

# SLIGHTLY USED

A Hotwife Fantasy



JASON  
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Thirteenth Line Publications



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**Slightly Used**  
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**Jason Lenov**

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## Chapter 1

"Johnny? Johnny Dempster?"

Christine Clint looked as gorgeous as she had the day I'd met her. Thick, blonde hair down to the middle of her back, breasts that made you want to bury face between them. Big, beautiful, blue eyes with high cheeks and a cute button nose.

Tonight she was wearing something in between a sweater and a skirt. It came down just past the tops of her thighs, hiding almost none of her gorgeous long legs. She had on the same four inch heels she used to prance around in, tormenting us boys with her taut calves and toned thighs.

"Hey Ms. Clint. Yeah, it's me."

"Johnny!" she squealed as she launched herself at me through the door, throwing her hands around my neck. I had to push my ass backwards as her body slammed into me. My cock was stiff against my jeans.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" she asked, pulling away but keeping her arms around my neck.

It was weird hearing her swear. She had normally been the one that had busted us for swearing. It was weird seeing her this..casual. This human. Good weird, though.

"I..."

What the hell was I doing there? It wasn't an easy question answer. Not because I didn't know the answer. I knew exactly what the answer was. The trouble was how do you tell someone who you haven't seen for four years that you stalked them to find out where they lived so you could stop by and ask them out? My stomach tightened into an uncomfortable knot and I thought for a moment that I was going to throw up.

"Seriously, Johnny, what are you doing here? And how did you know where I lived? Is everything alright?" She pushed away, her slender fingers trailing down my chest before her hands fell to her sides.

Johnny. No one called me that anymore. My name was John and that's what everyone had called me in college for the last four years. It sounded good coming from her lips though, hearing her say it the old way.

"Ms Clint," I began.

She immediately rolled her eyes in that same adorable way I remembered and threw her head back in a giggle. "Johnny, I'm not in charge anymore. Call me Christine."

It was a little embarrassing and I felt my cheeks flush. I wasn't doing myself any favours acting like an embarrassed little boy. "Right, Christine. Sorry."

"Is everything okay?" she repeated, sounding more concerned now.

"Everything's fine." I took a deep breath and gathered what little courage I had. "I just...okay, don't be creeped out but I just, I found out where you lived and I..."

*And you what, Johnny? What? Tell her! Tell her that you spent the last four years dreaming about her. Tell her that everyone woman you dated somehow resembled her and that you thought about her the whole time you were with them. What? Too creepy? Nah! It's not creepy man! She'll love it!*

She tilted her head and scrunched her little button nose up, staring at me like I was crazy. I guess I seemed a little crazy. Maybe I was. Maybe I still am.

"Okay. I'm just gonna say this. I...think you're amazing. I've had a crush on you since the day I met you and I know this sounds crazy but I've been thinking about you for the last four years I was away and I just...I had to find you. I had to give it a shot. If you think this is crazy, I'm crazy, just tell me and...and I'll leave. But I had to give it a shot. Otherwise I'd never know."

*What the fuck, John? What the actual fuck?!?*

The corners of her mouth drifted up. She raised an eyebrow. Was she smiling? Was she actually smiling? My stomach fluttered. My heart jumped.

"So...I'm crazy. Right?" I ventured.

I saw her eyes flutter down and back up my body. The smile grew wider. "Yeah. Kind of. Kind of crazy. But kind of sweet."

*Oh my God. Really? Really?!?*

This was the moment I'd been waiting for for the last four years. This was the moment I'd rehearsed over and over and over in my head. Standing on Christine Clint's doorstep and saying what I'd just said. I had played through every possible reaction she might have had. I had come up with witty comebacks for every rebuttal, every rejection. And here she was, telling me I was sweet. Did this mean what I thought it meant? Was I in? Was I actually in?!?

The tall, dark wall of muscle that appeared behind her made my mouth drop open and my eyes bug. He was at least six and a half feet tall with shoulders broad enough to stop a tank. The toned muscles of his bare arms looked like they were perpetually flexed, making his black skin look to tight on his frame. His ripped chest shifted from side to side as he walked.

He loomed up behind her like a wall of dark water, staring down over her his dark gaze seemed to push into the very depths of my being.

"Is there a problem?" he asked in a deep bass that boomed out at me past the door in low, slow waves and moved the summer evening air around.

Christine Clint turned back and looked up at the sound of his voice. The smile she'd been wearing widened, tearing my heart into two pieces as I realized this

wasn't some intruder in her home, but a friend. This was her big, black friend that had come to the door to ask if there was any trouble and chase annoying, pesky boys like me away.

"Oh, hey Daryl! No, there's no problem! This is my old...friend, Johnny. Johnny, this is Daryl." She stepped aside to let us shake hands.

Still completely captivated by the sheer size of the man, I glanced down just in time to see him extending his massive, dark paw at me. I reached out and he clamped around my palm in a vice. My gut clenched at the power of his grip and I did my best not to let it show on my face.

"Pleasure to meet you, Johnny," he said, his voice softer but still as low.

"Pleasure to meet you too, Daryl," I managed, a little breathless from the pain in my hand. It was only after he let me go and I got the feeling back in my hand that I realized the flaw in my plan.

Of course Christine Clint had a boyfriend. Of course she wasn't sitting at home on a Friday evening watching out the window and wondering when the heck that Johnny Dempster from English class was going to show up and sweep her off her feet. All those things seemed obvious now, in hindsight. What didn't seem obvious was that her boyfriend would be...this kind of guy. Built like a fridge. A big, black, fridge, he certainly didn't seem like the kind of guy who enjoyed sitting around and talking about T.S. Eliot.

My heart started to sink inside my chest. I felt completely embarrassed and humiliated. Why the hell would I think this was a good idea?!? Why was I even

here?!? I had just made everyone feel awkward for no reason, propositioning Ms Clint.

*What the fuck, John? What the actual fuck*

"Do you want to come in?" she asked. The offer seemed genuine. Maybe I hadn't heard her right. Maybe the fact that I wanted a hole to open up in the ground so that I could crawl into it was impairing my senses. Was she serious? Or was she just trying to be polite?

"I...I'm sorry, I didn't realize that..." I didn't know how to finish the sentence.

Christine tilted her head and furrowed her brow.

Daryl looked back and forth from her to me and back to her. "What? Didn't realize what?"

*Yeah, Johnny, didn't realize what? That Christine had a big, black boyfriend who was about to kick your ass?*

"I didn't realize you..."

The smile came back to her face and she looked up at Daryl, then back at me. "What? That Daryl was here?"

I felt the knot tighten in my stomach. My heart was pounding in my chest. I wanted to run, get out of there. Maybe she would be kind and just forget any of this ever happened. Maybe Daryl would.

"Yeah...I guess..."

She scrunched her nose up and shook her head. "It's okay. Just come in! It's been so long, I want to hear about what you've been up to!"

I felt my eyes bug again. Had I heard what I'd just heard or had I imagined it? Had she really just invited me inside?

*What does this mean, John? Think, you bastard, think! Does she really want you to go inside or is she just saying that, hoping you'll go away. They're staring. It's getting awkward. More awkward than it was. Say something, dammit! You silly fuck!*

"I don't want to...get in the way..."

*Oh yeah. Good one. That was nice and smooth. Go ahead and finish what you were going to say. I don't want to get in the way of Daryl stuffing his thick cock inside you, right?*

"Get in the way?" Christine asked, raising an eye. She looked at Daryl and let out a guffaw. For the first time, I saw him smile. Then chuckle. Christine looked

back.

"You won't be 'in the way' of anything, Johnny. Now come inside."

She hooked her hand under my arm. Even if I'd wanted to run, I couldn't. Not after feeling her touch me like that. I cleared my throat and followed her into the house. Daryl closed the door behind us.

## Chapter 2

"What's your poison?" she asked as I sat down on the armchair in the corner.

"Huh?" I asked. "Oh. Right." What's your poison? Did people still say that?  
"Whisky?"

"Comin' up! Daryl? Help me out?"

"Sure thing, baby. Sure thing."

I watched Daryl lumber off into the kitchen then turned to see Christine curling up into the couch. She tucked her long, slender legs beneath herself. I looked away as I caught the slightest hint of pink beneath that sweater-dress thing she was wearing. She was staring straight at me when I looked back up. My face started to heat up.

"So? What are you doing? How are you doing? You did English lit, right?"

"Uh-huh," I said, swallowing to try and get the dry out of my throat.

"Demand still as high for that degree as when I graduated?" she asked.

"Um..."

"Johnny, I'm joking. Relax."

"Oh!" I said, in a strange guffaw. I couldn't have felt more awkward if I'd tried. I heard ice clinking in the kitchen and figured I didn't have much time to explain. "Look, Ms...Christine. About what I said out there, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" she asked, scrunching up her nose again. "Why?"

"I...I didn't know you had a boyfriend. Of course I should have asked that and..."

"So?"

"So?"

"Why are you so worried about Daryl? He's not really my boyfriend anyways."

"He's...he's not?" I can't explain the elation I felt at that moment. Daryl wasn't really her boyfriend. He wasn't really her boyfriend. Who the hell was he then?

"Nah. We just fuck."

*Stomach punch gut shot mother fucker.*

The wind actually left my lungs. I had to pull it back in like I was hauling in a sail. "Oh..."

"But don't worry about him. Tell me about you? What are you gonna do now? Grad school?"

"I...I'm not sure."

Daryl walked in with our drinks. He handed me a tumbler full of ice and golden liquid that smelled like wood. Christine took one too before he settled into the couch next to her. His meaty frame made the cushions sag and made her body lean in against his. I glanced down and the outline of it along the fabric of the shorts he was wearing. It was at least twice as thick as Christine's forearm and just as long. It was the biggest cock I'd never seen in my life.

The image tore through my mind like a howling train. Christine's legs splayed open wide. Daryl's thick frame between them, spreading them wider still. That cock. That long, thick, black cock buried deep in her tender white pussy. Her mouth open in a moan.

My cock started to get hard.

"Johnny was just telling me what he's up to. He went through for English too!"

Christine said, turning towards Daryl.

"Oh yeah?" Daryl asked, looking at me. His voice was still low but a little raspy from the cold drink. He cleared his throat. "You gon' be rich, mother fucker!" He broke into a chuckle, shaking the whole couch. Christine slapped his arm and shook her head but couldn't help laughing too.

I smiled and took a massive swig of my drink. What was I doing here? Why had she even invited me in? "What do you do?" I asked Daryl after he'd stopped laughing.

"Ponies."

"Ponies?"

"Yeah. I ride ponies. Little ones."

Christine slapped him again, shook her head and rolled her eyes. "Don't be a jerk!" She turned to look at me with those stunning blue eyes. "Daryl owns a racetrack."

I choked a little on my own spit.

*Of course he does. Of course he owns a racetrack.*

"That's...nice."

"Yeah. It's alright. I'd rather still be playin' but my knee's all busted up."

"Playing?" I asked.

"Daryl used to play professional football."

*Of course he did.*

"Oh..." I said, taking another giant swig of my drink.

"Yeah. It was a-ight." He took the last gulp of his drink and set it on a coaster by the couch. "Hey baby...I gotta be gettin' on soon, ya' know? I got a party at Tyler's place, ya' know?"

For a second Christine looked confused. We both seemed to realize what Daryl was saying at the same time. She opened her mouth. She turned towards me, looking like she was searching for an excuse, for something to say to avoid saying the obvious. The thing we both knew.

Daryl wanted to fuck.

"I should probably get going," I muttered, taking the last gulp from my glass and getting up.

"I'll walk you to the door," Christine said. She got up from the couch.

Every step towards the door felt like a step towards a fate worse than death. I knew what was going to happen. We were going to say our friendly goodbyes, she was going to tell me how great it was seeing me, I was going to make some awkward reply and then we were never going to see each other again. And Daryl was going to take her into the bedroom at the back of the house and fuck her with his big, black cock.

By the time I got to the door, the healthy drink Daryl had poured had started working its magic. My insides twisted from jealous anguish into a never before felt cocktail of lust and fear. I turned to see Christine smiling.

"It was great to see you!" she said, squeezing my arm.

"It was great to see you too!" I managed a weak smile. "Sorry that I crashed your party."

"Huh? Oh, don't worry about that! Don't worry about him. He's always like that."

"Yeah, well. I guess I'll be going. It was good to catch up." My mind seized up. I half leaned in for a hug then at the last moment, stretched out my hand to shake

hers.

She looked down at it, then back up at me, scrunched up her nose and rolled her eyes. "Johnny, what are you doing? Come here!" The feeling of her arms around my neck again made my insides melt. She pressed her body against me, her pert breasts pressing against my chest. The smell of her skin and the hint of floral perfume she was wearing made my cock start to get hard again. What was she doing? When she let me go, she was still smiling. "Aren't you gonna give me your number or something?"

"Uh...what?"

Head tilt. Nose scrunch. Blonde curls bounced along her shoulder. So goddamned adorable. "Isn't that what you came here for? To ask me out?"

That was in fact why I was there but...what? Wasn't she about to fuck Daryl? My stomach tightened again at the thought. "I...I mean, yeah."

"Yeah!" she said, smiling. "I have a better idea. Come by tomorrow morning. We'll do breakfast!"

"Uh...okay."

"Okay! Great! It was great to see you!" She leaned forward. For a second I thought she was going to kiss me on the lips. At the last moment, she turned her head and pecked me on the cheek. She pulled the door open behind me. A warm

summer breeze blew into the house.

"Okay! Great," I managed as I turned around. I stepped through the open door and into the night.

"Around nine?" she asked.

I turned to face her and nodded, not sure how to feel about what was going on. "Nine. Yeah, sounds great."

She smiled. She winked. She swung the door shut. My guts twisted at the sound.

I'm not sure how long I stood there. I'm not sure how I first got the idea. I was just staring at that door, tried to parse what had just gone on. Christine Clint, Ms Clint, had just said yes to me. I had just gotten a date with the woman I'd been obsessing about for the last four years of my life. And she had just gone into her house to fuck another man.

I wanted to scream. I wanted to bang on the door and shout until she came back so I could tell her that what she was about to do was going to kill me or at least tear my insides to shreds. I wanted to break a window and crawl through it and to the bedroom and peel Daryl off of her and throw him out. Ha!

I stood there knowing I couldn't do any of those things. That's where the idea came from. All of those things that I wanted to do but couldn't melted together into a teeny-tiny seed of an idea that planted itself somewhere deep inside my

guts and started growing. I tried to smother it. I tried to chop it down. But the bigger it got the more it took over every part of my mind.

Maybe I couldn't do any of those things I wanted but there was one thing I could do. I could sneak around the house and try to watch.

## Chapter 3

*You're an idiot, John. You need to turn around and leave now. You are going to get arrested. If she catches you, it's over. You're gonna blow this.*

Those were all the things my brain was saying as I crept in the darkness behind the house. But sometimes when brains talk we don't listen. I didn't really feel like listening then. So, like an idiot, I found my way all the way around the house. At the back there was a deck. Above the deck were two windows. The only two windows of the house I hadn't seen when I'd been inside. My heart started thundering as I climbed the steps of the porch. With any luck the blinds wouldn't be drawn and in the next few moments I was going to see Christine and Daryl, heaving on the bed.

*Luck, John? Really? Luck?*

How was that lucky, exactly? Daryl was about to fuck the woman I'd been pining for, the woman I'd dreamed about for four, long years. This was not luck. This was going to feel terrible. This was the worst idea I'd ever had. And yet, there was nothing I could do to keep myself from creeping up those steps, my back pressed against the warm, brown brick.

I looked around. None of the neighbours lights were on. Maybe I wouldn't end up in jail for this, if no one saw.

I crawled the last few feet, until I was directly beneath one of the windows. Slowly, carefully so I didn't make any noise, I stood up, clinging to the wall to

keep my balance. I peered over the windowsill.

Fuck!?! The blinds were down. Almost completely down. There was one, tiny sliver of light coming from the bottom where they almost met the sill.

Adrenaline coursed through me as I realized I could see. I could see! Just a little bit, but I could see! The light from the hallway was spilling into the bedroom through the open door. There was a dresser on the left and on the right...

A terrifying, terrible paralyzing anguish exploded from the base of my skull and rushed down my spine, past my cock. It settled in my toes leaving them tingling and a little numb but completely frozen to the ground. My fingernails dug into the brick. My guts squeezed inside. My breath stopped.

Ms Clint...Christine was on the floor, naked, on her knees. She was even hotter, even more beautiful with her clothes off than I'd imagined. Her tits were big and bouncy and her areolae were pink and wide. Her nipples were hard and pointy and her body was swaying softly back and forth, her soft curves undulating in the dim light. I crouched a little lower and saw why.

Her slender, white fingers were wrapped around the base of Daryl's quickly rising cock. She couldn't reach around his girth, so had to use both hands. She was pumping his dick to life with her fists while she flicked her hot, pink tongue back and forth across the head of the large phallus, each lick glancing across his glans.

Talk about bug-eyed. I stood there sweat pouring from my forehead at the exertion of keeping myself in that awkward pose. It started dripping into my eyes, making them sting but I didn't blink. Not even once. I couldn't tear my eyes from Christine's pretty little mouth as she toyed and teased that big, black cock to life.

She was staring up at him with the most loving gaze, her big, blue eyes open wide and bright. I leaned down further, my eyes running up the length of his well-muscled trunk until they settled on him staring down at her, one corner of his lips curled up into a snarl.

He let out a grunt. I froze. I didn't even dare breath. What if he saw my breath condensing on the glass? Only when I saw that he'd reached down and was completely absorbed in what he was doing did I dare straighten a little and look back down at Christine. My heart froze in terror.

I could just barely make out the sound of his thick, meaty cock, now fully risen, as he slapped it against her cheek. I held my breath to listen.

"You like that, bitch? You like that fat black cock?"

*Smack!*

"Oh fuck yeah, baby. Give me that dick!" I heard her beg.

*Smack! Across her other cheek.*

"You ain't gettin' shit unless you beg right, bitch!"

*Smack!*

"Oh fuck Daryl, please! Please give me that big cock!"

My eyes stretched even wider as the sound of her screaming for it reverberated through the window pane.

"That's better," he muttered, giving her another smack. "Get your white ass up on that bed!"

I've never seen a woman move like that. I've never seen anyone scramble up onto a bed like that. As if her life depended on it. As soon as her body was on the messy sheets, she pushed her ass high, high up into the air in a position I could only guess she'd assumed many times for Daryl. My heart stopped again.

Her face was down and her ass was up but she was looking straight at the window. She was looking straight at where I was peering into her bedroom, ready to watch her get fucked. Had she seen me? Did she know I was there? I searched for any sign of recognition on her face. There was none. Nothing. Her expression was an empty, blank stare. Her mind was focused fully on what was about to happen.

Daryl lumbered around the bed and took up a spot behind her. He lifted a meaty paw and brought it crashing down on her ass in a terrifying slap. Those thick fingers that had almost broken my hand squeezed the fleshiest part of her ass and gave it a good shake, sending ripples through her flesh. He smacked her again. I heard her whimper.

"Spread those fuckin' legs open, bitch! I'm a finger fuck that tight pussy. Stretch it out a little."

She opened her legs. Shifting side to side, she opened those long, slender legs, splitting the lips of her pussy open. A thin strand of her drooling juice dripped from her sex.

"Yeah. You like that. I can see you like it," Daryl growled. He swept two fingers up the length of her slit, collecting the dew that was seeping from her and brought it to his nose. He sniffed. "Fuck yeah. Just the way I like it."

Without any warning, he brought those two fingers back down in between Christine's legs and impaled them into the soft pink walls of her cunt. She moaned. Daryl smacked her ass. He began to pump.

I stared in confused, aroused horror as his huge black arm began to piston his fingers in and out of her drooling puss. Her body started to shake from his arm thundering against her and she buried her face in a pillow to cover up her moans. He was relentless. He pounded his fist against her, burying his fingers in her soft folds until her moan turned to a sobbing scream.

I saw her ass start to shake. Then her thighs. She started to rise off the bed but he smacked! her back down. She cried into the covers, her white body trembling as rammed into her hard and deep. She began to gush.

I'd never seen a woman squirt before. He pulled his fingers out just in time for

the first hot spurt of clear juice from her pussy. He pushed them down against her clit and started to spin. She screamed and writhed against his hand, while thick, sticky jets of liquid shot from her punished sex, splattering onto the carpet below. He flicked her clit around and around sending more of the liquid flying from her until she was completely spent. Then he smacked her ass, gently this time and she knew immediately what it went. She rolled onto the bed, onto her back and spread her legs.

He lowered his body onto the bed, the mattress sinking under his weight. He looked like a big, black bull crawling towards her, about to mount his tiny, white prize. Her legs splayed exactly as I'd imagined they would, giving way to his bulk. His cock hovered over her dripping pussy. I saw the monstrous member pulse in anticipation.

He leaned down and licked a nipple with his tongue, then pinched it with his teeth.

Her back arched as she pushed her breasts closer to his hungry mouth.

He leaned closer, whispering something into her ear I couldn't make out through the glass.

I saw her mouth moving.

"Louder."

"..."

What was it? What was she saying?

"Louder!" he ordered.

"Please!" she whimpered, "Stuff me full of that big, black cock!"

He moved his hips forward, lowering the head of his giant member until it was touching her leaking folds. I saw that same snarl twist one corner of his mouth as he reached down and grabbed his cock, positioning it at her soft entrance. He grunted.

She moaned. Her legs opened even wider as he drove his black rod into her flesh, plundering her filthy cunt.

I watched inch after inch of his cock disappear inside her body until half of him was inside. She moaned and mewled and writhed beneath his bulk, pinned by the python splitting her open between her legs.

He jerked his hips against her. She cried out.

"Fuck Daryl, I can't!"

That made him smile. Because he knew even if she didn't think she could, she would. She would take all of him and miss him when he was done.

The thought took me by surprise. No one had said it. I had made it up. It was all inside my mind but thinking it had made me realize how hard my own cock was from watching through that window. I was hard from watching her get fucked.

His smile twisted back into a snarl as he shoved his trunk against her slender frame. She screamed, the noise making the window pane shudder as the sound travelled past me and dissipated over the yard. Sinking his full weight onto her, I saw the rest of his cock disappear inside.

Now I wanted to touch myself. I ached to release the agonizing pressure that had built up inside my balls. The only thing I could think of that would be worse than getting caught peeping, was if I were fucking myself with my hand at the same time. I resigned myself to the discomfort and continued to watch.

As he pulled his body up, I saw that fat snake, dripping her juice come squeezing out of her tender, pink flesh. He teased her with the head just inside her pussy. He grinned and laughed as she squirmed beneath him, until she shouted again.

"Get the fuck back in me!"

He obliged. He dropped his whole body onto her, his cock slamming back up inside her cunt. She screamed again and dug her nails into his black back. He reared from the pain but started to fuck.

Her body started scrambling over his, her creamy limbs sliding along his dark frame. Like an animal in heat she snarled and bucked beneath him, daring him to go deeper, to fuck her harder, to take her any way he would. I watched her body rise, her back arching again up off the bed as another orgasm took her and then another again. After he'd made her come a third time, her body fell back, away from the furious, frantic fucking and into a resigned almost meditative state.

She was like a rag doll beneath him now. Her legs split open for his pleasure, her tits bouncing up and down her chest. Her head rolled to one side. To my side. He grunted above her. Her eyes went wide.

For a second I thought it was from something he'd done. Then I realized it wasn't him, it was me. She'd seen me. Her mouth opened in disbelief. Her brow furrowed in concern. And then...

Then, the tiniest twist of a smile snaked across her lips. Her eyes were round again. Watching as I watched her, she lifted her arms and let the tips of her slender fingers drift up his back until she was holding his shoulder. A delicate, white princess bucking beneath a snorting, black bronco. Enjoying the ride.

As he craned his neck towards the ceiling and groaned, her smile grew wider. I thought my eyes were going to pop out of my head. I knew his thick cock was filling her with seed. Maybe she was smiling about that? No. Her smile was for me.

It only lasted a moment and then her eyes closed. Her head rolled back to look at him as he finished his orgasm inside her. Now the smile was for him. She was happy that he'd filled her with his cum. In that moment, nothing in the world meant more to her than that.

It was a crippling, cruel and delicious stab of lust that tore through me seeing that. The woman that I wanted for myself, had given everything she could to another man.

I staggered back from the window, not caring about the noise I was making.

I turned towards the steps of the deck and ran.

## Chapter 4

Standing on her doorstep at two minutes to nine in the morning sun, I was completely exhausted. I'd masturbated three times the night before but couldn't fall asleep. I couldn't get it out of my mind. It was like a porn on replay. Over and over I saw him crawling beneath her legs, I heard her mewling in my mind. And that smile. That fucking smile. That delicious, searing smile that made me want to wretch and fuck.

My hand was shaking as I reached for the doorbell. The door opened before I could press the little white button.

"Hey Johnny!" She was sleepy eyed, wearing a t-shirt and no pants. Her hair was tousled around her face. Her voice was sultry from sleep. "Come on in." She turned around, leaving the door open.

My knees were shaking as I stepped inside.

*Maybe it didn't happen. Maybe she didn't see you. Maybe you made that part up.*

"Coffee?"

A bubble caught in my throat. "Sure!" The word came out in a squeak.

She turned around and giggled into her hand then walked towards the kitchen. My eyes drifted down her gently swaying body, mesmerized by her long, toned legs. Her sweet feet padded softly along the tile.

"Did you have a nice night?" she asked.

*Easy does it. It doesn't mean anything. It's just a question. Maybe it didn't happen. Maybe she didn't see you the way you thought.*

"It was alright."

She spun around, her back suddenly straight her body filled with a different kind of energy. "Just alright?" She had one eyebrow raised. She was smiling a flirty, teasing smile.

"You know..."

"Oh, is that what we're doing here?"

"Um...what?"

She walked towards me stopping just a foot away. She was six inches shorter than I was so she had to look up into my eyes. "Are we pretending it didn't happen?"

My body started vibrating with a nervous hum. It had happened. She had seen me. Our eyes had met. It had all happened the way I thought and now she was confronting me about it. "What happened?"

*Idiot fucktard. She gave you an in. Why are you playing dumb?!?*

She raised her eyebrows and turned back around slowly. She started walking towards the counter again. "Okay. Whatever you like."

I braced myself and forged ahead. "Okay. Sorry. I just...I didn't know if..."

"If what?" she asked without turning around.

"I wasn't sure what you were talking about."

I heard the sounds of coffee grounds being poured into the filter. "You mean you standing outside my window watching me get fucked?"

It sounded so innocent, so casual. The same way she'd described her relationship with Daryl the night before.

*We just like to fuck.*

It was the same kind of punch to the gut. I was speechless. I had no idea what to say. She poured the water into the carafe, dumped it into the coffee maker and turned around.

I couldn't help my eyes, they drifted up and down her body on their own. God she was beautiful. Those toned thighs looked more tender in the morning light. Even the baggy t-shirt she was wearing couldn't conceal her hourglass curves. She smiled.

"Why don't you have a seat?"

I did. She stayed at the counter.

"Johnny Dempster," she purred, watching me with feline eyes. "Dirty, Johnny Dempster. Am I right?"

"I...I guess." This was not at all how I had intended things to go. Never in a million fantasies could I have foreseen this, or planned it out. In all those fantasies I had panache. I had swagger, dammit! Now I was just a cowed little boy, not sure of what to say.

"You guess? You know I could probably call the cops on you for what you did last night? Peeping through my window like that."

"Are...are you going to?"

She smirked. "Should I?"

I let out a sigh. "Look, Ms Clin...Christine..."

"Call me Chris. All my friends do."

"Chris. I'm sorry." I was. And I wasn't.

"Sorry about watching?"

"Yes. I don't know what got into me. That was a lot of booze. I haven't been drinking lately."

"Did you have fun?"

My heart skipped a beat. Was she serious?

*Are you serious "Are you serious?"*

She giggled. The coffee started burbling behind her. "Of course I'm serious. I'm always very serious, can't you tell?" The smile danced from one corner of her

mouth to the other.

*Get a fucking hold of yourself, John. Man the fuck up.*

"Alright, look. I'm not sure how you feel about what happened but I'm gonna come clean. It was crazy watching that." I looked straight into her eyes. "I...I really like you Chris. What I saw made me so jealous and so fucking turned on at the same time."

Her eyes opened a little wider, like she'd just had her first shot of caffeine. "Really?" she asked, stretching the 'R' out a little long.

"Really. I don't know what it was but...yeah. It was hot. I'm sorry I did it, I'm sorry I spied on you, but I'm kind of not. You know?"

A little nod. A flirty smile before she turned around and grabbed two mugs from the cupboard above.

I let my eyes coast down to her round ass and thought of the way it had looked when Daryl had slapped it the night before. I wondered if I'd ever get to...

"My eyes are up here." She'd turned her head to one side. She couldn't tell where I was looking. She just knew.

"Sorry."

"There's that sorry again. You sound kind of Canadian. It's cute."

"You're cute."

She giggled and turned around and kind of pranced across the floor and set our mugs down. Then she sat down next to me at the table. "Thanks." We sipped our coffee for a while. Just until the silence actually started killing me.

"So what's going on here?" I asked.

"You tell me. You were the one staring through my bedroom window."

"I told you. I really like you. I wanted to ask you out."

Another giggle. "And I told you. We're going out. Breakfast, remember? That's why you're here."

"Yeah. Right. So what about you?"

"What about me?"

"What about you last night, I mean? That do something for you too? You liked seeing me standing there with my hard dick pressed against the wall? You like knowing how jealous I was that you were getting fucked?" I wasn't sure when my voice had turned serious but it had.

Her smile faded. "Yeah. I kind of did."

What did that make me? Angry? Was I angry at her for saying that? "You like stringing guys along?"

"Sometimes."

"Yeah? What do you like about it? The attention?"

"Probably."

Now my blood was boiling hot, red rage. She knew exactly what she was doing to me and she wasn't going to stop. She fucking loved it.

"You like being a dirty slut?" I lashed out, the only thing I could think of that might hurt her.

The smile was back. Just one side of her mouth, but it was back. "Definitely," she said, nodding. She looked down and took a sip of her coffee.

*What the fuck? What the fuck?! What the fuck?!?*

"What the fuck?" It came out in a whisper.

She chuckled. "I'm just teasing you, Johnny. We're just having fun, right?"

*Jeeesus! Stop taking yourself so seriously, John.*

"Right."

"So I have some questions for you."

"Okay. Shoot."

"Okay, I will. These last four years, when you've been away, that whole time you've been thinking about Ms Clint?"

A flush of embarrassment heated my cheeks. "Yup."

"Thinking about her in those four inch heels she wore to try and be as tall as all of you boys?"

I felt my cock move. "Yup."

"Thinking about those tight little skirts she wore to keep your attention in English class?"

*Holy shit, what?!? That's why you did that?!?*

"Yup." I swallowed a little too loudly trying to get rid of the sudden dryness in my mouth.

"What else did you think of?"

*This is it. Time to play ball, John. Your turn.*

"I thought of...of bending you over your desk when everyone was gone."

"You did?" she asked. "You thought about that?" It almost sounded like she was mocking me.

It made me even harder, the way she was playing me like that. "I thought of bending you over that desk and pushing that little skirt up and pushing my cock into your tight pussy."

"Johnny!" she giggled then went suddenly serious. "How do you know I'm tight?"

My dick was throbbing now. It was all I could do not to lunge at her, tear her white t-shirt off, pull her panties down and fuck her over the table. "What's going on here? What are we doing?"

I asked instead.

"Having coffee. Then going for breakfast." She took the last swig from her mug. "But first I have to get changed." She got up from the table and brushed past me on her way towards the bedroom. She smelled like flowers and sleep and sex. Sex. I smelled the scent coming from between her legs. She was fucking turned on by this. She turned around at the door to the bedroom. "Now Johnny, no peeking this time. Okay?"

*Holy fuck.*

She disappeared into the bedroom. My mind was racing, my heart pounding in my chest. I got up. I pushed my chair back. It scraped across the floor. I walked towards the bedroom door. She was naked. I was hard as a rock. She turned around.

"Umm, Johnny, I said no peeking this time. What part of 'no' don't you understand?" She turned back around and started getting dressed. She slipped her toes into one side of the white underwear she was holding and slid them

halfway up her leg. Then she stepped in with the other foot and pulled them all the way up, covering the cleft of her ass. She picked up the bra that was lying on the bed and wrapped it around her chest, fastening it behind her back.

My mind was swimming in fantasies, the possibilities of what I could do to Ms Clint all alone in her bedroom almost drowning me. I wasn't stupid, though. No matter what kind of game we were playing I wasn't going to pretend she hadn't said no. I wasn't moving a muscle until I got a yes.

When she pulled the tight skirt up over her thighs and buttoned it at her midriff I nearly had a heart attack. It was exactly the kind of skirt she'd worn almost every day of our English class. She picked up a white blouse and slid it down over her arms.

There she was. The Ms Clint that I remembered. The one I'd fantasized about so much for so long. She hadn't changed a bit.

"Okay, I don't know what the fuck you want me to do here but...are we doing this or what?"

"Did you like that?" she asked with another giggle.

"Um...yeah?"

She laughed again. "Yeah, it was kind of fun. I don't want to get all porny and creepy, though. Should we go have breakfast?"

*Breakfast?!?*

"Breakfast? Breakfast?!? You're just gonna leave me hanging like that?"

She burst out into laughter, her head falling back, her blonde locks dancing across her shoulders and down her back. I was still staring at her when she recovered from the outburst. "Johnny, what did you expect? That I was going to fuck you?" There was a glimmer of mischief in her eye.

"Chris...I mean, I don't know what to say. I'm over here and you're incredibly fucking sexy and then you do that! Help me out at least?" This was crazy. This was the last way I had expected things to go with her. I always thought of her as kind of a prude. A sexy prude, but a prude.

"Ha!" she laughed. "Help you out? Now you're getting bold! I kind of like it." She sauntered over and stood in front of me. All she needed to complete the effect was a pair of heels. "What's your favorite?"

"Uh...favorite?"

"Yeah. Like, what are you into these days? What kind of porn do you wack off to?"

"Don't you mean, 'to what kind of porn do you wack off?'"

*Really John? Jokey times? Now?*

She was serious again. "That's prescriptive. You can end sentences with a preposition anytime you want to. How about you go sit in that chair over there? The one in the corner."

I did. She turned around to face me.

"Pull your cock out."

I fumbled with my zipper and the button of my jeans. My cock was already hard when I pulled it out.

"Start stroking it," she ordered.

Staring at her, one hand on her hip, I started stroking my cock.

"Is this what you thought about? When you thought about me?"

"Uh...not exactly. I was thinking more along the lines of...you know. You a little closer to me?"

She giggled again. "Johnny, we just met. I might be a dirty slut but that's a little fast even for me. Maybe this will help." She tugged at her blouse and pulled her bra off to one side. Her stiff, pink nipple popped out, followed by the rest of her ample breast. She looked up. "Does it?"

I swallowed and nodded, mesmerized by her fingers twisting her nipple back and forth.

"Good. You want to see the other one, don't you?"

I nodded again and she reached into the other side of her bra and pulled her other breast out. They were pressed together, the straps of her bra mashing her two breasts against each other and making a delicious cleft down the center of her chest. She stepped towards me. "Here. This will definitely help."

I felt the cum surge from my balls as she carefully knelt down in front of me, pressing her breasts even closer to each other with her hands. My head was buzzing and my cock was tight and I could barely breathe as I stared down at those two heaving breasts. I wanted it to last forever but what can I say? I was still pretty young and not that great at stamina.

I groaned and felt my lips stretch into anguish. I felt the cum blast through my shaft and I looked down from her face just as the first hot spurt of it sprayed across her buxom chest.

"Fuck!" I groaned as my seed splattered across her breasts. I glanced up.

Her mouth and eyes were wide with surprise. "Fuck, Johnny!" she said as she started to laugh.

Spurt after spurt of my load erupted from the head of my cock to the sound of her laughter. She twisted her body from side to side, letting me cover as much of her tits as I could. The climax rushed through me each time cum flew from my cock and landed on her tits. Until I was completely spent. Then I was just a guy sitting in a chair, panting and red-faced and a little bit ashamed at what I'd done and how fast I'd done it.

"Holy shit, Dempster when's the last time you masturbated? That was some load!" She was peering down at herself, admiring the mess I'd made.

"Sorry," I muttered, exhausted.

"There's that sorry again," she chuckled. Then she pulled her tits back into her bra and pulled back her blouse leaving only a thin strand of white exposed on her creamy flesh. "Breakfast?"

*You dirty slut.*

## Chapter 5

We had breakfast at Rosie's family restaurant. It was the kind of hole in the wall place that made amazing eggs and you could hide in the booths. She had poached on an English muffin. I had Rosie's Giant Breakfast. I couldn't believe this was happening. I felt like the happiest guy alive.

"So seriously, what are you going to do with that degree?" she said between mouthfuls.

"I don't know. I have thought of grad school but I don't want to go into debt."

"Yeah, debt sucks. Take it from me. Especially when you don't have a job."

"Wait," I asked, "you're out of a job? What happened at Henley?"

She shrugged. "That was a contract gig. It kept getting extended every year, I think for one year after you left but I knew it was never going to amount to anything. Those kind of jobs never end up in full-time."

"So what have you been doing then? If you don't mind me asking?"

"Oh, odds and ends. This and that."

It didn't sound like she really wanted to talk about it so I decided to let it go. We ate our breakfasts for a little while, until I got the courage to ask the other question that had been on my mind the whole morning. "Hey so, what are you doing tonight?"

"Tonight? Tonight. What's today, Sunday?"

"Saturday."

"Saturday. Right. I don't know. I'll probably watch TV. Daryl usually comes over."

A rush of adrenaline almost made me spit out the eggs I'd just stuffed into my mouth.

*Wait, what?!? Daryl*

Okay. I'd only just 'met' her again last night. But she was obviously into...something happening, with what we'd done that morning. Why the fuck would she...

"Are you okay? You look like you're gonna puke? Are the eggs alright?"

"I'm...I'm fine."

"You don't look fine."

"It's just...I guess I thought with what happened this morning that..."

The concern slipped from her eyes and sympathy took its place. "Oh Johnny, are you talking about this? About us? You're too sweet! That's so sweet!"

Sweet. Sweet little Johnny. Is that what she thought of me? Was I being friend-zoned because she already had a real man to fuck?

"I guess I just don't get...this," I said, trying not to let my anger seep into my tone.

"Wait, you mean us? You mean you're actually into this? It's not just a fantasy kind of thing?" She seemed genuinely surprised.

"Yeah I'm into this. Chris, I'm really into you."

She shook her head. "How can you know that? You don't know me. You only know Ms. Clint."

"Yeah I know. But that's what I'm saying, I want to know you. I want to get to know Chris."

She sat there for a while, her mouth open, her eyes drifting back and forth across the table.

"Are you alright?" I finally had to ask.

"Um, yeah. I guess I just never thought...I mean this has happened so many times that..."

"Wait, what? What's happened?"

She looked up at me. "Oh, you know, that guys I used to teach come back all grown up."

"And what?"

"And they want to, you know, live the dream. Get with Ms Clint, the hot English teacher."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. There were other guys that did this?  
"And...do they?" Suddenly my mouth was dry again.

"Johnny, I know we're kind of playing a game here but all of a sudden you look pissed."

I was. I was damn pissed. Of course it didn't change the way I felt about her but I needed to know. "Just...just tell me if there's been anyone else."

She put her fork down and dabbed at her lips with a napkin. "Okay. You want to do this?" she asked, sounding very serious.

"I just want to know."

"Sure. There've been other guys. Yeah, some of them got lucky with Ms Clint. I'm a sucker for a stiff drink. Especially if its free."

Again my stomach tightened and I had to push my plate away. I stared down at the bacon and ham that I hadn't eaten, trying to sort out how to react.

"That upsets you?"

I nodded. I didn't want to hear what my voice was going to sound like if I spoke.

"The same way seeing me with Daryl got you upset last night?"

The question shocked into looking up at her. Was it because she'd hit the nail on the head? Was it the same feeling coursing through me that I'd felt last night?

"I...I don't know."

She stared at me for a while then pushed her own plate back. "You want to go for a walk? It's really nice by the river."

"Yeah," I nodded. "I do."

She told me about the other guys. The ones that had been lucky. She could only remember four of them but she was pretty sure there were a few more. With each story my image of her, the one I'd built inside my own head, cracked. Little pieces fell away from the edges until the prudish and pristine Ms Clint I'd constructed in my mind was revealed for who she truly was, the village slut.

We sat down on a bench after our walk. I was still trying to parse my feelings, still trying to come to grips with the truth I'd just heard when she asked.

"You had girlfriends while you were away, didn't you Johnny?"

"Yeah."

"How's that different? Why are you so upset by this?"

Now that was a good question. I had no right to be upset by who Chris was. It was the twenty first century. She could have as much sex as she liked. Men did. Nobody called them sluts. And yet...and yet. What was it? What made the scalpel of betrayal cut straight into my heart at the thought of her many lovers? My answer was starting to sound like a chorus.

"I don't know."

She put her hand on my arm. "Look Johnny, your what, twenty-three now, twenty-four?"

"Twenty-four."

"You're a good looking guy. A very good looking guy. There are tons of women out there that would be very happy with a guy like you. I've got eight years on you. I've gotta stop partying. I want to settle down. I want to have a family and all that boring stuff people do when they get old. You're sweet but I think it'll be better for both of us if we don't do this, you know?"

"Why?" The word was out before I could swallow it.

"Why?"

"Yeah. Why?" Might as well go all in.

She looked down at the ground. "I..." she started. She looked up, her eyes gazing out over the lazy waters of the river. She looked back at me and I swear I saw a tear in her eye. "I'm...kind of broken, you know?"

Kind of broken? "What are you talking about?"

She smirked and looked away again. "I've got a lot of shit going on. I think that's why I fuck a lot."

A tendril of jealousy rippled down my spine.

*That's why I fuck a lot.*

I wouldn't forget those words anytime soon. I reached over and put her hand in mine. "What if we just hang out? See how things work?"

She smiled at me and shook her head. "I'm telling you, I'm nothing but trouble."

"I don't care about that. I want to get to know you, Chris. Forget all that Ms Clint stuff. I want to find out who you are."

Our eyes met. She held my gaze for a long time. I got lost in the sea of her deep blue eyes. She leaned closer. Our lips met.

It was a long, slow kiss. The kind you see in the movies that make you want to puke. It made me want to dance. When it ended, I just wanted to kiss her again and again.

"You sure are persistent, I'll give you that."

"Johnny Persistence. That's what they call me."

She giggled and shook her head. She stared out over the river some more, then turned back to look at me. "So? What do we do now?"

"This is the part where you tell me where you want me to take you tonight."

My heart sank when she turned her head and sighed. I thought I'd been in. I thought I had her. "Look...I should tell Daryl. About this. I should probably see him tonight."

My heart jumped into my throat. "Okay. I'll come over."

She looked surprised. "Wait, come over? Why?"

"So I can be there when you tell him." It was a stupid answer. I could tell she knew as well as I did why I wanted to be there. I wanted to make sure he would

leave right after she told him. I wanted to make sure he wasn't going to stick around.

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Okay. Come over. He's usually over around nine."

"Eight okay?"

"Sure. Eight is fine."

## Chapter 6

Except Daryl was already there when I got there. Daryl was there and Chris was drunk. Her hair was kind of a mess and she was giggling as she opened the door.

"Hey baby!" she said, stumbling towards me and falling against my chest.

Baby? My stomach tightened at what she might have done. "Hey," I said, trying to sound cool. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, for sure," she said, closing her eyes and pressing her cheek to my chest. "You're warm."

"You're drunk." Yeah. Couldn't swallow that one down either.

She leaned away and looked up with tired eyes. "So?"

"Nothing. I just...thought Daryl wasn't getting here until nine."

"Oh. Yeah, he showed up a little early."

Did you fuck him? I wanted to ask but I didn't have the guts. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah. Yeah!" She stumbled back in through the door and I followed her inside. Daryl was sitting on the couch he'd been on last night. He was wearing a black t-shirt, black jeans and had a drink in his hand.

I sat down in the armchair and Chris flopped next to him on the couch. That burned a little but I didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

"Hey bitch," he said, staring at me.

"Daryl!" Chris said, giving him a firm smack.

"Hey, shit, I'm just kiddin'! I heard you takin' my benefits away?"

I forced a smile. "Yeah, well..."

"Well shit, man! This was the best booty call I had!"

The words sent a torrent of jealousy seething through me. I saw Chris looking at me. She seemed more awake now, like she was watching for something. Waiting for what kind of reaction I was going to have.

"All good things must come to an end, I guess. Right?"

Daryl stared at me for a while then cracked a grin. "Yeah. I guess you right." He turned his head and looked Chris up and down. I saw him sniff, like a dog sniffing for its mate. "You one lucky mother fucker though. She fine."

I saw a smile flicker across her lips at the compliment. She looked up at me again. Then down at my crotch.

Dammit! Really? A hard-on now?

Her eyes lit up as she saw the bulge in my crotch. I knew what she was thinking right away.

"Can I tell him your little secret?" she asked.

"Chris..." I started, but it was too late. The ball was rolling.

"Little secret?" Daryl asked. "What? He have a small dick?"

Chris rolled her eyes. "No." The word landed with a thud.

I didn't know what to do. Maybe I should have done something other than just sit there and watch it happen but that's all I could come up with.

"What then?" Daryl asked.

A sly smile curled across her lips. "Johnny likes to watch."

"Watch?" Daryl asked, looking confused. "Watch what? Football? I used to play, you know. Fuckin' knee gave out and..."

"Daryl. Shutup." She said it without taking her eyes off me. Still smiling. "He likes to watch, you know, his girl getting fucked."

The silence was deafening. It seemed to last for an eternity. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her gaze. There was an energy around her now, like her drunk had worn off.

"No shit?" Daryl muttered. I could tell he was staring at me but I didn't dare look back. "That's some fucked up shit right there," he said.

"Meh, it's not that fucked up. It's kind of sexy. Don't you think?"

Even though she'd been talking to Daryl, the question had been for me. I didn't look away from her stare. My body was rigid. My fingers were digging into the arms of the chair. My cock was solid and pushing against my jeans again, the head aching as it rubbed the fabric of my underwear.

I didn't like where this was going. And I did. Because, dammit, it was fucking sexy. It had been sexy as hell watching her last night and the thought of it now had me so turned on I was about to blow my load in my pants.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Daryl's big, black paw come creeping across Christine's shirt and settle on her breast. My heart jumped into my throat. I opened my mouth.

*Tell him to take it off. Tell him to stop.*

I didn't. I didn't tell him to stop when I saw him start kneading her tit. I didn't tell him to stop when I saw him lean in and kiss her neck. I didn't tell him to stop when he bit her ear. We just stared at each other, Chris and I. My cock pushed against my pants.

I saw her eyes dart down at the motion. Her smile widened and that eyebrow went up.

"You like this? You like this shit?" I heard Daryl ask.

"Shutup Daryl." Her irritation was momentary. It was quickly replaced by the smile. She never stopped staring at me. Never looked away.

I kept my eyes on her as he hooked his fingers under the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up over her head. Her heavy breasts came tumbling out. He put a hand on one again, squeezing the nipple that was already hard and making her wince.

All I could do was stare.

His hands were at her midriff. He unbuttoned the shorts she was wearing and peeled them away. She wasn't wearing any underwear and her pussy was already glistening wet. His hand dropped down between her legs, his dark skin making hers look even more pale. He spread her lips open with two fingers. It made a sticky sound as he exposed her pink slit.

"You like that? You like that pussy?"

I knew he was asking me. Adrenaline was rushing through me. My mouth was dry again. I really needed a drink. All I could do was nod my head.

"Shit baby, you were right! He does like this shit!" He pushed a strong, dark finger into her leaking slit. Her body tensed. My cock throbbed. "You want to taste some pussy, tiger?" Daryl chuckled.

I wanted it more than I'd wanted anything in my whole life. It felt fucked up but incredibly hot at the same time. I wanted to sink between her legs, smell the salty-sweetness of her soaked lips and sink my mouth onto them. I nodded again.

"What do you say, baby? Can he lick that pussy?" Daryl asked.

Chris nodded back.

I was out of my chair and by the couch before anyone could change their mind. I was kneeling in front of her, the heady smell of her hungry snatch sweeping up between our bodies. I looked up into her eyes. She was still staring at me. Still smiling. She opened her legs wider and let me in.

The first taste of her sweaty pussy made me moan and shudder, despite myself. I didn't want Daryl to know how much this turned me on. What the fuck would a guy like him think? That I was just some fucked up white boy who wanted to watch his woman get fucked? At that moment, I didn't care. I surrendered to the pulsing pleasure the taste of Christine's sweet pussy sent pounding through my veins.

She was salty with sweat and juice and sweet in the way pussy's taste. I swept my tongue up the length of her slit and heard her moan. I looked up and a fresh wave of adrenaline and jealousy and lust coursed through me as I saw that Daryl had leaned down and had the tip of her tit in his mouth. Chris was still looking down at me. We stared deep into each others eyes.

It felt just like the night before, when I'd been watching her through the window. The connection we shared was incredible and I never wanted it to end. She reached down, touched a hand to my cheek then put it at the back of my head and pressed me closer to her cunt.

I licked and suckled at the juices flowing out of her, letting my tongue run up and down her length. She started squirming beneath my face and I heard her moan as she squeezed me with her thighs. Her body was buzzing with tension and pleasure and I knew I was going to make her cum. I glanced up again to see that Daryl had lifted himself to her mouth. They were locked in a deep kiss.

She moaned into his mouth as I felt her body shudder. Her pussy started

clenching around my tongue and I felt more salty juice squeeze from between her hot lips and into my mouth. I fucked her as deeply as I could with my tongue until I felt her pleasure ebb and felt her pushing me away. I stumbled back against the coffee table and watched as Daryl leaned against her, making her sink onto her back on the couch.

My cock was throbbing in my pants. I wanted to pull myself out and start stroking but I was completely paralyzed by what was happening in front of me. Darryl had his hand between his legs. He was hauling at his belt, trying to get it undone. Not thinking about what I was doing, I reached over and pulled it open for him then undid his zipper.

"Easy bro. No funny business down there. I'm not into that."

I wasn't either but I pulled his pants and underwear down, watching that thick, veined cock spring out between her legs. I don't know what possessed me to do it but I reached up and took her thigh, spreading her legs open wider for him. I couldn't stop staring as the head of his hot, dark meat, touched the pink between her legs.

He positioned himself the same way he had last night, right at her opening, ready to plunge deep into her insides. I looked up to see her staring down at me still. I crawled up towards her face and kissed her lips. She pushed her tongue into my mouth and we kissed like that, her body open and ready for her lover, her mouth mine to taste.

"Do you like this? Do you like seeing me like this?" she asked when I'd pulled away.

I couldn't lie. She already knew the answer. "God yes," I whispered. I put a hand on her soft breast. She pulled me close again, opening her mouth to let me in. Our lips met just as Daryl's cock began filling her soft, wet hole.

I felt it. I felt him move into her body. I felt it by the way the muscles of her mouth and tongue moved next to mine. She moaned into my mouth, as if his cock were pushing the breath out of her. I remembered what it had looked like the night before, how she'd cried. This time she started crying into my mouth and even though I couldn't see him sliding into her, stretching her pussy out, I could hear the sloppy wet sounds of her sex opening for him.

I felt it when he reached that half-way point, the one he'd reached last night. I felt her body tense as he started to push deeper. She screamed into my mouth as his cock split her apart and filled her insides completely. I heard the slick sounds as he pulled himself out. Then I felt her body start to buck as he began to fuck her as hard as he could.

He pounded his cock into her, grunting and sweating above our kiss. She wouldn't let my mouth go. Her hand was pressed to my cheek. I thought I was going to blow without even touching myself, just from the friction of rubbing against my jeans. She came with a massive shudder making the sounds even wetter between her legs.

Then Daryl started pounding harder. I let go of our kiss. I looked down between their bodies. His stiff cock was pulsing in and out of her wet heat, his balls slapping against her wet ass. She took my hand and squeezed. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her swollen pussy, swallowing Daryl's rigid meat.

"Fuck baby, fuck yeah! I'm gonna fuckin' come!" he seethed. She took her hand and pushed it down between her legs. My eyes followed. Her slender fingers

wrapped around his sweaty, swollen balls and squeezed.

"Fuck!" Daryl let out a ferocious roar. His balls tightened in her fist. He drove his black muscle deep into her pussy, so deep I could only see the root. I watched as his cock started to pulse and pump. She kneaded his nuts with her hand. He was fucking her full of his hot cum, deep inside her body, filling her with his seed.

"Fuck!" he screamed again as she tightened her grip on his sack. She twisted it, like she wanted to wring every last delicious drop of his milky white cum from his body and into hers. He drove himself in and out and in again, his instincts taking over as nature took its course.

I thought of all that seed swimming inside her and it made me even harder.

When it was finally over, he pulled his cock out in a sloppy, slurpy wet pop and straightened up on the couch, towering over both of us.

"Now what?" he said, chuckling.

She never took her eyes away from mine. "Now fuck off."

He did. I didn't see where he went, I just knew he left. I was too busy tugging off my pants. My cock sprang out. I sank down onto the couch, in between her legs where he'd just been. She put her hands on my cheeks.

"That was incredible," she whispered.

The head of my cock touched her leaking slit, pressing against the warmth of Daryl's cum. I groaned, my face strained in agony as I let go of my weight above her and felt my cock slip into her wet, used cunt. I started to fuck her right away and felt the cum drop out of my balls and into my shaft.

"Fuck Johnny, fuck me. Fuck it into me. I want to feel your cum swimming with D's. I want to feel all that cum filling my pussy."

She looked like she was going to cry. She was begging me for it and I couldn't resist any longer. I shouted and felt my cock harden inside her as it erupted in her womb, spewing my own seed and mixing with what Daryl had left there.

"Oh baby yes," she cooed, her hands gliding across my face, then neck, then back. "Fuck me deep. Fuck it deep into my used pussy," she whispered, coaxing the spunk out of my shaft.

I slammed my hips against her, ramming my cock as deep as it could get. The orgasm shook through me and her hands on my body made me shudder and shiver and shake.

Then it was over. I collapsed onto her, a sweaty mess. We lay there like that for a while. She ran the tips of her fingers along my spine. My cock was still inside her, wilting and wet. We stared into each others eyes. We kissed. It was the most passionate kiss I'd ever felt.

I heard Daryl chuckling behind me. Chris rolled her eyes.

"Well, lovebirds? Should I stay or should I go?"

"Go," Chris ordered.

"A-ight," Daryl replied. "See you again, I hope!" The sound of the door closing made me relax. I hadn't wanted to look him in the eye. Not after that. I pulled myself out but couldn't help glancing at her pussy. The lips were just closing as a trickle of our mingled cum leaked out onto the pillows of the couch.

"Do you want to touch it? It looks like you like it," she whispered.

I did. It was a beautiful sight. I pressed my fingers into her soft pussy and scooped some of the cum out. She sat up and stared, watching it drool down my fingers. I had no idea what had just happened or what was going to happen next but I didn't care. I'd never felt so satisfied. Ever. I looked up.

Chris was smiling. "Wow," she said.

I let out a weak laugh. "Yeah. I guess wow is right. Except..."

"Except what?" She propped herself up on her shoulder. She looked concerned.

"Except...what was that? I mean, what kind of guy am I, to let another man do that to you and..."

"And get off on it?" she asked, finishing my thought.

"Yeah. Exactly."

"Come here." She pulled me close and kissed me again. My fingers were still dripping with the warm semen dripping out of her slit. "You're my kind of guy. I've never felt anything like that. Ever."

Her words sent a tantalizing shiver down my back. I stared into her eyes. I could tell she was being serious. She loved what had just happened. Hell, I loved what had just happened. It just left me feeling a little insecure.

"Why?"

"Why? Why what?"

"Why did you love that so much?" I asked.

"I'm...I'm not sure. I guess, I don't know, it was just so sexy. You watching me the way you were. No one's ever looked at me like that."

It felt good to hear it. But still, there was insecurity growling somewhere in my insides. "Don't you want me to do all that stuff to you? Why do we need him?" It was a stupid question. I knew the answer to it as well as she did.

"So we're a we know?" she chided, smiling.

"I hope so."

She tilted her head and smiled a sweet smile. "Come back here." She kissed me on the lips again. "Indian? Or Chinese?"

## Chapter 7

It ended up being Chinese. With too many drinks before and too much food. We stuffed our faces. We laughed. Man I liked her. I really liked her. More than I'd liked the woman I'd conjured up in my dreams.

"Is this what it's going to be like? Me watching while other guys fuck you?"

"Johnny, don't be crass."

Crass? Really? She was tipsy again but she was different. Like she'd taken off a mask. "I just, kind of want you to myself, you know?"

She put down her chop sticks and pushed away her plate. "Can we just take this one day at a time? We just met, or, re-met, or whatever it is we did."

She was right. And that was the way to go. One day at a time.

We had sex again when we got back to her place. Slow, loving sex. I fucked her the way I'd always dreamed of. She came three times and I finally came inside her again and then we just lay next to each other, staring into the darkness.

"Is my cock big enough for you?"

"What kind of a question is that?"

"The kind of question a guy wants to ask every girl he's with."

"I'm not a girl. I was your teacher, remember? And besides, don't be a cliché. Every guy asks that."

We enjoyed the silence for a while longer. But I couldn't resist. "So? Is it?"

She rolled over, putting her arm on my chest. "Johnny, it doesn't matter what anyone says, it's not about that for girls."

Yeah. Right. "You never do the same thing with me as you do with him."

"Whaddya mean?"

What did I mean? How do you explain something like that? "I don't know. With him you...just get really crazy. It's like you lose yourself in the feeling of his cock."

"Johnny trust me. You've got a good cock."

Sure I believed her. Not really though. It's hard to believe when someone tells you something like that when you've seen the way they are with another man's cock.

"Why does it matter anyway?" she asked.

"Cause I want to make you happy, I guess."

"You did make me happy. This makes me happy. Just lying with you here like this. I never did this kind of stuff with Daryl. Or any of the other guys."

*Any of the other guys.*

How many other guys were there? How many other guys had stuffed their fat cocks inside Christine and made her scream the way Daryl had? Did it matter? Not really, I guess. But something about the question put me on edge.

She fell asleep not too long after that little conversation. I lay awake staring at the ceiling and wondering if I was being crazy. Here I was having the time of my life with the woman I'd pined for for the last four years and yet? And yet what? What was bothering me about the whole situation?

We'd had an amazing night. Sure, Daryl had fucked her but it had felt amazing for both of us. Why did my mind have to get in the way of my heart? Why couldn't I just let it be what it was and leave it at that. She loved what had happened. I did too. Why couldn't I just leave it at that?

Even though I fell asleep late I woke up early. The sun wasn't even up. Chris was still sleeping and I rolled out of the bed as softly as I could and tiptoed into the kitchen. There were eggs in the fridge and bacon, too. I got it in my head to make her a nice breakfast but I wanted to do more. I wanted to do something special. Something nice.

I got in my car and drove to a pharmacy that sold flowers. I got a bouquet of roses and drove back. She was still sleeping when I got back. I put on coffee, made some eggs and bacon and waited for her to wake up.

"Johnny? What is all this?" she asked when she finally emerged from the bedroom.

"It's for you. I just...I wanted you to know how much you mean to me."

"Oh my God Johnny, could you be any sweeter?" she asked, walking up to me and sitting on my lap. She put her hands on my cheek and kissed me. She tasted like sleep. I loved it. I loved the feel of her lips on mine.

"Do you like your eggs scrambled?" I asked, getting up.

"I like them any way they come. Just like you."

I chuckled. It was a stilted, awkward laugh. The laugh of a young man that's fallen in love. I served her eggs and bacon and coffee and she hoovered it all up.

"What are you doing today anyways?" I asked.

She scrunched her nose. "What day is it? Monday?"

"It's Sunday."

She smiled. "Then I guess we're hanging out."

We spent the whole day together. We went to a movie. We walked in the park. We had ice cream, then we went to the bar. By the time I was getting hungry for dinner we were both pretty tipsy.

"You want to come back to my place again?"

The question made me feel warm inside. All the flirting and laughing made the difference in age between us seem to melt away. It felt good. It felt like love.

I undressed her slowly, kissing every part of her body as I peeled her clothes away. She kept her eyes closed but her skin would pimple every time I kissed her. I laid her down on her back on the bed and took my clothes off and crawled between her legs. Her pussy was warm and damp and tasted so good in my mouth. I licked her slit up and down a few times then found her clit. It was stiff and hot and ready. I took it into my mouth.

"Oh fuck Johnny!" she said on an exhale, writhing under my lips. "That feels so

good!"

I licked slow circles around her tight nub, caressing it with my tongue until she started to moan. Then, when I knew she was close to having an orgasm, I took it into my mouth and sucked.

"Oh fuck!" she groaned as her thighs crawled up and down the skin on my cheeks. She was dripping wet and ready to come and I wanted to make her feel good. I started flicking her clit with the tip of my tongue, feeling her body rise up off the bed. "Oh fuck Johnny! I'm gonna come!"

She came in a shivering, shuddering shake. She pushed my face to her pussy with her hands on the back of my head. I kept licking her, swirling my tongue around the center of her sex until she couldn't take any more. "Oh God, Johnny, that's enough! I can't!"

It was a bittersweet feeling when she pushed me away. I knew she'd had enough but I wanted to keep my mouth on her soft pussy lips. She tasted so good and I just wanted to make her feel good over and over again until she fell asleep.

Her phone buzzed.

"Hold on," she said, pushing me even further away and reaching to the nightstand to pick up her phone.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's Daryl. He wants to come over." She looked down at me, perched between her soft thighs. "Do you mind?"

*Do you mind? Do you mind, John, if another man comes over to fuck me?*

"I..."

"What is it?"

"I sort of thought tonight could be about us." I felt bad saying it but it was true. I didn't want Daryl there with his stupid football brain fouling up the mood.

"It can be," she answered, leaning down to kiss me. "Mmmm...you taste like sex. If you don't want to, I can tell him to go away."

But the thing was I didn't want that. I wanted him to come over. I wanted to see him stuff himself inside her like he had the night before. I wanted to watch her get fucked by him all over again. That could still be about us, right?

"Do you want him to come over?" I asked.

She smiled. "Kind of. Don't you think it'll be fun?"

The thing was, I did think it would be fun, just not in the way I had imagined. Was this how it was going to be? Was there always going to have to be another man? But I didn't want to kill the good mood we'd created. I wanted her to be happy. I wanted us to be happy. If that meant Daryl coming over then yeah. That would be fine.

She got kind of giddy when I said yes and she texted him back. I crawled up the bed and tried to kiss her but she pushed me away. "Won't it be better if he does it first? It'll be like last night."

## Chapter 8

My heart sank a little. I didn't want last night. I wanted tonight. I wanted it to be me and her and not fucking Daryl with his smarmy smile. But when I thought about, it did seem hot, thinking about him taking her again, so I let her crawl over me and go to the bathroom and get into the shower while I lay in the darkness staring out the window at the sky.

Daryl was obviously stoned when he got there. Christine didn't seem to mind. She was flirty and playful, the way she'd been with me all day. It made me a little jealous but I pushed that aside. When Daryl barrelled into the bedroom I wondered if I should change my mind.

He took his clothes off like it was no big deal and soon he was standing there above the two of us lying on the bed, his cock starting to throb.

"Yo, you want to feel something amazing?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered, not sure if I really did.

He grabbed Christine by her pony tail and yanked it to one side, making her twist around until her back was towards him.

"Ow!" she shrieked.

I felt like I should do something. She was supposed to be my woman after all. But Daryl just chuckled and smacked her ass and said "Shutup, bitch!" which calmed her down and made me start to get hard. "Why don't you suck your man's cock?"

She giggled when he let her hair go and sank down on me right away. Her mouth was hot and her cheeks puckered as she started sucking on my cock. It felt amazing and all I could do was stare down at her tits, bouncing beneath her chest. She hauled on my cock so hard I thought I was going to spew in her mouth until Daryl piped up. "That's enough! You gonna make him blow if you keep that shit up!"

We all had a pretty good laugh about that and Daryl pushed Christine up my body until her pussy was just above the head of my throbbing cock.

"That's it," he said, moving her into position above me, "you a good little slut! Get your pussy on that cock!"

She was staring at me and she moved her hips back and forth, her slippery sex sliding up and down the length of my cock. I throbbed beneath her, stiffening completely until I could feel her hot hole above me, ready to be plied.

Daryl took her by the hips and guided her onto me. She slipped down my hard shaft. I let out a groan as her tight pussy lips swallowed me whole and she sank down with all her weight. I was deep inside her and it felt fucking amazing. It was especially hot that Daryl had done that, that he'd put her there for me.

"That's it," I heard him growl from behind her as she started to ride my cock.

This was definitely different than what had happened the night before and I was kind of getting into it, staring into her eyes when suddenly, they opened wide.

"Daryl!" she shrieked, reaching back with her hand.

"Baby, just relax!" Daryl said, swatting her and pushing her hand back.

"No seriously," Christine snapped, "I am not into that."

It was then that I realized what Daryl was doing. His hand was at her ass and she was squirming above me as he tried to push his thumb inside. She swatted behind her, trying to chase him away but he just smacked her down. She fell on top of me, her soft breasts pressed against my chest.

"Come on man, give me some of that pussy to get me nice and wet!" Daryl pulled Christine's hips up and I felt myself fall out of her. I looked down at the space between our bodies to see Daryl's massive black cock slipping into her hot hole. I looked up. She was wincing, her face contorted again from taking his girth.

"Oh fuck Daryl, you're so fucking big!" she gasped.

It didn't feel great when she said that. Despite our conversation about cock size not mattering, I knew this was something I was never going to be able to do. I was never going to be able to get her to make that face no matter how I tried. I just didn't have the same gifts Daryl had.

"Mmm, that's it baby, take that black dick!" he said as he pushed himself deeper into her.

She opened her eyes. She was staring at me. Her mouth was open in shock, as if this were the first time she were being spread so wide by him.

"Does it...does it feel good?" I asked. I don't even know why I asked it. I just felt like I had to know.

"Fuck baby it does. It feels so good being stretched so wide." She leaned down and pressed her lips to my mouth. We kissed another long, deep kiss but it didn't feel as passionate. Her words kept bouncing around in my head.

*It feels so good being stretched so wide.*

If things worked out with us would she always miss this? Would she always remember the way that Daryl made her feel? Would she carve it? It was frightening to think about, that if we did end up together I could never satisfy her this fully.

Chris pulled away from our kiss just as Daryl pulled himself out of her body. She half-sobbed, half-moaned as his thickness left her and she really looked like she wanted him back inside her again.

"A-ight baby, get back on that white dick," Daryl said, pushing her hips back

down and letting her slip back onto my cock.

She was wider now, I could feel it. Her pussy lips were closing around me but she was nowhere nearly as tight as when I'd first pushed into her. I didn't care. Just feeling her messy wetness around me made me harden inside her. That made her smile.

"You like that?" she whispered, leaning close and nibbling my ear.

"Fuck yes," I whispered back. I felt her body tense and I assumed it was from Daryl pushing the head of his cock against her ass hole. "Do you want me to tell him to stop?" I asked, searching her eyes for what she really wanted.

She giggled and shook her head a little. "You're so sweet. Don't worry about him. He's gonna do what he wants. Worry about us." She leaned in and kissed me again.

What she'd said seared through me like I'd swallowed a hot coal. Don't worry about him? He's gonna do what he wants? I pushed her away. "Have you...have you done this before?"

"What? You mean anal?"

I nodded.

"No. But I couldn't think of anyone I'd want to do it with more than you."

It was a confusing thing to say but I didn't have time to reply. Daryl had worked the head of his dark phallus into Christine's back hole and I felt her tense on top of me again. Her pussy clenched my cock and I felt some of her juices run out.

"Fuck Daryl that thing's so fucking big! I can't do this. I can't take both of you at once!"

"Shutup bitch and just relax," Daryl grunted. "If that ass gets any tighter you gonna cut my fuckin' dick off!"

Christine burst into giggles at what he'd said.

I just sat there with a crazy swirl of emotions churning in my gut. On the one hand I was happy that we were here, doing this together. On the other hand there was a big black guy behind the woman I...I think I was falling in love with, stuffing his dick into her ass, calling her a bitch and telling her to shut up. I felt like I should do something. Like I should take charge somehow and tell him to ease off. It wasn't exactly a position of dominance I was in, though, so I just kept my mouth shut.

Christine moaned and mewled above me as I felt more and more of Daryl's cock filling her ass. I thought there was no way he was going to get the whole thing in. I couldn't even believe that he'd been able to get his whole cock into her pussy. But the more she groaned and squirmed on top of me the harder I got. Soon I felt Daryl's cock pressing against mine with only a thin wall of Christine's flesh between us.

"Holy fuck, Daryl, you're going to make me fucking come!" she screamed above me.

I stared in wide-eyed disbelief as she started bucking backwards, trying to rear up onto the rest of his cock. How the fuck was this happening? How was Daryl making her cum by fucking her ass? I started to feel jealous again. I grabbed her hips and started to thrust my cock up inside her. She put a hand on my chest.

"Hold on sweetie, I'm almost there. Can you just lie still? Fuck that black dick is going to make me cum!" She grabbed my hands from her hips and leaned forward, pinning them above my head.

I felt Daryl moving inside her. She put her head down on my cheek. I looked over her shoulder to see Daryl standing behind her with both hands on her ass. I could feel him working his cock in and out of her faster and faster. She started another long, sobbing moan.

"Yeah baby. That's it. Now you squeeze it. Go ahead. Squeeze that cock. I'm a come in your pussy, a-ight?"

Chris started to squeeze and it felt amazing. It felt like her pussy was milking my cock. I turned my head to kiss her.

"Oh fuck, hold on Johnny, I'm almost there," she said, turning her head.

So I just lay there, watching Daryl fuck her from behind, feeling his cock moving along mine and feeling Chris tighten around me until she started screaming and I felt her orgasm make her whole body tense.

"Oh shit!" Daryl grunted from above us. I felt him throbbing in her ass. I felt each stiffening of his black muscle as he released pulse after pulse of his hot load into her insides. "Shit!" he said again through clenched teeth.

Chris was holding onto my hand so tight she was cutting off circulation to my fingers. I wanted to join in the fun. It felt a little weird just lying there while they shared an orgasm but it was still hot seeing Chris get off like that.

Daryl pulled his cock out as soon as he was done. "Damn baby, that was fine!" he said, snapping his fingers, already bending over to get his clothes. "I'm a leave you two lovebirds alone. I got another party to go to. Thanks for the good times!"

Both of us ignored him as he left the room. Christine lifted her head from my chest and started kissing me. I tried to push the bad mood that had clouded over part of my mind, away and kiss her back. I tried my best to leave what had just happened behind us and focus on us. It was just me and her now. I started moving my hips, pushing my cock up and down into her tightening snatch. She stopped kissing me and stared into my eyes, smiling.

"Do you want to see it?" she whispered.

"What?" I asked, really just wanting to come inside her.

"Do you want to see my ass?"

## Chapter 9

I groaned because I was getting close to coming and my balls felt really tight. At the same time it sounded hot as hell, to check out her ass and what it looked like stretched and full of Daryl's cum.

She swung her leg over me but kept her ass up in the air. I started to sit up but she put her hand on my chest again. "Wait. Just stay on your back. Turn around." There was that same mischief in her eye that I'd seen before but I did what she asked. I spun around until my head was at the foot of the bed, right next to her ass. She swung her leg over my neck and straddled me with her head in my crotch. She grabbed my cock and I flexed in her hand. She lowered herself slowly onto my chest.

"Do you like it?" she asked, turning around and giggling.

I didn't know what to say. It was brutal and beautiful at the same time. Her tight little asshole had been stretched into a gaping maw and Daryl's thick, hot load was swimming inside her, leaking out in tiny dribbles.

"Do you want to touch it? Like you touched my pussy? That would be so hot!" She sounded so excited and at the same time she said it, she started stroking my cock and smiled a little wider.

Of course I wanted to touch it. I don't know why I found it so beautiful but I did. As an aching pleasure raced up my spine from her stroking my cock I lifted a hand and stuck a finger into the messy hole. I scooped out some of Daryl's cum

and watched it dripping off my fingers.

"I want to see it too!" she squealed, delighted.

I dipped in another finger, scooped out another thick glob of the mess and showed it to her.

"Holy fuck, I can't believe that guy, what a fucking beast!"

"What? What do you mean?"

"No, I'm just saying he always dumps such a huge load inside me whenever he fucks me." She was stroking me hard now, as if the sight of Daryl's spunk that had been inside her had made her hot again. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue and I knew what she wanted me to do.

I moved my hands toward her mouth, careful not to let any of the sticky load drip onto the bed. She craned her neck as I got closer and as soon as my fingers touched her tongue she started slurping and sucking on them until she'd cleaned them completely off.

"Do you like it? Do you like the way it tastes?" I asked, a little taken aback by how eager she was to swallow his cum.

"Have you ever tasted it?"

"What?"

"Have you ever tasted cum?"

"I...no, why would I do that?" My sex life had never been nearly as kinky as apparently hers was.

"Do you want to? Do you want to try?"

"I..."

She started stroking my cock harder, her head still turned to stare at me. There was a hunger in her eyes now. "Oh my God Johnny, that would be so sexy if you did it. Nobody's ever done anything like that with me! Do you want to try it?"

The truth was I didn't really want to try it. It seemed kind of gross but she seemed so excited about it. Not only that but hearing her say that nobody had ever done anything like that with her convinced me that I should try it just this once.

"Okay." I said it quietly, still not quite sure of what I was about to do.

"Really?"

"Yeah. Really."

Her eyes lit up and I was about to reach back into her ass hole and scoop out as little of Daryl's cum as I could when she pushed herself up and straightened her back.

Suddenly her ass was right in my face. The smell of it was overwhelming, her own dank and the salty stink of Daryl's spunk filled my nostrils. She started stroking my cock even harder but she leaned back onto me.

My eyes popped open wide as a river of creamy spunk poured out of her ass hole and down her crack onto my chin.

She was fucking my cock hard with her hand and at the same time trying to look back and see what was happening behind her.

I felt my cock start to bounce as she jacked it, my cum ready to pop. At the same time I was trying to avoid the torrent of cum spilling from her ass.

"Oh my God, did you taste it?" she asked.

I felt bad that I hadn't. I promised her I would. I took a deep breath and opened my mouth. I was so close to coming I didn't care. I just wanted her to keep stroking me off. A splash of salty cum landed on my tongue. I closed my mouth. It tasted like...man seed. I couldn't really describe it any other way. It was tart

and hard to swallow. I didn't care. I did anyways. I was so close. I felt the cum leave my balls. I felt it fill my shaft. I was going to come. She was going to make me come with her hand!

"Baby, did you try it yet?"

"Ahh!" I screamed as she let go of me to try and turn around and see if I'd tasted any seed. The orgasm I'd almost had got sucked back up into my spine as I felt my sperm ooze out of the head of my cock in a slow trickle. "Fuck, please don't stop!" I begged.

Her eyes opened wide. "Oh my God, I'm sorry!" she said, turning around, giggling and grasping for my cock. By the time she got it in hand it was too late. Any hope of feeling the pleasure of a climax had disappeared back into my body and all the cum I had was running down my shaft. She started stroking me again but my dick was already getting soft.

"Get off," I said, then, as my anger boiled over I yelled it again. "Get off!"

She scrambled off and across to the edge of the bed. I rolled off, fuming at what had happened and stormed into the bathroom and slammed the door. I took a few deep breaths and stared myself down in the mirror.

*It's okay. It was an accident. It happens. Bad sex happens sometimes.*

But it wasn't the bad sex that was bothering me. It was that she had been so

obsessed with seeing me taste Daryl's cum that she didn't even care if I had a good time or not. It seemed like such a selfish thing to do. I took a few more deep breaths before I heard the knock at the door.

"Johnny? Are you okay?" came the muffled sound of her voice.

One more breath and I turned and opened the door for her. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm sorry I did that."

"No, no! I'm sorry!" she said and rushed into my arms. She looked like she was going to cry.

I caught our reflection in the mirror. I could hardly believe it. I was standing there with Christine Clint, my old English teacher and we'd just had a threesome. This was not really how I'd planned things when I'd been thinking about her the past few years but I realized what a chump I was being. I should have been grateful for what I had and here I was being a drama queen about a little mistake.

"Don't," I said, caressing her back with my hand. "Don't be sorry. I was just a jerk. I'm sorry I got my panties in a knot."

She pulled away and looked up at me with her round, blue eyes. They were a little shiny and I could tell I had almost made her cry. "Do you want to try again?" she asked with a smile. "We could try something fun?"

A part of me and a part of me didn't. There had been a lot of 'trying something

fun' in the last few days and I really just wanted to do something a little more normal. "Rain check?"

She pressed her cheek to my chest. "Sure."

We spent what little was left of the night watching shitty TV. Chris drifted off to sleep but once again, I lay awake wondering about everything that had gone on. It had been fun. It had definitely been different but there was something about it that was bothering me. It wasn't too hard to put my finger on what it was.

Like most guys, I could get jealous from time to time. This was kind of different because it wasn't like Christine and I had been in a relationship the first time I'd seen her do that, that first night watching her through the window. It had only been a few days of us being together so I didn't really feel like I could just ask her to turn her life upside down because now we were 'going steady' or some shit. At the same time, I could feel the insecurity building inside me. About Daryl. About how big his cock was. About the way he made her feel. About how we hadn't really had an intimate experience without him, just her and me.

I didn't want to sound like a whiner. It sounded like she'd been through a lot in her life, like she had issues that I didn't even know about. It seemed like the last thing she needed was some young guy wanting to be her boyfriend, then whining at her that he didn't like the way she lived her life. I looked over at her, sleeping next to me on the bed. She looked just as beautiful as she ever had.

I decided I wasn't going to be that guy. I was going to be the guy she needed. The guy that helped her through whatever she was going through and gave her what she needed instead of taking what he wanted. I was going to be the good guy.

## Chapter 10

"I think I need to get a job."

I hadn't slept at all. I was exhausted but sleep just wouldn't come. As soon as Chris started stirring I rolled over, happy to have some company again.

"What time is it?" she groaned.

"I don't know. Six, I think?"

"Ugh!" She threw a pillow over her head. I pried a corner of it up. "No!" she snapped, tugging it back down over her ears.

I heard muffled giggles coming from under the pillow. I moved closer towards her and pulled the other corner up.

"Listen Mr. Dempster!" she said, throwing the pillow across the room. The sight of her naked body took my breath away. "If you are one of those 'early risers' this is not going to work in any way, do you understand?"

I smiled and leaned over to kiss her. "You had to get up early for school all the time," I said, kissing her lips.

"Oh my gosh, my breath is gross, don't!" she said, pushing me away.

"I don't care. I want a kiss."

That made her smile. She let me kiss her but not for very long. She pushed me away and rolled off the bed. My eyes swept down her curves and settled on the cleft of her ass as she put her pony tail up. The memory of what had happened last night shot through me with a jolt.

"I need a shower. I'm filthy," she said, standing up.

My cock started to move, now that I could see her whole body.

"What's with all this job talk all of a sudden?"

I followed her to bathroom.

"I just...need a job, you know? To make money?"

She turned on the shower, stepped inside and pulled the curtain shut. I could just barely make out the outline of her breasts through the translucent fabric.

"What are you gonna do?" she asked.

"I don't know. I guess I'll have to start putting resumes out."

"Ugh, that sound so boring!"

"Yeah, well, I'm broke so..."

She poked her head out of the shower. "Do you want me to take more work?"

"What?" The question caught me off guard.

"I mean, I could take a little more work. We could just, you know, hang out."

"What are you talking about? I can't have you paying my rent for me."

"Then don't."

"What?"

"Move out. Move in here. With me."

A bolt of excitement shot through me at what she'd said. "What?"

She poked her head out of the shower again. "Stop saying 'what' like that. It sounds rude."

"Sorry, but..."

"There's that sorry again!" She reached a hand out of the shower and pushed the end of my nose like it was a doorbell. "Boop!" The curtain swung shut.

"Umm, okay, seriously. What are you talking about?"

"Are you having fun?"

"Yeah but..."

"But what? What's the problem? Just give your notice and move in here. I've got the space. We can have fun."

The offer was very tempting. It had been a great weekend with her and it only felt like there were more good times ahead. "Isn't that moving a little fast?"

The curtain swept open again, exposing her wet, naked body. She had her hands on her hips. One eyebrow raised. "Johnny, I'm not asking you to marry me. I'm just saying it might be fun. We could be like roommates. But if you really want a job, suit yourself." She swept the curtain shut.

Roommates? Is that what she thought of me? The word made me bristle. "I guess...I guess I just thought..." I couldn't bring myself to finish the sentence. Steam billowed over top the curtain, filling the room with a damp silence.

"You gonna finish that thought? You thought what?"

*What did you think, John? That you were just going to sweep in here and sweep her off her feet and that would be that?*

The water in the shower stopped. The curt swung open.

"Towel?"

I reached for a towel, unable to tear my eyes from her dripping wet curves. I was horny and hard from her flashing me and standing naked in the middle of the bathroom.

"What's that all about?" she asked, wrapping herself in the towel and stepping out of the tub. She glanced at my rigid cock.

"You're beautiful."

"Aww," she said, tilting her head. "You're sweet." She leaned in and kissed me. "Does that mean you want to cash in that rain check now?" She smiled and bit her lip.

I did want to cash in the rain check but I also wanted to finish the conversation we'd been having. "Chris?"

"Yes?" she purred, running her finger down my chest. "What's this about?"

Her eyes narrowed. "What's what about?"

"This. I mean us?"

Her sigh made me wish that I could take my question back. "Johnny..." she said, turning and walking out of the bathroom.

"I'm sorry, I just...what about all that stuff you said? That you've never felt anything like that? Do you remember? When...when Daryl made love with you that first time.

She erupted in a giant guffaw. "Johnny, Daryl does not 'make love.' Daryl fucks."

The words sliced my insides. I guess it was a good thing. If Daryl made love it would be so much...harder to take.

"Fine. He fucks. Do you remember what you said?"

"Yes. I remember." She sat down on the edge of the bed. I sat down next to her. She took a deep breath. "Johnny, I told you. I'm fucked up. You don't want this. You don't want a girl like me."

"Why do you say that? I told you I do. I..." Did I dare say it? It had only been three days. What would she do if I told her I was in love?

She looked up at me with big eyes. "Okay listen. Since you don't want to have sex,"

"I didn't say that!" I leaned in to kiss her.

"No, hold on." She pushed me away. "There's something I've got to tell you. There's something you've got to know."

Something about the way she said it made me realize it was serious. A dense weight settled in my gut. What could be so serious? "Okay. Shoot."

"I don't...I don't usually tell anyone this. Only a few people know this about me. I don't know why I'm even telling you." She looked over at me. What was that

look in her eyes, concern? Was she worried that what she was going to say was going to hurt my feelings?

The weight in my stomach shifted lower. It started to ache.

"Look, if you want to walk out of here when I tell you this, I get it. If you want to leave and never come back then just do it. I won't blame you. But you're such a sweet guy. I don't...I can't keep something like this from you."

*Steady, John, steady. She hasn't said anything yet. Just hear her out. What the fuck could be so bad?!?*

"Just say it." My words came out dry and cold and harsh. I knew she could tell I was bracing myself for the worst.

"It's about my job. I mean, it's not my job, it's just a temporary thing. Until I find something else."

*Oh shit. Please don't let it be what I think it is. Please not that.*

"Just tell me."

"Johnny...I work in hospitality."

Hospitality?

"Like...hotels and stuff?"

She chuckled. "Yeah. I spend a lot of time in hotels."

My head started to spin. My gut felt like it was starting to rot. I felt my mouth drop open.

She sat there, looking at me with kind eyes like she'd expected exactly this reaction. Like it was a foregone conclusion.

"I told you. You can leave if you want."

I wanted to leave. I felt like there wasn't enough air on the planet to make me breathe right again. I couldn't stop staring at her. I couldn't take my eyes off hers.

"You're...you're..."

"I'm a hooker, Johnny. Or, a call-girl, if you like."

Another soft punch in the gut.

I have no idea how long it took me to recover. We could have been sitting there for hours, staring at each other. It certainly felt like it. When I did finally look away from her, the room spun around me for a bit before my head settled down. My stomach didn't. It felt like it was wrapped up in a thousand knots.

"You..."

"I sleep with men for money, yes."

I bent forward, trying to make the ache in my gut go away. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I'm reacting like this."

I startled at the feeling of her warm hand on my back.

"There's that sorry again." She was smiling when she said it.

I straightened up. "Okay. No more sorry. Are you serious?"

"I'm serious."

"I guess...I guess it's just hard to believe. What...what happened? I mean, I didn't mean it that way."

She laughed. "Don't worry about it. That's one of the better reactions I've had. I told a guy once and he tried to beat the shit out of me. I had to hide in the bathroom until he left."

"Fuck..."

More laughter. "Yeah. Fuck is right. Look, I know it's a lot to handle. I can give you some time to think it through if you want."

"No. No, don't go."

She looked side to side. "I meant you could go if you wanted. This is my house, remember?"

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. Right."

She took her hand away and right away I wanted it back.

"I don't want to go. I want to stay."

She tilted her head, exposing the softest part of her neck. She scrunched up her nose. "You sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Okay. Then stay. I'd like that." She started to get up.

"Wait," I said, pulling her by the arm so she sat back down on the bed. "I want to know more."

"Know...more? More what?"

"I want to know more about it. More about what you do. Please?"

Her lips parted, like she was going to say 'no way!' She didn't. She waited for a few moments. "Alright."

"Alright. Alright." I started rubbing my palms together. My mind started racing, thinking of what I could ask.

"Why don't I give you the FAQ?" she said after I hadn't said anything for a while.

"Okay."

"Okay. How many guys do I see a week? Five. Maybe six. Do I walk the streets? No. It's pretty high-class. It's all through an agency. How much money do I make? More than enough. Does that help?"

Help? Did it help? I guess it did in some way. I knew there were question inside my head, I just didn't know what they were.

"Why are you doing this?"

She let out another sigh. "I don't know. It's...easy? It pays the bills and then some. After Henley I looked for another job for months. Three months of living off my credit card. Nothing came up. I had to do something. It was minimum wage or...this."

"I know but...how can you?"

"How can I be a slut?" There wasn't any anger in her tone. She didn't seem shaken by it at all.

"I didn't mean..."

"Yes you did. It's okay. I told you, I like to fuck. All the guys are clean. There are no creeps. Just nice guys. I get with them and I get paid a shit ton of money. That's all there is to it."

*I like to fuck.*

What the hell was I doing? Should I get out of there? Should I run? She wouldn't even be upset? It felt like I was in way beyond my depth. I felt like the smartest thing to do would be to just get out. So what kept me there? Was it her eyes? Was it the way she was so matter-of-fact about everything? That it was just like any other old job? Or was it that my cock had started to grow again between my legs? Was that it? Was I just thinking with my cock?

"It turns you on a little, doesn't it?" she asked, smiling and glancing down at my rising cock.

"I...I don't even fucking know what's going on."

She burst out into laughter and fell back on the bed. The towel fell off of her, exposing her full breasts. "You are something else, Johnny. Something else. Trust me, this is the last thing I expected to happen to me. You walking back into my life. I don't think I could have dreamed up something better."

I flopped down on the bed next to her. "Better? Better than what?" I was so hungry for it. In spite of everything she'd told me, everything I knew about her now, I wanted desperately to hear her tell me that it was me. That she couldn't have dreamed up anything better than me walking back into her life.

She rolled towards me, her breasts pressing against my arm, and put a hand on my cheek. "Better than you, Johnny. I couldn't have dreamed up anything better than you."

I looked deep into her eyes. I felt my cock stiffen. The memory of everything she'd told me was still fresh but lust was coursing through my body and I pushed all that aside. I rolled over onto her, spreading her legs with my knees.

She opened for me easily and smiled. She looked a little surprised.

What the fuck was I doing? Why was I having sex with her after what she'd just told me she did? Did I really find it erotic that she slept with other men for money? My brain was torn but my cock had made up its mind. I leaned down and kissed her lips. It was a gentle kiss this time. She kissed me back, a soft, lingering kiss.

I took my cock in hand and pressed it up against her pussy.

"Here, let me help you with that." She reached down between her legs. I felt her pull herself apart. I pushed the head of my cock against her slit. I could feel a bit of wetness there so I started rubbing my cock up and down, trying to cajole it out. It didn't take to long. We kissed and I kept my cock pressed against her and pretty soon she was slick enough for me to slip in. She wasn't as wet as I'd seen or felt her before, though. She winced a little as I plied my way in.

"Sorry. Does that hurt?"

"It's okay. I'm just...I think I'm just a little tired."

"Do you want me to stop?"

She put a hand on my cheek. "Johnny, you're so sweet. No I don't want you to stop."

I pressed into her. I felt more wetness deeper inside. She opened her legs a little wider and I managed to push myself the rest of the way in. I couldn't stop looking at her. I couldn't stop looking at her mouth and her eyes. I was hoping that some glance, some look, some twist of her lips would tell me how she really felt about me. I was looking for some hint that the way she felt about me was anything close to the way I felt about her.

I don't know if I got it. I don't even know what I was looking for. I started driving myself in and out of her, gently so I didn't hurt her. God she felt good. Her pussy felt so good. This was the first time that I was the only one inside her. The first time where she was fresh and clean and mine. Hot waves of pleasure washed up my body each time I buried my cock in her cunt.

I could feel myself hardening inside her with each thrust. I knew I wasn't going to last long. I really wanted to make her come, though. I really wanted to make her feel good.

"Are you close?" I whispered, hoping she would understand that meant that I was.

"Oh baby, don't worry about me. Remember? This is about you feeling good. Are you almost there?"

"Fuck yeah," I gasped as I felt her hands on my ass.

"Come on baby. Fuck your cum into me. Be a good boy Johnny and fill me up with your cum." She whispered the words right next to my ear. My whole body shuddered at the warmth of her breath on my cheek. My cock flexed inside her.

"Mmm," she smiled, "that's it baby. You can do it. You can fuck my pussy all you want. You fuck it just the way you like."

I groaned as her words filled me with fresh pleasure. My eyes ran down her body, past her breasts swaying on her chest, past where her waist tucked in and where her hips flared out to make that beautiful hourglass shape. They settled on her foot.

Her foot, suspended in the air, her legs open for me. Swaying back and forth as I sawed into her body. The thought came tearing out of some deep, dark corner of my mind. How many men had seen her like this? Lying on her back, her legs spread open and her feet swaying in the air? How many men had seen this view of her? How many men had she let inside?

"Oh fuck!" I roared as my cum came blasting through my cock. The climax gripped me and shook my whole body. I felt myself fucking into her hard as pleasure soaked my brain.

Her hands ran up and down my back in long, slow, soft strokes that made me spurt more seed inside her. I never wanted it to end. I wanted to stay there with

her like that, lost to the moment and myself and the rest of the world that seemed to make less and less sense.

But the tension left my body and the pleasure between my legs got sucked back up into my groin. I felt her pussy squeezing me for the last drops of my cum but I knew there was nothing left. I collapsed down and onto one side, closing my eyes and revelling in what she'd let me do to her. I never wanted anyone else again.

We lay there like that for what felt like a long time. She propped herself up on one elbow and traced lines in the hair on my chest. I just stared at the ceiling, feeling like things might be okay. It certainly felt a hell of a lot better than when she'd first told me. But as the happy chemicals left my brain the harsh reality of our conversation that morning took their place. Jealousy set back in.

"So?" she asked. It might have been an hour, us just lying there. Maybe more.

"So?"

"What now?"

I shook my head. "I really don't know."

## Chapter 11

She took another shower. Then I showered. Then we went to the kitchen and she scraped together some sandwiches for lunch. We ate in silence. Or rather, she let me eat in silence. I guess she knew I had a lot to think about.

"Are you ever going to stop?" I asked after I was finished eating.

"You mean whoring?"

"Don't..."

"Johnny, I'm just joking. Yeah. I've got to stop soon."

"How long have you been doing it?"

"A year and a half."

"And you think you can stop? Just like that?"

"I need to find another job first, Johnny."

I mulled that over. "What if...what if you could stop tomorrow. Would you?"

"I can't."

"But what if you could?"

One side of her lips turned up in a smile. "Why? Have you got a rich uncle?"

"No. No rich uncles but...what if...what if I got a job? What if I could..."

"Johnny," Christine said, putting her hand on mine and smiling. "It's not like that. I don't need saving. I'm fine. I'm not in danger, I actually kind of like what I do. I get it if you can't deal with it, or don't want to. That's why I said you could walk away. I don't mind if you do. I don't."

*Because she doesn't care about you, John. Because she probably doesn't feel anything close to what you feel about her.*

"Just like that? You couldn't care less, right? You couldn't care less if I just walked out the door right now?"

"That's not what I said, Johnny. That's not what I said at all. Of course I care. I told you, I like you. You're sweet and fun. I just get that most guys can't deal

with this shit and I don't want you to think that you have to. That you owe me something."

*Does she mean that though, John? Do you really think she means it? What does that mean anyways, that she likes you? Aren't you falling in love with her? Is it enough if she just likes you back?*

"You look like you need to think about it some more," she said. "On your own. Am I right?"

She was right. I didn't want to admit that she was. I wanted to talk more about it but it didn't seem like there was anything to talk about. Not from her end anyway. She seemed to have herself all figured out. She seemed to know exactly who she was and what she wanted. It just wasn't exactly the same thing I wanted. Or the person I wanted her to be.

"You're right. I'm gonna go for a walk."

"I think that's an excellent idea. I've got some errands I need to run. You want to, I don't know, meet up back here in a few hours or something?"

That made me feel good. I liked that she wanted me to come back. It meant more to me that she'd suggest it than her telling me I was sweet and fun. "Yeah. That sounds great."

So I walked. I walked down by the river, out towards the ocean. I almost made it

to the pier. I walked past the old switching yard and over to the wrong side of the tracks. I probably shouldn't have been there but I didn't care. I barely knew where I was or where I was going.

What the hell was it about her that was so addictive? She was exactly the opposite of the woman I had dreamed up in my head and yet I couldn't get enough of her. If anyone else had pulled something like she had, calling their fuck buddy to come have sex with them while I was over, I would have walked out the door. Wouldn't I? Yeah, I would have for sure. What was it about her?

As is always the problem when you try to peel away layers of a personality you find attractive, you just end up with a bunch of onion on the floor. It doesn't work like that. The sum of a mind is always greater than all of its parts.

There wasn't one thing drew me to her. She was sexy and I wanted to make her mine. At the same time it was sexy as hell watching her be someone else's. But could I live with that? Could I live with a woman doing that to me? She said she wanted to stop. She said she wanted to find a different job. She said she wanted to stop partying so much but I wasn't born yesterday. That shit is like booze or coke. There aren't that many people that can just stop. The ones that can are pretty hard to find.

I thought of the way Chris had been when I'd known her as Ms Clint. Always impeccably dressed. Always impeccably prepared. And smart. That more than anything was what had attracted me to her. She was as sharp as knife and it made her interesting. It made her mysterious. That's what had drawn me to her in the first place, the fact that she was sexy as hell and had a brain.

Maybe that was it? Maybe that was what was bothering me about all this. Why the hell wasn't she teaching English or writing books or doing something,

anything other than what she was doing? I guess she was using her looks the way she would use her brain, to make money. Why did I feel there was something wrong with that?

Well, for starters, if I did decide to stay and see where this went, I'd have to deal with the fact that my girlfriend, or whatever she would be called, had sex with other men for money. Did that bother me? Hell yeah? Did it turn me on? Yeah. It did that too. Don't get me wrong, there was a hell of a lot of jealousy there, but it definitely turned me on, too.

So I put that aside. I figured I'd already seen her have sex with another guy, hell, that's practically how we met, so I could deal with it. For a little while anyways.

But then there was all the other...fucking.

*I like to fuck.*

Remembering her words sent a cold rush of jealousy through me that settled in my gut. I actually had to take some deep breaths to get through it. She liked to fuck. Why was that another thing entirely? Why was that different? Well, I guess I was kind of traditional that way. I guess I thought that sex, or pleasure from sex, was kind of supposed to be the most intimate thing you shared. But was it? It was certainly sold that way but did it really need to be? Who said that you couldn't have a loving relationship when your partner was having sex with other people? Who said that had to be the definition of loyalty or fidelity? Society did, I guess, but I started to question whether that made it true?

A thought struck me and I pulled out my phone. I found a bench and sat down

and started searching. I couldn't believe my eyes. This stuff was out there, I'd just never been given a reason to look for it. Bizarre sexual practices from around the world. Alternative lifestyles. There were people doing some crazy shit and nobody was any worse off for it. Or at least, that's what the article's I read made it seem like.

The more I read, the more I started to see that my sexual identity, my fears and inhibitions and what got me off, were all intimately linked to the culture I was brought up in. If I'd been born in Nepal I might have been sharing a wife with my brother. Or the tribe from Niger where men steal each other's wives. Yeah. There were people in the world that considered that kind of behaviour completely normal. Surely I could stretch my own boundaries far enough accommodate what I felt for Chris? I'd already done it. I'd already seen her with another man. Why did I think this was going to be hard?

I was sitting on her doorstep when she got home. She had a big smile on when she got out of her car.

"Hey you. It's nice to see you!" She walked over to where I was sitting and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I'm glad you came back."

A warm feeling blossomed inside me. See? This wasn't going to be that hard. I felt better about it already.

"Did you have a good walk?"

"Yeah. I had a great walk."

"Good! You want to come inside? Chicken Caesar salad sound alright?"

"Yeah. It sounds great." I stood up, took the grocery bags she was holding and followed her inside. The house had heated up under the summer sun and Chris went around opening windows while I put her groceries away.

"So? Did you sort it all out?"

I turned around to see her standing behind me, smiling with her arms crossed. Playfully defiant.

"Some of it, yeah."

"Good. You want to share?"

I put down the jar of mayo I was holding and walked towards her. I looked into her eyes and put my hands on her waist.

She uncrossed her arms and put her hands behind my back. "This seems like good news," she said. There was a tone in her voice I hadn't heard before. She sounded...uncertain.

"It is good news. Or I guess, that depends on what you want the news to be," I

replied.

A funny smile fluttered across her lips. It was only there for a moment, then it was gone. But I'd seen it. I knew I had. She looked away, like she was embarrassed by it. When she looked back up, the playful party girl was back.

"Well? Are you actually going to share?" she asked.

"Yeah. I want to do this. I mean, I want to try this. If you still do."

"You mean..."

"I want to move in here. If the offer still stands?"

She bit her lip. "It does."

"Does that make you happy?"

She smiled a little wider and glanced at the ground. "Sure. It's gonna be fun."

"You want to talk about...what this means? With us?"

Her smile faded and her eyes moved side to side. "Why don't we just say...we're friends. We'll see what happens. We'll just let it go where it goes?"

It wasn't the answer I wanted to hear but I didn't want to push. She had her life, I had mine. I knew that if things were going to work out, and I wanted them to, we'd have to take it at her speed. I was willing to do that.

"That sounds just fine." I leaned down and kissed her. It was nice, the way she kissed me back. It was a soft, gentle kiss. We let it linger, then pulled away. I brushed her cheek with the back of my fingers.

"So...you're sure you're okay? With all of this? With me? Doing what I do?"

I wasn't but there wasn't any point in telling her that. "I'll be fine. I just...I just want to try this."

"Okay," she replied. She seemed happy. She was smiling a soft, sweet smile. Things felt good. Things felt like they were on the right track.

"You want to do something normal tonight? To celebrate? Like maybe watch a movie?"

Her smile faded. "Johnny...I have a client tonight."

*Pow. Right in the kisser.*

## Chapter 12

I started shaking so badly in my knees that I had to sit down. It wasn't just what she'd said. It was the way she looked at me when she saw how I reacted. That combination of sympathy and...what was it? Regret? The look someone gets when they know they hurt your feelings but they can't do anything about it. It felt terrible. It felt like I had stones in my stomach. Very heavy stones.

Since I'd thought through it on my walk, her having sex with other men for money, I thought I could just tuck it away in the back of my mind and not worry about it anymore. It didn't exactly work that way.

I hadn't even entertained the possibility that I would come back to her telling me she was going to do it that night. I'd just put it away as something I could deal with in the future yet, here we were.

"Are you okay? Do you need some water?"

"I'm...I'm fine," I lied, trying to force a smile. I wasn't fine. I was reeling. I had no idea what to do or say and I wanted to take back everything I'd said. I felt like I'd made everything up, like I'd played a hand I hadn't been dealt and she'd called my bluff.

"You don't look fine."

I managed another weak smile but only for a moment. I couldn't really hide that

what she'd said had messed me up. There wasn't any point in trying either.  
"Okay. Maybe I'm not exactly fine. Okay, I'm not."

She sat down at the table with me and took my hand. "Okay," she said. She looked a lot more sombre than she had just a few minutes ago. "You can still walk away from this. I don't want you to do something that..."

"I don't want to walk away." It came out harsher than I'd hoped. It came out cranky and rotten. "I didn't mean it to sound like that." I looked up and into her eyes. "I want to do this. I do. It's just gonna take some time. You know?"

She tilted her head. "Okay."

We sat there in silence for a while, the air getting heavy between us. I didn't know what to say. I didn't even know what I was feeling. It was a conflagration of emotions that was burning me up inside.

"Can I...is there anything I can do? To make it easier?"

I looked up at her and smiled. "Don't go?"

And there was that look again.

*Aww. Poor little Johnny. You got your feelings all mixed up?*

"I know. I know. I was just joking."

She put on a weak smile. She held my hand but there was an awkwardness between us that was suffocating.

"So. What do you usually do?" I asked, finally.

"What do you mean?"

"When you're going to meet a guy."

"He's not a guy. He's a client."

"There's a difference?" I asked, smirking.

Her expression clouded over. "Yeah. I guess."

"What is it?"

"I don't know, Johnny. I just...it's different. That's all."

"So what do you do?"

"Well, I take a shower. Put on an outfit. Some makeup. Maybe some jewellery."

*Okay John. Think. Forget emotion, just think. What's gonna help? What's gonna make this easier?*

It came out of nowhere. "Can I help?"

"Help?" she asked, scowling.

"Yeah. I want to help you. I want to help you get ready."

"You mean...for him?"

"Yeah. I want to know what you're going to look like. I want to know what you're going to smell like. I just...want to feel close."

She thought about it for a while. "Are you sure that's going to make it easier?"

"Maybe not. Beats doing nothing while my insides rot."

She sighed and tilted her head to one side again.

"I didn't mean it like that. Just...let's try it."

She gave a stiff nod. "Okay."

I watched her undress in the bedroom. She was so gorgeous and my cock got hard just watching her take her clothes off. I could tell she was nervous. It actually felt kind of good. She probably had never done anything like this with anyone. She'd probably never let anyone watch her get ready before. It was small consolation but it was something.

"You want to come have a shower?" she asked with a slight smile as she walked towards the bathroom.

It sent a terrifying thrill rushing through me. We would be in the shower together, naked. After that she would go off to fuck another man. "Yes."

The warm water danced off our bodies as she leaned in to kiss me. My cock was hard. She reached a hand down between us. Wrapping her fingers around my manhood, she started to stroke.

"What are you thinking about?" she whispered, pulling away from our kiss to look me in the eye.

"You. The way your hand feels on my cock."

She smiled, glanced down, then looked back up. "You're not thinking about me? With him?"

Her sly tease sent a fierce shudder through my body but my cock hardened in her hand. "Do you ever do this? With your clients?"

She shrugged sending a river of water cascading down the cleft between her breasts. "If they ask."

"Are you going to do this with him?"

She let a smile play along her lips. "If he wants. Why? Would that turn you on?"

I was breathing heavy from her touching me and the heat inside the shower. The question made me flex again. "Yes," I whispered.

She smiled wider and sank down onto her knees.

I turned to block the spraying shower with my back as she took me in her mouth. She looked up. Our eyes locked. She slid her hand up my thigh, her fingers tickling as they travelled across my skin. Still staring at me, she cupped her hand

under my sack and pushed herself onto me.

My cock ached now as it slid deeper, deeper into her mouth. The head of my cock touched the back of her throat. I heard her gag, then I felt her relax her muscles, take me deeper, then close around me again. She started to try to swallow, the muscles at the back of her throat squeezing along the head of my cock, pumping me for seed. I flexed in her mouth again and my hips jutted forward, my body trying to bury the rest of my cock inside her hot mouth.

She pulled herself off slowly and when I fell out of her, I was covered in slick spit. She wrapped her hand around my cock and started to rub. She looked up.

"Come on baby. I want you to come for me. I want you to come all over my tits."

My cock hardened in her hand as she said it and I felt the cum start to move out of my balls. After she'd rubbed me for a while, she put her mouth back on me and started bobbing back and forth, sucking the head of my cock while her hand rubbed my shaft. I groaned.

"Mmmm..." she said, the sound travelling up through my dick and into spine. She popped off. "That's it baby. Let me taste your cum!" She popped back on and started to suck again.

My whole body was burning with the pleasure of her sucking me off. I tried to keep my mind on her, on the way she looked, her hand working me along with her mouth. But I just kept drifting back to what was going to happen after this. No matter how good this was going to make me feel, in a few hours she'd be naked with someone else. Maybe even doing this exact same thing. The jealousy

that sent through me made me blow.

"Fuck!" I shouted as I exploded into her mouth.

As soon as the first spurt of my seed erupted she looked up, put both her hands on my thighs and buried my cock deeper than it had been down her throat. As pulse after pulse of my cum shot out, I felt her throat tightening around me again. As I reached the crest of my orgasm, the thought slammed into me like a freight train. Had she done this with everyone else?

I towelled off as she showered, then I helped her towel off. We shared soft kisses and I did my best not to seem upset but I couldn't help the heavy weight weighing down my insides. By the time I was watching her walk out the door, it felt like I had lead in my stomach.

She turned and blew me a kiss and smiled. "Don't wait up."

## Chapter 13

I did wait up. It felt like the longest night of my life. I tried sleeping but just ended up tossing and turning. I tried drinking and ended up drunk but still not tired. Hearing the soft click of the latch being turned on the door felt like heaven. Seeing her walk in, her hair a little mussed, was paralyzing.

She sat down on the bed and put her hand on my shoulder. She smelled like booze. "I told you not to wait up."

"I know."

"Couldn't sleep?"

I shook my head. I sat up and leaned closer. She let me kiss her. I started getting hard. She pulled away after a while and stood up.

"I'm gonna go take a shower."

"Wait," I said, reaching a hand up and taking hers. "Come back."

She looked a little puzzled but she sat back down.

"What was it like?" I asked.

She narrowed her eyes but smiled. "I'm not sure I'm supposed to be telling you that," she teased.

"Client call-girl privilege?" I asked. Warmth flooded through me as she started to laugh. I tugged her towards me and she rolled onto the bed. I was already hard again and my hands started to roam along her curves.

"I thought you were jealous," she said, closing her eyes as I kissed the soft skin on her neck.

"I was. I mean, I am," I muttered, unable to keep my lips off of her.

"Jealous but turned on at the same time?" she whispered.

"I guess," I replied, hiking up her skirt with one hand, then pulling her underwear down.

"Johnny," she said, pushing my hand away.

"Come on. Please?" I begged.

"No, it's okay, I want it too it's just that...I'm still...full. Of him."

An angry bolt of rage tore down my spine and made my cock harden even more.

*Still full of him.*

She'd just told me she was still full of another man's cum. "You don't use condoms?" I asked, a note of anger in my tone as I kissed my way down her body towards her thighs.

"Sometimes. He's an old client. I trust him."

*I trust him.*

She trusted another man enough to shoot his cum into her pussy. I yanked her panties down. It made her gasp but she didn't stop me. She let me tear them all the way down her legs, pull them off over her feet. She was still wearing her heels. They made her calves look flexed and firm. I threw her panties off the bed and pushed her legs open with my hand. She didn't stop me. She let me spread her open wide.

"You like that, tiger? You like seeing my pussy full of another guy's cum?" she asked, smiling.

The question made the rage well up in me again but my cock bounced as she

said it. I didn't just like it. I fucking loved the idea. I pushed my finger against the soft lips of her pussy. They looked messy and used. I pried one side apart and a thin trickle of creamy white came leaking from her slit. My pulse thundered in my chest. My cock jumped.

"You want to shove your cock into that nasty mess, don't you Johnny?" she asked propping herself up on her elbows. "I can see how hard you are. Fine. If that's what you want. Stuff your cock into my messy cunt."

I didn't need any more invitation than that. I scrambled up the bed, kissing her breasts and pulling at her nipples with my teeth. She winced and giggled and her laugh made even more anger flood through me. Anger and lust.

As soon as I felt her sticky heat on the head of my cock I was powerless to do anything but give in to my desire. She was wet with cum and juice and she opened her legs a little wider. I thrust my hips against her and drove myself inside.

I groaned at the feeling of still warm cum oozing out of her and along my shaft. I couldn't resist pulling myself and looking down. She craned her neck, trying to see my cock covered in another man's mess.

"You like that? You like that I've gone and been a dirty little whore while you had to lie here and wait?"

I looked into her eyes as she said it. There was nothing malicious about it. She knew. She knew how much it turned me on. I rammed my cock back into her sweaty cunt.

"Oh fuck, Johnny, yes! Fuck your cock into my pussy. Oh Johnny, he felt so fucking good. He was so big and he filled me up. Can you feel it? Can you feel how full I am of his cum?"

I was breathing heavy now, slamming into her with everything I had. It was so violent the bed started banging against the wall. I don't know why it occurred to me to ask right then. The question just bubbled up. "You're on birth control, right?"

Her eyes opened a little wider and she bit her lower lip.

What?!? She wasn't?!? What the fuck?!? I stopped fucking her.

"You're not mad?" she whispered.

Mad? I was furious. How could she fuck a guy without any protection like that? What if she got pregnant? The thought made cum spew up from my balls. "Chris, what the fuck?!?"

I thought she was going to look away. I thought she'd want to stop. I couldn't bring myself to pull out on my own. It just felt too good being inside her.

Her eyes danced between mine and my mouth. A slow smile crept across her mouth. "You think that's hot don't you?" she asked.

"Hot? What?"

"You think it's hot that I fucked another guy without anything between us. You think it's hot that his cum might be inside me right now. What if it takes, Johnny? What if it takes?"

I hadn't even known about that weakness until the words were out of her mouth.

*What if it takes.*

What if another man's seed swimming inside her makes her belly grow? My hips just started moving on their own.

She was smiling wide now and her eyes were open. It seemed like just as much of a thrill for her as it was for me. "Why don't you fuck your cum into me and see who's does better Johnny, yours or his? Come on baby, fill me up with that cum!"

It was so disturbing but so erotic all at once. My cock flexed inside her and I knew she felt it because she let out a satisfied groan. I was pounding my cock into her as hard as I could now. I felt my balls tighten up. She put her hands on my ass, helping me slam all the way into her.

"Come on baby. Fuck it into me. Fuck it into me. Fuck it into me!" She arched her back letting me thrust that much deeper into her.

My whole body was swimming in pleasure at being so deep inside her. I felt her pussy tighten around my cock. Still thrusting I leaned down and bit her tight nipple again.

"Fuck yes!" she screamed as her pussy started pulsing, her thighs began to shake and I felt the hot release of her juices around my cock as she came.

The feeling sent me barrelling over the edge. I roared as I slammed deep into her. I felt my cock flex and release, flex and release. Gush after gush of my own hot cum erupted deep inside her pussy, mixing with his and her sloppy juices. I fucked myself over the crest of my orgasm then fucked my way down the other side as the searing pleasure started to ebb.

When it was over I collapsed on top of her, a sweaty, panting mess. I felt her running her hands up and down my back. It tickled my spine and made my flagging cock flex inside her again. I rolled off trying to catch my breath.

We lay there in the darkness for a while the only sound that of my heavy breathing. She put her hand in mine.

"You want to see it? Yours and his together?"

Of course I fucking wanted to see it. Even though I'd just come the thought of it was hot as hell. I clambered down her body and spread her legs open, prying her messy lips apart.

It came leaking out in a thick, white gush. It splurged onto the sheets. I looked closer. I could just make out the two different colors of my mess and hiss. It sent a jealous, confusing thrill through me, seeing her filled like that. I put my finger to her pussy, collecting some of the sticky mess.

She shot up. Before I knew what was happening she had my hand. She opened her mouth and sank down onto the finger that was dripping cum. I felt her tongue sweeping up and down, licking up the creamy filth. She looked straight into my eyes as she swallowed. When she pulled my finger back out of her mouth, she smiled.

"Yeah? You like that?"

"Holy fuck yes," I whispered. I'd never been so turned on right after having come.

She showered and I waited for her in the bedroom this time. She was warm and smelled like chamomile shampoo when she came back. She curled up next to me and kissed me on the cheek.

"Chris...that was fucking hot but seriously, what the fuck? What are you doing having sex without the pill?"

She sighed. "I know, I know. I have to stop that too. It's just...I don't know. It's kind of a thing I have. It really gets me hot just thinking what this is all about. I mean that's really the point of all this, right?" She giggled a soft giggle.

"Yeah, I guess but seriously, that could be massively fucked up." Not to mention how jealous it was making me feel. I knew she didn't want to be in a committed relationship right now but it still stung, knowing she would take a risk like that. Did she care about me at all?

"Yeah, I know," she sighed but didn't seem as concerned about it as she should have been.

"Do you do that with everyone?"

"No. I'm pretty sure Dave...er, whoops, I shouldn't have said that."

Dave. So that was his name. "Dave, huh?"

She bounced up onto one shoulder. "Johnny you can't tell anyone. It's supposed to be confidential. They could kick me out for something like that."

"Really, Chris? Who am I going to tell? And what would I say exactly, 'Oh one of my gi...friends prostitution clients is named Dave!'"

She giggled and flopped back down onto the bed. "Yeah. I guess you're right. Anyways, I'm pretty sure he's shooting blanks. Him and his wife don't have any kids. It's still hot to think about."

The strangest things seemed to be making me feel better about all this. Why did it make me feel better knowing that Dave was married? Why did it make me feel sad that he didn't have any kids, or that he was cheating on his wife with a prostitute?

"You know a lot about this guy."

She shrugged. "Yeah. Sometimes he just wants to talk."

That was even sadder, somehow. I almost felt sorry for Dave. Fucker that he was.

"So, do you have another client tomorrow?" I asked.

"No," she said, her voice already sounding sleepy. "You want to do something fun?"

I did. And I didn't. This had been fun. The thought of doing something like this again was fun. Was I going nuts?

## Chapter 14

"Fun" turned out to be a party at Daryl's place. Not exactly what I was expecting, or hoping for. I had been hoping for a quiet night in, maybe ordering Chinese food and watching a movie. A part of me still couldn't believe that I'd hooked up with Chris. Consider how much time I'd spent pining for her, I should have been ecstatic that things had moved so fast, even if we weren't "together," according to her. The party definitely made me think twice about what I'd done.

We had drinks before taking a cab there and Chris was already pretty loaded when we showed up. If I hadn't known better it would have seemed like we walked into a frat party. Daryl's friends were all as big as he was. In fact they all looked like football players. They were drinking pretty hard and a few of them were smoking pot out back.

I felt out of place as soon as we stepped into the house full of strange, large, black men. Chris might have been the only woman there and they surrounded her as soon as we walked inside. I could have tried to muscle my way through the throng but was there any point? She fell in love with the attention right away and soon she was sitting on the couch surrounded by dark guys in dark glasses and loose fitting shirts. I went to fix myself a drink and by the time I got back, things had heated up.

One of the guys was closing in on her, smiling and whispering something close to her ear. Chris was giggling, the ice cubes clinking in her glass as she swayed.

A cold ridge of jealousy plunged down my throat as I saw the scene unfold. It seemed like she'd forgotten all about me, forgotten that I was even there. She just kept laughing and flirting with the guy until I saw his hand on her back. Then it

crept onto her thigh. Then he pushed it between her legs. The circle of men closed around her, like wolves around a kill.

I knew right away that she was a goner. I knew what was going to happen. I knew she was going to let these guys fuck her. She was going to let these guys in between her legs and let them unload their seed into her any way they wanted. She had that look. That easy look.

"You okay brother?" Daryl's voice surprised me and shook me from my stupor.

"Hey man," I muttered, glancing at him but quickly looking back at Christine. Despite the jealousy and hurt I was feeling, I just could not tear my eyes away from all those guys. Some of the others had started pawing her now and I looked on transfixed and torn on the inside.

"I'm just sayin'," Daryl said. I saw him staring at Christine from the corner of my eye.

"Saying what?"

"I'm just sayin', if you want me to break that shit up, I will."

I looked over at him then. I remembered what a good guy he'd been those nights he and Chris had sex when I was there. He wasn't a dick about it, didn't rub it in my face. Now here he was trying to be a good guy again, making sure I was okay with what was going on.

"Fuck man, I don't know," I answered, taking a swig of my drink.

"What do you mean you don't know man? You want those guys to fuck your girl or don't you? Cause if you don't, ain't no thing. I go over there and break that shit right up. And if you do, I can get you another drink and you can sit back and watch. What'll it be?"

What would it be? I was already hard not just from watching those dudes pawing at her, but from the feeling it gave me. The feeling that she didn't give a fuck about where I was or whether I was even there. Why the hell was that such a turn on? It wasn't just that, though. There was something else. I was turned on by seeing her so excited. I could almost smell her anticipation from across the room. It made me jealous as hell but telling Daryl to go in and break up the party that was about to happen wasn't even on my radar.

"You know. I'm kind of into it," I said. I turned to him. "But thanks, man. Thanks for asking."

He nodded. "She is one fine woman, I'll tell you that. You lucky to be tappin' somethin' like that."

"Yeah," I muttered, turning my attention back to Chris and the gang. "Thanks."

Daryl sat beside me for a while. Just when I thought he was going to get up and leave, he spoke up again. "You know, I ain't usually give people advice but I'm a tell you somethin'. A woman like that? You need to alpha the fuck up a little, you

know what I'm sayin'? Otherwise she just stomp all over your heart. Just sayin'."

I turned to look at him but he was already walking off towards the kitchen. It was kind of...touching, what he'd said. Or maybe it was the fact that he'd said it. The fact that he wanted to help me somehow.

I started to wonder if he was right. Was that really what I needed to do? Did I need to be more assertive? Did I need to stand up and tell her everything I wanted? Maybe it was. What I couldn't stomach was the thought that if I did that, I might lose what little of her I had. There was no more time to think about it then. Things were heating up.

The guy sitting beside Christine had tugged her skirt up far enough now that the whole room could see her panties. He was leaning in and kissing her neck, his thick, dark fingers pressing against the wet spot on her cotton underwear. A guy behind her was staring at the two of them. His cock was bulging in his shorts and he must have been either drunk or stoned because he started touching himself like it was no big deal.

The guy on Christine started getting more aggressive. He tugged her skirt up and I heard it tear a little. He didn't seem to care. She didn't either. Her eyes were closed and she was completely lost in the sensation of his hands on her. He yanked at the skirt, eventually bringing her arms up over her head and tugging it completely off.

She wasn't wearing a bra so when her breasts fell out, you could feel the tension thicken in the room. All the guys around her were hard now. They'd seen the guy behind her. A few of them looked at each other and shrugged as if they were wondering "are we really doing this?" But nobody said otherwise and pretty soon there were about five guys around her, all touching their cocks through

their shorts while the guy on top of her had pushed his fingers past her underwear and started to finger her pussy.

I thought of all the times I'd fantasized about Ms. Clint. Christine. Never in my wildest fantasies had I ever come up with something like this. I always pictured the two of us making love on a bed and some pillow talk afterwards. I'd never imagined that she could be such a complete and total slut.

Yet there she was. Her legs spread open, her pussy drooling all over dark fingers as they stretched and tried to push into her hole. My own cock was hard and I looked around for a place to sit down. I had no idea if the other guys knew that she was with me or not. Nobody seemed to even notice me. Everyone was too focused on what was happening in the center of the room.

Pretty soon the black guy that had his hand between her legs got tired of not getting any. He pushed her down on her back onto the couch. He stood up, looked around, smiled at the guys standing around him and dropped his shorts.

Holy shit I'd never seen a cock that big. The guy had to be ten inches, easy. He was already hard as a rock and he sank down in between Christine's thighs.

She couldn't stop staring at the thing. I almost thought she was going to lick her lips when she saw it. She looked that turned on. Her pussy was shiny with wetness and when the guy stepped between her thighs she spread her legs for him as wide as they would go.

"Careful with that thing, tiger," she warned, grinning as he pushed himself towards her pussy.

That definitely stung. Tiger. She'd called me that not too long ago except it was because I was turned on seeing her pussy full of another man's cum. She was saying it to this guy because his cock was so massive. I didn't linger on it, though. What was happening was way too hot and I was way too hard to concentrate on anything other than watching her get fucked.

The guy was on top of her now. The head of his cock was resting on her pussy. He started sliding it back and forth, getting it good and slick from her juice. Chris just kept biting her lip and staring at the guy, as if she was daring him to stick it inside her.

He leaned over and grabbed her nipple and gave it a squeeze. She yelped, she giggled, but her back arched the way the guy had wanted. He slapped a hand across her tits. She yelped again at the sting but it was followed by another giggle. Her hips started moving, trying to get the head of the guys cock lower, towards her opening. It seemed like she really wanted to feel that big, black cock inside her.

"Hey," the guy said, slapping her tits again. "You get it soon enough bitch."

Hearing him call her that, "bitch" was really the most arousing and disturbing thing. It didn't offend her. In fact, it seemed like she liked it. It made her writhe a little more on the couch. It made a little glimmer of disobedience dance in her eyes, like she wanted to hear it again. Like she wanted him to slap her again.

He leaned over her and gave her tits another slap then pushed his thumb against her lips.

Staring into his eyes, she took his digit deep inside her mouth and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked. I could only imagine what her tongue was doing to it. Probably the same thing her tongue had done to my finger when she'd sucked the cum off of it.

He pulled it out while she was still sucking, making her lips pop as it left her mouth. "Yeah," he said, looking around at the guys touching themselves with a smile. "Bitch is primed!" He turned back and looked at Chris. Her hands were running up and his thighs, like she couldn't wait any longer to feel his black heat. "You want that, don't you baby? You want to feel that black dick inside you?"

I swallowed hard as I watched her prop herself up on her shoulders. I didn't know what she was doing. Her hand disappeared between the guys legs. I saw her fingers wrap around his heavy sack. She squeezed, her lips flaring into a playful snarl.

"Ah, what the fuck?!?" the guy said as she pulled him closer by his balls.

"Get that fucking dick inside me," she growled.

All of the other guys standing around looked at each other with wide eyes, even the ones that were really drunk and stoned. I couldn't believe she'd said it either. It was so hot, hearing her talk to a guy like that. I could see her kneading his balls beneath him as he sank even lower on top of her.

He put her calf up on his shoulder, the one next to the back of the couch. He put

his big, black paw on her other thigh and spread her open wide. So wide I could see the dark hole of her pussy, dripping with excitement. He pressed the dark head of his cock against her bright pink flesh and pushed. The head slid easily inside.

"Oh fuck yeah," she grunted as he leaned against her, pushing himself in. "Oh fuck yeah!" Her voice rose in pitch as he started to fill her pussy with his girth.

I could feel myself cringing the deeper he got. The dude was hung and it was hard to believe that Chris could take a cock like that. She took the whole thing in one go, though. When he was about half way in she started whining and writhing beneath him but he just spread her legs a little wider and gave a harder push.

The sound her pussy made, a thick, nasty splurt, sounded like he'd split her two with his massive cock. Her mouth opened wide, probably at the feeling of his cock touching the end of her tunnel. "Still like that cock?" he asked, grinning at her.

"Oh fuck yes! Fuck me!" she begged.

He started off slow. He was looking down at himself, watching his black meat pushing in and out of her white frame. Every once in a while he'd look up and give her tits a slap or make her suck his finger again.

I sort of felt like I'd melted into the corner and it didn't matter what the hell I did, nobody would notice it anyways. All the other guys had started taking their shorts off and I guess I just thought "fuck it, I'm going to do it too." If I was really going to watch her do this, I was at least going to have as good a time as

these other guys. I pushed my own pants down and my cock came bouncing out. Nobody noticed.

Christine started to moan as her body got ready to come.

## Chapter 15

He was fucking her harder now. His muscles were really working, holding his body up above her. I watched his black ass flexing with each thrust. His balls were soaked from slapping against the grool on Christine's pussy and they made a noisy smack with every heave.

One of the other guys had come around to the front of the couch. He had his cock out and I watched as he leaned down over Christine's mouth.

She seemed a little surprised at first, like she wasn't expecting him, but quickly got into it. She stuck out her tongue and opened wide and the guy slid his cock into her mouth along her tongue. He was holding himself up against the back of the couch and pretty soon he started to fuck her mouth.

Watching two guys take her like that was fucked. I was so hard and so ready to blow that I could only stroke myself a few times every minute. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I couldn't believe that the woman who used to teach my English class was drunk on her back being fucked by two black guys.

The guy pulled out of her mouth. She looked up at him, seeming a little disappointed that he had. It didn't last long. The guy between her legs had really started to fuck her hard and it drew her attention back to him. She looked down, staring between her wide open legs at his fat blackness disappearing inside of her. Her eyes opened wider as she watched. I saw her hands grab hold of the guys ass. She looked up at him, a pleading expression on her face.

"Yeah? You like that baby?" he asked, fucking her even harder.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," she whispered, in time with each thrust.

The guy started slamming his cock deep into her. I saw her thighs start to shake. Her lip started to tremble. She closed her eyes and threw her head back. She screamed as her climax shook her entire body.

The guys all started laughing, stroking their cocks around her. Even after she was done her climax, the guy fucking her kept fucking her hard. I cringed at what was going to happen next.

He wasn't wearing a condom. She wasn't on birth control. Was she really going to let him come inside her?

I wanted her to look at me. I wanted to see what her eyes looked like. I wanted it be the way it had with Daryl, full of love. This was still good, it was still hot, but something was missing. She was in the center of that circle of guys and I was on the sidelines. It didn't feel as good as the other time.

The guy let out a low groan and stopped sawing into her for a moment.

My heart stopped as I realized what was happening.

I saw his sack tighten. I saw his cock flex. I saw it pulse again. Chris looked up

at him and smiled. She fucking smiled at him, like she was saying "thank-you." I almost had to look away. Almost.

Then he started fucking her again. A thick gush of his hot, white cum came splattering out of her pussy as he pulled out and rammed himself back in. It leaked all over the couch but no one seemed to care. Not even Daryl, who was watching all this from across the room. He caught me looking at him and gave me a questioning look and a thumbs up. I just nodded. What the hell else was there to do?

The guy between her legs groaned again as he pulled himself out. He grabbed his cock and slapped it against the top of her slit, squeezing the rest of his cum out. His load was leaking from her and he managed to get a few more squirts onto her pussy before moving to her mouth.

She took him. She took him as eagerly as she'd taken the other guy. She took him and sucked and licked his flagging black dick until he was nice and shiny and clean. She swallowed all of it and gave him a smile right as the next guy, the one she'd sucked off, took his place in between her legs.

The feeling in my gut was electric. She was going to let each and every one of these five guys fuck her and I was going to watch the whole thing. I was still hard as a rock but deep in the back of my mind there was a question bouncing around. Did I really want to do this again? She was awesome but could I ever really get into this as much as she was? I pushed it away. There'd be lots of time to think about it later.

The guy between her legs pushed himself into her pussy. He slid right in, she was so stretched out and sloppy. She didn't seem as excited as she had with the first guy but it still looked like she was having a good time. He fucked her for a

while. She smiled at him and gave him "the eyes." It looked like she was doing her best to help him get off but not really enjoying herself too much. He came pretty quick. More cum leaked out of her. When he stepped up to her mouth he slapped his dick on her face a few times. She kind of searched for it with her tongue until he gave it to her. By the time she was done sucking him clean, there was another guy inside her.

He lifted her up. He lifted her so she was sitting reverse cowgirl. She leaked a lot out of her pussy and onto his cock. He stuffed his cock into her cunt and fucked her for a bit but then pulled out. She looked a little surprised until she figured out what was going on.

He stretched her ass apart with one hand, holding his cock with the other. His cock was pretty sloppy from the mess inside her and all she had to do was sit down, pretty much. He slid into her ass almost as easily as he'd slid into her pussy.

Now her expression changed. As he filled her ass with his thick cock, her mouth opened wide. Her eyes looked shocked. Another guy came up and knelt on the couch in front of her. As the guy behind her impaled his cock deep inside her ass, the guy in front pushed into her pussy. The guy behind her lay down, laying her on top. They started fucking her like that, both of them inside her at once.

The guy inside her ass came first. I think that's what made her come. All of a sudden she sort of wrapped herself around the guy on top, arms and legs, and squeezed him like her life depended on it. They were both still fucking her when the guy in her ass blew his load. I saw her shudder. Then I heard her shout, her body pressed between the two dark frames. Seeing her hips shake and her toes curl, I knew she'd had another orgasm.

The guy in her back hole popped out as soon as he was done and slid out from under her. He scrambled up with his cock in hand and shoved it into her mouth. It was nasty and hot and the whole time the other guy was still fucking her, still heaving into her from on top.

He came pretty quickly after that and I saw more cum squeezing out of her pussy as he shoved his cock inside.

The feeling gripped me again. The same feeling I'd had when she told me she didn't use any protection. Maybe 'Dave', her client, the guy whose name I wasn't supposed to know, was shooting blanks but these guys sure as hell weren't. The icy cold realization of what their seed was doing inside her at that very moment paralyzed me and made my cock flex in my own hand. I knew right then that I needed to get inside her too. I needed to fuck my cum into her. I don't know why. Maybe it was nature, maybe it was just arousal. I needed to fuck my cock into that sloppy cunt.

The last guy blew his load in no time. By the time he was done, Christine was a sweaty, leaking mess. Her legs were splayed open and there was cum leaking out of both her holes.

I was still sitting there with my cock in my hand, staring at her. I only realized that the other guys had all gotten dressed when Daryl piped up. That's when they all noticed.

"Hey, why don't y'all follow me outside. I'm a put some burgers on the grill. Let a motherfucker be alone with his lady." He nodded at me when he said it. It felt like that was the moment they noticed that I was even there.

A few of them stared at me. A couple looked at each other, sort of astonished.

"That's your girl, man?" the guy who'd fucked her first asked.

I cleared my throat and tried to push my cock back into my pants. "Um...yeah," I muttered. I couldn't look any of them in the eye.

One of them let out a low whistle. "Shit," another one muttered. "Sorry man," came the voice of a third. I wasn't even that embarrassed about it. I mean, I obviously liked what had happened on some level. It would have taken too long to explain it to them. It would have seemed like an explanation was needed. I didn't want to deal with that. All I wanted was for them to leave so I could be alone with Christine on the couch.

Daryl dimmed the lights as they all went outside. As soon as I was sure they were all gone, I scrambled up, let my pants fall to the floor and walked across the room to the couch.

Chris was kind of boozy. A little sleepy, but smiling. I couldn't help but stare down in between her legs. I gazed at her drooling sex.

"Did you like that baby?" she asked.

I nodded. "I want to...I want to fuck you too."

She sort of half-smiled, half-frowned. Like she was sorry for me. Sorry I'd asked. "Baby, I'm a little sore from all those cocks," she muttered, her head rolling to one side.

Now it was pure jealousy coursing through me. Was she really going to do this? Was she really going to let five other guys fuck her but not me? Was I really just going to let her? I thought of Daryl's words.

*You need to alpha the fuck up a little.*

I put a hand on her thigh and pushed her leg open. "I don't care. I want to fuck."

## Chapter 16

Her eyes popped open. Her shock sent a thrill racing up my spine. Our eyes met.

"Now spread those pussy lips for me like a good little slut." I did my best to growl as I said it.

Her eyes opened even wider. Like she'd been shocked out of her drunken buzz. She did what I asked, though. She spread her pussy lips open for me.

I looked down. Her cunt was a filthy, oozing mess of hot, white spunk. I didn't care. It was kind of hot, actually. I thought of the fact that she wasn't on anything. I thought of all that seed racing up inside her, searching for somewhere to take root. I looked up into her eyes and shoved my cock into her sloppy slit.

"Oh fuck, baby," she purred as I started fucking up as deep into her as I could. Her mouth was right next to my ear and I could feel her hot breath on my cheek. She perked up and wrapped her arms around my neck and soon I felt her thighs rubbing against mine. I lifted myself up a little, so I could see her eyes.

They were searching mine. Searching for where those words had come from, I could tell.

I reached out and grabbed her hair with a fist. I yanked her head back. I started slamming into her harder still.

"Oh fuck, Johnny, yeah!" she cried, arching her back and pulling me closer in.

For the first time since I'd knocked on her door, I felt like I was in charge of the situation. I felt like I was the kind of man she wanted, the kind of man she needed to be with. I felt her pussy start to tighten as I fucked her hard and stared into her eyes.

"Yeah? You like getting fucked like that? You like getting fucked good and hard?" I asked, pounding my cock deep into her used cunt. Cum was leaking out of her, spurting from her slit and coating my shaft and balls.

"Fuck, Johnny, yes!" she cried, digging her nails into my back.

The pain of it just made it hotter and made me drill even deeper into her. Our bodies sank into the pillows of the couch.

"Fuck, Johnny, you're gonna make me come! You're gonna make me fucking come!" she shrieked. I felt her tighten around my cock. Her pussy was so wet and hot. It made me shudder above her. I just needed to hold on for a little while longer...

She screamed as her body exploded in an orgasm beneath me. I felt her squeezing my dick hard, her pussy tighter than when I'd gone in. I reached down and grabbed her nipple and twisted just as she was at the peak of her orgasm. It made her scream again buck against me. I felt another pulse of climax run through her, squeezing my cock as it ended in between her legs.

A thick shot of seed came spewing up the shaft of my cock. I groaned and rammed against her. Her orgasm was waning. She smiled. She put a hand on my neck and drew me close. I leaned in, our cheeks touching as I fucked.

"Come baby. Come," she whispered.

My cock erupted inside her, spewing hot cum along her walls. The whole room melted away. I touched my forehead to hers. There was nothing left but us. My climax peaked and I shuddered and shook on top of her, groaning again as I unloaded inside. I kept ramming my hips against her spread legs, trying to stretch out the moment. I never wanted it to end. When it was over I held myself above her trying to catch my breath. I opened my eyes. She was smiling a soft smile.

"That felt amazing, Johnny. That was a really good fuck."

I leaned down. She closed her eyes. Our lips met in a long, slow kiss. The sounds of the guys laughing outside drifted into the room. I pulled away and looked up. They were all staring in, beers in hand. When they saw me look at them they all started to cheer.

Christine giggled and turned away. I couldn't help the chuckle that bubbled out of me. This was crazy. I was crazy. But it felt so fucking good. It felt like something had changed. Like I was more in charge.

She wanted to stay at the party. After all that fucking she was thirsty and hungry

and ready to party some more. We put our clothes on and she was all ready to go outside and join the other guys. I was about to let her, it's not like we were "together," after all. Something inside me clicked.

"Hey Chris?"

"What's up, Johnny?" she asked, turning to look at me from the door.

"I want to go home."

She scowled. "Home? But the party's just getting started. Come on, let's have a burger and a beer. Wait, are you feeling alright?" She walked back towards me, concern in her eyes. She put a hand on my cheek. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," I replied. "Nothing's wrong I just want to go home. I'm tired of parties. I just..."

"Just what?"

I sighed. "Look, this has been really fun. This whole thing has been really fun."

The concern left her expression. A flat, tired look replaced it. Like she was about to listen to something she'd heard before. "But you're done, right?"

"Done?" I asked.

"Done having fun? Done with me? Don't worry about it Johnny. It's alright. I get that all the time."

My instincts kicked in. I almost apologized and said that wasn't what I meant. I almost told her I'd stay at the party for her. As if that would make it alright. "No, it's not that."

A momentary flicker of hope flashed across her face. The bored, knowing look was back, almost before I had time to notice. Almost.

"I know you think I'm crazy. I know you think that I'm just some crazy kid who thinks you have great tits. That I'm just a guy that thought it would fun to fuck Ms. Clint. I'm not. I'm not that guy."

Her lips parted. The boredom left her eyes. She wanted to know more. She wanted to hear what I had to say.

"I've wanted to say this since that first night, Chris. I've wanted to tell you but I thought it would be too soon or that you'd get freaked out. I'm going to say it now because I don't care about saying the right thing any more. I just want to say what I feel."

"Johnny...I don't think you should get..."

"Chris, it's okay. You don't have to feel it too. I'm a big boy. I can take it when things don't work out the way I want. But I'd be kicking myself for the rest of my life if I didn't say this to you once. I'm in love with you."

Her mouth dropped open and her eyes opened wide.

"It was probably just infatuation, the last four years. You were definitely right, I'd made you into something that you weren't inside my head. That's all changed though. Even though you lead this insane life, I've never felt like this about anyone. If you don't feel it, that's cool. I just wanted to tell you that I do."

She shook her head. She looked like she wanted to say something but didn't know what to say. We stood there in silence for a while, staring at each other. Until I didn't know what to say either.

"Look, you go and have a good time. I'm gonna go...I'm gonna go get a hotel, I think. Okay? Just...you know, we'll figure this all out tomorrow or whenever you have time."

I turned around and started walking towards the door. The whole place felt too quiet, like the party outside had died. My throat tightened as I turned the handle and felt the warm rush of night.

"Johnny?"

My chest got tight at the sound of her saying my name. What was it going to be?

Goodbye?

"Yeah?" I asked, turning around.

"Can I come with you?"

Her eyes. The way her eyes looked made me choke up. They weren't smiling or coy or bored anymore. They were tired and kind of sad looking. Like they'd had enough. Like she'd had enough but didn't know a way out.

"Of course you can." I looked past her to see that the guys on the balcony were all staring into the room. She put her head down and didn't turn around. No waves, no flirty smiles, no laughing goodbyes. She came up and stood at the door with me. She looked up.

I took her by the hand. I didn't wave goodbye to those guys either. We just walked out of that door and into the warm night. We walked down the hill and out towards her house. It was a long walk, almost an hour. She took her heels off and walked barefoot on the sidewalk. We held hands. We barely talked. An elation rose and fell inside me. I had no idea what this meant, where it was going to go but something about her having left that party to come with me made me hopeful. Something about that felt like maybe things would be alright.

"Hey Johnny?"

"Yeah?"

"I..." she stopped and stared out into the night.

I let her think it through.

"Thank-you."

"For what?"

"I don't know." She smiled. "Just...thanks."

"You're welcome." We walked up to the house. She stepped up onto the porch. I stopped, took her hand and turned her around. "Chris?"

"Yeah?"

"Call me John."

She smiled.

## Epilogue

It wasn't that we didn't have good times after that. We did. We had Daryl over a few more times. Chris took clients for another month or so. Until she got a job temping. I ended up taking a coding course online. It wasn't much but it was a first step to figuring out I liked to solve problems more than I liked talking about books I'd read.

We had Daryl over a couple of more times after she stopped being a pro. It was fun and everything but not like that first time. Then things started to get serious. She was almost in her mid-thirties and really started feeling like she had to settle down. Nothing could have made me happier.

I proposed and she said yes. It was pretty cliché, out close to the bluffs. Sunset, engagement ring I'd had to borrow money from my parents to buy. The whole nine yards.

We talk about it a lot still, how we met and how crazy it was. It still turns me on, thinking about her with other guys. We've kind of put that away for now. She's three months pregnant and I'm back in school for comp-sci. I have a feeling it's not the end of our fun times but right now we're right where we want to be. Happy and in love.

It was a crazy way to get there. Would I do it again? Hell yeah. Would I do it differently? I don't know. I think it helped, what Daryl said. I think it helped to grow a spine but would it have helped if I'd been like that right off the bat?

Sometimes you just have to take it how it comes.