

LEGENDARY BLUE DIAMOND
THREE

CHAPTER ONE

Australian autumn: 2014AD. Not far from a beachside suburb of Melbourne.

PEYTON HAYES lifted her young naked body off her boyfriend Zac Forland. In the silver glow of the rising crescent moon seeping through the open upstairs bedroom window, she walked quietly across the thick carpeted floor. Pushing her ear against the locked door, Peyton listened for the noise that woke her. Muffled laughing coming from the bedroom at the end of the hall made her giggle. She lifted her hand to her mouth to muffle the noise.

“What are you up to?” whispered Zac. “When I woke I discovered you weren’t in the bed.” He pulled the sheet away to show off the fact he looked ready to make love again.

Peyton raised a finger to her lips, sending him a scolded look.

Zac slipped off the dark blue silk sheet, making his six-foot frame walk across the room. He swiped a cigarette from off the computer table. Placing it in his mouth he lit the end and sucked in the smoke. He placed the white paper stick in the ash tray and stepped over, pushing his manhood against Peyton’s thigh while simultaneously slipping his arm around her waist. He immediately started to kiss her shoulder, collar bone then her left ear.

“Your parents are home early from the restaurant,” Peyton explained. “They’re doing what we did earlier.”

“Twice,” corrected Zac. He shifted his lips and began kissing her neck. He made a point of lifting his hand so he could grope her breast. “I think we should try for a third time.”

“Your parents are no more than six metres away. I don’t think so.”

Zac flashed Peyton a mischievous expression. “I love to live on the wild side.”

“I don’t.”

“Trust me they won’t care.”

Peyton squared herself to Zac. She gave him a quick kiss. “Well, I do.”

“Can I entice you back into bed if I said happy eighteenth birthday?” whispered Zac.

“You’re early. I have four days remaining.”

“I couldn’t wait another four days. Making love to you felt wonderful.”

“I have to admit, I enjoyed my early birthday present,” whispered Peyton, lifting her arms so she could push her body hard against Zac’s. She instinctively buried her fingers in his short dark fashionable haircut.

“What about the round three I mentioned?”

“No,” answered Peyton sternly. “Your parents left us in charge of looking after your ten-year-old brother. If they discover what really went on when they weren’t home I’ll be banned from this house. If it happens, we’ll never know if you’re capable of three times in one night.”

“I’ve known you for three years,” pouted Zac. “From the moment, I saw you on my first day at the school I’ve wanted to make love to you.”

“Now you have,” whispered Peyton.

“After I get a job and save some money, I’m going to ask you to marry me.”

“We have to finish the last six months of school first.”

“It’s a mere formality. I have tried to wait until the last day of school before I told you my secret. However, I can’t wait any longer. I’ve already snagged a job at the tax office.”

“Congratulations,” snorted Peyton, removing his hand from her breast. “I’m impressed by your eagerness to find work.”

“I want to earn the big bucks sooner than later. I have big plans for us. The minute I step inside the building I’m going to start climbing the corporate ladder. They’ll be amazed at how fast I got to the top.”

“I can only imagine how you’ll go about pushing your way past the other workers.”

“What about you?” Zac asked.

“I’m still sending out my resume,” confessed Peyton. “I’ve heard back from a couple of prospects. They sound promising.”

“Good.”

Peyton’s eyes sparkled as she grinned.

“What’s the look for?”

“I have a secret too.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense, tell me.”

“I’ve an interview next week at Bridgeway lawyers. The building’s right in the middle of Melbourne. If I land the job we might be able to have lunch together most days.”

“Well done. I hope the interview is enjoyable. Snagging a job or not it really doesn’t matter. When I’m a fully-fledged tax accountant I’ll make enough money for the both of us.”

“I take it you want me in the kitchen, barefoot and pregnant?”

“Of course not,” Zac replied. “What I’m trying to say is you don’t have to worry if you can’t land a job. Come what may I will still love you.”

“If you love me, help find my clothes. I have to go before your parents enter the room and see us naked.”

“The room’s locked,” moaned Zac.

Peyton displayed an agitated stare. She dismissed his comment for an off the cuff three-word statement. Zac quickly iced the comment by sending her a caring smile. He winked and playfully tickled her earlobe and started to search the room.

The last item of clothing happened to be Peyton’s pink button up shirt. She discovered it between the sheets at the foot of the bed.

“I’ll see you at school in the morning,” advised Zac. He opened the door a tad to make sure the hallway looked clear. Confidently he stepped out of the room. Checking to make sure his parents were still busy in the main bedroom behind a closed door, he beckoned Peyton to follow.

Thick dark green carpet on the spiraling staircase easily masked any noise the pair made. Peyton’s right hand caressed the highly polished balustrade as she trotted carefully down to the front door. The sensor lights came on when her foot touched the first step.

At the entrance to the house, the solid marble flooring sparkled in the LED down-lights. Zac opened the solid wooden door. He was mindful of the metre-tall bronze statue behind the door didn’t topple over. His mother won second prize for sculpturing it twenty years earlier.

Peyton walked into the lounge. Reaching out, she swiped her coat from off the back of the antique chair that was in front of the large flat screen TV bolted to the wall. The old black and white movie playing looked boring.

Standing at the front door, Peyton gave Zac a quick kiss and stepped outside into the fresh air. Goosebumps erupted on her arms. Walking off she glanced over her shoulder. Zac always stood at the entrance to the house watching until he couldn’t see her anymore.

Hiding behind a large tree growing close to the road on the east side of the property, Peyton counted to five before returning to the house. She spied Zac still looking where she’d gone. Peyton blew him a kiss and ran off down the road.

CHAPTER TWO

AT SCHOOL the next morning Peyton and Zac were eyeballing each other at the lockers. Countless teenagers were swarming the corridor. The school bus arrived as the forthcoming bell to start the first class was imminent. The late students were in a frenzy trying to grab their books and get to class before they were caught by a teacher.

Zac slipped his hand behind Peyton’s head, leaning in for a kiss. She did the same. They didn’t know the principle of the school stood watching them from the doorway of the office.

“I want you two to get to your classroom,” he growled, timing his interruption to perfection.

Peyton peeled herself away from Zac. She pushed past Principle Wooten, glancing at him through deep blue eyes. She entered the closest room, leaving Zac to create an excuse of why they were about to kiss. Peyton grinned at the clumsiness of her boyfriend.

“What have you got to say for yourself?” growled Wooten, marching over to Zac.

"I thought I might get to know Peyton a little more."

"You will receive an hour's detention if you haven't found your room and a seat in ten seconds."

Zac walked past Wooten, giving him a cold heartless stare. They had rubbed shoulders more than once over trivial matters. The first time they spoke happened to be on his second day at another school four years ago. He'd slept in. Principle Wooten bailed him up as he stepped into the main building. Wooten wagged his finger under his nose and threatened to expel him, just like the last couple of principles did at two different schools across the state of Victoria. Six months remained in the school year. Wooten will be out of his hair for good.

Zac shouldered the closest door. Fifteen pairs of eyes watched him enter the room. He sat in the last row adjacent to Peyton. Several of the girls giggled at his antics. They were quickly silenced the moment Wooten stepped into the room.

Standing in the exact center of the blackboard, Wooten glared at each of the students in turn. He snarled in delight at the news he was about to share.

"Class, I'm taking over this subject for today. Your usual teacher is absent. I'm personally setting you an assignment I'm positive will do more than tickle your fancy."

Peyton called out. "Do you think it's a good idea? When our regular teacher returns she'll be upset at knowing we've been given extra work."

Wooten straightened his black suit and tie, looking down his nose at Peyton. "I don't really care what Miss Griffin thinks. I'm the principle of this school. I say what goes on."

The students, including Zac and Peyton, were quiet as they kept a close watch on Wooten from when he turned to face the blackboard. In large bold letters, he commenced writing the assignment. When he finished he stared at the students.

"You will follow the words on the blackboard to the letter. Do I make myself clear Miss Peyton Hayes?"

"Perfectly," she replied, sinking deeper into her chair.

"Good." Wooten gazed around the room at the students. "Now I have given you ample time to read the board the most important part of the assignment is as follows. I expect you all to work in pairs. This is a team effort. To make myself crystal clear you will pair off."

"Do we have to?" asked a fair-haired lad, sitting in the last row.

"Yes. Each team of two will be pigeon pairs. Zac Forland, to explain to you further, each pair will have one girl and one boy. Girls, you have ten seconds to decide who will be your work partner. If you fail to choose someone I will nominate a boy for you."

"Why do we have to work in pairs?" asked Peyton seriously.

"I have an underlying agenda. I want to finish writing my Masters degree by exposing why male and female teenagers can't finish a basic assignment together in harmony. For example, when you are drawn together and placed in a private place neither of you will keep the temporary relationship business like; I don't have to explain to you the personal side."

The girl's in the class giggled. The boys chuckled knowing the man standing in front of the blackboard, grinning was more than likely correct.

Wooten clapped his hands together. An instant hush descended on the class.

"The time has come for the girls change seats."

Everyone in the room heard banging and scraping of chairs across the wooden floor when eight girls stood in unison. Each one eyeballed the boys as they walked about the room trying to decide. Peyton missed out on sitting next to Zac by only a few seconds. The girl who beat her to the seat smirked sarcastically. The last boy happened to be Tom Granger; a quiet student who seemed to have few friends. The long mouse colored hair, tall, rake thin lad, chose to remain by himself at lunch and always walked home alone. On several occasions, Peyton tried to begin a conversation. Tom explained he felt the happiest when he didn't have to talk to anyone.

Wooten enthusiastically studied the pairs. He seemed satisfied until he discovered Zac and Peyton weren't together. He stood to full height, pointing at Erin Polska sitting next to Zac.

"Swap with Peyton Hayes," he ordered.

"Why should I?" barked Erin.