

NEIGHBORS

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL



CHAPTER 4

NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF SECRECY AND SPYING

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 4

"Hey!" I heard Cara yell at Stephen. He stopped berating me long enough to look at Cara.

"You don't have the right to come into my home and talk to her like that. Get the hell out of here and don't come back!" she screamed at him. Stephen turned around and stormed out of the room.

Cara came to wrap her arm around me and walked me to the bed. The tears in my eyes were making it hard to see straight. "The idiots from last night left," she whispered in my ear. "They realized it was about to get ugly and they said they would rather walk back than to get caught up in whatever was going on," she chuckled, trying to make me feel better.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"No, I'm not. I screwed up everything, Cara! How could I have been so stupid?"

"It's not your fault, Katy. It's mine...I should have never made you go out last night, and none of this would have happened."

"No, it isn't your fault. I made a choice, and it turned out to be the wrong one. I knew better than to drink like that, but I just wanted to stop thinking about Stephen for a while. I guess I don't have to worry about that now. He'll never speak to me again," I sobbed. "My God, how could I have done that, Cara? I love him so much and I fucked it all up!" I couldn't even begin to get a grip on the overwhelming agony that was crushing me at the moment.

"God, Katy, I'm so sorry! We'll figure something out, I promise. I'm here for you, no matter what!" she comforted me. But, I didn't feel any better. I was never going to feel better because I had something great and I messed up and let it get away.

Just then, my stomach rolled again and I streaked to the bathroom. I threw up in the toilet, though I didn't know how it was physically possible. I felt on the verge of passing out. I

was sure we'd only gotten a few hours of sleep, which wasn't enough to sleep off the alcohol. I had to eat and go back to bed, and soon. I couldn't handle throwing up anymore. I swore off drinking forever at that moment. How did other college students do this on a weekly basis? It simply wasn't worth it for a night of partying...

"Um, Katy?" I heard Cara call. I looked towards the bedroom, and Stephen was there. He hadn't left when Cara told him to. Who knows what he'd heard or how long he'd been listening? I started to cry even harder. I didn't think I could handle any more of his anger...I just didn't have the energy at the moment.

I watched as Stephen's face twisted with pain as he stared at me. Then, he stepped into the bathroom and held his arms out to me. I wasn't sure what was going on in his head, but I stumbled to him, glad that he was still there.

"Shhh," he said as I sobbed. He hugged me and let me get it out of my system.

"Are you two okay?" Cara asked, poking her head into the bathroom.

"Yes, I think so," I replied, looking up at Stephen. He smiled down at me, so I figured he was okay...at least for the moment.

"You sure?" Cara asked more directly, forcing me to look at her.

"Yeah, Cara. I'm sure. Thanks for helping out," I said, reaching out to squeeze her hand.

"Okay...well, I'm going to go get us some coffee and something to eat. I'll be back in ten or fifteen minutes, okay?" she explained.

"Okay. Be careful," I responded as she walked out of the room.

When I heard the front door shut, I looked up at Stephen again, worried that he was just going to lay into me again now that Cara was gone, but there was no hostility in his face. He took my hand and pulled me towards the living room, and I followed. He sat down on the sofa and pulled me down beside him. I curled up against him, still crying like a baby.

He sighed loudly as I laid my head on his chest.

"KK," he said, but then he paused. I looked up at him and he looked upset again.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Baby, I'm so sorry for what I said. I didn't mean it...any of it, I swear. I just got so furious when I realized what happened, and those two guys were jumping around and acting like idiots. It was just too much for me to handle. But, that's no excuse. I had no right to say that to you, and I was just doing it out of anger. There was no truth to my words," he assured me.

"Please don't apologize, Stephen. I deserved everything you said, and it is true...I am just a whore," I said, nearly choking on the words. I called myself a whore the night before. It was true then and it's true now, only Stephen wasn't aware of exactly what went on with those other guys. If he did...he wouldn't be sitting here apologizing.

He reached over and grabbed my waist, and then yanked me on top of him. He wrapped his arms around me tightly and held me close.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied.

"Do you believe me?" he asked, knowing I would understand what he was talking about.

"Yes, I believe you. I'm sorry I didn't give you a chance to explain. I was just upset...and hurt."

"I know. I wish I could take it back and make it all better, but I can't. So I guess the question is if we can forgive each other and move forward."

Always sounding like a wise old man, rather than a teenager...Stephen never ceased to impress me.

"There's nothing to forgive on my part. You didn't do anything wrong," I informed him. "I'm the one that needs forgiveness, although I don't know if I deserve it."

He didn't respond like I thought he would, and that worried me. I picked my head up so I could look at him. He looked...torn.

"I wish I could say everything is great, but that would be a lie. Katya, I don't know how to forgive you yet."

I just nodded my head, not wanting to speak. I could feel my stomach churning again, and I simply couldn't handle another round of vomiting, so I tried to calm myself down.

I tried to get off of him, but he held me tightly, not allowing me to move.

"I don't want to hurt you, but I just need some time, I think," he said. Despite his intentions, he was hurting me...not that I didn't deserve whatever he gave me.

"I don't know how to say this, but I think it would be best if we had complete honesty," he said slowly. I didn't understand at first, so he explained it to me.

"I want you to tell me what happened last night. It will help me to move past it. Otherwise, I'll just obsess over it constantly."

I was horrified. Wasn't it bad enough that I'd cheated on him? And now he wanted me to give him a play by play?

"I...can't, Stephen. It's wrong," I whispered.

"Please, KK. For me...I need you to tell me what happened. I promise not to get mad," he advised, though he was sure to break that promise. He didn't realize how nasty it had gotten last night.

"If that's what you need, I guess," I agreed, though I still didn't really see what the point of it was...

"Start from the beginning. What happened last night?" he asked.

I got up off of the sofa, sure that I wouldn't be able to tell him in detail what happened while I was sitting next to him. I went to sit in the little recliner across the room.

I sighed deeply, then began my story. "I went to a party with Cara. She knew I was upset over you, and she wanted to help take my mind off of things. Please don't think any of this was her fault, because it wasn't. She just wanted me to have a good time.

"When I got there, I immediately began drinking, which was my first mistake. I've never consumed that much alcohol before, and I'll never do it again. I kind of struck up a conversation with the guy in charge of the tequila shots, and we ended up talking most of the night." I stopped to look at Stephen, but he seemed calm enough.

“Cara found someone that she was interested in, so she came to get me so she could come back here. I was...really drunk by that point, and I stupidly invited the tequila guy to come with us.” I looked down, not wanting to continue, but knowing I had no choice if I wanted things to be right with Stephen again.

“So, we got back here, and one thing led to another...and I ended up sleeping with him.” I paused, wishing that were the worst of it.

“Did you two...were you, I mean...were you safe?” he asked in a strained tone.

“Yes,” I replied instantly, and then regretted it. I still had a lot of story left to cover and I couldn’t claim any “safety” for the rest of it.

“Good,” he replied, clearly relieved.

“Let me finish, please,” I said, trying to stifle his enthusiasm.

“There’s more?” he asked, frowning.

“Yes...um, well, see...we were having...sex...on the couch and he was, um, almost done, but then he stopped. I realized that the guy that came home with Cara was watching us, and it kind of freaked me out. I went to go check on her, but apparently she passed out on him before he could get very far. He was wanting a ride back to his car,” I explained quickly, needing to finish before I chickened out.

“Okay,” Stephen said, waiting for me to continue. I took a deep breath.

“So, when I came out of Cara’s room, this guy, Nat, was standing in the hallway – he was kind of creepy looking at me, cause you know...I was naked and everything. Then he just came up to me and grabbed one of my tits and then he pushed me up against the wall...” I stopped.

“Did he hurt you?” Stephen said, seething. He’d misunderstood what I was saying.

“No...it wasn’t like that. He...I guess he was just disappointed that Cara crashed on him and I was there...and clearly willing, so he took the opportunity. And I let him.” I waited, debating on whether to keep going, but decided I might as well get it all out in the open. I surprised Stephen

when I continued. He must have thought I was done.

"So, I was, um...involved with Nat in the hallway, and then the other guy, Austin, came to see what was taking me so long. He got kind of pissed when he saw what Nat and I were doing, but then Nat just let me go and he walked away. I...followed them to the living room and Nat pushed me down on the sofa for a while. Then, he wanted me to get on the floor," I finished with a whisper. I could tell how badly this was hurting Stephen. I wished that stupid Austin would have gotten his load out and been done with me before Nat had come in...then the rest of the night probably wouldn't have happened, and I wouldn't have to be telling Stephen all of this.

"And then what?" he asked, glaring at me. I looked down at the floor.

"So, I did what he told me to do, but, um...Austin was the one who got behind me. He...did his thing for a little while and then Nat...got on his knees in front of me." I stopped again. I just couldn't go on anymore. Surely that was enough for Stephen. He couldn't possibly want to hear the rest.

"Please...I don't want to keep going," I begged, but the look on his face told me that he wanted me to finish.

"Tell me the rest," he said angrily.

I was crying again, but I wasn't surprised when he didn't come to comfort me, as he usually would have. I didn't deserve his comfort.

"I did what he wanted...I let him put his dick in my mouth. That went on for a while until Austin wanted to...change...holes." I didn't dare look to see what that news was doing to him.

"I didn't want him to, but I didn't know how to stop him, either. I was too drunk to think straight. So...he...put it in...well, you know where, and then he made me rub...myself down there while he was doing me. I finally...did it, and then Austin was done. He pulled out and shot it all over my back.

"I thought Nat was done, but he got back in front of me and shoved his dick back in my mouth before I could stop him. He...went...in my mouth, and I had to swallow it," I

choked out through the tears. I really didn't want to say the next part, but I knew that he needed to know.

"And, I wish it were different, Stephen, I really do, but I didn't make Nat wear a condom and Austin didn't either the second time around. That's everything, I promise."

I stared down at my hands for what seemed like forever. I was worrying about Cara, thinking she should have been back by now. Knowing her, she was probably trying to be helpful by giving us some alone time.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. "Please say something, Stephen. Yell at me if you have to, just please say something!"

"There's nothing to say, Katya. I am at a loss for words. I can't begin to tell you what you've done to me." He stood up off of the couch and came over to the recliner.

"Thank you for at least being honest with me. Most girls would have probably just lied to me to make themselves look better. That's why I know you are different."

"Yes, I'm different than the rest...I'm worse. At least they don't pretend to be something they're not. I'm not good enough for you Stephen. I think last night proves that. I'm so sorry...for everything. I hope you can forgive me someday."

"I already forgive you, baby," he said. I looked up at him and was surprised to see that he was no longer angry.

"What?" I asked, barely able to speak.

"None of this would have happened if I had just been able to tell Grace no, but I didn't, and now the situation is what it is. KK, I forgive you, but I still think we need some time apart...for now. I have to work through this alone, or else I'm going to take my anger and my rage out on you. Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, but I was thinking that he was more or less breaking up with me right now, which I completely deserved...though it didn't make it hurt any less. I kept right on crying. It was getting so bad that I was having trouble breathing, and, of course, it made my stomach hurt again. I jumped up and ran, once again, to the bathroom. More dry heaves this time.

Stephen followed behind and helped me again, watching

protectively as I rinsed my mouth out with mouthwash. "Are you sure you're okay?" he asked worriedly.

"I will be. I didn't get but a few hours of sleep...not long enough for the alcohol to get out of my system. I've been throwing up all morning."

"Jesus, KK...how much did you drink?" he asked, stunned.

"I don't know...a lot. A couple of beers, a daiquiri, and probably a half a bottle of tequila. I think that was my biggest mistake," I informed him. He scooped me up in his arms and carried me the short distance to the bed. He tucked me in and then sat beside me.

"I'm sorry...I know you need me right now, but I have to go." I was instantly upset, but I knew that I had no right to ask him to stay.

"It's okay," I said, though tears were streaming down my face again.

He leaned over and kissed me quickly on the lips.

"I'll...call you later...to check up on you, okay?" he said.

There was something wrong with him, but I couldn't place it. I didn't dare keep my mouth shut like I did last time.

"What's wrong? Please don't lie to me...something is wrong, I can tell," I stated.

"I just want everything to be okay between us, but I'm so angry right now I don't even want to look at you. Every time I do, all I see is you having sex with those two guys. It sickens me, Katya."

Well, at least he didn't sugar coat it.

"Stephen, just be honest with me...is it over?" I asked, not really wanting an answer.

"I...don't know." That was the only answer I got, and that was more depressing than if he'd just said yes. Now, I had hope...which meant that when he realized how much he hated me, it would crush me all over again.

He turned around and walked out of the room, leaving me there. I heard the front door shut, and then I went to pieces. Cara came home, luckily, just a few minutes later, and was there to comfort me.

"What happened?" she asked, alarmed, when she found

me sobbing in her bed.

"I think he just broke up with me," I wailed.

"Fuck," Cara cursed...and the sound of that word coming out of her mouth, coupled with the look on her face, sent me into a fit of laughter. She stared at me for a moment, probably wondering if I was crazy, and then she joined me. We laughed for what seemed like forever, until we were both gasping for air.

Finally, I came to my senses and sobered up again. Cara made me get out of bed and get something to eat. I did as she said, and I felt better. I drank a ton of water, as well as some coffee at her insistence, and then we both went and crashed for a couple of hours.

I was one hundred percent better when I got up from our nap. Her phone was going off, and she was instantly up and ready...she had to go to work. Which meant that I was going to be all alone in her apartment tonight with nothing to do. How depressing. I could tell she wanted to talk about what had happened, but she never brought it up...not once. She knew she hadn't slept with Nat, but that I did...and that was the extent of her knowledge. Cara never pried, and I was glad for that. Having to relive it with Stephen was enough.

Cara took off for work, promising she'd be back before I knew it – she had a short shift tonight. I waved as she left, and then wandered around with nothing to do and nowhere to go.

The rest of the weekend passed in a blur, much to my surprise. Monday morning came before I knew it, and I was getting ready to start my first day in the library. Stephen never called to check on me, and, though I tried to call him several times, he never answered. I assumed he was starting school today, and I wished that I could see him, but I knew he needed his space so I tried my best not to bug him. I did send him a few text messages, hoping that he would at least read them before he deleted them.

Cara was still at home when I left for work, and she wished me good luck. I arrived early, and was happy when the day went by smoothly. I enjoyed all of my co-workers.

Most of them were other students, with a few faculty members mixed in. The work was pretty laid back. I was in charge of answering the phones, handling the internet computers, and pointing students to the right sections. I spent most of my first day learning the layout of the library.

When my eight hours were up, I was exhausted. I went back to Cara's place and crashed early. She laughed at me the next morning because I had gone to bed so early.

"Wow...you're turning into a grandma on me!" she teased.

"Yeah...I guess so. I've just been used to doing nothing for the last few months. It's going to be even worse next week when school starts!" I complained.

"Don't worry. You'll get used to it," she assured me. "It took me a while to get used to working at two different places, but I managed. It'll work out."

Cara was kind and didn't ask me about Stephen, nor did she bring him up. She knew that it was better to just ignore it for now, and I was grateful to her.

The next couple of days at work went just as well as the first day. I really enjoyed the job, but it was really stressful. I figured it was probably just because it was a new environment with a lot to learn...not to mention all of the stuff that was happening with Stephen. I found myself stressed every night when I went home, but Cara was always working, so I didn't have anyone to talk to. On Thursday, I was surprised when one of the student workers came in sick. She looked awful, and I don't know why she bothered to come in at all.

"Theresa! What are you doing here?" I fussed. She looked like she was about to pass out.

"I need to work," she insisted. I tried to persuade her to go home, but she wouldn't. And, since the faculty members were all in a staff meeting until after lunchtime, it was just us student workers...and we couldn't force her to leave. So, I tried to stay away from her as best I could. All of the other workers were avoiding her like she had the plague. When Ms. Simon came in from the meeting, she took one look at Theresa and sent her immediately to the nurse, advising her not to come back without a doctor's clearance.

“Gracious, what was she thinking?” Ms. Simon asked. She was a sweet woman...in her mid-sixties but still going strong. She’d been working at the library since they opened it over forty years ago, so everyone did what she said. She really knew how to run the place. “I hope she didn’t get everyone sick! Just what we need is for the whole staff to be ill the first week of school,” she exclaimed as she carried on with her work.

“I tried to get her to go home, but she insisted on staying,” I informed her.

“Well, I hope she feels better soon. Why don’t the rest of you go home early,” Ms. Simon offered. “You’ve all done a splendid job here today without any supervision. I’m impressed,” she complimented.

The rest of the student workers were excited with the early dismissal. I would have been, except that all that waited for me was an empty apartment. Cara was working extra hard this week in preparations of school starting...I hardly saw her at all.

I smiled and thanked Ms. Simon, but I was depressed as soon as I got back to the apartment. I tried to find something to do to keep busy, but my mind kept wandering back to Stephen. I checked the clock when I got home. It was after three now, and he should be out of school. I tried his cell phone, but it went straight to voicemail. He still hadn’t taken any of my calls or returned any of my text messages since we’d spoken last Saturday.

I was beginning to think he was just never going to speak to me again. I made a decision to go to his house the next afternoon. After all, I had to go get my things before school started. I was getting tired of cramming myself into Cara’s clothes and I was sure she was tired of me stretching out all of her shirts. If he didn’t want to talk to me, then I would just wait until his parents were home. Surely they would at least let me pack my stuff...unless he’d already thrown it all out.

The prospect of seeing Stephen – even if he was mad – made me excited. It had been almost a week, and I wasn’t sure I could wait any longer. My mood improved significantly, so I decided to help Cara out and do the laundry that was

piled up. I grabbed the laundry bag, detergent, and a handful of quarters before I headed out the door. I very nearly dropped everything when I yanked the door open...Stephen was outside, looking straight at me. He had his hand pulled up, as if he was about to knock. I must have beaten him to the door before he had a chance to knock.

"Stephen?" I whispered. I couldn't help but stare, and then I did drop the bag of laundry as I flung myself at him. He wrapped his arms around me and hugged me fiercely, and for the moment, everything was great.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I came to talk to you, KK." It was so good to hear his voice. "Here, let me help you," he offered, picking up the bag of laundry and the bottle of detergent. I led the way to the laundromat, constantly smiling at him like an idiot.

When we made it to the apartment's laundromat, I quickly filled two machines with clothes, added the soap, and turned them on. I flopped the laundry bag across the tops of the machine and then turned to face Stephen.

I couldn't tell what the expression on his face was. He didn't look mad, but he didn't look like my Stephen. That made me feel a little worried...he just said he wanted to talk...he didn't say it was going to be good.

I reached out for his hand, and he grabbed mine. I hoped that was a good sign. We walked slowly back to Cara's apartment, and neither of us spoke. Once we were safely inside the apartment, I went straight to the couch, patting the seat beside me. Stephen sat down and pulled me to him. I gladly hugged him and I felt more relaxed than I had in weeks.

"So, how was school?" I asked nonchalantly.

"School's good...it's nice to be a senior," he chuckled.

"That's good to hear," I replied.

"How's work?" he asked.

"Stressful...but good. I like it there. It'll just take some time to get used to everything."

"Glad you like it," he said. We didn't speak again for a while, and I didn't mind. At least he hadn't told me he was breaking up with me...yet.

I heard him sigh deeply, and I knew he was getting around to whatever it was that he needed to say. He pushed me off of him, and made me look him in the eyes. I started to panic.

"So, I guess we should talk," he started. Very bad...it was going to be very, very bad. I felt the tears coming up already. Cara was going to be so sick of me tonight that she'd probably kick me to the curb.

"Why are you crying?" he asked suddenly, noticing the moisture in my eyes.

"Because I know what's coming next," I said miserably.

"Do you?" he said with a laugh. I sniffled and then glared at him. Why was he laughing?

"What's so funny about it?" I demanded.

"Katya...you are so emotional!" he said again, chuckling.

I was furious with him. I still didn't know what he was laughing about. Why did he find it so amusing to hurt me? Maybe I deserved it after all I'd done to him...but it still seemed ridiculous to me.

He leaned in and kissed me before I could start yelling at him. I was surprised and unable to move at first. I wasn't expecting him to kiss me. I was expecting him to call me a whore again and tell me to quit calling him.

He leaned back, looking at me with a smile on his face. "KK, I missed you and needed to see you...why else did you think I was here? To break up with you?" he laughed again.

Apparently he thought I was being funny. I still didn't see the amusement. He just scared the crap out of me.

"Yes, I did think that...you could have just said so from the beginning," I complained.

He grinned at me and pulled me into his lap, this time kissing me more aggressively. My hormones spun out of control with just his touch...that was all that it took. I was already trying to rip his clothes off.

"When does Cara get back?" he asked urgently.

"Late!" I exclaimed.

Stephen had my shirt off and was eagerly assaulting my tits. I felt the comforting, familiar bulge in his pants, and I was almost giddy with anticipation. Stephen slid my pants

down, tossing them on the floor. He pulled his shirt over his head and flung it behind him, and then he began to unzip his pants. Finally, his dick was free and my pussy was aching with desire. He hesitated, and it irritated me.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked impatiently.

"I really did want to talk to you about something, but, as usual...it got out of control," he said, smiling.

He reached in his pants pocket and pulled out a condom, ripping it open.

My eyebrows pulled together in confusion as I watched him slid the rubber onto his dick. This was a first...we never used condoms.

He saw my expression, and hesitated. His dick was only inches from my crotch, and I was almost shaking with eagerness. Something in his expression made me stop and pay attention.

"Um, please don't get mad at me, okay?" he said seriously.

"What could I possibly get mad at you about?" I asked.

"I...think we need to use protection," he said. Obviously I had gathered that much when he pulled the rubber out.

"Okay. Why the sudden change?" I asked.

He stared down at me for a minute before he spoke. His dick was already limp by this point. Apparently he really felt the need to say whatever was on his mind if he was putting off sex for it.

"Katya, I love you...more than anything, and I think we're going to be okay...but I need you to do something for me first."

"Whatever you want, Stephen," I promised.

"I...think that you should...get tested," he cringed.

"Tested for what?" I said stupidly.

"Well, you kind of slept with two guys you didn't even know...and there's a chance that they might have...given you...something," he said hesitantly.

I caught up with his line of thinking immediately, and I suddenly felt like the world's most gigantic idiot.

I sat up on the couch. "Oh my God, Stephen...I never even thought about that," I exclaimed, suddenly freaked out.

I started pulling my clothes back on, not wanting to be naked in front of him for some reason. He stopped me before I could get my shirt all the way down.

"Quit," he ordered. "You're fine...and I'm just being overly cautious, okay? But I think it would be a good idea if you got tested...just to be safe. And my parents were right. Condoms are smart...you don't want to end up pregnant or anything. Please don't think that I'm...I don't know...worried about getting something from you. I'm not...I just think we should be a little more careful than we've been...about everything."

I suddenly wasn't in the mood for sex any more. He could say what he wanted, but I knew he probably thought I was some diseased whore that he didn't want to stick his dick in. I didn't need his pity sex.

"I think you should go," I said abruptly.

"What? Why?" he asked, stunned.

"It's obvious that you are disgusted by me enough to put a stupid condom on. If you're that worried or I'm that grotesque to you, then we shouldn't be having sex." I didn't know where all the sudden hostility was coming from. Probably it was because I felt like a moron for not being concerned about having unprotected sex with two complete strangers.

I stood up, grabbing my clothes and was planning to storm off to Cara's room until he left. I knew I was being a brat, but for some reason I couldn't help myself.

"That's not it at all, Katya!" he assured me.

"Yeah, well I don't believe you," I retorted.

"Fine...no condom, then," he snapped, yanking the condom off and throwing it to the ground.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said.

"I'm not. If it's upsetting you that much, then forget it. I told you that I'm not worried about getting anything from you and of course I think you're beautiful. What's wrong with you? You've never been like this before. You know I'm only worried about you!"

I felt ashamed for acting so ludicrous. Stephen was here to make up with me, and I was acting like a moron. I pulled my clothes back on anyway, realizing that it probably upset

him.

“Katya...what’s wrong? Something is going on with you...”

“I don’t know, Stephen,” I fumed. “I’m just stressed out about work and school starts in a few days and I’ve been constantly worrying about you thinking that you were just done with me, and now you’re here and I feel too disgusting to even be naked in front of you now!”

He got up and grabbed me, stopping me before I could continue my rant. He quieted me with his mouth, and I was too annoyed to stop him. He flung me down on the couch and ripped my clothes off again. Every time I tried to protest, he would kiss me...making it impossible for me to talk. Stephen wasn’t gentle with me like he usually was. He was apparently in need of some release.

He thrust his bare cock into me with force, making me gasp and arch my back. He smiled down at me and thrust even harder. He leaned down and kissed my neck before he moved on to my tits. This sex was different from any of the other sex we’d had in the past few weeks. He wasn’t hesitant in the slightest, and that turned me on.

He laughed when my eyes rolled back in my head and I moaned his name.

“Do you still feel disgusting?” he whispered, sending chills down my spine as his hot breath filled my ear.

“Maybe a little bit,” I lied.

“Hmmm...we’ll have to fix that, then.”

He pulled his dick out of me, and totally shocked me with what he did next. He straddled me, hovering over my belly. I thought he was about to stuff his dick in my mouth, but instead he went for the tits. He shoved his cock between my breasts and smashed them together with his hands. He began pumping his dick in between my tits, and the sensation was phenomenal.

“Oh, shit!” Stephen moaned. “This isn’t going to last long!” he admitted.

“Put it back in!” I commanded. I wasn’t done with his dick yet.

“Aw!” he said, teasing. He swiftly shoved his cock back inside of my hot, wet pussy, shoving it in as far as it would

go. He grabbed my hips and pulled them upwards, slinging my legs over his shoulders. It was a good thing I was flexible. He reached with one hand and grabbed one of my tits, enjoying it as it bounced in his hand with every thrust of his dick. He used his other hand to rub my clit, and I didn't bother keeping the moans quiet this time. There was no one in the immediate area that could hear...like his parents or my roommate.

"Oh, Stephen!" I moaned, tightening my pussy up around his cock. "Harder! Do it harder!" I yelled at him as he began to pick up the pace, slamming me with real force now. He'd never been so rough with me before...and I was probably going to be sore tomorrow, but it was worth it.

"Turn over!" he panted. I quickly obeyed, scrambling to my knees on the couch. Stephen pushed my legs as far apart as they would go, and eased his dick into me. He was toying with me now. Slowly in...even slower out. He knew that drove me crazy.

"Stephen!" I yelled at him, and he laughed...picking up speed again. He grabbed my hips and slammed into me, over and over again. It was like his dick was all the way up in my throat. I wasn't sure how I was even able to take his monstrous dick all the way...it seemed impossible. He pounded me from behind for a few minutes, until I could hear him breathing heavy from exertion.

I spun around, pushing him on the couch and climbing on top of him. I knew this was his favorite position...with me on top. I wrapped my arms around his neck, tightened my pussy up and eased myself down on his dick. I felt him shudder underneath me, and that made me quiver with desire. His dick completely filled me up...it was like he was personally made just for me.

"KK, I've missed you," he blurted out suddenly.

"Me too, Stephen...it's been a long week without you," I admitted shamelessly. I continued to grind on his dick with as much force as I could manage, enjoying the way his cock was stretching my pussy open. He went to work on my nipples, apparently unable to resist them any longer.

I felt him grab me, making me stop. "What's wrong?" I

asked.

"I'm about to cum," he said urgently, trying to make me get off of him.

"So?" I asked, grinding on his dick again. Nothing felt better than when Stephen shot his load in me.

"I don't want to do that," he said, pulling me off of him since I didn't get the hint the first time.

"It's okay, baby...I'm on birth control. Nothing's going to happen," I assured him.

"No...it's not that," he said. "I want to do it...somewhere else."

"Oh...you mean, you want me to suck it?" I asked.

"No...not exactly," he said. "Just get on your knees...please!"

I did as he said, confused, but willing to play along. Stephen started jerking on his cock in front of me, and I figured he was still going to want to shoot it in my mouth...or at least that was what I thought.

Stephen got in a few good jerks, and then he was tensed up and grunting. I watched as his cum spurted out of his dick, blasting my tits in the process. He was watching in satisfaction as he shot his load all over my breasts. His goo kept oozing out, and by the time he was done, my tits were completely drenched. I had to hold my arm underneath them to keep from dripping it all over Cara's floor.

"Lick it off," Stephen said, excited.

"What?" I asked, startled.

"Come on...for me...I want you to lick it off your tits...I've been fantasizing about that for a long time."

It seemed like an odd request, but if that's what he dreamed about, who was I to deny him. As seductively as I could, I pulled my tits up to my face and began to slowly like his cum off of them. When I got to my nipples, I paid extra close attention to them, sucking on them gently as he watched with wide eyes.

I swallowed his cum enthusiastically, enjoying the flavor more than ever. I'd tasted someone else's goo, and it was awful compared to Stephen's.

When my tits were spotless, I swallowed the last bit of

cum and then smiled up at him.

"How was that?" I asked.

"Better than I could have ever imagined!" He looked almost dazed, and I had to laugh at his expression.

"Come on, silly," I said, taking his hand. "Let's go get cleaned up before Cara gets home."

We cleaned up the living room, and then we took a shower together. He was groping me so much that we ended up having sex again right there in the shower. It didn't last long...probably only five minutes, but Stephen drove me absolutely wild. I didn't think I would ever get tired of being plowed by his dick.

Instead of pulling out this time, Stephen shot his cum in me, and I enjoyed every second of it. I felt his hot goo oozing down my legs, and it was a shame that I had to wash it off. It was made better by the fact that Stephen was the one washing me. Finally, we were done washing off...for the moment anyway...and we dried off and got dressed again.

"What now?" I asked as we returned to the living room. He held me on the couch, and I was content to stay here.

"Well, you should probably go check on your clothes," he reminded me.

"Shit...I forgot about them! Um...speaking of clothes...all of mine are still at your house. I'm going to need them for next week," I said, hinting.

"You can come get them if you want to," he offered. That was not the reply I was hoping to hear.

"So...I'm guessing you're still angry with me and don't want me back, then," I surmised.

"No, I'm not angry with you, KK. I'm still upset about what happened last weekend, so I'd like a little more time, if you can handle it. I just really don't want you to be around me right now. It wouldn't be good for either of us. I would end up being mad at you, and I don't want to do that."

"Okay," I agreed halfheartedly.

"It will be fine, I promise. Just give me a few more days, okay? Then...if you want to come back, you can."

"Aren't your parents angry with me? Why would they want me back in their house?"

"They aren't mad...why would they be?"

"Oh, I don't know...because they took me in when I was in need, and then I went and cheated on their son because I'm so completely stupid and worthless...why in the world would they possibly be mad at me, right?" I said sarcastically.

"Stop that, Katya. I don't want you to say anything like that again. You aren't worthless...you were upset and you made a mistake. A mistake that was caused by something I did, so I have no right to be furious with you about it. My parents agree. They are sensible people, you know."

"Yes, I do know...I know where you get it from, and frankly it creeps me out sometimes. I keep waiting for one of you to hack me up with an ax or something!" I laughed, and Stephen laughed with me.

"Well, don't hold your breath...I haven't seen my parents hack up one neighbor yet..."

"Yeah, that you know of!" I teased. Stephen kissed my head and then sighed.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I have to go. It's getting late, and I have a ton of homework to do tonight. Are you okay now?" he asked.

"Yes...I'm better than I was. You always make everything better," I informed him.

"Good. What time do you get off of work tomorrow?" he asked.

"Around four, I think. Why?"

"Well, I was planning on stopping by again if that's okay."

"Anytime, baby. I'll be here."

"See you tomorrow, then." He pulled me up with him and hugged me briefly. He started to leave, but then he turned around and kissed me again, causing my hormones to go wild.

"One for the road," he laughed as he saw my expression.

I stared after him stupidly as he let himself out, and as soon as he was gone, I was sad. I would do my best to be patient and give him his space. At least I knew that he still wanted me, and that I might have the chance to be with him again. I wasn't going to mess it up for anything in the world, so I vowed to be on my best behavior. I trudged off to dry the

clothes, dreaming about tomorrow already.

Stephen kept his promise and showed up at Cara's the next afternoon. We ended up having sex three times on Friday – once on the couch, once on the living room floor, and once again in the shower. I wasn't objecting to the ridiculous amounts of sex. Stephen brought condoms with him again, but didn't bother putting them on this time. I wondered if his mother was insisting that he bring them.

I didn't tell Stephen, but earlier that morning before I went to work, I stopped at the school clinic and had some blood drawn so I could be tested for any possible STD. They were supposed to be rushing the blood to their local lab, and I could get the results on Monday. I tried not to obsess too much about the results, so instead I thought about Stephen.

That night when Cara got home, she noticed how much happier I was. I was already asleep the night before, so she wasn't aware that Stephen and I were back together. She figured it out, though, when she got home early on Friday and I was grinning from ear to ear.

"I'm so happy for you, Katy! That's so great!" she gushed.

"I hope everything goes well. Hopefully by next week, I'll be out of your hair."

"Please! You aren't bothering me. I've actually loved having you here, though you probably are getting a little sick of the sofa by now," she laughed.

I loved Cara dearly, and I didn't know what I would do without her. She proved to be an even greater friend the next morning. We work up sort of early...we were planning to do something together since it was a Saturday and I didn't have to work, and she didn't have to go in until four. Stephen was busy helping his dad with some sort of house project for the day, so he wasn't going to come over until Sunday. The whole day was ahead of us...and I woke up sick.

I felt awful, and I immediately began cussing Theresa out. I felt as bad as she had looked on Thursday. My head hurt and my body ached and I felt nauseous. Cara was a sweetheart and even helped hold my hair when I constantly threw up all morning.

“You don’t have to do that, Cara, honestly!” I assured her as she helped me back to the bed. She’d moved to the couch so I could be more comfortable.

She tried to reason with me. “Well, if it’s contagious, that means I’ll probably be getting sick, too...so you’ll have to help me out soon enough,” she said with a smile.

What rotten timing...school was only a little over a day away and I was miserable. I called Stephen and told him to stay away until I was better...just in case there was some small chance that he hadn’t caught the bug. Sunday was much the same as Saturday. I threw up almost everything that I ate, and had no desire to get out of bed. I felt even more awful than I had on Saturday.

Cara had the day off in preparation of the start of school, and she spent it with me. We watched movies and did nothing all day long. I started to feel a little bit better by the time we went to bed, so I hoped that whatever I had was almost gone. I had high hopes for Monday.

When I woke up Monday morning, I felt better. My body didn’t ache as bad and my stomach wasn’t quite as queasy. That was a definite improvement. I called to the library and talked to Ms. Simon, and I explained that I had to go to the school clinic this morning. When she discovered that I had been sick with whatever Theresa had given me, she told me to take the day off, and I could come in tomorrow if I had a doctor’s release. She was an extremely paranoid woman, and I couldn’t help but laugh at her when I got off of the phone.

A checkup wasn’t the only reason that I was going to the clinic, but Ms. Simon didn’t need to know the other reason. I was scheduled to get my blood test results back today, and I was a little bit nervous. I hoped that everything came back clean, so I could relax, though the doctor told me when they took my blood that I needed to get re-tested again in a few months...since some things took a while to crop up. That wasn’t very reassuring.

I got dressed and hurried to the clinic on campus, leaving Cara at home sleeping. I noticed that the whole campus was packed with students today, including the tiny clinic. It made

me more self-conscious to be there with so many other people. I signed myself in and waiting for my turn. Finally, the nurse called me to the back and put me in a room. I saw the P.A. for whatever bug I had picked up.

"Yup, it seems like you've got what's been going around for the last week or so. The good news is that it's probably almost run its course. It usually only lasts about three or four days, so you should be fine by tomorrow."

"Great," I exclaimed. "I need a note confirming that, or Ms. Simon in the library won't let me go back to work."

"Haha! That's fine...I'll get you something," he laughed, knowing all too well how particular Ms. Simon was.

"Um, and I was supposed to pick up some lab results today, too," I said before the P.A. could leave the room.

"Oh, let me see...I don't see them here on your chart. Let me check with the nurse real quick." He slipped out of the room and was gone for just a minute or two...not long enough for me to really begin to get nervous.

"Katya," he said as he poked his head back in the door.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Dr. Winston will be in here in just a moment, okay. He's got your results, but he's with another patient. It should only be a minute," he said with a friendly smile.

"Okay, no problem," I advised him. I didn't know if that meant something was wrong or if it was just protocol for the doctor to deliver the results. I tapped my foot against the exam table impatiently as I waited. I was sure it wasn't very long, but it seemed to take an eternity for the doctor to show up.

"Hello again, Katya," Dr. Winston greeted me as he stepped into the room and shut the door behind him.

"Paul tells me that you were ill this weekend...said you picked up that nasty bug that's been terrorizing the campus," he said with a chuckle.

"Yes, unfortunately. One of the student workers in the library came in sick last week and I caught it. Hopefully it's almost over though."

"Well, I hope you feel better soon. The good news is that you've already had it, so hopefully you'll be safe for the next

couple of months while everyone else is sick.”

I tried to smile and be friendly, but inside I was reeling. Surely if he had something horrible to tell me, like, I don’t know, I had a deadly STD...he wouldn’t be standing there bullshitting about a virus going around the school.

“Okay, let’s see here. The nurse said that there was a notation from the lab, so I assume that something came back from the test results,” he said nonchalantly.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I watched him flip through page after page of results. My mind was running ahead, wondering how in the hell I was going to tell Stephen that I had caught something, which mean that he probably had it too, since I was a horrible person and made him feel bad for wanting to use a condom with me.

Tears started to well up in my eyes, and I brushed them away with my sleeve. I just needed to get through the next few minutes, find out what I had, what I could do to treat it, and how serious it was. I owed that much to Stephen. Then, I’d have to break the news to him later tonight. I didn’t see how I was going to be able to sit through two classes today...my mind was never going to absorb anything useful.

“Ah, yes. Here it is. It’s a good thing we caught this early, Katya. I’m going to go ahead and give you a prescription today, but you’ll need to follow up as soon as possible with a specialty doctor, okay? Afraid I can’t treat you anymore,” he said, looking up at me.

I was literally shaking now, wishing he would just tell me how bad it was. I didn’t bother wiping the tears away this time.

“What kind of doctor?” I asked shakily. I was surprised I could speak at all. I didn’t realize that they had a specialty doctor that treated STDs.

“Well, I’m assuming you have a gynecologist you’ve been using prior to now, yes?” he asked, confused.

“Yes, Dr. Brownley,” I confirmed. Of course it would be a gynecologist that I would have to see...I had some sort of crotch rot disease, after all. I put my head in my hands and felt so awful right now. But I knew it was going to be nothing compared to what it would be like tonight when I had to tell

Stephen that I was diseased and infectious. I wondered idly if Cara would help me hunt down those losers from the party and kick their asses.

"You're going to be fine, Katya. It's not serious," he assured me, sounding worried. He seemed alarmed by my sudden emotional outburst. He probably didn't have students in here every day that got this kind of terrible news.

"How can it not be serious?" I whimpered.

"Because it's not, honestly! This is a very common problem that you have. You'll just need to take one small pill a day for the next few months, and you'll be fine."

"Is it curable, then?" I asked, with hope.

"Curable? Well, not particularly...I would say treatable is the better word."

That didn't make me feel better at all.

"Are you sure you're okay? You seem like you're under some kind of stress here," Dr. Winston commented.

"Of course I am! I thought I was fine when I came in here, but now you're telling me I've contracted some kind of disease that I have to take a pill for, and that it's not curable and I have to go see a specialist to get treated! Why wouldn't I be stressed about that?" I blurted.

Dr. Winston cocked his head to one side and looked at me curiously.

"What exactly did Paul tell you?" he wondered.

"Paul? He didn't tell me anything."

"He gave me your chart with your results...I just assumed that he had already gone over the tests with you," he said, stunned.

"No, he hasn't told me anything...he just said I had to wait for you!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Katya. I thought you knew what was going on here. No wonder you were so stressed out, poor dear!" Dr. Winston gave me a brief hug and an apologetic look. "Well, I guess I need to backtrack some, then."

I took a deep breath and braced myself. At least he didn't seem to be too concerned about whatever it was.

"Well, your blood work shows that you are anemic, and it's pretty severe. It's not life-threatening, but you will need to

take an iron pill once a day. When you see Dr. Brownley, she might change your dosage or stop them all together once you get your vitamins, but this will suffice for now," he explained as he handed me a piece of paper with a prescription on it.

"I don't understand...is anemia a symptom of something?" I asked, dumbfounded. Was anemia an STD? That didn't sound right.

"Well, it's very common during the first two trimesters of pregnancy. Like I said...it's not serious, but I'm glad you thought to come in and have your blood tested. You're fairly early along so I'm surprised your levels are this low already, but it's easily treated."

"Okay, you've lost me entirely. I don't understand," I said, frustrated now. "What does anemia and pregnancy have to do with an STD?" I questioned.

It seemed like I wasn't the only one that was frustrated. Dr. Winston was looking at me like I was an idiot.

"Who said anything about an STD?" he asked, mystified.

"Well, that's why I'm here, isn't it? I had my blood tested to screen for STDs last week...and then you tell me that the lab found something and that I have to see a specialist, but none of it is making sense!"

"Katya, you don't have an STD. You're pregnant, and you have a very low iron level...which is anemia, which is common during pregnancy, and is very treatable with an iron supplement. And you need to see a specialist because I'm not an obstetrician. That's why I asked you who your normal gyno doctor was."

I just stared at him like he wasn't even there. The words weren't making sense to me, and I refused to let them sink in.

"Are you okay?" Dr. Winston asked, but his voice was far away.

"I'm pregnant?" I asked in a strained voice.

"Yes...didn't you know? I thought that was why you wanted to be screened last week. It's routine to get a full blood screening during the first trimester. When I got your results in and it was positive for pregnancy, I just assumed

you already knew.”

“No, I didn’t know. I was getting screened for STDs because my boyfriend wanted me to. Dr. Winston, are you sure? Is there some way the lab made a mistake?” I asked without any hope.

“No, the results are pretty clear to me, dear. When was your last period?” he questioned.

“I...don’t know!” I replied. With everything that had been going on with Stephen and school and work...I hadn’t even thought about my period! But, I realized that I was, in fact, late. The last time I’d had a cycle was before the first time Stephen and I hooked up. How could I have missed that?

Dr. Winston chuckled and patted my shoulder again.

“It’s okay, Katya. Go get the prescription filled and get started on it. It will help boost your energy level some, as I’m sure you’ve been feeling exhausted lately. Then, call Dr. Brownley and make an appointment. Everything is going to be fine,” he assured me.

I finished up with Dr. Winston, checked out with the nurse who quietly congratulated me, and then stumbled back to my car in a daze.

I drove straight to Cara’s house, and was more than relieved to see that her car was there. It wasn’t quite time for class yet.

I shuffled through the front door and collapsed on the sofa. I could hear running water, so Cara must have been in the shower. I waited for her to get finished, wondering if I was going to be able to choke out the words to her.

I finally heard the shower shut off, and Cara was singing loudly – and off-key – to herself in the bathroom. She didn’t know I was here, and that almost made me smile. If I wasn’t so devastated, I might have found that humorous.

I heard her getting dressed in her room, and then, finally, she came out to the living room.

“OH! Katy, you scared me half to death! I didn’t know you were here,” she exclaimed. I hadn’t meant to startle her.

She abruptly stopped laughing when she saw whatever expression was on my face.

“Katy? What’s wrong?” she ran over to me, grabbing my

arms.

I couldn't speak. I just looked at her face, horrified, and felt like I was about to pass out.

"Katy?" she asked again, rattling me, sounding really worried now.

"I need you to take me to Stephen's house later," I managed to say.

"Did he break up with you?" she asked, concerned.

"No. I need to talk to him, but I don't think I can drive," I informed her.

"Why? What's wrong?" she asked.

I just stared at her, stupidly. I opened my mouth, but I couldn't say the words. If I said them, it would make it real, and I wasn't ready for that yet.

"Katy, please!" she begged.

"Cara...I'm pregnant," I said, and then I felt the strangest swimming sensation in my head. Then...the room went black.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**