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Pleased, Tyrone reviewed his final grades with a large smile. 3 B's and 3 A's. His perseverance with studying for his midterms had paid off. The fall break was a time of rest other than when he was at work. He was calling Janet a lot, and was loving getting to know her less serious side. He was also determined to give Jerome a run for his money and found himself at the gym almost daily. This particular day would be no different, and he made his way to his normal workout area in record time.

“He ain't gon' have nothing on me!” Tyrone mumbled under his breath while lifting a 50lb dumbbell at the rec center. There were a few students there, but not as many as there would be when the break was over.

“Yo, Ty. Why you working so hard?” He saw her more than he heard her since Jay-Z spit fire into his ears.

“Oh, yo! Wuz up, Kristine! Yea, I got goalz you know!” Smiling, he removed his Beatz headset.

“Well, from where I'm sitting you meeting those goals.” She tilted her head to the side and smiled. Kristine was wearing a blue razor-back tank top that allowed her bright, yellow sports bra to peek through, snug cut off capris, along with a pair of black Nikes with a white logo. Tyrone threw her an appreciative smile.

“Oh, yea. Well, I got to keep up wit' chew', you know?” he said. He gingerly removed the sweat from his eyes with a towel embossed with their school logo. “So, how has your break been going?” They had texted a few times but that was about it. Kristine took a seat on the bench near him and started handling her own, lighter-weight dumb bells.

“It's been good. I been doing my volunteer work and working at the student center. It's pretty slow though since nobody's around.” She did a few bicep curls, and Tyrone marveled at her definition.

“Ok, girl! I see you with the muscles!” he joked, but he was really impressed.

Kristine laughed. “Hey, I learned after freshman year, if I don't stay on it, I'm gon' be walking around here with the freshman 15 for four years!” They both laughed easily.

“Yea, I got so caught up working and studying I fell off myself, but I'm back on it, fa sho!” Tyrone picked up his weights and enjoyed having Kristine there for the rest of his workout. She was even able to show him a few back workouts that he wasn't aware of.

“I think I’m about done,” Tyrone announced. He fell back against a bench, buried with exhaustion.

“Yea, me too. You got it in tho!” Kristine said, encouragingly.

“Yea, I’m about to get it in with some food now!”

Kristine let out a sharp breath, while dropping her weight on the floor. “I feel you. I can definitely eat.”

“It’s too bad Bush’s Dining Hall is closed. They be having the best fries,” Tyrone said, licking his lips.

“Now, boy, you don’t need to be messin’ up yo workout with those fries anyway. Besides, Larry’s Subs is everything,” she informed. “They have that down south flavor in their meat, and you can load up your sub like you at a buffet.” Kristine put her weights up, then dried her face with a towel. “Shoot, if you gone’ do it, do it right!”

Tyrone sat up and looked at her. “Oh yea? I’m not hip.”

Kristine’s eyes grew wide. “Foreal? Ok, I’m a have to show you!” The two cleaned up their areas, then hurriedly packed up to leave, since, at that point, they were both starving. Tyrone then followed Kristine to her car since he didn’t have one on campus. He watched her whip out the key fob to a black-on-black Range Rover with tinted windows and sparkling, 28-inch rims.

“Ok, girl! Get it!”

Kristine laughed while letting him in the passenger side. “Yea, my dad has a thing for cars and gifted this to me on my 16th birthday.”

“I see!” Tyrone looked around the interior, impressed.

Kristine sped off, and Tyrone laid back to enjoy the ride. Drake blasted through the speakers, as they both sang the versus word for word to his latest hit.

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Tyrone found himself spending more time with Kristine and was surprised at how much he enjoyed her company.

“I really thought she was just a pretty face, but she’s cool people,” he admitted to Alex, while laying back-flat on his bed. His small room was a little snug for his large frame, but it was worth it. The first couple of years as a student he shared a room and learned quickly it was not his thing. His former roommate was always bringing a female to the room, which would have been fine if he had given him a heads up about it. Instead, Tyrone had had one too many encounters witnessing his roommate in action under the sheets.

“Yea, but chew’ know she done’ got around, dawg. Be careful with that one,” Alex said in a warning tone on the other end of the line; he knew his boy was a softy.

“Yea, I know. I’m just sayin’. She’s surprised me, that’s all.”

“So, what’s the news with Janet? You still on it wit’ her?”

“Yea, we talk every day and video chat. I wanna take her out when she gets back.” Tyrone smiled, thinking about Janet.

“My man. Pullin’ all the chicks out here! And you don’t even be tryin’!” Alex sounded excited on the other line. “It’s gotta be that beard game!” Tyrone chuckled while rubbing some scraggly hairs from his beard.

“I’m as shocked as you. I’m just rollin’ wit’ it.”

After his call with Alex, Tyrone decided to take a nap. He awoke to a missed video call from Janet.

“Hey, beautiful. How is everything?” he asked. Hastily, he cleared lumps of sleep out of his eyes, then straightened his white T-shirt and basketball shorts, both disheveled from his nap.

“I’m good. I just got done having dinner with the fam. It was my turn to cook.” Janet’s smooth brown face flashed on the screen. Her hair was tousled into a ponytail. She wore a purple top with a light gloss on her lips.

“Yea? How did it go? Everybody still alive?” he teased, still wiping sleep from his eyes.

Janet laughed. “Boy, you know I can throw down in the kitchen!”

“Is that right? Now how would I know? You ain’t never cooked *me* nothin’,” he said, giving her a hard time.

“Well, maybe that will change if you play your cards right.” She tilted her lips into an impish half smile.

Tyrone enjoyed his conversation with Janet until she had to get off to play a board game with her younger brother. Just when he was picking a movie on Netflix, his phone vibrated.

“Wanna watch a movie?” It was a text from Kristine.

“I was just about to do that,” he responded, surprised.

“Cool. Want some company?”

Although Tyrone wasn't as aggressive with women as Alex, he wasn't one to miss an opportunity either.

“Yep,” he answered, without hesitation. A slight feeling of guilt surfaced, but he pushed it away. *It's just a movie,* he told himself.

Twenty minutes later Kristine was at his door dressed in a snug, pink cardigan, and ripped, skinny blue jeans. Her honey-blond hair was dazzled by her light brown skin.

When! Her curves is poppin! he thought, as he forced himself to look at her face.

“Hey, you. How are you?” Tyrone bent down to give her a hug before letting her in.

Man, she smell good!

“Hey,” Kristine smiled, then let her eyes roam. “So...this is you? Nice. I got stuck with a roommate, so I don't have it like you.” She unabashedly plopped down onto his twin bed. The only other place to sit was the office chair at his desk.

Tyrone shrugged, trying to appear casual, but feeling as nervous as a virgin on prom night. “Yea, the roommate life is not for me. If I can pay to have extra space, I'm all for it.” While sitting next to her, he clutched the remote, stifling feelings of excitement by how close they were.

“So, what are you in the mood for?” he asked, hoping she didn't say a romance movie. He didn't need any encouragement from romantic images.

“Oh, whatever you want, Ty. I'm easy to please.” She fell back against the wall while licking her lips thoroughly. Tyrone had to fight visions of what he could do with those lips, and turned on the tv instead. He settled on an action film, thinking that was safe.

“You not gon’ cut the lights, Ty?” Kristine purred, while slipping her tan pumps onto the hardwood floor to get more comfortable on his bed. “I mean, it’s real bright in here.”

“Oh, yea. My bad.” Ty quickly went to turn the lights off and found that when he turned back around, the girl had spread out on top of his comforter.

“Now, that’s better,” she said. She looked up, while smiling eagerly at him in the dim lighting from the tv. Tyrone knew he had a decision to make as to how this was going to play out. He didn’t want her to feel rejected, but he also wasn’t so sure he could be the perfect gentleman with her sprawled out on his bed like that.

“Umm, you want me to sit in the chair so you can relax?” he tried awkwardly, and started moving in that direction. Kristine giggled.

“Boy, there is plenty of room for you on this bed.” She scooted up to make more room between herself and the wall. “You just gotta lay behind me.”

“Oh, ok.” Tyrone said, knowing he was being set up, but liking it too much to resist.

He made his way onto the bed and positioned himself behind her. She wrapped his arm around her waist and pushed her backside against him while they watched the movie. Tyrone felt himself responding and knew she could probably feel his response through the thin material of his basketball shorts.

Damn. What have I gotten myself into? he thought to himself. But he didn’t have too much longer to think about it, because Kristine rolled over and pressed her lips against his. His body was now in the driver’s seat, and the two found the rest of the movie watching them instead.