

Chapter Ten

Things were good, well, better than good, between Mitchell Hudgins and April Schweiter. They were the “sweethearts” of the eighth grade, as adults would say. April preferred to think of them as the “hot couple” of the eighth grade. April’s parents liked Mitchell, and to April’s delight, often said yes when April asked to have him over. They would hang out in the basement that her dad finished himself.

It had a pool table in one quadrant, space for a ping pong table which was folded against the wall, and a piano in another quadrant. To the left of the staircase there was casual furniture with hot pink canvas cushions with white piping around the edges, a stereo, and sliding doors that opened up to the backyard. What April’s parents called a “wet bar” was to the right of the staircase.

They would play some [Rolling Stones](#), sit on the pink couch, and make out. One time Mitchell brought his hand to her breast over her shirt. Eventually it became a regular thing. They enjoyed getting each other aroused. They had a hard time stopping.

“Mom, can I go to Mitchell’s house today?” April asked Harriet as casually as she could one Saturday morning a few weeks later.

“No dear, I’m going to grandma’s house today. We’ve got a few things to take care of.” April’s heart sank. She knew it! She knew her mother would say no. She almost started to tear up. She was surprised by her own strong reaction. Nothing’s ever easy, April thought.

“But I’m taking Janet and Tim with me, at least you don’t have to babysit.” Harriet offered in consolation.

“Then what gives mom? Why can’t I go?”

“Well, you’re dad’s working and I’ll be too far away to have you be out of the house all afternoon.” This made absolutely no sense to April. She wondered how it made any sense to her mother. But it was a moot point. April walked away.

She went to her room to mope. She picked up the phone and called Mitchell. It was a cold, crisp and sunny day. Close to the holidays and winter break. April explained to Mitchell about her mom putting the kibosh on April going to his house even though there was absolutely no good reason why not. As she was saying it out loud an idea started to take shape in her thoughts.

“Hey, I know!” April began. “I can ride my bike!”

“Whoa, April, it’s pretty far. And you have to go up Route Ten.”

“You’ve done it before! I’m sure I can manage.” It’s funny how the teenagers concern was not in the legality of the act, after all April’s mother had already said no, but in its length and course.

Shortly after her mother left with her brother and sister, April took off on her ten speed. She felt great! It was fun. She felt free and alive. It made her daydream about when she would be older and not under her mother’s thumb anymore. That would happen, right? She started counting the years. In ten years she would be twenty-three. Wow! Twenty-three would be cool! But what if her mother still wanted to control her? Could that be what Harriet’s plan is? April didn’t know. She shuttered the thought.

After she navigated the traffic on Route Ten she wound her way through some neighborhoods and had no trouble finding Mitchell’s house at the end of his street. She parked her bike in the driveway and spied the baseball field and Greystone Junior High through the trees beyond the court. A dog began to bark inside the house.

Mitchell stepped out the front door with the Hudgins’ Collie, Cleo. He gave April a once-over and a big hug. “You made it!”

“Duh!” joked April as they walked to the kitchen.

“Mom, this is April Schweiter.”

“Hello Mrs. Hudgins.” Maybe she didn’t follow her parents rules all the time, but that’s not to say they didn’t raise a polite young lady!

Mitchell gave April some Hawaiian Punch. As she drank it he grabbed some Devil Dogs and two apples. He stuffed them in the pocket of his hoodie and they went back outside.

"What're we doin'?" April asked.

"I don't want to hang around here. Too many eyes." They got on their bikes. They headed down the street, made a right the opposite way from which April came into the neighborhood, and eventually onto a dirt path.

"My brother and his friends built a treehouse back here a few years ago when they were freshmen." April looked at him. "It's still here. It's groovy!"

It really was. It had a ladder up to a small door. It was dry and pretty warm. There was a piece of beige shag carpeting covering the floor. It was musty smelling, but ok. There were some crushed beer cans in two of the corners.

"Whaddaya think of the joint?" asked Mitchell as they clambered inside.

"Yeah, this is neat-o!" said April as she looked around.

"And speaking of joints!" Mitchell laughed at his own joke as he pulled a doobie from the back pocket of his Levis.

April and Mitchell had fun being high and being together. They talked, laughed, and were thankful for the snacks when the munchies set in. When they could resist no longer they lay down on the beige shag rug. Mitchell felt her breasts over her shirt, then eventually under her shirt. The two of them were passionate, talking little, hesitating, then unable to resist the urge to go farther. Mitchell moved April's hand to where his dick was under his jeans. April tentatively rubbed him over his jeans. She could feel the hard shape of him. Mitchell went to unzip when April murmured a no, and pushed his hand away. He felt her over her pants as well. April could feel her vagina open up safely away in her underpants. They were not ready for this.

Suddenly they heard what sounded like a dozen little kids crunching through the leaves laughing and yelling. Mitchell and April scrambled up. Mitchell stuck his head out the window while April fastened her bra and fixed her shirt and hair. In actuality it was only 3 boys who suddenly noticed the bikes and looked up at Mitchell in the treehouse.

"What are you doing there?" one of the boys said.

"Not much but I hope these beer cans here aren't yours!" Mitchell scolded, trying to change the subject.

"And what if they are?"

"You're right!" replied Mitchell climbing out of the tree house with April shyly behind him. "You're life!"

At that Mitchell and April cut out on their bikes and started cracking up. They rode back to Mitchell's house where Mrs. Hudgins was unpacking groceries from brown paper bags. Mitchell dug into one and found a can of spray cheese. After squeezing some of the cheese directly into his mouth his mom complained,

"Now, Mitch! Honestly!" April could tell he was showing off for her in front of his mom. He grabbed some crackers and in a fit of munchies April and Mitchell polished off the can. Just then Mitchell's brother Dave walked in. He picked up the can and a cracker and then realized the can was empty.

"No way! What a rip off!" He said as it dawned on him that two kids just scarfed down a whole can of spray cheese in record time. He gave the two of them a long, sideways look, then walked away.