





























Major yawn. All I cared about was the diversion this guy might provide from the status quo. Good looks would certainly be a fringe benefit.

My eyes glazed over as Mr. Pi's voice continued to fade in and out, and my mind wandered back to *the* dream. The haunting quality of the dream remained, even in broad daylight. I was thankful the bell rang before I had time to obsess any further.

I saw Katy fidgeting in the hallway. She waved me over with both hands, her face animated and flushed.

"Did you hear about the grad student from Ireland? He's supposed to be a total hottie. I can't wait to get a glimpse. I'm such a sucker for tall, dark and handsome – throw in an accent and I'm Jello."

"You're a sucker for the entire male species," I laughed, "but yeah, I have to agree, it'll be fun to have some new eye candy around here."

I headed down the hall to first period, visions of Jonathon Rhys Meyers, and Colin O'Donoghue dancing in my head when Mr. Pi called me back to homeroom.

"May I see you for a moment, Renny?"

"Sure, Mr. Pi."

A young man stood on the far side of the room staring out the window. He was slender and of medium height with jagged wisps of jet black hair, hands tucked casually into the pockets of his jeans. I had to stifle a giggle as I noticed the requisite Fisherman's knit sweater.

"Renny, Mr. Doyle is in need of a guide while he's here. Perhaps you could help him navigate these unfamiliar waters, help him feel at home."

My cheeks burned as "Mr. Doyle" turned around. A shaft of light from the window cast a halo around his head. But one look told me this was no face of an angel. Even from across the room I could tell he was, without a doubt, the most dangerously handsome guy I had seen outside of the movies. My eyes scanned his face, from brooding eyes to aquiline nose to sculpted jaw line. My eyes lingered a moment too long on his mouth. A sinfully voluptuous mouth, the lips like two soft pillows parted ever so slightly.

"Please, call me Keegan." He smiled as he crossed the room toward me. I watched as some papers he'd stuffed in a notebook slipped from his hand. He bent down to gather the scattered papers. I seized the opportunity and walked over to where he knelt. I reached down to help retrieve them. The blood drained from my face as he met my gaze. One crystal blue eye, the other a pale hypnotic green, stared back at me. The whole room seemed to tilt, as if all the oxygen had been sucked out of the room.