



I'll Never Love Again (Sweet Valley University(R))

By Francine Pascal

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Is there light in the darkness?

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Elizabeth Wakefield is sick of watching her sister destroy herself. She's tried her best to help Jessica, but her best hasn't been good enough. Just when Elizabeth is about to lose hope, she finds it--in Mike's arms.

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Editorial Review

From the Inside Flap

Is there light in the darkness?

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"I love you, Nick." Jessica Wakefield's voice was a silken caress as she whispered the words and stared into the deep green eyes of her boyfriend, Nick Fox. Nick's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and his hair, stirred by the breeze that whipped off the ocean, looked especially sexy. Jessica longed to run her hands through it, but she contented herself with leaning forward and brushing a tender kiss against his forehead.

"Did you hear me, Jess?"

"Hmm?" Jessica barely acknowledged the question. The moment was so perfect that words were an intrusion.

"I said, did you hear me?" Lila Fowler's voice was shrill with irritation.

"Not really," Jessica admitted with a sigh. She shifted the phone against her ear and carefully placed the picture of Nick back in the album before selecting another one. She held the second snapshot reverently, and she traced the beloved contours of Nick's face with her fingertips. Nick was laughing as he looked at the camera. He and Jessica had been at a county fair, and Nick had won her a teddy bear. He looked incredibly handsome. The fluffy, pink stuffed toy only made him seem more manly and rugged. He looked so vibrant, so alive, that Jessica could hardly believe he was dead.

"Alison called an emergency meeting the other day." Lila's voice trembled with urgency on the other end of the phone line.

"Uh-huh," Jessica responded absently. She got up out of her messy bed, her purple satin comforter dragging behind her like a train, and walked over to her dresser.

"Jess, I don't know how to break this to you." Lila sounded troubled. "But I think Alison is trying to stir something up. *We* know that nobody really likes her all that much, but she *is* the vice president of the Thetas, after all. You should be prepared to fight . . . uh, whatever she's up to."

"Yeah . . ." Jessica rummaged through the dresser drawers that were overflowing with a jumble of beauty products, scarves, and underwear. She tossed makeup bottles and gossamer ribbons of silk on the floor, burrowing like a puppy after a bone through the mess.

"I've got it!" Jessica cried out triumphantly as she held a small bottle of men's cologne aloft in her palm. The glass bottle was slightly smudged and chipped, but to Jessica's eyes it was more beautiful than a diamond.

"You've got what?" Lila asked eagerly. "A plan? I knew I could count on you, Jess. You may have been down for a while, but I knew you'd bounce back. So, what are you thinking? Is it something really awful? Something that would sideline Alison for a month or so?"

Jessica unscrewed the top of the bottle and inhaled deeply. The rich, spicy scent that Nick always wore filled the room. If she closed her eyes, she could almost pretend that he was standing next to her. She clasped the bottle to her heart and wrapped her comforter around her, as if the lush purple satin could substitute for Nick's muscular arms.

"Plan?" Jessica furrowed her brow and looked at the phone as if she were surprised to find herself holding it. She'd even forgotten that there was someone on the other end. "Oh, right, my plan. Well, I guess I was going to see if I could get some copies made of my favorite pictures of Nick. You know, not all of them, but--"

"Jessica!" Lila's shriek made Jessica jump, and she nearly dropped the precious bottle of cologne. "I mean, what do you intend to do about Alison? She wants you out of the Thetas. I'm telling you, Jess, this is a time for action, *not* reminiscing."

"The Thetas?" Jessica said the name as if it were utterly foreign to her.

"You know, the *Thetas*." Lila's voice dripped sarcasm. "The incredibly prestigious sorority that you used to be thrilled to be a member of?"

"Oh, the Thetas . . ." Jessica's voice trailed off. She traipsed back to the bed and began going through the rest of the photo album, frowning as she tried to pick out the thirty or forty best shots of Nick.

"Jessica! Listen to me!" Lila shrieked. "Don't you care? You have to stand up for yourself--otherwise Alison will convince the rest of the sisters to kick you out! They're going to be putting it to a vote later on this week." She sounded outraged, but Jessica was completely unfazed as she put the receiver down on the bed in order to better sift through the photos. Lila's voice continued to squawk, but Jessica was oblivious to her diatribe as she gently kissed each and every picture of Nick.

* * *

"Everything was perfect," Dana Upshaw purred as she tucked a silky lock of mahogany hair underneath her plastic bathing cap and stepped into the shallow end of the pool. "The concert was fabulous, the food was terrific, and the company . . ." She let her voice trail off, a dreamy expression on her face. "Let's just say that until the other night, I never figured that guys like Todd existed outside the pages of a romance novel."

"Tell me more," Felicity Jones urged, dipping a toe in the water. "Yikes! It's freezing!" She jumped back from the edge of the pool. "You *better* let me in on all the steamy details. I'm going to need *something* to warm me up."

"Well, we did have a pretty incredible kiss," Dana drawled. She adjusted the strap of her bright red, forties-style maillot and ducked under the water with a splash.

"You did that on purpose." Felicity's teeth chattered as she tried to shake off the droplets of water that clung to her blue tank suit. "You know I like to get in slowly." She scowled at Dana, who was splashing about like a mermaid.

"By the time *you* get in, the free-swim period will be over," Dana protested. "Then the varsity team will come in and kick us out. And anyway, *I'm* not the one complaining that my upper arms are like Jell-O."

"How could your arms possibly get out of shape, lugging that cello around all day?" Felicity responded as she slipped into the water. "And besides, some of those varsity swimmers are pretty good-looking. Not everyone has a really cute guy like Todd lined up."

"That's true." Dana smiled in satisfaction as she ran through the events of the night before in her mind. Somehow, though, she couldn't help feeling a small twinge of uneasiness at the edges of her conscience. The evening *had* been perfect, Todd *was* a dream come true, but part of Dana felt a little gun-shy. She'd been burned too badly in the past to rush into anything so cavalierly. As wonderful as Todd was and as fabulous as his kisses had been, Dana wasn't a thousand percent sure that she was ready for another relationship.

Especially a relationship with another one of Elizabeth Wakefield's men, she admitted to herself. She grabbed a pair of flippers and began doing flutter kicks while holding on to the edge of the pool. *Am I really up for it?* Dana wondered. *What if everything crashes and burns like it did with Tom?* Her smile faded as the memory of the unhappy ending of her romance with Tom Watts flooded her brain. Dana was sure that she wouldn't be able to handle another emotional upheaval like that one.

"So, let's hear it," Felicity demanded, interrupting Dana's train of thought. She draped herself over a kickboard and scissored her legs halfheartedly. "And don't just tell me that it was great. I want details."

"Well, first of all, he looked *really* handsome." Dana smiled as she pictured Todd in his dark jacket. "I've never seen him in anything but jeans and T-shirts before, and he looked totally different...."

"OK, OK, I didn't mean fashion details." Felicity shoved the kickboard away and flipped over to do the backstroke. "I meant I wanted to hear about the kiss."

"Oh, that." Dana blushed as she let go of the wall and swam slowly alongside Felicity. She closed her eyes for a second as the memory of Todd leaning--his dark head close to hers washed over her. She could feel how soft yet firm his lips had been as his mouth covered hers and the way he gathered her in his arms, loosely at first, and then tighter. Dana shivered.

"Cold?" Felicity quirked an eyebrow.

"Hardly." Dana grinned, her cheeks flushed. "In fact, I'm warm all over." *Who cares if we crash and burn?* she thought suddenly. She was *definitely* up for a--ahem--*meaningful* friendship with Todd. How could she pass up another kiss like that one?

Dana turned to Felicity with a bright smile. She was all set to spill the glorious details of the previous evening when her eye was caught by a particularly well-built guy coming out of the men's locker room.

Todd! Dana swallowed hard at the impressive sight his sculpted biceps and chest made--they looked as if they had been chiseled from granite. And when Todd pulled a pair of racing goggles down over his eyes, he looked like a totally sexy Olympic athlete she'd obsessed over in high school.

Dana's confident mood evaporated as she watched him stride toward the pool. *What was I thinking?* she asked herself, suddenly shy--which was very, *very* unlike her. She was uncomfortably aware of the many admiring female glances that were directed Todd's way. It was one thing to rhapsodize about the evening before--it was another to encounter the object of her fantasies in the flesh. *And what flesh!* Dana could hardly tear her eyes away.

"Wow, he looks *amazing*," Felicity murmured. She shot Dana an envious glance. "I mean, I knew he was a hottie, but wow--Todd's a *total* hottie."

"I can't let him see me," Dana gasped, her face turning pale.

"Cold fee..."

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