

Wednesday, May 9th, 2068, 10:50p.m, Tracy Island

Alan walked briskly from the Tracy Villa and down to the beach with his hands in his pockets. He was still in a mood from when he spoke with Brains and Tin-Tin. ~Tin-Tin and Brains? She's just using him. That's it. She's using him to try and get to me. Alan kicked the sand under his feet a few times. ~How dare she chew me out like that? And in front of Brains, too. And Brains had the audacity to agree with her? He had no right saying what he said to me.

Alan's stomping slowed to a gentle walk as he approached the Cliff House. ~I can get any woman I want. I'll show Tin-Tin. Alan looked up at the Cliff House apartments as he heard laughter flowing from the balcony. He looked up, calling to the two who were there and waving to them.

Brandon looked down at Alan and invited him to join them.  
It didn't take long for Alan to make his way up. When he arrived, Brandon and Nikki were still laughing.

"You two look like you're having fun," Alan said.

"And you look like you could do with a laugh," Brandon observed.  
Nikki frowned. "What's up?"

"It doesn't matter. But you're right, Brandon. I could do with a laugh," Alan answered.

"I heard Cherie's friends were pretty interested in you and your brothers. Must have been interesting." Brandon tried to keep a straight face.

"Interesting? More like embarrassing. You'd think they would drool over guys their own age." Alan folded his arms and noticed Nikki biting her bottom lip. "Don't laugh."

Nikki giggled slightly, trying to contain an outburst. "I can't help it. Alan, it's natural for teenage girls to drool over older guys. Trust me, I've been there."

"Who was the guy?" Brandon asked.

"I can't remember," Nikki replied.

"Yeah, right! Both men answered in unison.

"It doesn't matter who he was. You guys wouldn't know him." Nikki stood up. "I'm going to get a drink. Do you two want anything?"

"Nah. I'm going to head to my apartment and leave you two to chat." Brandon stretched as he also stood up. "I'll see you in the morning." He bid them goodnight and left.

"Do you want anything to drink, Alan?" Nikki asked after Brandon left.

"No, it's ok."

"I'll be back in a minute."

"Actually, I'll come with you. I need to ask you a question."

"Sure, go ahead."

Alan walked beside Nikki. He wasn't sure if he should ask her his question in case she bit his head off. He thought about how to phrase it right first. "Just say you've been dating this guy for a long time... wait let me start again... would you... no."

"Alan, what's the question?"

Alan took a deep breath. "I was talking to a friend earlier who has a problem. He's been dating this girl for a long time and he broke up with her some months back because his job is too dangerous for him to carry on his relationship. Anyway, he thinks his ex is now dating a colleague of his."

"Is there more?" Nikki opened the door to her apartment and made her way to her kitchen to get a glass of water. The part about the job being too dangerous to continue the relationship sounded familiar.

"Well, my friend thinks his ex is using this colleague to get to him and pretending that she's over her previous relationship."

"What makes your, er, friend think that she's pretending?"

"She's moved on too fast. People don't move on that quickly." Alan sounded like he was starting to get angry.

"Whoa, Alan, calm down." Nikki put her glass down. "Your friend needs to realise that his ex can move on whenever she likes and with whoever she likes. He can't expect her to pine away for him and hope he takes her back. He broke up with her and she's moved on with her life. She's a free agent, so he needs to get over it." She was about to pick up her glass again when something else came to mind. "It also sounds like your friend needs to get over himself too. There are lots of people out there who have dangerous jobs but still manage to have healthy relationships, even families. Your friend needs to think about that because it sounds like if he continues with the way he is going, he'll probably end up being miserable or even alone."

"Isn't that a bit harsh?"

Nikki shrugged. "It's the truth."

From: Nikki-browneyes1 Sent: 9/18/2005

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