

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 ...*

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