

# ZOE CHAPTER ELEVEN

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Romance continues to blossom between zoe and devon

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## Chapter Eleven

Aunt Isabel and cousin Cynthia showed Gene and I around their huge farmhouse. I had gasped in awe at the beauty of it and how clean and tidy they kept it especially having five people living there. They showed us their lovely horses in the stables outside and told us that the stallion cousin Devon had ridden earlier was named Fritz which he bought at a summer fair two years before.

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Aunt Isabel served dinner up at half past that evening and it was the tastiest chicken casserole I had ever tasted. I told my aunt this and it made her very happy.

Both cousin Oliver and Devon commented I had an appetite of a horse and then burst out laughing and so did everyone else including me.

For the rest of the evening we sat around in the living room talking about politics, to discrimination, then followed onto racism. I made my point out strongly on how I despised and disliked people who were prejudice against black people; I told them about one of my best friends, Crystal, and our cruel, racist teacher, Miss Hardman back at school and they all looked totally disgusted shaking their heads.

Gene had gone to bed at half past nine and I was shocked to find it was half past one in the morning already!

I quickly accused myself and thanked Aunt Isabel again for a wonderful dinner and said goodnight then went up to my new bedroom. I walked into the room and turned on the side light on my navy blue desk and then began changing into my short sleeved knee length pink nightie. I turned off the light and climbed into my new comfortable bed. As soon as my head hit the soft, peach coloured pillow I fell asleep.

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Over the next few years I had spent a lot of time playing with Gene as I had promised and talked to my cousin Cynthia about boys and clothes. I helped Aunt Isabel around the farmhouse with the cleaning, ironing, washing, feeding the animals - chickens, horses, two beautiful German Shepherd dogs, pigs. I also spent time with cousin Oliver playing tennis on the tennis court they had and he'd win every match we played. He said I was still a beginner and it will probably take time for me to get the hang of it. But he promised to give me a few tips on how to hold a racquet properly and some extra tennis lessons as well which I was truly grateful for.

Cousin Devon would take me out on one of his hacks where we'd horse ride through the woods and countryside and sometimes along the beach that was nearby. Riding side by side as the waves crashed over our horses' hooves. We'd talk non-stop about anything and make each other laugh. He'd make an excuse one way or another to touch my hand.

Then one bright, hot summer afternoon when cousin Devon and I were out on our usual hack, we trotted through a beautiful green meadow filled with lots of colourful flowers growing in it.. He suggested we stop here for a while and admire the scenery. I agreed.

Devon climbed off his horse and helped me off mine landing in his strong arms as we gazed back at each other. He turned away and tied both of the horses' reins around a huge tree that was close tightly and then sat

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down in the meadow. I sat down beside him.

"it's so beautiful here," I said. I sighed in awe.

He nodded in agreement and took off his beige coloured cowboy hat and held it in his hands. "I used to come up here when Oliver, Cynthia, and I were younger and we'd play hide and seek in the grass," Devon chuckled remembering the memory. "I come up here by myself when I need time to think on my own to gather up my thoughts."

I stared at the profile of his face and thought how beautiful he was and how every time I saw him my heart would pound a thousand times faster than its usual pace and everything seemed a complete, utter blur, except for Devon. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't get him out of my head. I was madly, deeply in love with my cousin! I must be totally insane to have any kind of romantic feelings to be in love with him.

The still summer breeze picked up and blew a strand of my long blonde hair into my face. I had pinned my hair up, but a few strands had fallen away.

Devon turned to me and delicately pushed my hair from my face and eyes. I smiled, he smiled too. He gazed deeply into my blue eyes with his. I was thinking, please kiss me. As if he had heard me pleading for him to kiss me silently, Devon cupped my chin with his right hand and then leaned slowly towards me his head to one side as his lips fell upon mine.

I had closed my eyes and tilted my head to one side and felt his lips pressed against mine. He kissed me again to make sure I wasn't daydreaming. This time it was longer and passionate. When we stopped, we stared into one another's eyes and for the first time since Gene and I had arrived, I knew I had found the love of my life.

"I love you, Zoe," Devon made a shocking but delightful declaration, as romance and passion surged through our bodies and hearts. "I've been in love since the day you arrived. For all that time I have been fighting back the forbidden feelings I have for you because we're cousins. But I cannot deny any longer."

"I love you too, Devon," I replied softly. For so many years I'd been searching for the man of my dreams to say that to me and now I feel as though I have found him. It felt so right kissing and hugging your cousin.

We kissed each other passionately and I felt his hands running up my arms and across my chest to the small buttons on my light blue summer dress. He looked up into my eyes to see if it was OK to go further and I nodded. Devon unbuttoned the top button, then the next, and his hand made its way down till all the buttons were undone.

With my pounding heart beating furiously against my chest with passion, love, and nervousness, I began unbuttoning his white, thin shirt then his brown trousers.

Soon we were naked in a passionate lovers' embrace with our bodies entwined with one another as we made love. Slowly at first and then faster as passion raged through us. We reached new heights of sexual appetite. I'd never felt anything like that before. Never imagined that I would let a man touch me ever again after I was raped when I was seventeen. But being with cousin Devon made it perfect.

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