today wouldn't be the one you'd make if you were 18." *What prudish nonsense. Just wait a few more minutes. / Feeling drowsy. So very sleepy.*

Marc yawned. Then he consumed the remainder of his coffee. "Broken sleep last night. Maybe the coffee will wake me up and get me going." *I doubt that, my love.*

"Did you dream of me last night, Marc?"

Laura's question would go unanswered. Marc was now slouched-over in his chair. Six seconds later he was unconscious. *That Hard Asleep® [a date-rape drug for penile prowlers that combines a fast-acting rohypnol-like sedative with an erectile dysfunction medication] has knocked him out, just as advertised on that website.*

Laura then dragged Marc by his feet into the living room. She removed his green *Humboldt USA* T-shirt and placed it on the coffee table, right next to an ashtray that had a roach (the butt of a marijuana cigarette) in it. *Ah, I knew he toked.*

She took a puff. *Wow! My loverboy has the kind bud.*

After removing his slippers, she pulled down on his jeans. However, they were hung up on his stiffening erection. She completely unzipped them and slid them off. Then she pulled down his briefs. Marc's seven-inch (18 cm) wonder worm promptly popped out. His cock quickly became rock-hard as Laura performed felatio while vigorously rubbing her clitoris. *Yes! Phase two is working, too. This is going great.*

Marc's member soon came inside Laura's mouth. She tasted his man goo for a few seconds and then swallowed it. *Not as bad as feared.*

Four minutes later Marc's bronze penis was at full-staff once more. Laura mounted him. She let her moist vagina slide down his shaft. *Woah!*

Laura rode him hard and fast. At the 13-minute mark, she experienced her first male-organ-induced orgasm. She tingled. Her mind soared into uncharted realms. *Wow!*

Marc moaned, but couldn't catch consciousness as Laura rode his joystick to three more orgasms over the next 73 minutes.

Then suddenly, at 12:12 PM, the apartment shook. It was a moderate earthquake. The temblor toppled a large clay urn onto Marc's head. He died instantly. Never saw it coming.

The sharp jolts continued for 14 seconds, and then settled into rolling waves for 21 seconds. The physical damage was limited to broken glass items that fell from the shelves.

Laura was freaked-out by what had just transpired, but kept a remarkable steely composure. She retrousered Marc. Then she crouched down beside his lifeless body for a few minutes. She kissed him, tidied up, and then covertly exited.

On the late RTS bus back to Loleta, Laura despondently stared out the window. *Another tragic loss. So, what's new? That's how this life goes for people like me. Tragedy always hovers over us. I'd be foolish to call the police now. Really no need to. Eventually Marc's body will be found. Probably within a couple of days. Once he doesn't show up at school on Monday, they will notice his car at the apartment. The police will probably find his body on Monday afternoon. They will think that no one was there with him. A solo earthquake casualty. If they only knew what was going on beforehand.*

Will they be able to find out? I cleaned up everything pretty good. Doubt they do an autopsy. Cause of death is obvious.

Without warning the bus lurched violently to the right, as the driver swerved to avoid an aftershock-widened rift in the US 101 pavement. Unfortunately, he overcorrected. The bus then flipped over the galvanized steel guardrail and hurtled towards a muddy slough on South Bay, landing on Laura's side. Bodies got tossed about like ping-pong balls. However, most of the passengers would survive. Though, Laura would not be one of them. Her head was struck by a barbed-wire fence post.