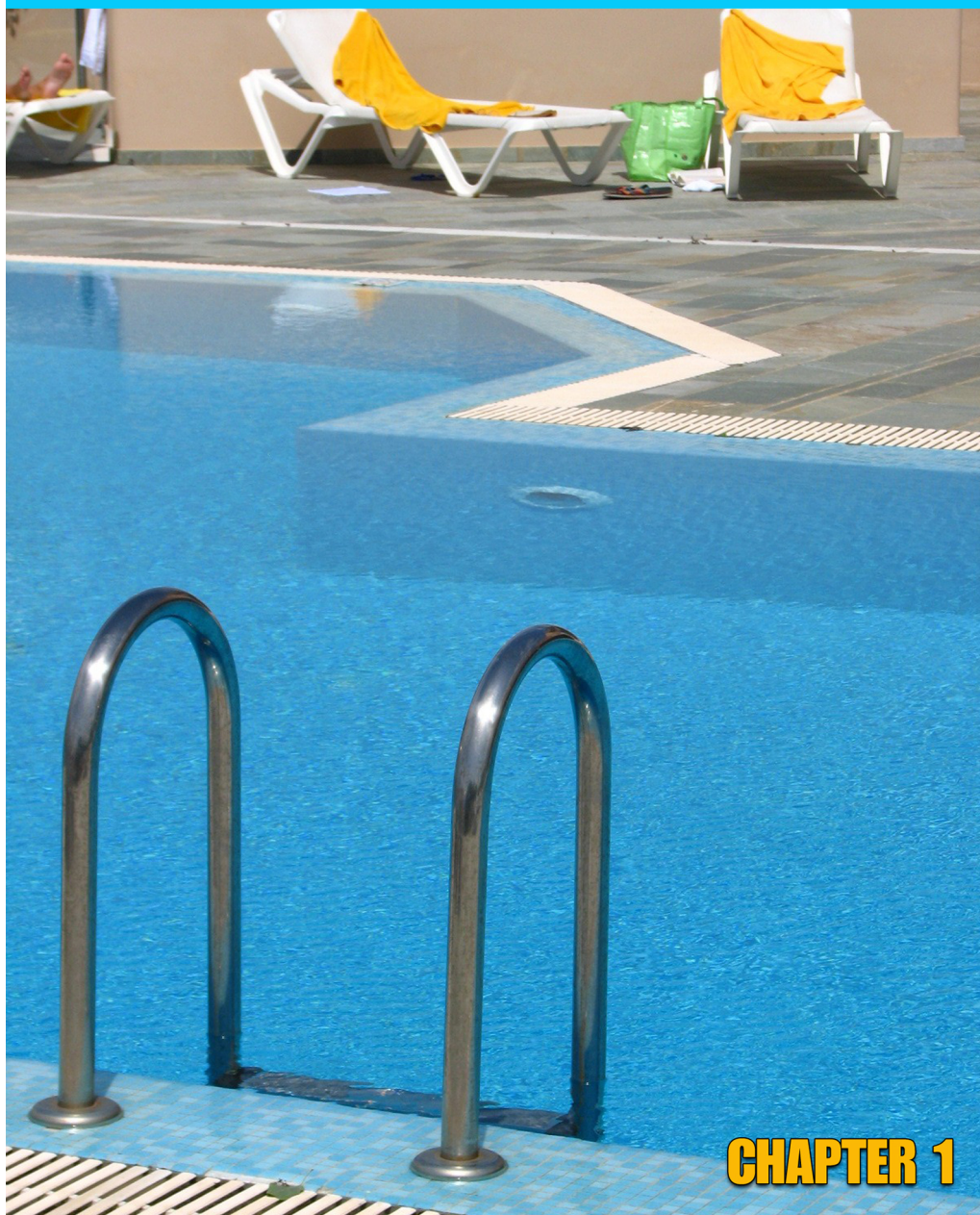


NEIGHBORS

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL



CHAPTER 1

NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF SECRECY AND SPYING

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 1

The heat was stifling outside. Even the pool wasn't helping today. It had to be at least a hundred and ten degrees. I swam in circles, trying to force myself to stay focused, but it was so HOT. I finally gave up and climbed out, trying to ignore the heat from the concrete that was baking the bottom of my feet. I grabbed my towel and dashed towards the house.

Right before I went in, I caught a glimpse of movement from the yard next door. I smiled to myself once I got inside – I knew what the movement was, and it secretly pleased me. All summer long, the next door neighbors had been spying on me.

Our new neighbors, the McKinley's, moved in late last year, and immediately struck up a friendship with my parents. The parents seemed like nice enough people, but I never had much to do with them. Their kids were younger than me – both still in high school, one about to be a freshman, the other a senior, while I had just graduated and was about to start my first semester of college in the fall.

We saw our new neighbors nearly every weekend at our house or theirs. It seemed like my parents had really connected with the McKinleys. As for me, I had a MAJOR crush on the oldest McKinley boy – Stephen. He looked like he could be a senior in college rather than high school, and everyone at our school seemed to take notice of him when he transferred there last fall. Even though he was a junior, I still saw him often, and went out of my way to be extremely friendly with him.

I told myself I was being nice because he was the new kid in school, and it was the neighborly thing to do, but in truth it was because he was so unbelievably hot. Luckily for me, he was a bit shy and uncomfortable being the new guy, so being his neighbor gave me an advantage that the other girls didn't have. He seemed to appreciate the fact that I was nice

to him constantly.

I thought that being casual friends would be the most I could hope for from Stephen, until school let out for the summer. I noticed that when I would be out in the backyard sunbathing or swimming or messing around with my friends that someone next door would be peeping at me. I thought at first it was only Mark, Stephen's younger brother – and once or twice I did catch him spying on me – but it was Stephen that I caught most often.

The first few times I caught them, it would embarrass them and they would pretend like they weren't ogling me – that perhaps I just managed to catch them outside at the exact same moment. Once I realized Stephen was in on it, too, I made more of an effort to come outside daily. I never looked towards their yard anymore (there was a huge privacy fence between our yards, anyway, so there wasn't much to see unless you were standing right at the fence, like they would), and acted like nothing was out of the ordinary. I could feel their eyes on me constantly, though.

I even went to buy new bikinis to wear in the pool. My parents would definitely not have approved of how much skin they showed, but I only wore them when I was home alone. It was sad that summer was almost over. I was going to have to find new ways to stay outside after school started.

After I dried off and hung my swimsuit up to dry, I dressed in a lime green spaghetti-strapped shirt and a pair of dark cut-off blue jean shorts. I quickly combed my hair and piled it on top of my head in a messy bun, and then shoved my feet into a pair of sandals. I strutted back to the back door and went to sit on the porch. It wasn't quite so hot as long as I stayed in the shade.

I sat for a few minutes, not really looking at anything in particular, but knowing that I was being stared at. I stretched my arms up over my head, poking my chest out in the process. I was playing up my tits as much as I could. I had been lucky in that department, as far as I was concerned. Most of the other girls at school had much smaller boobs, and I was happy to trot around with my size D's. They had definitely gotten me a lot of attention over the last couple of

years.

Getting a boyfriend had never been an issue with me. I was five feet, seven inches and was considered tall amongst my peers. I didn't mind, but some guys refused to date anyone that was the same height or taller than them. I had long pale blonde hair that hung down my back in small waves. Everyone always assumed I dyed my hair, but I'd never touched the stuff. My mom had the same color hair, which I'd inherited from her, but I couldn't usually convince anyone else otherwise. My eyes came from my dad – they were an odd shade of jade green, and again, most people assumed they were a fake color though I didn't wear contacts. I was slender, but curvy, and loved to soak up as much sun as I could which gave me a mild tan. I apparently didn't tan as much as most people that spent hours a day in the sun. If I spent too much time indoors, my skin would go completely pale.

All in all, I was pretty damn hot, if I did say so myself. I got noticed – a lot. And to make matters more interesting, my mother wanted me to have a name that was not completely generic, so I got named Katya. I sometimes went by Katy if I wanted to blend in, but most of the time I liked having a name that got me noticed.

So, obtaining a boyfriend – not an issue. The true problem was getting a boyfriend that wasn't a loser. Our high school was kind of on the smaller side, with only twelve hundred students making up all four grades, and I had managed to go through most of the available guys there pretty quickly. My one steady boyfriend, Jared Singleton, had lasted the longest – seven months. The rest of the relationships rarely lasted longer than a couple of months. I didn't have the patience for their immaturity or stupidity.

Stephen was different. He seemed old for his age, and that was probably one of the reasons he was so intriguing. I had no clue if he was interesting in me, but I'd tried to make subtle advances several times without getting any sort of response out of him. If it weren't for the fact that I continually caught him peeping on me, I would just figure he wasn't interested.

At that moment, I heard my name being called, and I struggled to keep the smile off of my face.

"Katya? Are you out there?" Stephen called from next door. He had worked to put the right amount of innocence in his voice, as if he just walked outside, but I knew better. The privacy fence didn't hide *everything*.

"Hey, Stephen!" I called out loudly, looking around for him. His head popped up over the top of the fence, and he waved at me.

"Thought I heard you out here," he said. I didn't try to hide my smile this time.

"You must have good hearing!" I teased. I watched with delight as his face flashed red.

"So, what are you doing? You busy?" he asked hesitantly.

"Nope...not doing anything. Why don't you come over?" I asked. "Maybe if it cools off some, we can swim," I offered.

He didn't answer – he just disappeared. The next thing I knew, he was letting himself into the backyard through the side gate. He was wearing a pair of swim trunks and some sandals. And he was looking so good I was having trouble keeping my mouth from popping open.

"Thanks for letting me come over. It's too hot today to do much else." He flopped down in the chair beside me, and I did my best to keep my eyes off of his muscular chest. Stephen had to be at least three or four inches taller than me, and he had dark brown hair that he wore in disarray. His eyes were baby blue and clear, and he had beautiful white teeth that were set off by his gorgeous tan skin. And he was so muscular! I didn't know if he worked out or if it was just his natural physique, but I wanted to run my hands all over his body.

Unfortunately, I was ogling and didn't even know it. He cleared his throat to get my attention.

"So, um...when does school start?"

"Oh, school...I have about three weeks left. It starts on the 21st." I refocused my attention on the pool water, refusing to get caught staring at him again like a damn idiot.

Just then, I heard the gate swing open, and it startled me. I jumped up out of my chair, but then realized it was only

Mark. He smiled at me as he came around the corner, and I suddenly felt stupid for jumping up.

"Sorry, Katya. I forgot to ask if Mark could come over and swim," Stephen said sheepishly.

"Oh, it's no problem. Hey, Mark!" I said as enthusiastically as possible. I didn't mind having Mark around, except that it meant that I had to share Stephen's attention with someone else. I knew I was being selfish.

"What up, Kat?" Mark greeted me with a smirk before flinging himself in the pool. I noticed his eyes hovering on my chest before he looked away, though it didn't really bother me.

"You wanna swim?" Stephen asked me. I wasn't really in the mood at the moment.

"Nah...I was swimming earlier," I informed him, though he already knew that. "You go ahead if you want to. I think I'm just going to hang out here."

"It's cool. I'll stay here with you...if you don't mind. I think it's too hot for swimming right now, anyway. Mark's just an idiot and doesn't care."

I laughed out loud, unable to help myself, even though I sounded stupid.

"Hey...do you mind if we go inside? I think it's too hot to be outside at all." Stephen was glancing at me with a strange expression. He wanted to go inside, with me? I had no problem with that.

"Sure. That sounds good, actually. I could use a little a/c."

I got up and went inside, with Stephen close behind me. My heart was pounding in my chest. I couldn't believe he wanted to hang out with me. I figured he usually came over because his parents made him or he wanted to use the pool. I checked the clock in the kitchen and realized it was only a little after two, so I still had a couple of hours before either of my parents would make it home.

"You know, I've never seen your room this whole time," he said, hinting.

"Well, there's not much to it, but if you want to check it out you can. Maybe we can listen to music or something. I'm too tired to do much else."

He seemed to agree with my plan, so I walked slowly up the stairs towards my room, enjoying the fact that he had to walk behind me. I was too chicken to look back and see if he was checking out my ass.

I led him to my room, and flopped down on the big bed, patting the spot next to me. He took the hint and sat down beside me. I could feel the heat coming off of his bare skin. I wanted to reach over and slide my fingers down his chest, but I knew better than to try anything that crazy.

I was so stupid for thinking he would be interested in me. I had seen pictures of his ex-girlfriend. Apparently they had broken up when Stephen moved with his family, deciding it would be too hard to try to continue the relationship long distance. I was shocked at how beautiful she was, though it really shouldn't have surprised me. Stephen was gorgeous, and he deserved someone equally beautiful.

"I like your room," he complimented. However, when I looked at him to thank him, he was staring at me.

"What?" I asked, confused by his intensity.

He stared at me for a second, then averted his eyes to my desk in the corner. It seemed like he wanted to say something but changed his mind.

"So, what kind of music do you like?" he asked, still not looking at me.

"Almost anything," I admitted. I got up off of the bed and went straight to my desk. I pulled up my music software on the computer and selected one of my favorite playlists to play. When the music started, I turned around and nearly screamed.

Stephen was right behind me. I expected him to still be on the bed, since I hadn't heard him move.

"I really like this song," he said, looking over my shoulder at the computer. "I like all of those songs on your playlist. You have some pretty decent taste in music."

I was too shaken to say anything cool in response, since he was only a couple of inches away.

"Um, thanks," I replied. I was kind of stuck. He was standing in front of me, and I was backed up against the computer desk. I had nowhere to go, and he didn't seem

inclined to move.

"So, tell me something," he said. I didn't respond, I just kept staring at him. I was running through a million scenarios in my head, wondering what he could possibly want to know.

"Do you have a boyfriend, KK?" he asked, and I almost smiled at the nickname he had given to me after we had first met. He was the only one who had ever called me that. At first, I was annoyed by it, but then I was flattered that he would bother to call me *anything*, much less come up with a nickname for me. Then, the actual question sunk in. Why was asking me this?

"No, I don't," I informed him. I tried to sound less pathetic than I felt.

"Good. That's a relief," he said with a smirk. I just stared at him. What the hell did that mean? I was about to ask him what he was getting at, but as it turns out, he answered my question for me.

I watched in amazement as he reached his hand behind me, yanking me towards him. I fell into his broad chest, and he hugged me closer to him with his other arm. I was a little bit shocked at first and didn't quite know what to make of it, but then he leaned his face down towards me and kissed me. I kissed him back greedily, and he seemed excited that I was going along with it.

I shoved him back towards the bed, pushing him down on it, never breaking the kiss. His arms were strong around me, and I silently wondered if I was just having some bizarre dream. At this point, I was straddled on top of him, and almost passed out when he reached behind me and grabbed my ass roughly with both his hands.

I noticed something new at that instant, and it was almost enough to break my concentration. He was completely hard in his pants underneath me, and he wasn't making any efforts to conceal the fact. At that moment, he pushed my face away and stared at me seriously.

"KK, I want you, and I'm tired of being too scared to tell you. I don't care if you're older or better looking or smarter than me. I just can't get you out of my head."

My mouth was hanging open, I was sure, but I didn't have

any kind of response for him whatsoever. He thought I was better looking than *him*? Was he blind? Or just messing with me? I thought perhaps he was just pulling some kind of prank on me.

"That's not funny, Stephen," I said disgustedly as I crawled off of him. I was mad now, certain that he was just teasing me at this point. That was kind of mean and a little bit harsh.

"What's not funny?" he asked as he grabbed my arm, stopping me from getting any farther away.

"You know what I'm talking about. It's not nice to tease, okay? I know you like to play jokes and all, but this is going too far." I was angry at myself for thinking he was serious.

"I'm not joking about anything," he insisted as he yanked me back towards him. There was no resisting the strength of his arms. A pulse of desire rippled through me just thinking about his muscles again, but I quickly contained it.

"Sure you're not. I'm not stupid. I've seen the kind of girls you date, and I'm not one of them," I grumbled.

"You're right...you are *not* one of them. You are much better."

I looked up at him, and he was on top of me in an instant, pushing me down on the bed and holding my arms above my head. I couldn't have struggled even if I had wanted to – and I most certainly did not want to.

His breath was hot in my mouth as he kissed me again, this time with more force and what I guessed was urgency. I couldn't decide if he was being serious or if he was actually telling the truth.

We continued to kiss for what seemed like forever. I would have let him go on forever, except that apparently his little brother got worried about us and let himself in the house.

"Stephen? Kat? Where'd you guys go?" I heard Mark yell from downstairs.

"Shit!" Stephen jumped up and scrambled off of the bed. I was unable to move an inch.

"We're upstairs Mark! We're listening to some music. Be down in a little while!" Stephen called down to him.

"Okay! I'm going back to the pool!" Mark yelled.

Stephen shut the door most of the way, only leaving it open an inch, and came back to the bed. He took a seat on the edge, and looked down at the floor.

“Sorry about that. I forgot about Mark being outside. And...sorry about...what just happened. I don’t know what I was thinking. It won’t happen again,” he assured me.

So, what? He was sorry for doing it, or sorry because he thought I didn’t want him to? I was tired of thinking about it – it was making my brain hurt, probably because I was overly complicating things.

I got on my knees and reached for him. He turned around reluctantly to look at me, and he looked almost ashamed. Then, I remembered that despite his amazingly good looks and stellar personality, he was unbelievably shy. I knew he wasn’t joking now, and that it had been hard for him to throw himself at me. Now, he thought I was rejecting him and he was upset. Oh, how wrong he was!

I basically attacked him. There is no other word for what I did. I yanked him down on the bed, holding his arms down as I climbed on top of him. I don’t really know what happened in the next few minutes between us, but it went by in a blur. I remember leaning down to kiss him, and then he freed his arms from my grip quite easily, and rolled over on top of me.

The next thing I knew, he was taking my shirt off, and I didn’t even care to stop him. Fortunately, I had made it easy for him by not wearing a bra – all he had to do was yank my shirt up. He stopped kissing me long enough to stare at my breasts, and I had to admit that I was thrilled with his reaction. Out of all of the guys that I had undressed for, Stephen’s reaction was the best. His eyes looked like they were going to fall right out of his face, and his mouth fell open wide. I thought he was going to be permanently frozen that way, since he didn’t move for the longest time. Eventually, though, he recovered himself.

“Are you okay with this?” he asked breathlessly, and I knew at once that he wanted to fuck me. I wasn’t sure if that was what he was after, but there was no questioning it now. The look in his eyes was enough to assure me of his

intentions.

“Yes,” I replied quietly. I perhaps should have thought it through a little bit longer, but I wasn’t usually one to be rational. Not to mention that this was literally a dream come true for me. How many times had I fantasized about Stephen since he moved in next door? More times than I could count, or care to remember.

He didn’t waste another second of time, or bother to make sure I was seriously ready. He reached down and shoved one of his hands up under my shorts, making me quiver. I could not believe that this was really happening.

I figured I could help him out, so I grabbed his shorts with my hands and pulled them down. They slid off of him effortlessly, and he wiggled them the rest of the way down his legs, letting them fall to the floor. He straightened up then, and I got my first glimpse at Stephen completely naked. It very nearly took my breath away.

He was...phenomenal. His body was perfect in every way, and I do mean every way. So far, I had slept with four guys since my freshman year, and none of them had come close to having what Stephen had in the penis department.

“Holy shit!” I whispered, staring at him rudely. His throbbing, hard dick was only a couple of inches from me, and it was all I could do to not attack him again. I would have had to get a ruler to be sure, but he had to have been at least eight inches long – maybe more. And it was so thick! I’d never seen a dick so thick before. I was suddenly worried that he would be able to fit inside of me. I was willing to give it a try, though.

Stephen was grinning at me, obviously pleased by my response. He reached down and slid my shorts off. I yanked my shirt all of the way off and tossed it behind me. I was so unbelievably horny at that moment, and I tried to remember the last time I’d actually had sex. It had been a few months, for sure.

Stephen ran his hands down my chest, cautiously groping my tits. It’s like he didn’t know what to do with them. He’d probably never been with a girl with such huge boobs before. I liked the idea of that more than I probably should have. I

clasped my hands down on top of his, forcing him to squeeze me harder.

“You can be rough with them,” I panted. “You’re not going to hurt them,” I assured him.

He groped me even harder, and a strange little noise popped out of his mouth – almost a groan but not quite. He put his mouth on one of my nipples and began to suck on it. I relaxed on the bed, enjoying the sensations that were pulsing through me.

When Stephen was done with my breasts, he straightened up. He looked at me for a moment before he pulled my legs apart. He must have been eager to get started. I waited eagerly for him to shove his dick in me, and luckily he didn’t waste much time. I gasped when he shoved it in me – it was bigger than I had expected – but after he got it all the way in it felt awesome. A groan escaped from me without my permission, and I clamped my mouth shut. I didn’t want to be making any noise in case Mark snuck in again to check on us.

Stephen leaned forward on top of me, pumping me hard with his cock, and kissed me forcefully. I wrapped my hands around his strong arms, forcing him closer to me. There was so much happening at once, and it was hard for me to keep myself in control. I wanted to get on top of him and ride the fuck out of that dick of his, but I didn’t want to scare him with my intensity.

When he was done kissing me, Stephen sat back up, pulling my legs up over his arms and supporting them. He was able to get in me even deeper than I would have thought possible. He pounded me as hard as he could manage, and at first it was a little painful until I got used to his immense size.

He pounded me for a few more minutes, and then shocked me when he jumped up off the bed. I thought for a second that he was about to shoot his load and had just pulled out, but I was wrong.

“Get up,” he commanded.

I hopped up, confused by his request. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the other side of the room to my desk.

He swirled me around in front of him, and then pushed on my back, forcing me down. I realized what he wanted, so I helped him out. I leaned over my desk, grabbing the edges for support. I spread my legs wide, and thrust my ass up in the air.

He quickly shoved his dick back in me and picked up where we had left off. He was pumping me so hard it was making the desk rattle and vibrate with each thrust. Man, he was strong. It was like getting fucked by a stone – he was just so *hard*. I'd never had such a fucking hard cock in me before. He slammed into me over and over again, making my tits bounce back and forth in my face.

"Oh, fuck, Stephen!" I cried out. I tried my best to keep the moans and groans quiet, but it was nearly impossible. It felt so good and it was too hard to stay silent. He seemed to enjoy when I would grunt or make a noise. He kept running his hands up and down my back as he fucked me, grabbing at my ass or holding onto my shoulders.

He pulled out again and forced me to turn around. When I was facing him, he surprised me again by picking me up and putting me on the desk. It didn't even seem like picking me up phased him. I was in total awe of this boy.

"KK, you are amazing!" he panted as he pushed my legs apart. It worked out nicely – it seemed my desk was just the right height for him to get to me. I leaned back against the wall behind the desk, and slung one of my legs up over his shoulder.

"Hurry!" I urged him. He grabbed his dick and slid it in.

Stephen was off again, pounding me with his unnaturally hard cock. He leaned forward and buried his face in my tits, and I just wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. It was pure ecstasy.

He started sucking and licking on my nipples again, seeming to enjoy my tits as much as my pussy. I was thinking to myself that I didn't ever want him to stop, so, of course, I felt the familiar tensing up in his body. I knew he was getting close, so I clutched him even tighter, enjoying every second I could.

I hated that I was right, because he suddenly released me

and yanked his dick out. It was already too late...I could see the cum shooting out of the end of his cock. I almost laughed at the expression on his face – it was a mix of embarrassment and horror. I watched as he shot the rest of his load all over my crotch, unable to contain it or shoot it anywhere else. I could feel the hot cum dripping down my thigh, and it wasn't unpleasant.

"Oh, shit! I'm so sorry, Katya...I didn't realize I was so close! Fuck!" he grunted in agitation.

"It's okay, Stephen," I said with a laugh. His face was so amusing. I felt bad for him for being so upset.

He looked up at me, relieved to see that I wasn't mad at him, at least.

"Are you sure? I mean...we didn't use anything at all..."

"It's fine, really. I've been on birth control for years. No worries," I assured him.

He put his arms around me and lifted me off of the desk, and I had to pause for a second to gain my balance. He pulled me even tighter, and I laid my head against his chest, still wondering if I might wake up after all and realize it was all just a fantasy.

"Come on," I said, pulling him towards the door.

"Where are we going?" he asked, alarmed.

"To clean up, silly!" I said with another laugh. The bathroom was right next to my bedroom, and I felt like taking a shower...and hoping that he would join me.

I flung the door open unthinkingly, and froze dead in my tracks. Mark was only a couple of inches away, and I couldn't do anything but stare into his shocked face. I saw his eyes glance down at my bare chest, and I rolled my eyes when his mouth dropped open.

"What the fuck, Mark?" Stephen said angrily. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me back into the bedroom, shutting the door in Mark's surprised face.

"Fuck!" Stephen ranted as he grabbed his shorts off of the floor.

"What's wrong?" I asked cautiously.

"What do you mean, what's wrong?" he said with agitation.

“Why are you so upset?”

“Because the little asshole was spying on us, KK!”

His words sunk in then, and I realized that Mark had probably been standing out there the whole time, watching us. I felt dirty – and there was no shower in the world that was going to make me feel clean. I thought he had just had horrible timing and had accidentally caught us.

I grabbed my towel from the pool earlier and quickly wiped Stephen’s goo off of me. I flung the towel on the floor and pulled my clothes back on.

“Seriously?” I whispered to Stephen, though I knew by the look on his face that he was, indeed, serious.

“Yes...he used to spy on our parents all the time, the little fucking pervert. I’m going to kill him for this. I’m so sorry, KK. I didn’t mean for that to happen.” The tone of his voice made me upset. I didn’t want him to regret what just happened.

“It’s okay, Steve...honestly. Don’t get so stressed out over it.” I was surprised I was so calm. Under normal circumstances, I would have been ready to rip the little asswipe’s head off. But, I was still riding a strange high of being with Stephen, so I wasn’t that upset about it. I hoped the little perv got a good show.

Stephen was looking at me strangely, and I wondered if I had upset him. He held his hand out to me, and I took it. He yanked me towards him again – I was never going to get used to his sheer strength – and planted another kiss on my lips. Apparently he wasn’t mad at me.

“That won’t happen again,” he promised when he was done kissing me.

“Um, could you clarify which part of that wouldn’t be happening again?” I asked, not bothering to conceal the desperation in my voice.

“Haha! I was thinking of the part about my annoying little brother being a freak. The rest...well, I hope we can do that again soon. At least, until you find a boyfriend at your new school,” he said morosely.

“Well, I was kind of under the assumption I didn’t need to look for one now,” I said hopefully as I smiled up at him. His answering smile was comforting.

“Sounds good to me. Come on...I need to get cleaned up. The parental authorities will probably be home soon,” he reminded me. I glanced at the clock on my desk and was horrified to realize that it was already after four. Where in the world did the last two hours go?

I raced out the bedroom, happy to note that Mark was nowhere to be seen, and headed for the bathroom. Stephen and I cleaned up in record time, though I would have definitely enjoyed being in the shower with him a little longer.

We threw our bathing suits back on and raced downstairs to the pool. Luckily for him, Mark was gone. I probably wouldn't be seeing him for a while. Stephen scooped me up once we were outside, scaring the hell out of me. He strolled over to the edge of the pool and dumped me in.

When I got back to the surface, he was laughing at me. He was kind enough to wait until I had my breath before jumping in, cannonball style, and splashing me. When we had both finished laughing like crazy idiots, he swam over to me and embraced me again. I jumped up, wrapping my legs around his body and my arms around his neck. I pulled his face close to me, and he caught on in an instant.

We were still working on the same kiss when I heard a car pull up in the driveway. I sighed and let Stephen go, but as I did, I could feel his dick bulging in his pants again. I looked at him with wide eyes, but he just chuckled at me. We started swimming again, the way we did before when we were just platonic friends. My dad came out a few minutes later to greet us. I hoped nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

“Hey, guys,” he called from the back door.

“Hey dad!” I called back, waving at him.

“Hi, Mr. Palmer!” Stephen said courteously.

“Hey there, Stephen! Say, why don't you invite your folks over for dinner tonight? I'm going to fire up the grill in a few minutes.”

“I sure will!” Stephen replied. I watched my dad smile and wave, and then head back into the house.

This was nothing out of the ordinary – my parents and Stephen's parents hung out weekly. But, for some reason, I was edgy. How was I supposed to act around Stephen now?

And would either set of parents figure out there was something off between us? Even worse...what if Mark blabbed to his parents about us? I wasn't sure how they would react to the news of Stephen and I being an item.

"What are you thinking about so hard?" Stephen said with a laugh.

"Worried about tonight. Aren't you? I mean...don't you think they'll figure out something is up with us? My mom is pretty perceptive," I whispered.

"So?" he replied. He didn't seem concerned at all.

"What does that mean?"

"So what if they find out? Are you trying to tell me something here? I guess we really didn't have a chance to talk about it, but I kind of figured we would be...you know...together. If I'm wrong, just tell me. I won't get mad or anything." He stared at me, waiting for a response.

So he was really serious about this, wanting to be with me. I still couldn't fathom why in the world he'd be interested in me when there were so many other girls that were available.

"Are you serious? You just want to tell them about it?"

"Well, I don't want to exactly go into details about what we did...they might have a problem with that, but why can't we tell them we're dating? It's not like they can do much about it, KK. I'm a senior and you're going to be in college. What are they going to do? Tell us no?" He chuckled again, and I was amazed that he wasn't the slightly bit hesitant about this whole situation. That made me feel a little bit better, though.

"Okay, if that's what you want to do," I agreed hesitantly.

"It is," he said as he swam over to me, grabbing me again. Apparently he wasn't concerned that my dad was in the house and might be watching us, because he kissed me again, and it wasn't just a friendly kiss. It was intense...and it made me wish that we had a couple more hours of alone time.

Before I knew it, Stephen was climbing out of the pool, leaving me. I felt a little depressed, actually. I wasn't ready for him to go. But, he needed to take another shower and

deal with his brother before they all came over to eat tonight.

I went inside to take a shower myself and get the chlorine smell off of me. I dressed as provocatively as I could without earning my parents' disapproval. I put on a skin tight, low cut white tank top that had a huge orange flower splashed across the front of it, making sure to wear my most prized bra – it hiked my boobs up nicely and gave me some amazing cleavage. I also pulled on a pair of light khaki shorts that probably revealed way too much ass, but I wanted to tease Stephen as much as I possibly could tonight – make him suffer a bit.

I dried my hair and fixed it as best I could, and then ran downstairs. I was sad that the McKinleys hadn't arrived yet. My mom had gotten home, though, and I went to help her in the kitchen.

"Hey, dear. How was your day," she asked.

"Good," I told her honestly. She looked up from the stove then to shoot me a smile, but she ended up cocking her head to one side.

"You seem different...did you do something new with your hair?" she questioned.

"Um, no, not really. Maybe I finally managed to soak up enough sun and get a tan today," I said with a nervous chuckle. She could probably smell the sex on me – dammit, she didn't miss anything!

"Haha! Maybe so!" she agreed as she focused her attention back to the pot in front of her.

I breathed a sigh of relief, but noticed her eyeing me from the corner of her eye. She knew something was up. Grr!

I helped her finish the food while dad smoked the whole back yard up with the grill. Finally, I heard the front doorbell ring. I probably gave myself away as I eagerly dashed to open the door.

"I'll get it," I told my mom hastily as I fled the kitchen.

"Thanks, dear," I heard her say.

I raced to the door and flung it open, not able to control the huge smile that spread across my face. Stephen was behind his parents and Mark, and he was smiling back at me.

“Hi, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley. Come on in,” I said, opening the door for them.

“Hi, Katya. It’s nice to see you again,” Mrs. McKinley greeted me warmly. She was always so sweet to me. I hoped that the news about me and Stephen wouldn’t change her opinion of me.

“Katya, hun, how many times do I have to tell you to call me Bob?” Mr. McKinley said with a chuckle as he kissed me on the cheek. Every week it was the same thing, and yet every week I would call him Mr. McKinley. It seemed rude to use his first name.

“I’m sorry! I forget!” I replied, same as always. They drifted off towards the kitchen, greeting my mother as they rounded the corner. I turned to the door again, realizing that Mark and Stephen hadn’t come in yet.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” I asked.

I watched Stephen punch Mark on the shoulder with real force. I know it must have hurt, because he winced a little. I almost felt bad about it, but then I recalled what he had done this afternoon, so I didn’t have any pity for him.

“Tell her!” Stephen whispered fiercely.

“Fine! Jeez! Sorry, Kat. It won’t happen again, I promise. Stephen threatened to strangle me if it does.” Mark stammered through his apology and blushed, looking down at the floor.

I wasn’t really sure what to say to him, so I just held the door open even wider. Mark shuffled in with Stephen right behind him. I saw Stephen glaring at the back of Mark’s head, and I knew it had probably been pretty violent at their house earlier when Stephen finally caught up to him.

“Go help mom and dad,” Stephen ordered. Mark snapped his head up defiantly, and I could tell he didn’t like to be ordered around.

“By the way, Kat...nice tits!” Mark said quickly as he passed in front of me. He took off swiftly, turning around when he reached the kitchen to look back at both of us. When he was sure that Stephen hadn’t gone after him, he flipped us both the bird and smiled evilly at us before disappearing around the corner.

“Wow. Your brother is awful,” I noted.

“Tell me about it...at least you don't have to live with him. Imagine how much my life sucks at home,” Stephen complained.

“Sorry,” I chuckled. “Just think, you'll be free in less than a year and you won't have to put up with him anymore.”

“It's cool...I'm not really concerned with him at the moment.”

Stephen kissed me again, allowing his hand to run down my back and rest on my ass. His other hand was gripping my hair tightly. I didn't care that my parents were only one room away – all I could think about was getting him alone again. I was instantly aggravated when I realized that it was Friday. I would have to wait the whole damn weekend now.

Or...maybe not. I had high hopes that we could possibly sneak away together this weekend. I didn't mind if we had to do it in the car – it certainly wouldn't be the first time I'd done that.

I heard footsteps approaching, and I let Stephen go, quickly putting some space between us. Just then, my dad walked into the living room.

“Hey, there you are! Come on, guys...food's ready!” he advised. He didn't seem to realize that we were up to something. I didn't know what I was so damn nervous about them finding out. Stephen wouldn't be the first boyfriend I had, but my dad usually didn't care for any of them. I wondered if it would be different this time, since my parents were friends with his parents.

“What was that about?” Stephen asked, looking hurt.

“Sorry. I just want to tell them about us before they see us doing something like that. It might freak them out a little,” I comforted him. I took his hand in mine and squeezed it reassuringly.

“Let's go eat...and break the news!” I said. Stephen smiled down at me and nodded his head once. When I turned around to walk away, he slapped my ass, scaring me again. I heard him laugh quietly behind me as he followed me.

“By the way, I'm digging those clothes...you're kind of

mean to wear that when I can't do anything about it."

"I know...that's why I wore them," I whispered behind me. We went outside to join everyone. They were already seated around the huge table by the pool, serving the food. I was glad to see that my mom and dad had pulled out the alcohol. I was hoping everyone would be good and sauced up and maybe a little more relaxed.

We took our usual seats, and I was angry that I had to sit across the table from Stephen, rather than by him. The adults were busy talking amongst themselves, and Mark was trying his best to keep out of reach of Stephen, because by the look on Stephen's face made me think he was just waiting for the chance to beat up his little brother again.

Dinner was long...very long. I didn't think it was EVER going to end. I just wanted to be done with it so that I could be with Stephen again. There was so much I wanted to talk to him about. And, possibly, do something a little bit nastier...but I didn't want to get ahead of myself.

Mom and dad and Stephen's parents took out two bottles of wine, and they were all laughing loudly. I took their good moods and added to it by sucking up. I stood up and started stacking dishes.

"What are you doing?" mom asked.

"I'm cleaning up...I've been known to do that every once in a while," I teased.

"I'm sure you have, I just don't remember that last time that you did," my mom quipped back.

"Haha. You better be nice or I might change my mind," I retorted jokingly as I sauntered off to the kitchen. As I suspected, Stephen was close behind me with more dishes.

I started piling them all up in the sink and was glad to be alone with him, even if it meant I was stuck with the cleanup. He came up behind me, giving me goose bumps as he whispered in my ear, grazing it a little.

"So, when are you going to tell them?"

I tried to concentrate on breathing, but couldn't ignore the pulsing sensations that were invading my nether regions.

"Soon," I assured him. I started scrubbing the dishes and piling them into the dishwasher. I thought about this

weekend, and all of the possible things that we could do.

I jumped a little when I felt Stephen's arms wrap around my waist.

"Would you quit it? I'm trying to concentrate here, and you are NOT helping," I hissed at him.

He didn't answer other than laughing at me. And then I felt his hands creeping into a dangerous area. He was sliding them up under my shirt and he reached for my tits. There was no way I'd be able to explain that to my parents if they walked in.

I yanked the hand sprayer out of the sink and turned on him. I think I must have startled him with my swiftness, because he had the most ridiculous look on his face when I turned the water on and doused him. I soaked him good, and I was laughing the whole time. I knew I was going to have an even bigger mess to clean up because of it, but I couldn't resist.

"Oh, you are in such trouble now," he threatened.

He shook himself like a wet dog, splashing me back with water. I just kept spraying him and laughing.

I was completely breathless when he grabbed me and slung me over his shoulder.

"Stephen! What are you doing? Put me down!" I commanded.

"Nope...not a chance. I think it's time to let the secret out, KK."

I was horrified as he carried me out into the yard, and I was absolutely mortified to see everyone snap their heads in our direction to stare.

"Stephen...seriously!" I begged. He was laughing nonchalantly as he strode over to the pool.

"What's going on?" my dad asked with a hint of panic in his voice.

I didn't have time to respond, because the next thing I knew, I was being tossed – for the second time today – into the pool.

I bubbled up to the surface, and Stephen was, once again, laughing. I heard his mom behind him reassuring my mom and dad that we were just playing around. I glared up

at Stephen, and he knelt down beside the pool.

"That was unnecessary," I seethed. I couldn't stay mad at him for long, though...not when he was smiling at me like that. I could literally just pounce on him again, if only there weren't four parents staring at us like we were crazy.

Stephen held his hand out to me, offering to help me out, I assumed. That was when he messed up. I swam over to him and timidly held up my hand like I was going to let him help me, but when he went to pull, I yanked even harder. I swiftly swam out of the way as he fell in the water.

I heard his dad laughing, and then my parents joined in. Apparently they were just drunk enough to be entertained by our stupidity.

I watched smugly as Stephen came to the surface. He was mad – or at least pretending to be.

"KK...that was not the smartest thing to do. You are REALLY going to pay for it now," he growled at me playfully.

"Ooh, I'm scared! What are you going to do? Throw me in the water?"

He swam over to me, grabbed me in a bear hug, lifted me up out of the water, and then, to my utter embarrassment, planted a big, fat kiss right on my lips. I tried to stay furious at him and not kiss him back, but he was just so persuasive. I knew my parents were looking, and I knew his parents were looking – and they were all probably a little confused, but at the moment, I just didn't care. All I knew was that he was kissing me, and it was amazing.

"Katya?" I heard my mother say. Her voice sounded confused. I figured now would probably be a good time to climb out and explain ourselves. I tried to free myself from Stephen, but he wasn't having that. He just hugged me tighter and kissed me harder, but only for a brief second. Then, he let me go. I noticed he had a wicked smile on his face as he took my hand and pulled me towards the steps.

"I told you that you were going to pay," he snickered.

"Thanks so much," I snapped back at him, but I wasn't even close to being mad at him. At least, not yet...it still all depended on what the parents had to say. I knew I was an adult and all, but for some reason, I was still scared to death

of my dad.

"Katya? What's going on here?" my mom asked as we climbed out of the pool. I was trying to keep my eyes averted from the way Stephen's wet clothes clung to his body. I knew exactly what he was hiding under there now, which didn't help my concentration in the slightest.

"It's okay, mom," I assured her. I could see the deep wrinkle lines on her forehead that came out when she was deep in thought or worried about something.

Stephen was right beside me as I hesitantly approached the table. I had something close to stage fright, which probably wasn't helped by the fact that I was dripping wet with practically see-through clothes.

Stephen, seeing that I was having trouble, grabbed my hand and squeezed it. I was comforted, but not able to speak. I could see my dad's eyes locked onto our intertwined hands, and I was imagining all the things that were running through his head.

"KK and I are dating," Stephen blurted out. Apparently he was tired of waiting on me to say something.

"Katya? Is this true?" my dad asked. I could see the strain on his face.

"Yes, dad." That was all I could manage to say.

"How long have you two been...together?" my mom asked haltingly.

"Um, we just sort of...started seeing each other today, actually." I glanced up at Stephen, and he smiled at me again. He leaned in to kiss me on the cheek. He was so much more composed than I could ever dare to be.

"Well, isn't this nice?" Stephen's mom piped up. She was smiling at me, and she looked so excited. Well, at least maybe she would still be nice to me. I still wasn't sure about my own parents. I guessed that it was different for a girl's parents than it was for a guy's.

"So, what are thinking about so hard?" I asked my parents jokingly, repeating what Stephen said earlier.

"Nothing, I guess. This was just a bit of a surprise, dear. I had no idea," my mom replied. I could tell that she was a little miffed...probably because I hadn't told her beforehand.

“Well, KK and I have a mess to clean up in the kitchen,” Stephen explained as he pulled me back towards the house.

I still hadn’t heard my dad’s opinion, and I wasn’t sure if that was good or bad. Usually, when he didn’t like someone, he made his distaste known. He hadn’t said anything about Stephen at all, so maybe that was a good sign.

We were almost back in the house, and I was relieved that it was over. They knew now – I might have to listen to a lecture from them later after the McKinleys left, but for now it seemed that we were in the clear.

Then, something awful and unexpected happened. I never saw it coming, and if I hadn’t heard it with my very own ears, I would have denied that it happened. It was too mean. There was no one on earth that mean. But, as it turns out, it did happen, and there wasn’t a damn thing I could do to stop it.

“Mom, dad, I think you should know what’s really going on here,” I heard Mark quip. Stephen skidded to a halt at the kitchen door and whipped around to glare at his little brother. My head wasn’t fast enough to process what was going on until it was too late.

“I think you should know that Stephen and Kat had sex today in her room, and they didn’t even use a condom. Maybe you should talk to him about that.”

I saw Mark straighten up and smile angelically at me and Stephen. My mouth was hanging open in utter horror. Then, I saw my dad stand up quickly, knocking his chair down in the process. I saw my mom reach for his arm, but he shook her off. He was heading straight for us. I didn’t know who he wanted to kill first – me or Stephen. I stood there, staring, like a deer in the headlights. There went my plans for the weekend...

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT**

REGULAR INTERVALS.