

NEIGHBORS

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL



CHAPTER 3

NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF SECRECY AND SPYING

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 3

"I just can't believe it, Katy. That's awful! Of course you can stay here as long as you want! It will be nice to have a roommate...I hate being here alone!"

I was truly lucky to have such a good friend. Cara and I had been close since elementary school, and I considered her to be my very best friend. Cara was about my height, but more petite. She was pale, with dark brown eyes and glossy black hair that she wore in whatever style suited her. At the moment she was wearing it straight, shoulder-length and parted down the middle, with long layered bangs that sometimes fell in her eyes. Cara was beautiful. She always complained that she couldn't ever get a date, but I knew better. Guys constantly drooled over her, but were usually too scared to ask her out.

Besides being beautiful, Cara was kind. She always thought of others and did anything to help out. I could always count on her when everyone else failed me...and she didn't disappoint me now.

"Are you sure, Cara? I don't want to be a burden on you. I could probably move back in with the folks if I asked nicely. I just needed somewhere to go for tonight. I can't be around him right now." I tried to keep my eyes from tearing up yet again. I didn't think I could handle anymore crying.

Cara had moved out as soon as we graduated a few months ago, and I was happy that we were going to the same college. I hadn't seen her much lately because she was working two jobs this summer and because I had been spending so much time with Stephen. I didn't even want to think his name...it was depressing.

Cara and I talked frequently though – even if it was just a short email or text message. She knew all about Stephen and she had been one of the only people (besides both sets of parents) that I had informed after we had slept together. She had been excited for me, since she knew how big of a crush I'd had on him.

She was just as stunned as I had been. According to her,

she really thought he was “the one.” She’d even met him once when we ran into her at the mall a couple of weeks ago...it was right after I had moved in with him when things were going smoothly.

“I insist,” she said, coming to sit by me on her tiny sofa. “You know I love you to death and there is no way I’m going to let my best friend suffer alone. Don’t worry, Katy...we’ll make it through, I promise!” She gave me a huge hug, and I did feel a little better.

“Thanks, Cara. I appreciate it.”

That night was awful...I slept on the couch even though Cara had offered to move over and let me have half of her bed. I told her no, because I knew tonight I wouldn’t be getting any sleep at all, and I didn’t want to make her suffer with me.

My phone was on her coffee table, and every ten or fifteen minutes, like clockwork, it would go off. Stephen had been calling me non-stop since I left earlier that day. I hadn’t answered any of his calls or looked at any of his text messages. I just couldn’t handle it right now.

I didn’t get much sleep at all, so the next day I was extremely crabby. Cara pulled me out of my funk, though, when she told me that she was off that day and that we were going to dress up like sluts and go out to blow off some steam. She knew of a place where we could go tonight – one of her friends at work, Angie, was throwing a big back to school party and she was invited. The good thing was that there would be massive amounts of alcohol at this party, and no “adults” to stop us from drinking it, since we weren’t technically old enough to drink yet.

I quickly agreed to go, wanting to do anything that would take my mind off of Stephen. The day passed slowly, but I tried not to be all depressed for Cara’s sake. I called my mom to let her know where I was, in case she went looking for me next door. She seemed surprised, but she didn’t ask any questions.

Finally, it was time to get ready for the party, and since I didn’t have any clothes, I had to borrow some of Cara’s. I threw on a pair of dark blue jeans and a lacy black tank top

that looked a little too dressy for a party...but Cara assured me that I looked great. Unfortunately, none of Cara's tops fit well, so I just had to cram myself in one of them, and my boobs looked like they were in danger of spilling out of the top.

We went together in Cara's car and drove the few miles to Angie's house. On the way there, my phone went off. I knew before I looked that it would be Stephen, and I was right. I sent his call to voicemail, and then switched my phone to vibrate. I didn't want to be constantly interrupted by him all night.

When we were almost to Angie's house, I knew it was going to be a great night because the party was in full swing and we had to park down the block and walk back. The subdivision was full of closely packed houses that looked nearly identical, but from the looks of it, it was probably mostly college students that lived here. We got to Angie's house and let ourselves in the front door, and someone yelled Cara's name.

"Angie!" Cara yelled back, waving.

I watched as Angie approached us...she didn't look like a college student – she looked much older. She was at least six feet tall, and mostly legs. She showed them off proudly by wearing a tight denim skirt. It was the shortest skirt I'd ever seen. She was also wearing a bright red tube top that looked as if it were about to burst at the seams. Her wild blonde hair was piled up on her head and she was wearing at least a pound of makeup, the most startling of which was the bright crimson lipstick that matched her tube top.

"Cara! I'm so glad you came!" Angie squealed, hugging Cara.

"I told you I'd be here!" Cara replied. "Angie, this is my friend Katy. I hope you don't mind that I brought someone," Cara explained.

"No, of course not! The more people we have, the better the party is! Everyone from work brought friends! There is a good variety tonight. The alcohol's in the back! I'll see you around!" Angie said as she waved and took off down the hall.

Cara and I wasted no time looking for the liquor. It took us a while to find it, because Cara had to stop every few seconds when she recognized someone. Finally, we found the beer keg. I took a cup from the guy that was working the keg, and I downed it within seconds. I never liked the taste of beer...or any alcohol for that matter...so it was best to drink it fast. I smiled and held my cup out for a refill.

“Wow! You’re getting down to business!” Cara commented.

I chugged another beer while Cara sipped slowly on hers. I was about to ask for another when I heard Cara squeal.

“Oh they have shots! Come on!” she said, grabbing my arm. We went to the corner where they had tequila shots set up, and a large group of kids were playing some sort of game. It looked like most of them were already drunk and about to pass out. Cara took a shot glass from the tequila guy, and downed it. I followed her lead, though I knew better. I’d never really liked alcohol and never felt the need to drink and get wasted like most teens my age. I knew it wasn’t going to take much to get me wasted, but it was either that or sit around moping and thinking about Stephen. I took a shot glass from the smiling tequila guy and dumped it down my throat.

Cara put her glass down, but I waited for another shot. “You want another one?” tequila guy asked. I hadn’t missed the fact that he’d asked my chest. I cleared my throat until he looked at my face. He smiled even wider at me as he poured me another round.

Cara put her hand on my arm as she watched me throw back another shot.

“Are you okay?” she asked worriedly.

“Yeah, I’m great! Just having some fun,” I assured her.

She frowned, but let go of my arm. Cara eventually wandered off to find someone to flirt with, but I stayed with tequila guy. He was pretty cute, I had to admit. After a half bottle of tequila, I was pretty much done with the shots, so he turned his bottle over to someone else and followed me to the couch. I did happen to grab a huge frozen daiquiri from the kitchen bar...apparently someone was breaking out

the blender and whipping up some drinks. The daiquiri was pretty good. I sipped on it slowly as I got to know tequila guy a little better.

He finally told me his name was Austin. Austin was good looking in a way. He was a couple of inches taller than me, and he was stocky...like a football player. He was wearing a dark blue t-shirt that clung to his body and a pair of worn out looking blue jeans, with sandals. Austin's hair was shoulder length, dirty blonde and shaggy. He had a goatee that matched the color of his hair. He was tan, and looked like he probably worked outdoors a lot. He noticed me eyeing him, and his white teeth lit up his face as he grinned at me. I blushed and looked down, embarrassed.

Austin and I hung out on the crowded sofa and talked for a couple of hours. By the time Cara came looking for me, Austin and I were making out and groping each other, uncaring about the other people in the room. I didn't feel bad, though, because we weren't the only ones making out.

"You ready to go?" Cara asked me loudly, and I noticed that her own catch of the night was trailing behind her.

"Sure," I replied. "You coming?" I asked Austin. He jumped up and stood beside me, obviously ready and willing.

We followed Cara to her car, and she assured me that she was sober enough to drive. I was barely able to walk, but Austin helped me. I climbed into the backseat with him, and Cara's boy toy sat up front with her.

As soon as I slid in next to Austin, he was on top of me again, and I didn't resist. I knew exactly where this night was headed, and I wasn't concerned about it. It was what I wanted. Austin was doing a marvelous job of keeping all thoughts of Stephen away.

He plunged his tongue deep down my throat and was squeezing my tits through my shirt. I noticed that Cara kept shooting me worried glances in the rearview mirror, but I ignored her.

We finally got back to her apartment, and once again Austin helped me stay upright. Cara managed to get her door unlocked on the third try – I was beginning to think she was more toasted than I realized – and we all piled inside.

Cara didn't waste any more time worrying about me as she drug her fling to the bedroom.

"See you in the morning, Katy!" she called as she disappeared. I heard her bedroom door slam shut, and then her muffled giggling. I did my best to tune her out.

I walked into the living room and Austin had already made himself at home on the couch. Apparently he was aware that the couch was where "it" was going to happen. He smiled as I walked towards him...but I was just trying to concentrate on not falling on my face.

I sat down beside him, and he grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me to him. He shoved his tongue in my mouth, breathing hard, and starting working on my shirt. He managed to peel it off of me, but looked disappointed when he realized my tits were secured inside of a bra. I figured I would help him out so I reached behind me and unsnapped it, enjoying the amazement on his face as he watched my tits spill free.

"Holy shit! Those are the biggest tits I've ever seen!" he exclaimed before he dove in the middle of them.

When he was done with my tits, he moved on to my pants. He got them unzipped and started tugging on them, so I arched my hips and allowed him to slid them off. He tossed them on the floor and then yanked his own clothes off. I was a little disappointed at first when I saw his cock. It wasn't as big as Stephen's, but as soon as I thought his name, I forced the thought out of my head. Austin would do for tonight.

I saw him jerking on his cock to get it hard, and he was about to shove it in me when I put my hands against his chest, stopping him.

"Wait," I said breathlessly.

"What is it?" he asked, irritated.

"Do you have a condom?" I asked.

"Oh...yeah!" he replied as he reached down to his jeans on the floor and fished around in his back pocket. I was relieved when he straightened back up and had a small square packet in his hand. He ripped it open and pulled the condom out, struggling to be quick as he rolled it down onto

his dick. As soon as he was done, he thrust his dick in me. I sucked in a sharp breath, and he smiled down at me, thinking it was the size of his dick that caught me off guard. After he'd shoved it in and out a few times, my pussy was lubed up and I tried to relax.

Austin seemed obsessed with my tits. He kept squeezing them and shaking them as he fucked me. He was twisting and tweaking my nipples, and slapping them together constantly. He leaned down once or twice to suck on my nipples, but he never stopped pounding me.

"Oh shit...your pussy is so tight," he moaned as he pulled my legs up so he could go in deeper. He rubbed his hand back and forth across my clit a few times, but I was so drunk that I barely felt it.

Austin fucked me for about ten minutes, and then he slowed down.

"Fuck, I'm almost there!" he exclaimed.

"What?" I replied, annoyed. I couldn't believe he was almost done...we'd just barely gotten started. Sure...he was lousy compared to Stephen, but it still felt good.

Austin stopped all of a sudden, and I thought he was about to go, but he didn't moan or twitch or anything. I looked up at him, but he wasn't looking at me. I noticed he was staring at something behind us, so I craned my neck around to see what it was.

I was startled to see Cara's "date" standing on the other side of the living room by the hallway...and he was just staring at us. What the hell? Had he been there the whole time, watching us have sex? That was creepy!

I suddenly wanted to be dressed, but Austin was on top of me and still in me...so I couldn't move. Then, something hit me. It hadn't been very long since we'd gotten back to Cara's, so what was he doing in here instead of in there with her? I shoved Austin off of me and jumped up, abruptly worried about Cara.

Weird guy threw his hands up at me, making me stop. He must have seen the panic on my face.

"Chill out...she's asleep," he informed me. He sounded a bit aggravated. "She passed out as soon as she hit the bed. I

tried to wake her up, but she started snoring, so I figured she was out for good," he clarified.

I didn't take his word for it. I ran down the hallway – naked – and into Cara's room. She was piled up in the middle of the bed, still fully dressed and snoring loudly. I chuckled quietly and shut her door behind me as I backed out of the room. I turned around and was about to head back to the living room, but I stopped dead in my tracks. At the other end of the short hallway, standing in the way, was Cara's guy. He smiled at me and was looking me over, so I crossed my arms over my chest, unexpectedly feeling self-conscious.

He continued to stare at me as he slowly walked towards me. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I wasn't sure what to do. Where was Austin?

I thought about turning around and shutting myself in Cara's room, but I didn't know if she even had a lock on the door. Instead of doing anything, I stood, frozen, in the middle of the floor.

"Hey...Katy, right?" he said quietly. "My name's Nathan, but you can call me Nat," he informed me. I studied Nat, and realized he was kind of good looking, but there was something off about him. He was taller than Austin by a few inches, and he was wiry instead of bulky. However, I could tell that he had some pretty muscular arms that were bulging through his shirt. Nat was older than the rest of us...that was easy to tell. His eyes were so dark I couldn't tell if they were brown or black, and his slightly tanned skin and short cropped black hair made him look like he was a used car salesman. He also didn't dress like the other college students. He was wearing khaki pants and a polo shirt. Most of the people at the party had been in jeans and t-shirts, like Austin had been wearing. I wasn't sure if I should be afraid of this guy or not.

"I gotta say...those are some nice tits," Nat complimented. He stopped just inches in front of me. He tugged on one of my hands, forcing me to uncover myself. Once my tits were free, he reached out and grabbed one of them. His eyes lit up as soon as he got a hold of them.

I realized what was on his mind. He was apparently

annoyed that he didn't get any from Cara, but here I was...naked and available...so he was going to jump on the opportunity.

I was too drunk to object. He took that as a good sign, so he closed the small distance between us. He pushed me up against the wall and crushed himself to me, forcing his tongue in my mouth. He ran his hands up and down my body, and something about his urgent touches turned me on. I was instantly horny, and unable to help myself as I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him even closer to me.

Nat went crazy in response to my enthusiasm. He reached down with one hand and yanked my leg up, curling it around his waist. He cupped his hand around my ass, squeezing it roughly. He used his free hand to pull his dick out of his pants, and before I could say anything, he was guiding it into my hole. Once he got it inside, I didn't want to object. He was much bigger than Austin (though still not as big as Stephen), and the fact that he was without a condom made it even better. I loved the feeling of his dick slipping in and out of me without the annoying rubber condom messing it up.

Nat pumped me with tremendous force, and I was enjoying it more than I thought I would. After a couple of minutes, he reached down and yanked my other leg up, wrapping it around his waist. I felt like I was going to fall, but he had to trouble holding me up and supporting my weight. Once I figured out that I wasn't going to fall, I relaxed and got back into it.

We'd already been going longer than I had been with Austin, and Nat showed no signs of slowing. He kissed me roughly for the most part, but occasionally he would bury his face in my tits and assault them.

I'd just about forgotten about Austin in the living room when he finally decided to come check on me. He stopped at the end of the hallway, and he was apparently pissed when he saw what I was doing with Nat.

"What the fuck, man? She's mine...get your own chick!" he protested.

I figured Nat would tell Austin to fuck off, since he was bigger, but to my surprise, he pulled his dick out and let me go. I stood, staring and waiting, in the spot where Nat had left me. I wasn't sure what was happening, but it made sense when Nat walked past Austin and slapped him on the back.

"It's cool, dude. We can share her!" he laughed, strolling into the living room. I saw Austin look back at me, and the grin that spread across his face was not friendly. I followed behind them stupidly, since my judgment was impaired at the moment and I thought it was a good idea to do whatever they had in mind.

Once I got to the living room, I went to the couch, and Nat pushed me down into the cushions, burying my face. He spread my legs wide open, and shoved his cock back in me. He pounded me even harder than he had in the hallway. It felt like he was literally fucking my brains out.

Austin grumbled something from behind me that I didn't understand, but I figured he wanted a turn. I felt Nat release me, and I was waiting for Austin to replace him. Instead, Nat slapped my ass. I pulled my head up out of the cushions to see what they were doing.

"Get on the floor," Nat commanded. I scrambled off of the couch, obeying him instantly.

I got on all fours on the floor, and Austin grinned at me as he walked behind me. Apparently it was his turn to poke it around. He stuffed his dick in me, and I was aware of the fact that he'd removed his condom. He must have noticed that Nat hadn't been wearing one, so he probably figured he didn't have to bother either. Too late to worry about that now...

I arched my back, thrusting my ass up even farther in the air, and moaned as Austin slammed into me over and over again. His dick felt pretty good inside of me...especially without the condom.

Nat dropped down to his knees in front of me, and his stiff cock was only inches from my face. I knew what he was after right away, but I wasn't sure I wanted to do that. I was vehemently opposed to going down on a guy...Stephen had

been my first. Nat scooted closer to me, and the head of his dick was resting on my lips. I hesitated, not sure what to do or how to protest.

Nat reached out and grabbed my hair in his hands, waiting. I figured there probably wasn't any way to dissuade him, so I opened my mouth. He slowly slid his dick in my mouth, and I looked up when he moaned...just in time to see his eyes roll back in his head. Nat grabbed my hair even harder and moved my head in rhythm with the thrust of his dick...up and down, up and down...and I was ashamed to realize that I actually liked having his dick in my mouth. It was hard and solid, and I enjoyed the wet, squishing sound it made every time he would pump it in and out. I could feel the fluids oozing out of my pussy as my hormones raged.

Austin was still plowing me roughly from behind, and Nat was pounding me in front...and I realized that I'd never had two guys at once. It was pretty hot. I could feel my tits flopping back and forth as both guys slammed me, and Austin finally reached down, grabbing them mid-bounce. He squeezed them and yanked on my nipples.

Austin stopped all at once, and I figured he was done, but apparently he was just changing it up a bit. I felt him slid his dick out of me, and then there was pressure against my asshole. I had never liked anal sex...I'd only tried it once, and it just wasn't for me. But, of course, I was completely intoxicated, so I didn't protest as I might have normally done. I felt Austin squeeze the head of his dick in, and he grunted.

"Damn...it's so tight," he muttered.

At least he went slowly instead of just shoving it in. Once he got the head of his penis in, he pressed down harder, driving his dick in little by little, until it was completely inside. He pulled it back out slowly, and did this a few more times until my asshole was loose enough for him to pound.

It didn't feel particularly good at first, but after a minute, it started to feel pretty damn amazing. Austin's dick was hitting spots inside of me that I didn't even know I had. I felt Austin's hand rubbing up and down across my wet slit, and this time my body responded properly. I felt my muscles tensing up with desire as he stroked my clit.

The whole time this was going on, Nat was still steadily shoving his cock in and out of my mouth. I almost fell on my face when Austin reached down and yanked one of my hands out from under me. Once I was balanced and was sure I wasn't going to fall, I let him pull my hand back towards him. I didn't know what he was up to until he put my fingers on my clit. I took the hint and started rubbing myself vigorously. Austin grabbed my hips and fucked my ass even harder.

"Oh yeah, bitch! Take it! Take my cock in your ass! Fuck yeah! Rub it...rub that pussy!" he grunted at me between thrusts.

I rubbed harder, enjoying the sensations that were pulsing through my body from my own touch. After just a few seconds of rubbing, I knew I was about to orgasm. I pushed Nat away, wanting to concentrate. He didn't seem to mind...he stayed on his knees in front of me and began jerking on his dick.

I kept massaging my clit, and then I felt the heat flash go through me – from my hair down to my toes. Austin felt me tensing up and quivering from the orgasm, so he squeezed my hips harder and pounded me with as much force as he had. I moaned loudly as I continued to rub myself, prolonging the orgasm. I was nearly done when I felt Austin yank his dick out of me. I heard his hand jerking on his wet dick for a few seconds, and then he shot his load all over my ass and my lower back. I put my hand back on the floor to steady myself as I waited for him to finish. He just kept going and going...I didn't think it was ever going to end. Finally, he must have run out of juice. I heard him breathing hard behind me, and then I saw him stagger to the couch and collapse.

I was breathing hard myself, and I was about to get up off of the floor to go clean myself off, but apparently Nat had other plans in mind. He caught me off guard by plunging his dick back into my mouth...I almost gagged on it, but quickly recovered myself. He yanked my hair up into his hands again, shoving my head down on his dick. He was obviously close to going...I could feel the tension in his dick.

I put one hand around his shaft and started stroking it roughly as I sucked up down his dick. I knew he was almost there, and I figured he was going to pull out and shoot it all over me like Austin had. I was wrong.

Before I realized what was happening, I felt the hot liquid explode out of Nat's dick. It filled my mouth and I was forced to swallow it. Another big creamy load splurged out and slid down my throat. Nat's cum didn't taste the same as Stephen's...it was more...salty. As I sat there swallowing his load of goo, I felt like such a whore.

When Nat was finally finished, I felt his dick going limp in my mouth. He popped it out and fell back on the floor, panting hard. I swallowed the last few gobs of cum that were in my mouth, and then I wiped my hand across my face. I felt sick to my stomach, and realized that all I had in my stomach was alcohol and semen. Not exactly a great combination. Not to mention that I was hot from the exertion, and felt like I was about to pass out.

I struggled to get to my feet, and I felt Austin's cum starting to dry and get crusty on my back. I held back a shudder. I noticed that Austin was already dressed and stretched out on the couch, looking like he had moments left before he passed out. Nat was pulling his pants back up and eyeing the recliner.

"Mind if we crash here?" Nat asked.

"I don't care," I informed him as I snatched my clothes off the floor. I hurried to Cara's room, barely able to keep my eyes open, and feeling disgusted with myself.

I shut Cara's bedroom door behind me, flung the jeans and Cara's borrowed shirt on the bed, and then dug through her small dresser. I found some panties and a t-shirt to sleep in, though of course the shirt was going to be too tight. I took the clothes with me to the bathroom, and was happy to see a bottle of mouthwash on Cara's sink. I scrubbed Austin's goo off of me thoroughly with a hot towel and lots of soap. Once I was certain that my back was spotless, I swigged enormous amounts of mouthwash to chase the taste of Nat's cum away...the alcohol burned and I was grateful for the overpowering minty taste that was left behind. I splashed

some cold water on my face, and then I crammed myself into Cara's shirt. I stumbled back into the bedroom, pushing Cara to one side of the bed. She was still snoring, and the movement never woke her.

I felt bad for her...she must have been exhausted from all the shifts she'd been working lately...otherwise she wouldn't have given up sex for sleep. I fell into bed on top of my jeans and shirt that I'd worn to the party, and felt something hard underneath my hip. I reached down and felt around, trying to figure out what it was. I realized it was my cell phone, and that immediately made me think of Stephen. Though I had done a good job of keeping him out of my mind for the night, I was now depressed and missing him...wishing desperately that he was here.

I stupidly pulled my phone out to check for messages. I was disappointed to see that Stephen hadn't tried to call me or text me all night. Maybe he'd finally gotten tired of trying to reach me. I wasn't sure if that was supposed to make me happy or upset. I angrily slammed my phone on Cara's side table, and tried my best to think of anything but Stephen. Fortunately, I was exhausted, so it didn't take long for me to fall asleep.

The next morning when I woke up, I felt awful. I knew it was going to be a rough day. My head was pounding, my stomach was churning, and my whole body ached. I also felt like I could have used more sleep...and I realized that Cara was still snoring beside me. If she wasn't even awake yet, then I shouldn't have been.

I quickly realized that something had jarred me awake when I heard a noise by my head. I looked up and saw my phone vibrating noisily against the wood on the bedside table. I reached out and snagged it to make the noise stop. Before I could think about what I was doing, I answered the phone.

"Hello?" I said groggily.

"Katya?" I heard Stephen say with relief. That woke me up. Shit.

“Stephen, what do you want?” I asked icily, but it didn’t come out as harshly as I would have liked. I was too tired.

“I want to talk to you, KK. Where are you?” he asked.

God, it was good to hear his voice. I realized how much I’d missed him in just the two short days I’d been gone, but I wasn’t ready to listen to his well-rehearsed load of crap.

“Don’t worry about where I am, Stephen. I can take care of myself,” I snapped. I didn’t wait for his reply before I hung up on him.

I noticed that it was only nine in the morning, and I groaned. I was sure it had been near daylight before I’d gone to bed. Hell, it was after two in the morning when we’d left the party. I put the phone back on the table and tried to go back to sleep, but of course Stephen called right back and the noise irritated me. I switched the phone to silent and tried futilely to pass out again. As I waited for sleep, my brain switched into overdrive and all I could think of was Stephen. I was annoyed with myself.

Then, out of nowhere, my stomach knotted up and I had to dash to the bathroom. I barely made it to the toilet before I threw up. I felt like shit. I sat on Cara’s bathroom floor for at least half an hour while my stomach tortured me. I vomited four times before the dry heaves took over, and I thought I was literally going to die. When I was confident that I had my stomach under control again, I crawled back to the bed, but as soon as I got comfortable, my stomach began churning again.

I went back to the bathroom and was surprised when I threw up again. I wouldn’t have thought there would have been anything left in there to come up, but obviously there was. I tried to be as quiet as possible, but Cara never even budged. When my stomach finally settled down, I got up to rinse my mouth out with mouthwash again.

Thanks to the dry heaves, my head was pounding even worse than before. I checked my phone and it was already after ten o’clock. I knew I wouldn’t be able to sleep now, so I gave up on that idea and went to the kitchen to find some aspirin. When I got to the living room, I almost screamed in shock, since I had forgotten that the two losers from last

night were crashing here. They were both still passed out, so I tiptoed to the kitchen, not wanting to wake them. I felt a surge of disgust as I walked past them. What had I been thinking last night? No more tequila for me...ever...and for more than one reason, too. I would never drink again if it meant getting this sick afterwards. I didn't know how other students did this on a weekly basis.

I rummaged through Cara's cabinets until I found some crackers, and then I grabbed a bottle of water from her fridge and some ibuprofen from the medicine cabinet. I took four pills, chased them with water, and hoped I could keep them down long enough for them to help. I grabbed my water and crackers and was on my way back to the bedroom when I heard a knock at the front door.

My head snapped up as I shot panicked looks at the sleeping guys. I was relieved to see that they hadn't woken up. I dashed to answer the door, annoyed with whatever solicitor or neighbor was knocking this early on a Saturday. I wanted to get back to the safety of Cara's room before our "guests" woke up again. All I was wearing was a pair of skimpy panties and a too-tight t-shirt that my tits were about to explode out of...they would surely see that as an open invitation.

I flung the door open an inch, glaring out of the crack, and was stunned to see Stephen standing there.

"Katya?" he said, relief clear on his face.

I was too shocked to move, and Stephen pushed the door open so that he could see me better. I couldn't shut the door on him now...he was too strong for me to overpower.

"What are you doing here?" I whispered.

"I saw your mom this morning, and she told me where you were. Don't be mad at her...I had to practically beg her to tell me," Stephen said, still looking ecstatic.

"Well, I don't know why you bothered to come here. I don't want to talk to you right now," I snapped, trying to shut the door on him, even though I knew it was pointless.

He responded by pushing the door all the way open, and letting himself in. He shut the door behind himself and turned to face me. I couldn't believe how much relief I felt, just being

able to see him again, but I didn't want him to know that. I was still very angry with him, and I wasn't in much of a mood to argue at the moment.

"Look, I'm sorry about showing up here, and I know you're mad at me, but please just let me explain. You took off before I could even talk to you, and you've got it all wrong, KK." He stared at me, his eyes pleading with mine. I stared back for a minute, and then I caved.

"Fine...go ahead and talk, but don't expect anything from me."

He grabbed the tops of my arms and pulled me towards him, until I was only an inch away from his chest. It was hard to look up at his face while I was so close to him. He started to speak, but then he hesitated. He grabbed me tightly and picked me up off of the floor, wrapping his arms around me in a huge bear hug. I couldn't have hugged him back, even if I'd wanted to.

"I've missed you so much...you have no idea," he said as he put me back down. He had squeezed me a little too hard, and now my stomach was churning again. I leaned up against the wall for support while I waited for him to say whatever it was that he came here to say.

"Katya, I know you aren't going to believe this, but it's the honest truth, okay? Nothing happened between me and Grace. I swear!"

"Yeah, well, it didn't look like "nothing" to me." I crossed my arms over my chest.

Stephen grabbed the tops of my arms again and shook me slightly.

"It wasn't what you think, KK!" He released me and then looked up at the ceiling. He sighed deeply before he continued. "Do you remember the phone call I got that day?" he asked.

I thought back to Thursday, and remembered him running to get his phone, and then his strange behavior when he came back to the room. "Yes," I answered curtly.

"Grace called me, and she told me that she was in town. She said she needed to speak to me and wanted to come over. I told her no...that it was a bad idea, but she insisted.

You don't know Grace, but I do. She is relentless when she wants something. I still said no, but she practically begged. She said it was something important that I needed to know. I eventually told her yes, against my better judgment. That's why I was acting so weird. I knew you'd be upset with me if you found out that my ex was coming for a visit.

"I was hoping she would come over, say what she needed to say, and then leave before you got back. I was afraid if she didn't get what she wanted, she'd keep bugging me for months. That's just how she is." He looked down at me to see if I was still listening to him. I was trying to pay attention but my stomach was killing me.

I stared at him, waiting. He looked away from me again.

"When Grace got there, I knew something was up. She was acting...strangely. I never could convince her to get to the point and tell me what was so important that she had to see me in person. As it turns out, she was just jealous. Someone...and I still don't know who it was...told her about me and you, and told her you were living with me and my parents. It pissed her off, because she was under the crazy assumption that I was still supposed to be in love with her.

"And I was, Katya. I truly did love Grace, or so I thought at the time. But then I met you, and I realized that I had no feelings for her whatsoever. Grace just knew that she'd broken my heart when I moved away, and she deluded herself into thinking that I wanted her back. She finally got around to telling me that I was making a mistake with you, and that I still loved her. I told her to leave, but then she said she would prove to me that I wasn't over her yet." Stephen paused his story so he could reach down and take my hand.

"That was about the time you came back. Grace was angry with me because I was falling for her line of bullshit for once. She jumped on me and tried to kiss me. I was...stunned, to say the least. You walked in and saw that, and you left before I could explain anything. KK, I would never, ever hurt you that way." He looked down at me with wide eyes.

His story was very convincing, but how could I believe him. It most definitely didn't look like he had been jumped on

unwillingly when I walked in on them. Besides, I knew he was way too good for me...from the beginning.

"Say something," he pleaded.

"I don't know what to tell you Stephen, or what you came here expecting from me," I hedged. I wanted to believe him and forgive him. I wanted everything to go back to the way it was a few days ago. But, I still wasn't sure if I could trust him. From the moment he told me he was a virgin, I'd been skeptical.

"I want you to believe me! I wouldn't lie to you, Katya. I love you, more than anything, and I can't stand it! I can't stand you being mad at me. I wish I could go back and fix it...I wish I could go back and tell Grace to go fuck herself, but I can't. She was lucky that I didn't punch her right in the face. If my mom hadn't come home when she did, I might not have been able to stop myself. My mom had to threaten to beat her ass just to get her to leave. She never did like Grace," he said, almost looking amused. "Just tell me what to do to fix it, and I'll do it, I promise."

I stared at Stephen for a long time, trying to wrap my head around everything he'd just told me. It all sort of made sense, especially when I remembered the few stories he'd told me about Grace, if they were true. But, then I also remembered that since we'd been together, he'd never done anything to make me suspicious of him. And, he had been acting weird that day. It wasn't like he'd been planning for her to come over or anything. The more I thought about, the more sense his explanation made, and I felt like an idiot.

I had just blown everything out of proportion, and had never given him a chance to explain...because I was acting like a big brat – stubborn as always. I bit down on my lower lip, unsure what to do now. On one hand, I was relieved that Stephen hadn't been cheating on me. I couldn't deny the sincerity of his words...the look on his face alone was enough to convince anyone.

However, because I was stubborn and hadn't listened to him, I'd gone out and done something stupid last night. As I thought about the guys in the other room again, I began to panic. How in the world could I ever look Stephen in the eye

again, knowing that I'd cheated on him? I felt the tears spilling down my cheeks, and I gripped my stomach even tighter as it rolled angrily.

Stephen's warm hands wiped the tears off of my cheeks, and I couldn't bear to look at him.

"Please don't cry, baby. Tell me what to do to make it better," he whispered.

I couldn't respond to him, because I had to turn around and run for the bathroom again. I threw up violently, and sobbed as quietly as I could manage. When I was trying to get up off of the floor, I felt hands grip under my shoulders. Stephen had followed me into the bathroom, of course.

"Are you okay?" he asked worriedly, whispering to keep from waking Cara, I assumed.

"Yes," I replied weakly. So much for my headache getting better. I'd just thrown up my ibuprofen...

I rinsed my mouth out with mouthwash – again – and went back to the hallway, shutting the bedroom door. I turned and made Stephen stop, not wanting him to go any farther, for fear that he would notice the two passed out men in the living room. He must have been in a hurry to follow me before, and hadn't seen them when he passed by the living room.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I...had too much to drink last night," I responded.

He looked at me with what seemed to be disapproval, but he didn't say anything.

I suddenly felt the urge to hug him, worried that at any moment everything was going to fall apart.

I threw myself at him, wrapping my arms around his chest and hugging him tightly. "I love you," I whispered.

"Oh shit," he replied, sounding like he was about to lose it. "I love you too, Katya. I'm so sorry about all of this," he whispered.

I didn't respond. I was trying to figure out a way to get him out of the apartment without him seeing the losers in the living room, but I couldn't think of anything.

"Do you believe me?" he asked suddenly, looking down at me. He knew I understood what he meant.

“Yes, I believe you,” I confirmed.

He leaned down to kiss me on the lips, and my hormones took off. Stupid hormones...they didn't know how severe the situation was. Apparently, I wasn't the only one that was having issues. I felt a familiar bulge pushing up against me.

“Seriously, Stephen?” I scolded him lightly as I backed away from him, glaring.

“Sorry, KK. I can't help it...you're not wearing much, you know,” he informed me with a grin as he raked his eyes up and down my body.

He was about to reach for me again when we both heard the voice coming from the living room. Austin was awake – I recognized his voice immediately – and I watched in horror as Stephen's head swirled towards the living room. He looked down at me for a split second before he took off towards the front room. Stephen stopped at the end of the hallway as he stared into the living room. I knew what he was seeing at the moment. I couldn't move an inch, not even when Stephen looked back at me questioningly.

“Hey, what's up?” Austin asked as he passed Stephen at the end of the hallway. He spotted me standing there, and a grin broke out on his face.

“Hey, Katy. Do you think your roommate could give us a ride back to our cars?” Austin asked, unaware that Stephen was standing behind him, livid.

I just nodded and backed up to Cara's room. I went to shake her, hoping she would wake up.

“Cara! Cara, get up! I need your help!” I whispered urgently.

The tone of my voice must have alerted her, because her eyes snapped open immediately.

“What's wrong?” she asked sleepily.

“Um, well...Stephen's here, and we sort of made up, but then the two jackasses from last night woke up...so now they are all in the living room together,” I explained hastily.

“Oh, shit!” she cursed, flinging herself out of the bed. She ran to the living room, but there wasn't anything Cara could do. The damage was already done.

I didn't leave the bedroom...I was too chicken. I heard

Nat's voice – he was awake now, too.

"Hey, who's the new guy?" he asked, laughing.

"Hey guys. Come on, I'll give you a ride," Cara offered immediately.

"Well, hey there, sleepyhead. You cannot handle your liquor, lady," Nat teased.

"Yeah, sorry about that," Cara apologized. I could hear the irritation in her voice.

"Don't sweat it. Your roommate took care of both of us," Nat said. I heard him laugh, and Austin joined in. I also heard what sounded like hands clapping together. I could just imagine the two of them high-fiving each other like idiots.

Stephen was suddenly at the door of the bedroom, but I couldn't look at him.

"Katya, tell me it's not true. Please tell me you didn't..." but he couldn't finish his sentence.

I stared at the floor, not sure what to say. I couldn't believe how badly I'd fucked everything up.

"Katya!" Stephen yelled at me. When I didn't look up, he came up to me and grabbed my arms roughly, forcing me to stare at him.

"I'm...so sorry, Stephen. I made a terrible mistake last night. I was drunk, and I didn't know what I was doing," I explained lamely.

He released my arms, backing away from me, disbelief in his eyes. I was crying again, but he didn't try to comfort me this time, as he normally would have. I wasn't surprised, though – I didn't deserve his comfort.

I looked at him, but he was frozen. "Say something," I whispered.

"I don't know what to say to you, Katya. I just don't even believe what I'm hearing. I can't believe that you would do something like that to me."

"Stephen, I didn't mean to, I swear. I was just angry, and I thought you were cheating on me, and I had too much to drink," I tried to explain, but I stopped suddenly. The look on his face was so severe that I couldn't finish.

"You know, Katya...I thought you were different. I thought you were better than the rest of them. That's why I gave

everything I had to you! Because I thought you were DIFFERENT! But you aren't! You're just like the rest of them. You get angry and go and fuck the first dicks you come across. How could you?" he screamed at me.

I couldn't say anything, because there was no response for what he'd just said.

"How could you do that? I guess I was wrong about you after all. You're no different than the rest of them...you're just LIKE them. You're a worthless whore, and I should have known better than to waste my time on you!" he shouted.

His words stung as they sunk in. I was sobbing at this point, and on the verge of throwing up again, but I didn't dare move. Stephen was right. I wasn't any better. His words hurt because they were true. I had fucked up the very best thing I'd ever had, and there was no way to fix it now. It was clear from the look on his face that it was over.

TO BE CONTINUED

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