

This is a short story I wrote for Tell Me A Story – a 24-hour event in Lucy Score’s reader group, where readers help you craft a love story – choosing names, tropes, locations and other key details. Then they toss in a few hundred wildcard items to see how zany you can make your story. Oh – and you have just 24 hours to write it.

So to recap, HEAD OVER HEELS is an F/F romance about good girl Meadow and bad girl Stevie, with a touch of enemies-to-lovers snark, and a level 5 flame-rating (it’s what the readers requested!) It’s set in a roller skating rink and also a Blockbuster in 2002 on Valentine’s Day.

HEAD OVER HEELS
Kathryn Nolan

MEADOW -

It was Valentine’s Day - the most romantic day of the year - and I was celebrating it at the CN Skate Palace’s Eighties Night.

In the small town of Lucyville we only had *one* roller skating rink and Eighties Night was about as much fun as we could have around here. Which made it the perfect location to raise money for Edgar, the kitten.

I straightened the pink bow in my hair and brushed a stray piece of lint from my sweater (with shoulder-pads, of course). In my fanny-pack, I’d brought candy hearts to honor the holiday and entice any reluctant skaters to donate to my cause. Tossing my blond ponytail, I plastered my perfect head-cheerleader-smile on my face and *dared* any town members to walk by my table.

I waved ecstatically to my old friend from high school, Stormi Adcox, who widened her eyes and tried to shuffle away on her skates without me noticing her. “I see you over there, Stormi,” I called with a smile. “Edgar needs you! You see, he’s got this problem with his back leg and his owner needs just \$137 more dollars to fix it and —”

“I can’t hear you over the music *byeeeee*” Stormi called, skating away backwards.

I swallowed a sigh of frustration but kept my spirits up - and my smile. Certainly, since graduating from college I’d spent most weekends this summer raising money for various animals in need at this exact skating rink. But the town was starting to avoid me like the plague. The problem was, I had a reputation to maintain as Meadow Monroe and my four years away at college had chipped away at an image I’d been perfecting since birth.

Girl Scout. Cheerleader. Debate Club. Prom Queen. I’d gotten straight A’s because *of course*, volunteered at nonprofits, sang at recitals, brought groceries to my neighbors, picked up trash on the streets, fostered dogs, babysat kids, made bouquets for our farmer’s market and always, always, *always* said and did the right thing.

So why the fuck wasn’t anyone donating money to help save this *hapless fucking kitten*?

I blew out a long slow breath and straightened the pictures of Edgar until they were in neat rows. Then I looked out onto the rink and saw the source of *all* of my problems since forever.

Stevie Sullivan skated gracefully to Queen’s “Another One Bites the Dust” in neon pink hot pants that almost matched the shade of her infamously pink hair. Long and thick, it flowed

behind her as she spun and twirled, winking at a cluster of women we'd gone to high school with.

Her legs were long in a way that always irritated me, and she wore an acid-wash jean jacket over what was essentially just a black lace bra, exposing the planes of her smooth stomach. My fingers fluttered to my thick white sweater with its high collar.

She must have felt me staring - she *always* caught me staring - because she stopped in the middle of the rink. Blue and green strobe lights danced around her body as she smiled at me like the cat that got the cream.

"Do not come over here," I said to myself, then waved passionately at a few family friends lest anyone see me angry.

She did not pick up on my psychic message. Instead, she began skating over with her brow arched and her lips pursed. We had known each other since the sixth grade, had gone to high school together *and* the same college, and it seemed as if her only purpose in my life was to torment me with her...her...*chaotic energy*. She was my anti everything - the town Bad Girl, except she didn't hate the moniker. She cultivated it. Her first tattoo was at sixteen. Her first car was a motorcycle she still rode around. At one point, she had hooked up with half of the cheerleaders on my squad and I'd had to sit and listen to them whisper and blush about her talents in bed.

She'd pulled pranks, broken every curfew, blown off school events. Worst of all?

She always appeared to be having *fun*.

Like now for example, skating up to me as "Raspberry Beret" came on. I fixed my happy smile in place. She skated to a stop and propped her hands on the table. Both of her ears had, easily, eight piercings each plus the gold ring in her nose. Thick black eyeliner made the green of her eyes lighter, like the color of sage.

Her lips were pink as bubblegum.

"See something you like, Meadow?" she asked.

A flush worked its way up my neck. Her voice was...interesting. Low, a little scratchy, teasing.

"Not at all," I said. "I was just wondering how on earth you could stand punching all of those holes in your ear? You know it's going to last forever, don't you?"

She reached back to touch them, pulling back her jacket with her. "Why, because of the pain?"

I did *not* look at the swell of her breasts in that lace.

I *did* keep my chin lifted like I hadn't a care in the world.

"Among other things," I sniffed.

Her eyes flashed, wicked. "The good girl is afraid of a little pain, then?"

"I'm not afraid of anything, thank you very much," I said. "And don't call me that."

"Fine." She held out her hand. "It's Valentine's Day and you're here...let's see...raising money for a kitten named *Edgar*?"

"He needs surgery to fix his *leg*," I said, exasperated.

She dropped her hand back to the table and leaned over, much too close. I couldn't stop staring at her mouth. "Don't you want to have a Valentine's Day that's a little more...sexy?"

"I don't need sexy."

"Everyone needs sexy, even you, Meadow Monroe." Her eyes danced down my body. "I mean, come on, you're wearing a *fanny pack*. That's the sexiest thing I've ever seen."

I rolled my eyes but didn't catch the smile in time. Not my fake one. My real one. "Were you put on this earth to tease me?"

"I wasn't teasing and you have a beautiful smile."

My eyes met hers, startled.

She held out her hand. "They're about to do the couple's skate. Come skate with me."

"But the kitten," I said lamely, because my heart was beating so loudly it drowned out the music.

Stevie reached into the pocket of her jean jacket and pulled out a wad of cash. She counted it quickly, then placed \$140 on the table. "I came prepared because I'm on a mission. If I pay off Edgar's medical debt, will you skate with me?"

"You're serious?" I asked.

"I swear on my dogs, Walter and Tinsley," she said.

"Wait, you really got those dogs?" I'd heard that Stevie Sullivan had adopted two rescue dogs this summer but didn't believe it. I figured she'd be too busy flirting outrageously with pretty girls and causing unending chaos wherever she went.

"Why wouldn't I have? I love animals," she said. "I'm definitely trying to skate with you, but I would have helped Edgar either way, duh."

And then, too stunned to say a word, Stevie grabbed my hand and pulled me further onto the rink. The lights turned to white, "Head Over Heels" by Tears for Fears came on, and the announcer declared, "That's right ladies and gentlemen, it's time for that age-old tradition. *The couple's skate.*"

The floor filled with other couples, paired off like me and Stevie and *oh my god I was holding hands with Stevie.*

She turned to me with a sly grin, as if reading my mind. This close, she wasn't just bubblegum lips and perfect cheekbones and long, soft hair. This close, she was achingly beautiful in a way I had worked very, very hard to ignore my entire life.

Electrifying sensation emanated from the place where our hands touched.

"My plan is already working," she said smugly.

She started to skate and I moved to stay with her.

"What plan?" I asked, warily.

"My plan to seduce you, of course."

I tripped at her words, laces tangling, and spun through the air. Stevie skid to a stop and caught me in her arms, bending me back like she was dipping me during a dance.

"Thanks," I panted.

"I didn't mean to startle you."

"You think telling your arch nemesis you want to seduce her is just regular old small talk?"

"Arch *nemesis*?" She threw her head back on a laugh that gave me a butterfly feeling. Stevie spun me back up and skated us over to the far corner, where there was a little bench to sit and rest. She sat me down carefully then joined me, keeping our hands entwined. I couldn't stop staring at her hand, at the flowers tattooed on the inside of her wrist and the many silver rings that decorated her fingers like lights on a Christmas tree.

She propped our joined hands on the top of my thigh, exposed by the eighties-style knee socks I'd worn on purpose. I didn't miss the way she examined my bare skin like ice cream she desperately wanted to lick.

When her eyes met mine, I thought she looked nervous for all of one second.

"When did you get the impression you were my arch-nemesis?" she asked.

“Every single day of our lives together,” I said automatically.

She smirked, opened my palm, caressed it with her thumb. “You can’t be serious, right?”

“You and I have been enemies since sixth grade English,” I said. “Besides, it’s the natural order of things. I was head *cheerleader* which makes the artsy, punk rock girl with pink hair my immediate adversary.”

Her eyes dropped to my lips. “That’s right. Meadow the rule follower.”

“Society needs rules or it would just be pure hedonism. Or, I don’t know, your idea of a Saturday night.”

She laughed again - a silvery, lightning-type sound. “Ouch, that burns.” She pressed her thumb into the center of my palm like a kiss, a caress, then began making wide circles. All of my awareness went right to her thumb. Well, the remaining awareness that wasn’t still staring at her mouth.

She leaned in closer to me. “Meadow,” she said on a husky whisper. “If you think I’m your adversary, you haven’t been paying attention.”

My cheeks went flame-red hot. “What does that mean?”

She lightly pushed up the sleeve of my sweater, revealing the inside of my wrist. She replaced her thumb with two, stroking fingers, that lingered over my pulse point. Circled. “How many rules have you broken?”

“None.”

“Why not?”

The circling was distracting.

“You’re not supposed to.”

“Says who?” The back of her knuckles brushed across my thigh again.

“Everyone,” I said, and it came out like a whimper.

A low pulse beat between my legs. I wasn’t a virgin, even though I’m sure Stevie assumed that I was. I’d had sex with a few women in college, and the experiences had been perfectly nice and regular. I hadn’t been aware of...missing something.

Siting on this bench with Stevie, eighties music blaring and spotlights shining, I was aware of missing everything. Her beauty was like the sharp edge of a knife, dangerous and intriguing, and I avoided both of those things on purpose. A good girl didn’t do anything dangerous and never went out of her way to be intriguing. *Intriguing* was for sin and temptation, things that were delicious because they were forbidden.

Stevie was the apple I couldn’t have but was longing to bite.

She brushed my ponytail behind my shoulder, exposing my neck. She dipped her mouth to my skin, her face hidden behind the curtain of her own hair.

Those fingers went *stroke stroke stroke*.

“What if I told you I was very good at breaking the rules?” she whispered at my ear. “What if I told you I came here tonight to break the rules with you? Because it’s Valentine’s Day and the only person I want to spend it with is you.”

I blinked, dazed. That didn’t make sense, right?

“Meadow.” She scraped her teeth at my ear and I actually gasped out loud. She tightened the circles along the inside of my wrist, short, deliberate circles that I felt between my legs, as if she’d slipped her fingers beneath my shorts to touch me right where I needed it. “The thing about rule breaking is that it feels *so damn good*.” She kissed my neck. My eyes closed. Her fingers stroked higher, nearing the crease of my elbow. “Let me give you every dirty fantasy you’ve ever had.”

“I don’t...have any,” I whispered.

“I know that’s not true.”

It was not true, but I didn’t dare say it out loud. Didn’t dare admit that my whole *life* was one big dirty fantasy I never felt comfortable admitting out loud.

“How could you possibly know that?”

Her knuckles dragged back and forth across the top of my thigh. I was tempted to uncross them, give her more access.

“Because beneath those sweater sets and cheer uniforms, I recognized a matching soul when I saw one, sweetheart.”

The endearment made my head spin.

“And *yes* I used to check you out in that cheer uniform of yours. And *yes* I had a lot of fantasies that involved fucking you in it.”

I gasped much too loudly this time - too shocked, too aroused, too *everything* - and Stevie’s hand flew to my mouth. Her eyes were playful and happy, and her cheeks were as flushed as mine.

And that’s when all of the lights in the roller-skating rink went out.

“I’m sorry, what’s your plan again?” I asked, as we raced through the parking lot, skates forgotten. “And does seducing me involve light kidnapping?”

Stevie spun around, hair flying, and winked at me. “It’s a surprise, good girl.”

“Did you plan for the generator to go out at the skate palace?”

We were in the strip mall next door, directly in front of the Blockbuster.

“I’m not that good, sadly. But I am *great* at taking advantage of opportune moments.” She was balanced on the low, thin wall directly outside the door, reaching up for something. I crossed my arms across my chest and didn’t look at the fabric of her hot pants, exposing the curve of her ass.

I had a lot of fantasies that involved fucking you.

I couldn’t believe I was doing this. I had volunteer shifts at the library I could be taking right now. I just needed a nice, quiet evening surrounded by dusty books and then I’d forget all of these impulses.

Stevie dropped back down with a triumphant “Ah-ha!” She tossed me a flirtatious look.

“Used to date a girl who worked here and she told me where they kept the spare key.”

“It’s not open tonight?”

“Nope,” she said. She wiggled the key, stuck out her tongue, and then cheered as the door swung open. She grabbed my wrist and pulled me inside, and I didn’t stop myself from smiling in response to her joy.

“There it is,” she said. “That pretty smile of yours.”

I looked at the ground, shy. But she tugged me further in. The store was mostly dark, lit up by red emergency lights, which gave it a strangely romantic glow. The front of the store was filled with cardboard cut outs of the cast from *Lord of the Rings* and *Spider-Man*.

“So this wasn’t exactly what I had in mind, seduction-wise,” she said, “but it’ll have to do.” She made a humming sound, then picked up a VHS tape. “Did you have a crush on her in this movie or what?”

I snatched it from her and examined the front. *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

I went to lie, but instead unfiltered truth came stumbling out. “I had a poster of Madonna that I used to practice kissing on growing up.”

“I knew it,” she said. “I knew you were a little freak, Meadow Monroe.”

“I am no such thing. I am a stand-up member of our town and society as a whole!” I called after her.

I placed the VHS tape back carefully, between *Splash* and *Sweet Home Alabama*, then eyed the front door.

“You’re sure we’re not going to get in trouble?” I asked.

“Are you scared?”

“No,” I said. “This is just technically my first breaking-and-entering experience. And first experience being seduced, so it’s a lot of new information for me.”

She popped out from behind an aisle, long hair hanging down. She grinned at me. “No cute girl at college ever seduced you?”

“Not really, no, but I was too busy pursuing my double major in English and international studies.”

“So I’m your first?” She waggled her eyebrows. “Come on, follow me. I’ve found the perfect place.”

She swished into a backroom area and I was, apparently, absolutely helpless to resist her. Like a person being seduced, I guess. Inside was a staff lounge area, and Stevie was already sitting on the long couch. She patted the spot next to her and I went, mesmerized.

And then she worked her jean jacket off and tossed it over the side. Stevie Sullivan sat on a couch, waiting for me, in a black lace bra and pink hot pants, staring at me like I was the girl she’d *always* been waiting for.

I gulped. Actually *gulped*. But then I sat down primly, knees together, and looked at the stack of books and magazines on the table.

“Did you, you know, have sex in here with the woman you dated who worked here?” I asked, vibrating with jealousy.

“I did not,” she said. She rustled in the pocket of her jacket for a small plastic bag of candy. “What do we have for reading material?”

Needing the distraction from staring point blank at her breasts, I grabbed the stack like it was the most interesting thing I’d ever seen. “Um...oh, People Magazine from last week. Gwen Stefani got married?”

She tapped Gwen’s picture. “My first crush.”

I hesitated, then said, “Mine too.”

“*Called it.*”

“Okay, you don’t have to be smug about it,” I said, but grinned at her. “And what about *this* treasure right here?”

She snatched it from me and burst out laughing. “Oh my god. An *erotic vegan cookbook*?”

“With Danny DeVito on the cover *and* Tony Danza.”

She tossed it back. “I’m scared to see what else we’ve got. But I’m looking forward to seeing your reaction to these.” She pulled open the small plastic bag and spilled its contents. I peered over. “Candy hearts?”

I removed my own from my fanny pack, which I then tossed to the ground in sheer embarrassment when I realized I was still wearing it. While Stevie lounged around looking like an alternative pin-up girl.

She plucked one from my hand and popped it into her mouth. “Not just any.” She grabbed one from her pile and handed it to me. I squinted to read the lettering: *Kiss her dirty*.

Another landed in my palm. This one said: *Kiss her sweet*.

“What...” I coughed. “Sorry, what are these?”

“Our Valentine’s Day game.” She tugged until I was facing her, both of us cross-legged. Her hair cascaded over one shoulder as she smiled up at me.

“You are stunning,” I said softly.

Her eyes softened. *She* blushed. “Thank you.”

I opened my palm to show her. The heart I had said: *Tell her the truth*.

She swallowed. “How long have you known that truth, Meadow?”

I placed it gently on the table. “Years, I think.”

When our eyes reconnected, there was a different kind of tension there. A trust that ached, a hope that shimmered, and *so much fucking lust*.

“This is mine.” She held up the heart. It said: *Kiss her somewhere below the neck*. “So you’ll have to take off that gorgeous sweater.”

I laughed, felt silly. “The shoulder pads were for a *theme*.” But I did as the candy heart told me, sliding my sweater off and tossing it to the ground. I was just in my shorts and knee-high socks and a white lace bra that was basically see-through.

Stevie’s eyes went wide, chest rising and falling as she stared at my breasts. “Didn’t know a good girl like you had lingerie like that?”

“Maybe I have some fantasies,” I said. Eyes on mine, she reached forward, tugged the bow from my hair, and sent the strands tumbling down my shoulders. Stevie stroked her fingers through it.

“I used to stare at the sun glinting off of your hair in class,” she said. And then she leaned forward and pressed a kiss right between my breasts. She lingered, breath warm on my skin, and I let instinct take over, touching the top of her head, feeling the silk of her pink tresses. Her lips moved up, to my collarbone, and then along it. Kiss, after kiss. Up my throat. And then she stopped.

Handed me a heart.

Share a sexy dream, it said.

Her hand cupped my face as she kept up those teasing kisses along my neck. A moan escaped my lips and she sighed happily. I wrapped my arms around her waist, tugged her closer, fluttered my fingers along her rib cage. “Last month I had a dream,” I whispered.

“You didn’t,” she said on a soft laugh.

“I did,” I admitted. My fingers hooked under the strap of her bra, tugged it down with reverence. I bit my lip at the sight of her bare breasts. “We were in bed together. It was morning. I was...” I paused, more scared than I wanted to admit. Scared to admit that beneath my good girl veneer was a woman desperate to claw her way to hot freedom and sexy fantasies and chaotic liberation and doing *whatever the fuck she wanted*.

“Tell me, sweetheart,” she said at my ear. Her nipple pebbled against my palm and I was so turned on I was lightheaded.

“I was fucking you.”

“Yes,” she sighed.

“You were coming on my hand. You were so wet. I just...” I gripped her pink hair and tugged her head back until we were facing each other, limbs entangled on this couch in the middle of a damn Blockbuster. Her pupils were dilated, eyeliner smudged. Cheeks flushed, lips

parted. Stevie was turned on by me. By *me*. And I'd never ridden a motorcycle or had sex in a supply closet or snuck out of class or lied or cheated or eaten too much dessert because life was too short not too.

I'd done none of it. And yet, the town Bad Girl was wrapped around my body, fingers in my hair, looking at me like she wanted to set the world on fire for me.

"You just what?" she said, nudging her nose against mine.

I reached past her for a candy heart. Turned it over so we could both read it.

It said: *kiss her dirty*.

I dropped it to the floor.

I tucked a strand of pink hair behind her ear and lifted her chin. Our lips were so close.

"In this instance," she whispered, "I'd love for you to follow that rule."

I captured Stevie's mouth in a kiss that seared us both. Her mouth was soft but firm, hot and apple-sweet. She opened for me on a throaty moan and for the first time in my life, I took what I wanted. Stevie pushed me back and straddled me on that couch, and I had my hands full of her hair and her wet heat pressed right against my body. I kissed Stevie hard enough to bruise, nipped her bottom lip and yanked the rest of that lace bra all the way down. She threw her head back and sighed as I descended down her throat to her breasts.

Stevie Sullivan, on my lap, rocking against me as I fluttered my tongue against her nipple the same way she'd stroked my wrist earlier. She gripped my hair, pulled, hips moving in a seductive circle. Suddenly she was standing, pulling me with her.

"Clothes, off. Everything, off," she said, our lips still connected. We were both naked seconds later, her body lush and full and decadent. She spun me around and pulled my back flush to her breasts. She twisted my hair into her fist and pulled back gently as her hand roamed down my body to dip between my legs.

"I've had a lot of dreams about you, good girl," she said. Her index finger landed on my clit and circled just right. My back arched and I hissed at her fist, tightening in my hair. "In college, I would always see you studying late in the library and wanted to beg you to let me help you take the edge off."

"Oh *god*," I whimpered. Her fingers moved faster, drawing me close to the edge.

She spun me back around and shoved me onto the couch. She dropped to her knees and propped my feet onto her shoulders. Then she slowly dipped her head, her tongue landing on my clit, and my world became pure, golden euphoria.

"Wouldn't you have studied better with me on my knees beneath that desk?" she murmured, licking me long, slow, exploring every fold.

"I definitely..." I panted, "...definitely would have been more motivated *oh my god*."

My head fell back, hands in Stevie's hair, as she licked my clit in perfectly firm circles, lifting me higher and higher. She deftly slid two fingers inside me, hooking up to find a bundle of nerve endings previously undiscovered by any former lover. Her name fell from my lips like a mantra as I writhed on that couch with my legs spread wide, and when a gloriously intense, rule-breaking orgasm broke over me, I screamed Stevie's name not caring if anyone heard me.

She sat back on her heels with a satisfied smile before I was pulling her in for another kiss, this one hotter. Deeper. More possessive. "Is this you seducing me?" I asked, still panting.

She laughed against my lips. "I don't know, is it working?"

I pressed her onto her back on the couch and settled between her legs. I wedged my thigh against her core and purred when I felt how wet she was. I took my time, kissing her neck the

way she'd done. Lingering on her breasts, her stomach, kissing her again and again as she writhed against my leg.

"*Please fuck me,*" she begged, three words I *never* thought I'd hear from her beautiful mouth. Her knee hooked higher on my waist as I slid one, then two fingers inside of her. She was perfect, she was everything, and so responsive as soon as I started fucking her. I worked my hand in and out of her, increasing the pace, watching her body for what she liked, what she needed.

"You have no idea," she moaned, "you have no idea how much...*oh god*...that fucking cheerleading skirt of yours should have been illegal, Meadow."

I laughed softly, pressed my forehead to hers. "Did I feature in all of your dirty fantasies?"

"Didn't I feature in yours?" she asked, capturing my mouth and biting my lip. I groaned against her, felt her body starting to tighten around my fingers. Her hand slid up my thigh, fingers finding my clit again. "Together, please? Come with me, sweetheart."

"Oh..." I dropped my head to her neck, "oh *god* I'm still...sensitive...oh yes, that's perfect." I shifted over her, so she could touch my clit while I fucked her with my fingers, and she stared right into my eyes as we came together, shuddering and kissing, hearts racing in perfect sync.

Stevie held up one last heart, the one that said: *kiss her sweet*. And she did, thumb stroking across my cheek as our bodies slowly returned to normal.

"Stevie?"

"Hmmm?" she said, lazily stroking my hair.

I propped up onto my elbow and kissed her. "What did you mean when you said I hadn't been paying attention?"

"I've been in love with you for years, good girl." She beamed at me, tapped my nose. "That's why I'm always hangin' around."

The truth slid through me like something chaotic and poetic. Just like Stevie. "I love you too."

"Yeah?" Her smile widened as she pulled me back in for another long, hungry kiss. "Well what do you want to do about that? Valentine's Day isn't over, and we've got this whole Blockbuster to ourselves."

I picked up one of the candy hearts. It said: *make her blush*. "How about we break some more rules?"

THE END

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