

NEIGHBORS

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL



CHAPTER 2

NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF SECRECY AND SPYING

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 2

“Dammit, Katya! I want the truth, and I want it NOW!” my dad shouted at me. It had been going on like this for at least an hour now. And I still wasn’t budging. I was a legal adult now, and there was no way in hell I was going to discuss my sex life with my father. Absolutely no way in hell. But, he wasn’t making it easy on me.

“I’ve already told you everything I’m going to tell you,” I informed him, AGAIN.

“Calm down, dear. Your face is red,” my mom murmured, trying to get him to at least sit down. He wasn’t having that, though.

“I just don’t understand! I know we raised you better than this! You are still living in my house, young lady! Not to mention that your mother and I are paying for your college tuition. You keep telling me that you’re an adult now, but as far as I’m concerned, we’re still supporting you!”

I was trying very hard to keep the tears in. I didn’t want to cry and show that he was getting to me, but with every word that came out of his mouth, it was getting harder.

“And then, you just throw this thing at us about you and Stephen, no warning whatsoever! And I don’t even have time to process the fact that you are messing with the McKinley’s boy before I get this other news. I just...fail to see what I’m missing here. It’s obviously not a secret anymore! I asked you a simple goddamn question and I want an answer!” He was pointing his finger at me now, and I resisted the urge to throw something at him.

My typical rebellious nature flared at that moment. I didn’t care what happened or what this was going to cause...I truly didn’t think before I spoke. He wanted to know the truth? Fine. I would tell him.

“You want to know, do you?” I snapped. His head jerked up, and he was glaring at me, processing my tone. “I had sex with Stephen...in my room...without a condom. And he

has an ENORMOUS dick! AND I also plan to have sex with him MANY more times. He is not the first guy I've slept with either. Just because I live in your house does not mean you know every single thing about me, and it sure doesn't give you the RIGHT to know every single thing about me. Are you happy now?

"And if you are pissed because I didn't tell you about us, well, it just happened today, okay? I didn't even know that he knew I existed, but he came over and was nice to me and we went upstairs to hang out and then we had sex. For two solid hours...and Mark saw the whole thing! There! Now you know everything! Unless you want a list of every person I've slept with and all the details about those times, too!" I was nearly screaming by the time I got to the end of my rant.

If I hadn't been so mad and having to tell them such personal information, I would have found the expression on their faces humorous. There were no words to describe the emotions that were flickering across their faces.

I stood up, prepared to stomp off to my room to pout. Unfortunately, my dad wasn't done berating me just yet.

"You are not allowed to see him again, do I make myself clear? You will NOT ruin your life for some horny high school kid! We will not tolerate it, young lady! It's over!" he boomed.

I couldn't believe that I was hearing. Did he really think he had that kind of authority over me anymore? I didn't really want to even process what he was saying because it was so ludicrous.

"If that's the way you want to handle it, then I will pack my shit and move the hell out. You cannot and WILL NOT tell me who I can and can't be with! That is completely unfair and you don't get that right anymore! I will find a place to rent tomorrow, or I will find a friend I can stay with until I do. I will go live in the damn dorms if I have to and pay for my own shit with student loans if that's what it takes!"

Instead of storming off upstairs, I grabbed my car keys and my shoes and headed for the front door.

"Where are you going?" he commanded.

"Anywhere I want! What's it matter to you?" I snapped back. I flung the door open and went outside, slamming it

shut behind me.

“Katya!” I heard my mother call to me, but I ignored her. I didn’t have any remorse for what I said, and I sure didn’t feel bad for my mother. She let my dad sit there and go off on me that whole time without bothering to step in.

I raced to my car, in a hurry to get in before they could come out and try to stop me.

“KK!” I heard faintly. I whirled around, looking for Stephen, but I didn’t see him anywhere. “Up here!” I heard him call. My head snapped up and I saw him hanging out of his bedroom window upstairs. “Where are you going?”

“Away from here!” I called back. I was still impatient to get to my car in case my dad wanted to come after me, so I didn’t wait for his response.

“KK! Hold on!” he yelled. I ignored him, and dashed to the car.

I felt better once I was in my car and was able to lock the doors behind me. There was no way they could drag me back in the house now. My hands were trembling as I tried to put the keys in the ignition. I had to take a deep breath and tried again, this time with a little more success.

I was feeling a little bit better since neither of my parents had come out after me. I leaned my head back on the seat, and turned the a/c on full blast to chase the heat away. I was startled when someone tapped on the window.

I gasped, but then recovered when I realized it was Stephen. He was wearing a pair of thin cotton sleep pants and, of course, no shirt. He was also without shoes. I was a little more than relieved to see him, and that surprised me. I didn’t realize how strongly I felt about him until just now. I had apparently done a good job of keeping it hidden, even from myself. I put that thought out of my head – I had too many other things to think about at the moment.

I rolled the window down to talk to him. I noticed he had a worried look on his face. I don’t think I’d ever seen him so upset.

“What’s wrong?” I asked immediately.

“Nothing,” he replied, looking surprised. “Why?”

“I don’t know...you look upset. Are you in a lot of trouble?”

I'm surprised they even let you out of the house," I commented.

"No, KK. I'm not in trouble. They weren't even mad, really. They were a little upset about the no condom issue, which was pretty stupid of me, but I explained everything to them and they forgave me...mostly." A tiny smile lit up his face, but he still looked upset.

"Well, if your parents are bugging you, then what's wrong?"

"I'm..." he hesitated before answering. "I'm worried about you. I'll understand if you don't want to be around me right now...or ever, for that matter. I just had to come check on you." He reached in and wiped his hand across my face. I hadn't realized I was crying. Who knows how long that had been going on...

I grabbed his hand and held it to my face. "Of course I want to be around you. Why wouldn't I? Just because things got heated between me and my parents doesn't mean anything. It doesn't affect us in any way," I assured him.

"Where are you going? Can I come with you?"

"I...don't know where I'm going. I actually didn't think it through. I think I'm kind of homeless at the moment," I said with a rough chuckle, not really feeling amused at all.

"Katya, why don't you come to my house for a little while? I think it would be good for both of us."

"Stephen, are you crazy? After what just happened? I don't think being around your parents would be a good idea right now."

"Why not? They aren't mad at you at all, if that's what you're worried about."

"Really? I can't believe that. I would be furious if I were them." I couldn't imagine them not being angry at me...or why in the world they wouldn't be.

"Come on. Turn the car off and come inside with me. Don't worry about Mark. The little shit is grounded and in his room, so he won't bug us." He shot me a smile, but I didn't make a move to get out of the car. "If you don't get out, I'm just going to drag you out and carry you in there myself."

I sighed, and then gave up. I rolled the window up and

shut the car off. He opened the door for me and helped me out. I started to walk away from him, but he caught me. I fell against his chest, and felt the tears crop up again. I fought them, but I had a feeling that they were going to win in the end.

He kissed my forehead, and then pulled me towards his house. I trusted him, but I was still nervous as hell having to go in there. It was bad enough to get yelled at by my own parents – I didn't think I could handle it from his parents, too.

We went inside, and he shut the door behind us. It was mostly dark in the house, and extremely quiet. I hadn't been in their house in quite a while. They usually always came over to our house, or we hung out in the back yards. It smelled nice inside...like fresh cinnamon rolls or cookies. I couldn't quite place it.

"Stephen?" I heard his mom call from somewhere in another room.

"Yeah, mom! It's me!" he called back as he led me through the dark house.

We were walking towards the bright light, and I realized it was coming from the kitchen. His parents were both in the kitchen, drinking coffee and looking over some sort of book. It looked like it was a recipe book, but I couldn't be sure.

They both looked up when Stephen and I entered the room, and I couldn't tell by their expressions what they were thinking. I stopped breathing.

"Oh, you caught her!" Mrs. McKinley said with what sounded like relief. "Hello, Katya, honey. You look terrified, dear. Don't be scared of us," she said with a friendly smile. I looked over to see Stephen's dad smiling at me as well. This was certainly different.

"Um, I don't really know...what to say...about earlier," I stammered, trying to explain, but I stopped when I saw his mom hold her hand up.

"There's no need to explain anything. We understand, and we've had a talk with Stephen here about being responsible. I'm certain that you two will be more cautious in the future, and that is all we're concerned about. What you do together isn't our business."

I was so stunned I was speechless. I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there. I felt Stephen wrap his arm around me, and he pulled me closer to him.

"Mom, KK is homeless at the moment. Can she stay here?" Stephen asked.

I wanted to object, but I was still shocked and unable to say anything. Before I could open my mouth, his mom smiled at me.

"Of course, honey. I'm so sorry, Katya. I hate to hear that things got that bad tonight. Stephen, I should whip your ass...and Mark's, too." She walked around the kitchen bar and came right up to me, giving me a hug. "You can stay here as long as you need to, right Bob?"

"Of course. You are welcome to stay here. It's no trouble at all," Mr. McKinley agreed.

"I'm going to head up to bed...I think we have some, er, stuff to talk about," Stephen said blatantly. Did he think I was going to stay in his room? I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It was all too much to take in.

"Good night, honey. See you both in the morning," his mom said as he pulled me from the room. I wasn't able to respond to her at all. I allowed Stephen to pull me up the stairs and into his room.

"What are you doing?" I hissed at him. "I can't stay here! And definitely not in your room!"

"Well, you said you were homeless, and I sure wasn't going to let you sleep in your car. I told you my parents were cool with it...don't you trust me?" he asked, flashing another smile.

"I just don't understand any of this. It doesn't make sense at all. Aren't they concerned about us? I mean...especially after tonight! Why would they just let me in their house...and in your ROOM?"

"Katya," he said in a serious voice that took me by surprise. "We need to talk. First of all, please don't worry about my parents. They aren't going to give you any trouble at all, okay? Second, you can stay here as long as you want, and you don't have to feel like you are any kind of burden, because you won't be. Third, we need to talk about today. I

think it all went too fast and we didn't have a chance to talk about any of it at all."

"What about today? There's nothing to talk about," I said, confused. It seemed like there was something he wasn't telling me, and that scared me a little. He pulled me towards his bed, making me sit down with him.

"Actually, there is something I probably should have mentioned before we...had sex."

My mind was racing. What in the world would he have to tell me before he slept with me? My mind settled on an STD, and it threw me into a panic. He had some kind of disease, and he should have told me first...and we didn't use a condom. I started breathing faster as my brain, recalling info from sex ed, went through all of the things you could catch from your partner.

"What do you have?" I demanded in a strangled voice. All of the feelings I had for him suddenly vanished, anger taking their place.

"What?" he asked, looking more confused than I felt.

"What do you have? What did you give me?" I repeated through my teeth.

I was so angry with him that I very nearly got up and left. If it weren't for the fact that he had information that I needed, I would have left.

"KK, don't be ridiculous!" He frowned at me, and looked a little angry himself. "I don't *have* anything. And if I did, I wouldn't have slept with you. I love you too much to do anything like that to you."

Overwhelming relief was instantly replaced by more shock. Surely I didn't hear him correctly.

"Stephen...I..." I was speechless. I waited for him to explain himself, or tell me that he was just joking, but he didn't. He just looked at me, waiting.

Finally, he broke the silence. He stood up and began pacing back and forth as he blurted out the next sentence.

"Katya, you were my first. I didn't want to tell you, because I thought you would laugh at me about it. But, other than the no condom part of it, I don't regret it." He refused to look at me now. My mind was trying to comprehend what he had

just said, but I was tired and I wasn't able to wrap my head around it.

"Okay, this was a mistake, obviously," he said with a hint of irritation. "Maybe you should just go, if you don't want to be here."

I looked at him, dumbfounded. He tells me that he thinks he loves me, that I was his first, and now he wanted me to leave? None of it was making sense.

"Why would I leave?" I finally managed to ask. I didn't want to go anywhere, unless he was going with me.

He turned to look at me then, but he didn't speak. He just kept staring at me, and it was making me a little uncomfortable. Finally, he turned and went straight to his bedroom door. I thought he was going to leave, but instead he just shut the door. I knew exactly where this was headed as soon as he turned back around to face me, and honestly, I was glad. I needed to blow off some steam. I was a little worried about doing this in the house with his parents, but his lack of concern was comforting to me.

He joined me on the bed, and wasted no time making his move. He pulled me on top of him and practically shoved his tongue down my throat. I realized, if he was truly telling the truth about today being his first time, that he was probably going to be a lot less hesitant now.

While he continued to kiss me, he started ripping my clothes off as quickly as he could. He must have been extremely horny. I helped him remove my clothing, glad that I hadn't bothered to even put on any underwear or a bra. I could feel my juices dripping out of me with anticipation.

He surprised me when he reached down and shoved his fingers in my pussy. I very nearly orgasmed right then and there. He started thrusting his fingers in and out of me rapidly, making me moan. I worked to keep my voice low, not wanting to alert his parents.

He pulled away from me and threw me down on the bed beside him. He didn't pull his pants off like I figured he would. Instead, he dove between my legs and started licking like crazy. If he was an amateur, I couldn't tell. He was driving me wild with his tongue. I knew I was making too

much noise, but I couldn't help myself. He reached up with one of his long, muscular arms and lightly clamped his hand over my mouth. I could feel him laughing against me, and I laughed quietly with him. This whole situation was ridiculous. I tried to focus my attention on the soft, wet pressure of his tongue against my clit, moving in rhythmic circles. It was the most amazing sensations.

I'd had a couple of guys go down on me before, but they were only doing it to either show or to insure that they got some. And they had never done a good job. Stephen didn't have the same troubles. He seemed like he was getting off on it as much as I was.

I couldn't get the thought out of my head about him being a virgin until today – it just didn't seem right. What about all of those girlfriends of his? I knew he was serious with the last girl he was dating, so did they just never have sex? That was a little odd to me. Of course, that might have just been the way he was raised, but that didn't seem likely, considering his parents had forgiven him so quickly and offered to let me move in.

I shook my head slightly, forcing myself to pay attention. I shouldn't have been thinking about anything but what Stephen was doing to me. Once I focused all of my energies on that, it didn't take me long to get into it.

I pushed my hands down on top of his head, enjoying the extra pressure it put on my crotch. Stephen never let up, and before I knew it, I was on the verge.

"Stephen...don't stop! Fuck! I'm so close! So close! Don't...stop! Aaah! Fuck! Fuck!" I tried to keep my voice down, and was successful...until he started sucking on my clit even harder, forcing me over the edge and causing it to be the strongest, hardest orgasm I'd ever had. I could not keep the moans from flowing.

I felt my body spasm over and over again as the orgasm rocked through every single inch of me. My feet were curled up and my hands were grasping his hair roughly. My back arched upward, and I heard the noises spilling out of me.

"Oh...Oh...fuck, fuck, fuck! OOOHHH! Stephen! STEPHEN! FUCK! OOOOHHHHH! Shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit,

Stephen! I'm cumming! I'm cumming! Oh, fuck! Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh yeah! Oh!" I flipped his pillow over my face, but it didn't help muffle the noise much. Finally, the sensations were beginning to release me, allowing my body to move again. Stephen was still going at it, and I had to push him off of me, because his continual licking was too much on my hyper-sensitive clit.

He smiled up at me, and then laughed quietly at the expression on my face as I panted and tried to get my breath.

"So, I take it that I did okay, then?" he asked slyly.

"Um, yeah...I would say so. I think I might have made a mess on your bed, though," I admitted shamefully. I'd never splurged that much liquid out before. It was an odd feeling – not bad, just unknown.

"I don't really care, KK." He was laughing again as he jumped up and yanked his sleep pants down. Of course, he was already hard as a rock and ready to go.

"Hold on!" he whispered before he whirled around and started digging through his dresser. He came back carrying a box in his hand – a brand new box of condoms, I noticed. Seeing that brought back to mind our earlier conversation, and I felt the need to bring it up again.

"So, you were really serious earlier?" I questioned.

"About what?" he asked, ripping the box open. I got up and went to his side, putting my hands on top of his, halting his frantic movements. He stopped fidgeting with the condoms and looked down at me.

"About me...being your first. Were you serious?"

"Of course," he responded. "Why is that so surprising to you?"

"I don't know. You just seem, I don't know, older for your age, and not to mention how unbelievably hot you are...and I've seen your ex-girlfriend. She would have been more appropriate to be your first," I said quietly, looking down.

"What are you talking about, KK? What does any of this have to do with Grace?" he asked, and I noticed that he was no longer erect. Leave it to me to spoil the mood.

"Never mind, Stephen. Just forget I said anything." I was

secretly cursing myself for bringing it up to begin with. He was going to think I was neurotic.

“Um, no, I don’t think I will forget it. Tell me what’s wrong.” He crossed his arms over his chest and stared at me, all traces of his good mood gone.

I sighed loudly, not wanting to admit this to him, but figured I might as well get it out of the way.

“I don’t know Stephen, I just think that you could do a lot better than me. And it’s just hard for me to believe that someone like Grace wouldn’t have been your first.” I didn’t look up at him, worried that I had really pissed him off now.

It was a long time before he spoke, but I refused to say anything first. I was feeling more self-conscious than ever, and it didn’t help that I was completely naked.

“Katya, I don’t think you really understand what’s going on here,” he finally commented. I still didn’t look up.

“Grace and I...I don’t know...we had something special, or so I thought. I did sleep with her because she wasn’t ready for that. When we moved last year, she was all too happy to move on. It was kind of painful, which is hard for me to admit. I’m supposed to be some cool guy that has it all together. And I used to, until Grace crushed me. That is why I haven’t had anything to do with anyone since we moved here.

“I had plenty of other opportunities, but I’m not that kind of guy that just throws it to every single girl that will have it. I have to tell you something, but you must understand that this is private and you should keep it a secret, okay?”

He seemed to be waiting for me to agree, so I just nodded my head.

“My dad...is not really my dad. He’s technically my step-dad.”

This bit of information stunned me enough to break my stubborn silence. I snapped my head up to look at Stephen curiously.

“Not your dad?” I repeated, mystified.

“No, he’s not. My biological dad took off on my mom when I was only 3. My mom was pregnant with Mark at the time. He apparently couldn’t handle the stress, so he just left.

Mark doesn't know any of this. My mom decided to tell me because I sort of figured it out one day. That's a story for a different day. Anyway, my dad was a real asshole...always cheating on my mom and running around...and then he left her with us. Luckily, she met Bob not long after, and he raised us like his own. I try to be like my *real* dad, and not like my biological dad. I saw how hard of that was on my mom, and how bad it upsets her just to talk about it.

"I promised her that I would wait and be careful, so that's why you were my first. Katya, I think you are underestimating my feelings for you. I have been intrigued with you since the first day I met you. And you were the only one at school that didn't seem to be after my dick constantly. Not to mention you're smart, and beautiful, and kind...everything that I am looking for. You said I seem old for my age, and I am. It's a sobering experience to find out your dad isn't really your dad. It made me grow up.

"I was angry for a very long time about all of it, but eventually I realized that I was lucky. Bob is a great dad, and he takes care of me and Mark. I've been...kind of talking to them about you for a long time." I saw him blush faintly as he admitted that.

"Talking about me?" I asked.

"I kind of started thinking it was more than I crush a few months ago, so I told my mom. I know that probably seems weird, but I figured she knew more than I did. She was ecstatic, of course. She's been upset for a long time because I was so torn up about Grace. She was glad that I had finally gotten over her. She told me to just leave things alone, and not rush anything. So, I did...but today, for some reason, I couldn't wait any longer. I know it seems like a lot to take in, but I've had months to fall for you. And I've fallen hard, KK. I don't want anyone but you.

"I honestly did not mean for things to get so serious so quickly earlier today...it just kind of happened that way. Otherwise, I would have been more prepared," he said with a grin, holding up the condoms.

I knocked the box to the floor, suddenly extremely horny again. "It's better without those things," I murmured to him.

His eyes popped open wide, but he didn't contradict me. I pulled him to the bed and we picked up where we left off.

He didn't seem to mind that we were, once again, not being safe. I'd never had sex without a condom before, so I didn't know what I was missing. The difference was indescribable, and I had no intention of going back...at least, not with Stephen. I was on birth control, so we didn't have anything to worry about.

My scattered thoughts were soon interrupted by Stephen's very large cock being rammed into my tight hole. Apparently it wasn't something I was going to get used to. I gasped as his dick penetrated deep inside of me. It was painful at first, but quickly replaced by a very pleasant sensation.

I wrapped my legs around Stephen's back and pulled him closer to me, forcing him in even deeper. He reached down with one hand and stroked my clit while he was pounding me. I was muffling my moans of pleasure in the side of his neck. I called his name over and over again, which seemed to make him happy. I would say it a million times as long as he kept fucking me.

I suddenly had the urge to be on top, so I pushed Stephen off of me.

"What's wrong?" he huffed at me.

"I want on top!" I informed him quickly. He rolled off of me, pulling me on top of him. He obviously was okay with that plan.

I straddle him, and reached underneath me to guide his dick into me. My eyes rolled back into my head as his enormous girth filled me. I leaned forward, allowing my tits to flop in his face, and watching his reaction with satisfaction. I was enjoying the hot, wet sliding sensation of his dick thrusting in and out of me.

I began bouncing faster and faster, pumping up and down on his dick with force. I was so wet from cumming earlier that I felt almost squishy.

"KK, I love you!" Stephen whispered to me fiercely. I wasn't expecting him to say that. My head was swimming, and I didn't know how to respond. Needless to say, I stopped

bouncing on his dick.

"Why'd you stop?" he asked, frustrated.

"Stephen, I don't know about this. Are you sure that's how you feel? I mean...I don't want you to say something you'll regret."

"I am sure. And I don't expect you to feel the same, or say it back or anything like that. I just figured you should know."

"Stephen," I started. I felt stupid and vulnerable, but I took a deep breath and said it anyway. "I love you, too."

"Good," he replied. "And why wouldn't you? I'm kind of irresistible," he said with a chuckle. "Now, KK, would you *please* fuck me before my dick explodes? I've got a lot of years of pent up cum in there!"

"I can probably help you out with that," I said as I resumed grinding on him.

I continued to fuck him for what seemed like forever. I was drenched with sweat and barely able to breathe. When I thought I couldn't possibly go any longer, Stephen grabbed my ass and began thrusting his dick up in me as I slammed down on him.

"KK...I'm about to cum!" he informed me. I didn't slow down or get off – I just kept fucking him as hard as I could. I felt him tensing up underneath me.

"KK! I'm serious!" he panted.

"I know, baby. I want to feel your cum in me," I told him. He groaned as that sunk in, but he didn't try to push me off of him like I suspected he would.

I pounded his dick a few more times, making sure to tighten up my pussy muscles as much as possible. I felt him go completely still and then I felt his warm fluid gushing inside of me.

"Oh, Stephen! Cum in me! Oh fuck!" I moaned.

When I was sure that he was done, I collapsed on top of him.

"Holy fuck, that was amazing! Best...sex...ever!" I complimented him.

He wrapped his arms tightly around me, holding me to his chest. He was breathing nearly as hard as I was.

"So...speaking of awesome sex, um...I take it that I

wasn't your first?" he asked hesitantly.

I figured that was going to come up. I wasn't sure how he was going to take the news that he was not my first – I wasn't sure if his opinion of me was going to change.

"Uh, well...not exactly," I hedged.

"It's okay, KK. I'm not going to be mad at you. I figured you'd been with other guys. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"I don't mind telling you, but perhaps right now is not the best time for that conversation."

"I understand," he said as he kissed my neck. "Maybe I should go clean up now."

I sat up, straddling him again. I was about to say something to him, but my thoughts were interrupted when someone knocked on the door.

"Holy shit!" I cursed.

The bedroom door creaked open, and suddenly, to my intense horror, Stephen's mom walked in on us. I covered my breasts up with my arms, but there wasn't much I could do about being naked and on top of her son.

"Oh, sorry guys. Didn't mean to interrupt! Katya, your mother is downstairs asking for you. I didn't know if you'd want to talk to her or not." Mrs. McKinley smiled at me and then backed out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Holy fuck! What was that?" I managed to squeak out. I looked down at Stephen, but he didn't seem disturbed in the slightest.

"Stephen! What the hell?" I asked, agitated.

"Calm down, KK. I told you...my parents aren't uptight like yours are. My mom knows damn well what we were doing up here. Now, she would probably be a little upset if she knew you knocked that box of condoms out of my hand, but it will be our little secret!"

"This is insane! I can't wrap my mind around all of this!" I complained.

"You don't have to right now...you'll have plenty of time for that later. You better get dressed and go see what your mom wants. I need to take a shower anyway."

Stephen grabbed me and yanked me off of him, tossing

me onto the bed. He kissed me quickly before getting up and pulling his pants back on. He threw me a wink before disappearing out of the room. I stared after him, dazed. I stood up, and then realized that I was going to have a problem because his goo was oozing down my legs, and I didn't have anything to clean it off with. Luckily, Stephen remembered, and came back with a towel.

"Here...figured you might need this," he said as he tossed me the towel. "Do you need some help cleaning up?" he asked with a devious smile on his face.

"Um, no...I think I got it," I retorted. He winked at me again and left the room. I quickly cleaned up and got dressed. I wasn't sure how I looked – probably like someone that had just had sex – but Stephen didn't have any mirrors in his room, so I just ran my fingers through my hair and decided that was good enough. I took a few deep breaths before heading downstairs.

I could hear my mom's voice drifting up the stairs, and she sounded stressed. I hurried into the living room, where she and Mrs. McKinley were talking.

"Katya!" my mom exclaimed as soon as she saw me. She came up to me and gave me a hug. "I was so worried! I saw that your car was still outside but I couldn't find you anywhere! I'm just so glad that I came over here to see if the McKinleys had seen you. What are you doing over here?" she asked. I noticed Stephen's mother back out of the room quietly.

"Mom, I'm going to be staying here with Stephen and his family until I can find my own place. I think it's for the best." I didn't even hesitate when I told her, and that startled me. I guess I didn't even need to think about it.

"Katya, honey, that isn't necessary. You know your father was just upset. He didn't mean what he said. We want you to come back home."

"I don't know, mom. I don't really want to be there right now. I think I'd rather stay here," I assured her. "Besides, I'd just be moving out in a couple of weeks anyway. This will just make it easier on all of us."

I was horrified to see that she was actually about to cry. I

didn't want to upset her...she hadn't done anything wrong and she didn't deserve any of this.

"Please don't be upset. I...I didn't mean for this to happen. I know I messed up big time, but, honestly...it's just sex, mom. It's not like I killed someone! I think you and dad overreacted just a teensy bit! Besides, Stephen and I want to be together, and his parents are supportive of that. I..." I wanted to tell her just how much I cared for him so that she would understand, but I didn't know if I could make the words come out. It was one thing to say it to Stephen, but this was my mother, and she would probably think I was just being a hormonal teenager.

Fuck it, I thought to myself.

"Mom, I love him, and I'm going to be with him, and there is nothing you can say or do that is going to change that. I'm sorry, but you and dad can't control everything I do anymore. I know it seems kind of fast and crazy, but there's a lot more to it than what you see." I was startled when a pair of arms grabbed me from behind. I wheeled around, gasping, but of course it was only Stephen.

"I know you are an adult, but honey I just want to make sure you are doing the right thing here." She shot a wary look at Stephen before focusing her attention back to me.

"I am, so don't worry about it. Please. Just let me make my own decisions for a change."

"Well, your father has to work tomorrow, so if you need to come and get...your things out of the house, that would probably be a good time to do it." I could tell that it pained her to have to say that. I would have to move out eventually, I told myself – I was trying to stifle the immense guilt that was crushing me.

"I'll be over in the morning. We can talk then," I offered. She gave me another quick hug, placed her hand on my cheek affectionately, and then turned around and left. It was almost painful to watch.

"I'm sorry," Stephen murmured in my ear.

"For what?" I asked, trying to control my voice.

"I didn't mean to cause all of this." Of course he was going to blame himself for my own problems.

“It’s not your fault...and besides, I’m an adult and I made my own decisions. Actually, it would be great if we could blame your little brother for all of this. If he’d kept his mouth shut, we wouldn’t have a problem at all,” I said with a chuckle, trying to lighten the mood.

“Sounds like a plan to me. And don’t worry...mom and dad already took care of him for us. He’s in some serious hot water.”

I smiled, glad that the little shit had gotten in trouble, at least.

“Come on...time for bed. We have a long day tomorrow!” He pulled me up the stairs to his room again, and I gladly followed along.

I was surprised at how comfortable his bed was, even though it was a tight squeeze for both of us to get in it. I was about to doze off on his chest when another knock on the door pulled me from the edge of unconsciousness.

“It’s open,” Stephen called.

His mom came into the room – when did she ever sleep? – and had an apologetic smile on her face.

“What’s up, mom?” Stephen said, yawning.

“I just wanted to apologize for disturbing you two earlier. I didn’t know that...I was, um, interrupting anything. I’m sorry Katya. I didn’t want you to think that we always just barged in on everyone around here. And, I wanted to tell you both that whatever you do in here is your own business. Stephen’s father and I figured out a long time ago that it was best to trust our kids to be responsible and not be too overbearing. I’d rather him not do these sorts of things behind our backs.” She smiled at me again, and then blew Stephen a kiss.

“Good night, honey. See you in the morning,” she whispered.

I hadn’t even been able to say anything to her before she was gone again. She probably thought I was rude.

“There! You see? Nothing to worry about, babe.” Stephen squeezed me tighter, and then yawned again.

I ran my hand down his chest, elated that I was finally able to touch his magnificent muscles. When I got down a little farther, though, I noticed that he was already hard

again.

“Stephen?” I whispered, unbelieving. There was no way he could be horny again. It wasn’t physically possible. Or, so I thought.

“Sorry, KK. I was hoping you wouldn’t notice that.” He sounded a little embarrassed.

“I don’t know how you can even be thinking about more sex!” My words were contradicting what my hand was doing – which was squeezing and stroking his dick.

“Sorry, babe. I told you, though...I have a lot of pent up sexual frustration...I guess it’s all trying to come out at once.”

“Haha! I guess so. Maybe I could help with that,” I offered, no longer tired.

I pulled the covers over my head as I slid down between Stephen’s legs. It took just a couple of seconds to fish his dick out of his pants.

“What are you doing?” he whispered.

“I don’t know...why don’t you just wait and see?” I teased. I swiftly stuffed his cock in my mouth, and smiled when he jumped.

“Katya...seriously. You don’t have to do that!”

I pulled his dick out just long enough to shush him, and he fell quiet. I had no clue what I was doing, since I’d never gone down on a guy before. I never budged on that – I didn’t know where their dicks had been, and I sure wasn’t going to put my mouth on it. Most of them didn’t care, as long as they got to poke it around for a little while.

But, of course, Stephen was different, so I didn’t mind – I actually wanted to. I just pretended his dick was a giant sucker or popsicle. I created a nice little suction with my mouth, and used my hands to stroke his shaft when I would bob my head.

Stephen flung the covers off of us, and he was staring down at me. He ran his hands through my hair, grabbing it by the roots.

“KK...you have no idea how amazing that feels! Please don’t stop!”

I didn’t have any intentions to stop. I started sucking

harder and faster, enjoying the firmness of his dick in my mouth. Not to mention that he tasted amazing. I wondered what his cum would taste like, but I figured that I would find out shortly. It was hard to fit his whole cock in my mouth since it was so huge, but I shoved it in as far as it would go. I had a good little rhythm going, and was hoping that his mother wouldn't decide to come knocking again. Just when I was getting into it, I felt him suck in a sharp breath, and his body tensed up.

I went as fast as I could possibly go – up, down, up, down – enjoying the sensation of his dick slamming against the back of my throat.

I heard him groan softly, and then he exploded in my mouth. He tried to pull out, but I held one hand up to stop him. I kept sucking, amazed at how wonderful his cum tasted, though it shouldn't have surprised me. I figured I would be grossed out by it, but I was able to swallow without icking myself out.

After a few seconds, I had literally sucked him dry. I felt him starting to go limp in my mouth, so I stopped. I sat up on the bed, and wiped my mouth off. I was smiling at him, and at the bewildered expression on his face.

"Are you okay?" I finally asked, since he hadn't moved a muscle.

"Yeah...I'm just trying to figure out what that was...and how in the world to get you to do it again." He smiled at me, making me want to jump on him again. If I hadn't been so tired, I might have tried.

Besides, he'd had sex and been sucked off a total of three times in one day. I didn't want to risk breaking his penis by overusing it.

"I'll do it as often as you want me to," I assured him.

"Then you really *are* perfect! I knew it!"

I laughed with him as we snuck off to the bathroom to clean up. Luckily, his parents were asleep, so we didn't get caught.

Finally, we were back in bed and quickly fell asleep. I hadn't slept that well in a very long time.

The next few weeks went by surprisingly fast. I managed to smooth things over with my parents as much as possible, though they still weren't able to change my mind about moving back in. After I was certain that Stephen's parents were serious about me living there, I was confident enough to tell my parents for certain that I was moving out. I went to gather my things the day after the "incident" and had a nice long talk with my mom.

We were able to clear the air, and she forced my dad to apologize to me. I was glad that we were at least on speaking terms again. Unfortunately, the whole thing put a serious strain on the relationship between Stephen's parents and my parents. I think my folks felt a little betrayed by Stephen's parents because they were essentially taking my side.

I had so many things to do before school started, most important of which was to get a job. Luckily for me, I knew a ton of people at the college, and I was able to get on as an aide in the library – it was a totally laid back job that most students would have gladly killed for. They were all super friendly and completely worked around my upcoming school schedule, which was extremely helpful. I was able to literally just put in a full day at work, and take off for classes when I needed to.

Not to mention that I was going to be able to do all of my schoolwork in the library when it wasn't busy. I was ecstatic that all of that had managed to work out. My first week of work was the week before school officially started, since there would be a lot of preparations that needed to be done. And, thanks to my mom, she convinced my dad to go ahead and make my tuition payments, so that was taken care of as well.

The next thing to do was to find an apartment, but Stephen and his parents assured me that there was absolutely no rush, so I wasn't in a huge hurry to move out. Besides, the longer I could work without paying rent, the more money I could save. And, living with Stephen definitely had its perks...like sex twenty four hours a day when I

wanted it.

So, it was just a few days away from the start of school, and I ready – nervous, but ready. The biggest problem was losing my time with Stephen, since we were going to be at two different schools. And, I was a little worried that he was going to be the super-hot senior on campus and I would be nowhere around to keep the chicks away from him.

Of course, he had the exact same fears as I did, because I was going to be in college with older, more mature college guys and he wouldn't be around to make sure I didn't stray. However, my feelings for Stephen had only gotten stronger over the last couple of weeks. I was really and truly worried that I just had a major crush on him and was going to wake up one morning and regret being with him, but those fears seemed silly – at least at this point.

I was beginning to wonder if I was actually in love with him. It certainly felt like it, but it was still all so new to me, and it all happened so fast. Stephen assured me that it was the same way for him – he says he fell fast for me and never looked back. I had other relationships before, but they never felt like this...not even close. I could easily see spending the rest of my life with him, and I didn't think I could have been capable of such intense feelings a few weeks ago. I guess love was tricky like that.

So, with school looming around the corner, we were doing our best to have fun and spend as much time together as possible.

It was a Thursday morning – school started the following Monday for Stephen, and a week later for me, though I had to start work next week – and we had a trip planned for the weekend. We had no idea where we were going to go or what we were going to do, but that didn't bother us.

I had to go to school orientation later that afternoon, so that morning we were busy planning our last weekend of freedom. We were browsing around on the internet when Stephen's cell phone rang. He jumped up off of the couch and ran to get it where he left it in the kitchen. I wasn't paying much attention to him, so when he didn't return for quite a while, I didn't notice. I hadn't realized he'd been gone

so long until he finally came back in the room.

“Oh, hey...what took you so long?” I asked, still looking at the computer. He came to sit by me again, but he seemed stiff.

“Sorry. I was on the phone. Did you find anything interesting?” he asked, but his voice sounded weird.

“No, nothing yet,” I said, turning to look at him. “Are you okay? You seem...upset.”

His face was tense as he looked at me. I couldn’t tell what was wrong with him.

“No, I’m fine. Come on...we need to figure this out before you leave this afternoon,” he said, diverting my attention back to the computer. I shrugged it off, figuring that if he wanted to talk to me, he would. Our relationship was already that comfortable – so I didn’t push him.

Finally, it was time for me to go. I wasn’t looking forward to the orientation at the school – I knew it was going to be boring as hell, but it was required...and four hours long.

Stephen walked me out to my car and kissed me goodbye when I left, but he still seemed off. I waved as I drove away, promising that I would make him tell me what was wrong if he wasn’t better by the time I got back.

I got to the college in record time, and prepared myself for four hours of hell. As it turned out, it wasn’t quite so bad, and I actually learned a lot. We got maps of the campus, took a tour, got to meet a lot of the faculty that we would be dealing with, learned about financial aid and all of the free stuff the school offered...it wasn’t as horrible as I had feared. And when we were done, the tour ended at the campus book store. We were supposed to go in and get books if we needed them, and there was extra staff there to help. I was happy that I’d already gotten all of my books ahead of time like the nerd that I was. So, I was free to go.

I checked the clock on my phone and realized that orientation had taken less than three hours. I was thrilled as I drove back to Stephen’s house. It just meant that I had more time to spend with him tonight. It wasn’t time for Stephen’s parents to be home yet, and Mark was gone for the week camping with one of his friends, so we would have the house

to ourselves...and I knew exactly what that meant. Just thinking about sex made me moist and horny, and I couldn't get home fast enough. I was trying to go the speed limit, at least in the subdivision, but it was hard to go slow. I finally made it though. When I pulled up to the house, I was surprised to see an unfamiliar car parked across the street. Nobody ever parked there...it was just a vacant lot. I figured it was probably just a friend of one of the other neighbors. For some reason, people on this street did not like to park in driveways...they always wanted to park out in the road and hog up space.

I parked the car and got out, grabbing all of my paperwork out of the front seat. I strolled up to the front door, and let myself in. I threw my stuff down at the front door, making a mental note to come back and get it later when I was done assaulting Stephen's dick.

I rounded the corner in the living room, and froze. My mouth had surely fallen open, but I couldn't be positive, since I couldn't feel anything at all. My whole body had gone cold. There, on the couch, was my Stephen. And on top of him was his ex-girlfriend, Grace. I'd seen enough photos of her to recognize her face quite easily. They were fully dressed, which I guess would have been a relief, but by the way she was wrapped around him, it wouldn't be long before the clothes started coming off. It appeared as though she had her tongue shoved down his throat.

"Stephen?" I choked out in a garbled whisper. It sounded like something was stuck in my throat.

Stephen's head snapped up and his eyes were huge. He had apparently not heard me come in the door. Grace turned around and glared at me, seeming annoyed by my interruption.

"KK! Oh shit! This...this isn't what it looks like, babe! Oh fuck! Katya, I swear, baby...just hold on a second!" he pleaded, for I had started to back out of the room. I didn't want to hear anymore.

I felt like my legs were made out of lead, but I forced them to move. I was running to my car as fast as I could possibly go. I slammed the front door shut behind me and sprinted

through the yard. I was almost to the driveway when I heard the door open, and Stephen running after me.

“Katya! Katya, please! Wait!” he yelled after me.

I managed to get to my car, though I was having a little trouble getting it unlocked. I finally got the door open, and I threw myself inside, slamming the door shut and locking it behind me. Stephen was there only seconds later.

“KK! Please!” he was begging, sounding really upset. He must be a tremendous actor. Obviously he was, since I had fallen for all of his bullshit. He tried to open the door and realized it was locked. “Baby...please don’t do this! Open the door! Talk to me, KK! I’m begging you!”

I looked out the window at him, and I just felt completely stupid. I knew there was absolutely no way that Stephen, with all of his muscles and good looks, had been a virgin. He’d probably banged tons of chicks...and that whole innocent act was just that – an act. And stupid me fell for it. I glanced over his shoulder and saw Grace standing just outside of the front door. She had a snide little smile on her face, and her arms were crossed across her chest. I wanted to punch her in her face.

My whole world was crumbling around me, and I couldn’t get away from here fast enough. Stephen was beating on my window, but I ignored him. I thrust the keys in the engine and started the car, throwing it in reverse. I peeled out of the driveway, not bothering to look at Stephen again. I couldn’t do it without breaking down – I was certain about that. I raced down the street, not sure where I was going to go. I had alienated my parents, so I couldn’t go home, and now, of course, I couldn’t go back to Stephen’s house. So, with just a couple of days until work started and only a little over a week until school started, I was suddenly homeless. I drove around for hours in circles...trying to figure out where to go and what to do next.

TO BE CONTINUED

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

REGULAR INTERVALS.