

1-1-2005

A Life-Altering Moment

Earl Tinsley
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Tinsley, Earl (2005) "A Life-Altering Moment," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol2/iss1/15>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

A Life-Altering Moment

Off the coast of Maui stands Weston College, 300,000 square feet and 4 stories tall, surrounded by tons of green acre to the right and to the left, the hot sandy beach of Hawaii. One of Weston College's most known residents is athletic scholar Cody Dallas- tall, dark, and blonde - all the natural qualities for Maui's local playboy. He is a man with a mission, a man who will break all the rules to bed his next mark. There isn't a day that goes by that the entire student body is not talking about Cody and his latest conquests. Infamous stories involve the gym stadium, the woods during a camping trip and the principal's car. This time Cody has his eye on Ally Carter, dark-haired beauty with emerald green eyes. She is president of the Student Government and very independent, not feeling she has to be fulfilled by the love of a man.

Ally opens her locker as her friend, Sierra, shouting her name from down the hall, approaches steadfastly.

"Hey, have you seen the latest issue of the Spectator?" Sierra inquires of Ally, holding the paper in front of her. Ally places her books in her locker and then remarks flatly.

"Let me guess? Cody Dallas on the cover, caught with his trousers down yet again with another bimbo."

"How did you guess?" Sierra returns the sarcasm with a coy smile. Ally does not take the question lightly, shoving the locker door from her view.

"Please tell me what it is that the whole female population sees in

this guy. I mean, what is the notch count up to now? Sierra spies the cover. "Well, he does have killer assets.

Ally grimaces a look of utter disgust, "I'm going to pretend that I did not hear that come from your mouth. Now can we please change the subject, I think Cody Dallas is the topic of far too many conversations already."

"Well, are you still planning on going to the party at Club Reuters tonight?" Ally tilts her head to the side, contemplating for a second. "I don't know." She returns her attention back to her locker and grabs her Governmental Science book. "I have a lot of work to catch up on tonight."

"Come on, you're always studying. It's been a while since you've actually gone out and partied with us. Mel and Keesha are really looking forward to seeing you."

"Well, we do go to the same school. Surely we can commune during lunch or something." Sierra gives her a look of disappointment.

"Come on, you know that's not the same. The girls miss hanging out with you and so do I. I was hoping this party would be a chance for us to change that." Ally face loses a bit of its color and glow as she sighs within, hesitantly approaching the subject.

"This party is really important to you, isn't it?" She asks.

"Yeah!"

"Then I'll go." She says with as much enthusiasm as she can muster before Sierra blindsides her with a quick hug. Men, Cody Dallas among them, interrupt their embrace as they march through the

hall rooting for the Titans. "Oh great, here comes the playboy." "Looking good, Cody!" surrounding girls shout.

He flashes a smile. "With fans like you, I can't help it."

Ally overhears and gives him an evil stare, amazed by his conceited gall. Just then, Trisha Heckler, Cody's latest conquest and head school cheerleader, passes through the hall.

"Hey Trish, phenomenal." He says, flashing her a smile. Her face is cryptic; no sign of anger or pure excitement as she approaches Cody and his boys with the latest copy of the Spectator.

"Name the time and place, and I'll be there." She smiles, blows him a kiss and marches off, strutting her behind. Cody and the guys clamor around and watch as she darts off.

Ally feels a churn in her stomach at the scene. "I guess some people just have no self-respect, but that's her problem, I have a class to get to. I'll see you later."

"Yeah, at Club Reuters." Ally hints onto the reminder and gives Sierra a slight smile before moving along, right smack into Cody Dallas. Ally gasps and her eyes widen when she realizes whom she bumped into.

"Ms. Carter, a pleasure." He smiles with his pearly whites.

"I'm surprised you remember my name, Mr. Dallas. With all the women you bed, I figured it might be hard to track. Excuse me." She feigns a slight grin and then brushes pass him.

Nick shivers. Ooh! Was it me or did a cold front just pass through?

"You can't please them all."

"And he has most of the girls eating right out of his hand. How do

you do it?"

"It's all about the confidence, Jesse. A real woman likes a man who takes charge and is not afraid to show what he has to offer." Cody remarks in a cocky fashion.

"Well, if you keep bedding them the way you are, soon there won't be any fish left in the sea."

"I can always move to another school, hell, another country. But you're right, my latest conquests have been a little easy, cheerleaders and sorority girls."

"So what are you going to do?" Nick queries.

"Pursue the unexpected. There is a party at Club Reuters tonight and I hear Ms. Carter is going to be there." Cody grins. Nick and Jesse pause for a second before breaking out in laughter.

"You think you're going to get Ally Carter to put out? You have game, but not that much."

"You both were just singing my praises a minute ago and now what? You doubt my powers of persuasion?" Nick and Jesse smile at one another. Nick then makes a wager.

"All right, fifty dollars says you come back to the dorm needing a cold shower."

Cody rises to the occasion.

"You're on because one hundred dollars says that a few minutes alone with Ally Carter and I'll have her doing things she can only imagine... well, that she could have only imagined."

Following Cody's declaration, the bell sounds and he and his friends head for class.

The bright afternoon sun was finally going down and evening was approaching, slowly but surely. Outside Club Reuters, cars were

pulling up left and right into the parking lot. Some of the latest arrivals were already near drunk as they stumbled out of the back seats of their cars, hanging onto their dates with dazed looks in their eyes. Inside, the dance floor is packed with guests, their bodies and movements illuminated by the spectrum of colors shining down below them. The spectrum of blue and red gives the dance floor an almost disco feeling as the loud, pumping sounds of "If I Want To" by Usher plays in the foreground.

Near the bar, Sierra along with her two other gal pals, Keesha and Mel, have been waiting for about half an hour for Ally to show up.

"Where the hell is Ally? I thought you said she was coming."

"Don't worry, she'll be here." says Sierra, attempting to justify Ally's tardiness. "She's probably having car troubles or something--"

Mel growls, jerking her head back. "How many times have we heard that before?"

Keesha chimes in, "Mel is right, Sierra. Lately, all Ally can think about is her next study group or SGA or some other life shattering commitment and we're the ones left out in the cold." She narrows her left eyebrow, turning halfway and placing her drink on the bar.

"Well, guess what, we're sick of it." She grabs hold of her purse and starts walking off. "Ally's not the only one with commitments. Let's go, Mel!" Mel gives Sierra an apologetic look, and then follows Keesha's lead.

Sierra shouts out to their backs as the space between them widens gradually. "Oh come on guys--guys!" She groans, throwing back her head and sighing in exasperation at the ceiling.

Meanwhile, Ally approaches the entrance of Reuters, her hair falling down against the back of her red dress. As she nears the entrance, her insides wrap in knots and her knees begin to feel weak.

"What was I thinking agreeing to do this?" She says to herself as she takes that first step inside the club, hearing Britney Spears' "My Prerogative" playing as she spies a gang of students scattered everywhere, making out and getting drunk, some even undressing right before her eyes. Turning away, across the room, she catches sight of Cody in his loose blue jeans and black flannel shirt playing pool and scoring shots of beer. "Great, could I need more of a sign that this was a bad idea?" She tells herself as she turns around, preparing to head out the door, but Sierra mysteriously jumps out in front of her.

"There you are."

"When you said party, I had no idea this many people were going to be here." She looks nervously at the scene around her.

"Come on Ally, you're smart. When there's a party, people are going to come."

"Yeah, well, this isn't my scene, so I'm going to say my hellos to Keesha and Mel and then I'm out of here."

"Keesha and Mel got sick of --" Sierra starts to explain, but catches sight of Cody across the room, who is shooting beer caps with Jesse and Nick. "You're leaving because Cody is here, aren't you?"

"I cannot see myself having fun with Weston College's resident playboy right in the vicinity. So why don't you direct me over to Mel and Keesha so we can play a ten minute catch-up before I

leave."

"No need, Keesha and Mel left and I'm starting to think they had the right idea," she says with a look of discontent in her eyes as the eye shadow brightening her face begins to lose some of its glow.

Ally is caught off-guard by the remark. "What?"

Sierra barks, "This was supposed to be a girl's night out, but you're so wrapped up in your dislike of Cody Dallas that you're ignoring everyone around you. Two of your oldest friends just left feeling as if they meant nothing to you, but you're too busy cringing at the sight of Cody to even care."

"Well, I showed up, didn't I?"

Sierra voices in a light tone, "Yeah, but it might have been just as good as not showing up in the first place." Her cellular rings. She looks down at her cell and sees Keesha's name popping back at her. "I better answer this." She then walks off into an area where she can get better reception.

Ally sighs heavily and walks up to an available bar stool. Cody notices her at the bar as he breaks away from his pool game. He decides that it is the perfect time to make his move.

Clearing his throat as he approaches, he asks, "Can I offer you a drink?"

"Mr. Dallas, twice in one day, I must be lucky," she remarks flatly. Cody catches her sarcasm, "Is it me or do you just talk to everyone that way?"

She pauses for a second and then strongly states with a smile, "It's you." She turns away from his glaring stare as the bartender approaches.

"Can I get you and your date a drink?"

"He's not my --"

"We'll have a glass of wine," Cody remarks, cutting her off as he pulls up a stool next to her. The bartender pulls out a bottle of his finest and pours them both a glass.

Ally reclines back in her seat, bewildered by what just took place. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I figured a glass of wine would loosen you up, release all those tensions that you're feeling."

"Really? I would hate to think you were stupid enough to believe you could get me drunk and make me one of your next conquests?" She says with a slight smile.

"I wouldn't dare think that, Ms. Carter. I know that you're much too smart for that." He returns the smile as the bartender returns with their wine.

Ally takes her drink and flashes the bartender a smile, "Thank you!" She then turns back to Cody as Sierra returns from her phone call.

"Well, I'm glad you were able to keep some company while I was gone."

Quickly rising from her seat, "I was actually waiting for you. Cody just helped himself to a --"

"It doesn't matter. I have to go, Keesha and Mel are having a bit of car trouble." She says with a bit of a sting to her tone as she adjusts her purse along her shoulder.

Ally puts down her drink, "Well, I'll go with you." Cody takes the opportunity while no one is watching to slip a dose of Rohypnol into Ally's drink.

"Not necessary. Besides I don't think Keesha and Mel are really in the mood to see you. Good night!" Sierra then traipses off, leaving Ally with a feeling of abandonment.

Cody walks up behind her, hand-

ing her the glass of wine. "Well, I guess there is nothing keeping you from sharing a few minutes with me." Ally turns to him with an evil glare, but he doesn't back down. He picks up his glass and taps it against hers. "Join me, I'm sure a few little sips will make you feel a lot better or at least help numb some of the pain."

The smell of the wine so close to her, inching closer and closer to her mouth, she can taste the grape-like flavor coursing down her throat. Ally, although hesitant, is unable to refuse the offer.

"All right, I might as well since I'm here." Cody watches as she takes the first sip and then follows her lead. Cody then walks over to the table where they were previously sitting and pulls out a seat for Ally, she joins him without any objections. It isn't before long that Cody calls over the bartender for another round.

Fast forward an hour later, after three or four drinks, Cody lures Ally outside into an isolated area in the woods. As they trudge through the woods, you can see the moonlight from the crescent moon peering through the open area of the bushes. The ground below them is still quite wet from last night's rain shower and Ally is barely able to keep one leg firm on the ground as she stumbles across the quicksand-like area. They finally start to slow down as they reached a dryer area of the woods.

"What are we doing out here?" Ally asks, looking at the scene around her as she finds herself able to stand up more firmly.

Trekking behind her, "I though a change of scenery was in order." He grabs her by the hips and starts

kissing the back of her neck softly. "How does that feel?" he inquires, his breath warm against her neck. Smiling with joy, "It feels like heaven, it feels... like I had too much to drink." She pulls herself away from his binding touch, feeling a bit disoriented as she tries to back away for some air. However, she missteps and trips over a branch lying aimlessly around, which causes her to land flat on her back. Cody smiles, looking down at the sight of her in the evening light as he gradually lowers his body over hers.

"You're way ahead of me, baby." He slips his tongue in her mouth, massaging it against hers. She does not fight the advances until he casually slides his right hand up her dress.

"What are you doing?" She says in a light tone, trying to move her body, but unable to because his upper body had her pinned.

Cody adjusts his body a little, moving a strand of hair from her face, "Its okay, I've brought protection." He then moves back down and starts massaging his tongue along her neck and working his way down. Her body subdues to the euphoric moment, but her brain is saying no. Eventually as his tongue begins to loosen the straps of her dress around her shoulders, she mutters no.

Zoning out her refusal, he pulls her dress up revealing her silk-laced panties as he lowers his head just below her waist. Ally again repeats, "No, please don't."

"Its okay baby, you're going to like this." He tells her as he unbuckles his pants and flashes his pearly whites as he slowly relinquishes her of her panties. Ally finds herself unable to move or tear his hand away as she feels the silk of her panties

slowly sliding down her legs like butter on a knife. As Cody finally relieves her of her shield, he begins to align his body back along hers, halfway removing his own underwear as he starts to enter. Ally squirms at the action taking place before her eyes and tries to move, desperately trying to guard her sacred temple, but his body was like pin needles locking her to the ground. She shouts out no and tells him to stop, but caught up in his own gratification, he continues, increasing in speed.

Tears begin to flow out of Ally's eyes as she continues to cry out, "No, Get off me! No! Get off!" The words echoing throughout the isolated area as Cody continued, not yet reaching the climax. Her screams, however, caused the bushes around to tremble and Cody could feel the pitch of her screams piercing his ears. Finally, looking down and taking a moment away from his own gratification, he could see vivid in color, Ally's face, red with tears and full of pain and anguish at what he was doing. He felt sick as he saw himself hovered over her like some beast, his action slowing as his body gradually begins to unpin her.

After a moment, he told her to go, his voice so full of shame he could barely look at her. Her legs quite numb, she got up as fast she could, pulling down her dress, sharing a brief look at him before running off. Cody sat there the rest of the night thinking about what he almost did.

The sun rises again and a new day has dawned. Jesse and Nick approach Cody at his locker, grinning about the details of last night.

Nick pats him firmly on the back, "Hey Codster, how did it go with Ally last night, eh?"

Jesse adds on, "Yeah, I bet it was sweet. A perfect ten, huh?"

Cody turns away from his locker and spies Ally walking over to hers. She can see the shame in his eyes as his regretful gaze lingers on her. After a few moments, she breaks the contact and continues on her way.

"What was that?" Nick asks.

"Nothing." Cody reflects softly in that moment.

"Man, you look like hell, she must have wore you out." Nick stresses. Cody clears his throat and pulls two one hundred dollar bills out of his pocket, placing one in each of their hands.

"What is this for?" Jesse asks.

"Idiot, he struck out. Man, I can't believe it. You and Ally didn't..."

"No, not even close." He says, catching a glimpse of Ally walking off to her class.

Cody turns back to his locker and grabs his gear, as he tries to grab his water bottle as well, a little black book falls out to ground. He catches sight of it and bends down to pick it up.

As he gets up, he hands the book over to Jesse and Nick. "Well I won't be needing this anymore." He says with a heavy sigh. "I'm done!" He then heads out to the football field. Jesse and Nick look at the little book and find the name of every girl that Cody has ever bedded and rankings next to them. "Charlene Ramsey... 5/10, Deirdre Holloway... 7.5/10, Gabriela Defolio... 2/10, Trisha Heckler... 9.5/10, Ally Carter...life-altering."