

SUMMER VACATION

AN EBOOK SERIAL

AMANDA WRIGHTER

Alcohol and drugs begin
to unravel Cassie's defenses
and Bill moves in for the kill...

CHAPTER 3

SUMMER VACATION

A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 3

I paced around the office for at least an hour before I got up the nerve to go home. I had no idea how to be calm and cool...or how to pretend like everything was okay, when it clearly was not.

I was certain I had freaked Cassie out, and I didn't have a clue what was going to happen now. For all I knew, she would contact her employers, who would then locate my credit card information and find out my real identity. I wasn't sure exactly how far their privacy reached when it came to their models. Would they share my personal information with her if she asked?

I was up shit creek without a paddle. The whole time I paced, I never came up with a single idea on how to make it better. I eventually gave up and packed up my things to head home.

On the way home, I had a fresh wave of panic hit me. What if Cassie had a way to track my IP address? Surely her company did as well...in case they had to deal with a real pervert. It wouldn't take much to track down the company with the IP address.

I tried to breath deeply as I pulled up into the driveway. I was slightly surprised to see that Cassie's car was not there in its usual spot. Maybe that was a good thing, maybe not. It was definitely going to make it easier on me if she wasn't home.

I gathered my things and headed into the house. I found Carolyn in the kitchen, working on dinner. She threw me a smile as she saw me walking in.

"Hey, hon! How was your day?" she asked warmly.

"Long...glad it's over now. That smells good. What's for dinner?" I asked, trying to be casual.

"Chicken enchiladas. It will probably be ready in

another twenty minutes. Hope Cassie's back by then."

"Oh yeah...I noticed her car wasn't in the driveway. Where is she?" I questioned as I plopped down into one of the kitchen chairs.

"I'm not sure. She came downstairs about an hour ago and said she was going out for a while. She seemed... upset. I couldn't quite place it, but there was something wrong with her. She said she didn't want to talk about it, so I dropped it. Hope everything is okay with her," Carolyn explained with a hint of affection in her voice.

It was hard for me to not hang my head in shame. I felt like a complete tool...a total jackass. I should be beaten for my stupidity.

Even as badly as I felt for what I had done, I had to admit that I was a bit relieved that Cassie hadn't told Carolyn what had happened. Maybe there was a light at the end of the tunnel.

"Huh. Wonder what's up with her? I'll ask her when she gets home," I responded, hoping that my voice sounded right.

"You do that. She'd probably be more likely to tell you than me. I've got to go get the clothes out of the dryer. Keep an eye on the oven for me, would ya, stud?" Carolyn asked as she sauntered past me.

"Sure thing, baby."

I breathed a tiny sigh of relief as Carolyn walked away. At least she wasn't suspicious...yet. If I could find some way to get Cassie to talk to me before she went digging too deeply...and try to convince her that she was overreacting, then maybe I could put this incident behind me without fucking everything up.

Cassie wasn't home in time for dinner, and by the time Carolyn gave it up for the night and headed to bed, I was actually starting to get worried. I decided to give Cassie a call on her cell to check on her.

My heart was pounding frantically in my chest as I dialed her number and waited for her to pick up. On the fourth ring, she answered. I could tell immediately what

she had been up to all night.

She had most definitely been drinking. There was loud music thumping in the background, and her speech was a bit slurred. I had no idea how she had pulled that off, considering she wasn't of legal drinking age yet. There seemed to be a lot of things that I didn't know about Cassie.

"Hello?"

"Hey, honey. Is everything okay? Carolyn and I got worried when you didn't come home for dinner."

"Dad! Hey dad! No...I'm great. Just needed some time to myself. Sorry about worrying you and Carolyn," she assured me. I could tell she was trying to keep her voice even as she talked, but she wasn't very convincing.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"I'm at Bruce's on Lake Terrace. Do you know the place? It's a great restaurant. They have really, *really* good burgers."

"Yeah...I know where it is. Are you...okay? Carolyn said you were a little upset when you left earlier."

"I'm okay, dad. Don't worry about me. I just needed some alone time. I'll be home in a few hours, okay? Just go on to bed. Don't wait up for me," she said.

"Okay, honey. Just...be careful. I'll see you in the morning," I said.

"I will. Bye, dad," she said as she hung up.

I wasn't sure if she was capable of driving home in her condition, and there was no way I was going to be able to just go to bed and not worry about her. Instead, I headed up to tell Carolyn what I was about to do. Luckily, she was still awake.

I found her sitting up on her side of the bed, reading a book. She looked up at me as I came into the room.

"Hey...did you get in touch with her?"

"Yes. You'll never guess where she's at," I said.

"Where?"

"She went to Bruce's. She says they have good burgers there, but nobody goes there for the food. They go there for the booze."

"What? She's been drinking? Are you sure? How, though? She's not old enough yet!" Carolyn said with shock and concern.

"I don't know. She's probably got a damn fake license. She sounded pretty messed up on the phone. I think I'm going to go down there and stay by her car. That way I can bring her home instead of letting her drive. Don't want her to get in a damn wreck."

I peeled out of my sleep clothes and got dressed in something more appropriate. I slid on a pair of blue jean shorts and a t-shirt. Bruce's wasn't fine dining, by any means. I would fit right in.

"That's a good idea. Will you be all right? You haven't had any sleep."

"Oh, I'll be fine. If you get worried, you can call me on my cell. I'll let you know what's going on. Hopefully I can get there before she decides to take off," I said in a rush, eager to get out the door.

"Okay. Good luck. Call me if you need my help. Doubt I'll be sleeping much with you two gone. Love you."

"Love you, too. See you soon," I replied as I hurried out of the bedroom.

I raced to my car and threw it in reverse. I backed out of the driveway and sped off. It only took ten minutes to get to Bruce's, and I was more than relieved to find Cassie's car still in the parking lot. I parked a few spaces away, closer to the door, and cut the engine. I sat and waited for her to come out.

I thought about going in and finding her, but I didn't want to stress her out anymore than I already had tonight. So, instead, I just waited.

After about an hour, I was beginning to get impatient. I had watched people come and go, but no sign of Cassie. I decided that maybe it wouldn't hurt if I snuck in...just to see what she was up to.

I quickly climbed out of the car and went inside the building. Bruce's was a tiny, run-down old building, probably built sometime in the seventies. It looked as if it hadn't been updated since it was initially built. The walls

were wooden planks decorated with junk. Photos, posters, and memorabilia from the seventies and eighties hung on every available surface. And all of that was covered in a thick layer of dust and grime.

All of the booths were wooden and attached to the walls. People had started carving their initials and names in the booths long ago, and now there wasn't a single free spot on any of them. The floor was covered in random fries and peanut shells.

I couldn't imagine anyone who would actually want to eat here. Most of the customers that frequented the place were college kids eating greasy burgers and chugging beers.

As soon as I walked in, I was greeted by the hostess. I was surprised a place this small *had* a hostess. Before she could offer me a booth in the main area of the restaurant, I spotted Cassie. She was in the corner of the bar area. I told the hostess that I wanted to sit in the bar, so she led me to a corner booth. It was perfect...on the opposite side of the room from Cassie, but somewhere that I would be able to watch her.

I thanked the hostess as I quickly took my seat. I tried to be as inconspicuous as possible to avoid drawing attention to myself, but it was unnecessary. Cassie's attention was focused on someone else.

She was laughing out loud, drink in hand, and quite obviously flirting with the man that was sitting on the barstool next to her.

I also noticed what she was wearing. It turned me on and pissed me off at the same time. She had on a super tight green tank top, breasts overflowing, and a pair of tight, low-riding blue jeans. Her belly was spilling out of the front of her jeans. She apparently didn't care, nor did the man that was holding her attention.

Of course I was turned on by the way her breasts jiggled in her too tight top...and pissed off because someone else was looking at her.

Anger flashed through me at that moment. I knew I had no right to feel angry. Cassie wasn't mine to be

possessive over, but that fact didn't stop me. I thought about walking over to the stranger. I considered knocking him off of his barstool and kicking his face in with my foot. But, before my actions could catch up with my thoughts, I stopped myself.

She was beyond drunk. She was being loud and over the top with her flirting.

Apparently the man sitting beside her didn't mind that she was intoxicated. He was rubbing her arm, touching her leg, leaning towards her as he laughed at her jokes. It was making me sick to watch. And not in a protective father way. I wouldn't be that lucky. It was more like a jealous boyfriend kind of way.

I was so infuriated that I didn't notice that a waitress had appeared. She looked tired and stressed. They had probably been busy tonight.

She was wearing a tight fitting t-shirt that was stamped with Bruce's logo, and a pair of jeans that looked like they had been spray-painted on. Her long, light brown hair was pulled up into a messy ponytail, and wore no make-up except for light pink lipstick. She had a cute heart-shaped face, and couldn't have been older than twenty-two. She was also a tad on the chunky side. Normally, I would have appraised her and maybe even considered her to be hot, but not tonight. I had eyes only for Cassie.

I tried my best not to be rude when she greeted me, but I was having a hard time peeling my attention away from Cassie. I forced myself to focus.

"Hi, my name is Shirly, and I'll be your waitress tonight. Will you be getting anything from the menu, or are you just interested in ordering from the bar?" she asked.

"Um," I said, trying to think quickly. I didn't know how long Cassie would be here and I didn't want to be sitting here waiting on anything if she got up to leave. "I'll just get something to drink, please. Give me a pitcher of your house draft, please."

"Sure thing, hon. Let me know if you need anything else," she said as she turned around and left.

My eyes darted back to Cassie. She was chugging

down another drink at record speed. She swayed on her barstool, and her friend reached out to steady her. They were being so loud and verbose I was able to hear what they were saying.

“Oh, careful, honey. Don’t want to fall off, now,” the man drawled.

My hands clinched up into fists, ready to fight. I had to focus on breathing to keep from going over there and knocking the poor bastard’s teeth out.

“Whoops! I’m not usually this clumsy! I think I’ve had a little too much to drink,” Cassie replied drunkenly.

“It’s okay. I’ll take care of you,” he comforted her.

“Thanks, Chase. That’s so sweet of you!”

Chase. So that was the asshole’s name, was it?

The waitress came back with my pitcher of beer and a chilled mug. I thanked her and began drinking swiftly, to give my hands something to do. Before I knew it, half of the pitcher was gone.

I sat for almost another hour, watching Cassie and listening to her conversation with Chase. The conversation was going in a bad direction. I knew exactly what Chase was after, but Cassie seemed to be oblivious.

I went through the entire pitcher of beer and was about to order a second one when I realized Chase had just convinced Cassie to leave with him. She was protesting, but I could tell that it wasn’t going to take much to convince her otherwise.

I quickly threw some money on the table—enough to cover the pitcher of beer, as well as a substantial tip—and hastily got to my feet. I wanted to get out of the building and back in my car before Cassie could spot me.

I stepped out into the muggy, warm summer air and strode across the parking lot to my car. I unlocked it and climbed in, turning it on and cranking the air up full blast. The beer was starting to kick in and I was starting to sweat.

Just a few minutes later, Cassie emerged from the restaurant, with Chase holding her tightly on one side to keep her from falling. My hands gripped the steering

wheel.

I watched carefully as Chase escorted Cassie across the parking lot. He did not take her to her own car, but instead helped her into the passenger seat of his car. It was an older model car...light brown...compact...probably a Toyota or a Honda.

He was most likely a college student if I was judging him by his ride. He probably wasn't much older than Cassie. I wondered what he would do if I were to just throw my car into drive and ram into the side of his crappy car.

He had a disgusting smirk on his face as he walked around to the driver's side and climbed in. He knew he was going to get lucky.

My insides were churning as I watched them drive away. I slowly pulled out behind them, hoping that I wasn't attracting any attention. I doubted that he was worried about anything but Cassie at the moment.

I was angry with myself. If I hadn't done what I had done tonight, Cassie wouldn't be riding around with some stranger right now, drunk and possibly about to have sex with him.

I followed at a safe distance, but the trip was short. A few minutes later, Chase pulled his car into the parking lot of one of the city parks. At this time of night, the park was empty.

To remain hidden, I didn't pull into the parking lot behind them. I drove a little farther down the road and parked in an area near the picnic benches. I could see Chase's car from where I was parked.

I thought the jerk off was going to just fuck her right there in the car, but to my surprise, he got out. After helping Cassie out of the car, he led her into the deserted park. I could see her laughing and stumbling as she followed him.

They walked out of site, and I wasn't having that, so I got out the car and locked it up. I hurried off in the direction they had gone, and was relieved to hear Cassie's laughter in the distance. I slowed down and crept

through the park until I found them.

Chase had led her to the large lake in the center of the park. People often came to the lake to race their toy boats, feed the local ducks, or fish. There was a small pier on one corner of the lake where you could sit and fish, and that's where Chase was headed.

He went to the edge of the pier and sat down. Cassie was right behind him and when she sat down beside him, he wasted no time making his intentions known. He leaned over and kissed her, holding her head firmly with one of his hands.

She didn't resist. She threw her arms around his shoulders and kissed him back.

I felt like throwing up.

Chase pushed Cassie onto her back and climbed on top of her. She reached out and starting unbuttoning his pants.

I watched in horror, but did nothing to stop it. Instead, I moved closer to get a better view. After all, Cassie was old enough to make her own decisions and if she wanted to have sex in the park with some stranger, then I had no business stopping her. I also had no business watching her, but I would beat myself over the head for that later on.

I watched as Cassie began rubbing her leg into his crotch, and getting excited when she realized that his dick was hard and bulging. Chase slid his pants off and yanked his cock out of hole on his blue-striped boxers. I saw Cassie quiver at the site of his penis.

I wasn't really impressed. I was bigger than that. And I could guarantee that I would do a better job than he was about to.

Chase reached down and yanked Cassie's shirt up. Of course she wasn't wearing a bra, so her breasts spilled out. Chase leaned down and began sucking on her nipple, and I heard her moan. He let go of her tits and started unzipping her jeans. She started wiggling out of them and tossed them on the pier next to his discarded pants.

Cassie reached down and yanked her silky pink

panties off and flung them to the side. I figured he was about to pound her, but he asked her something that was too low for me to hear. It didn't take long to figure out what he said, though, when I saw her climb onto her knees and stuff his dick into her mouth. He was still on his knees, and he used his hands to grip her hair tightly. He shoved her face up and down on his dick, faster and faster.

I felt the familiar bulge in my shorts then, and knew what I was going to do. I didn't try to argue with myself anymore. I was disgusting and sick and perverted. And I could live with it. I swiftly unzipped my shorts, licked my hand, and began to jerk off. I imagined that I was the one that Cassie was sucking off, instead of that bar loser.

But that was all I could do...imagine. He knew what her mouth felt like on his dick...I didn't. It made me want to kick his ass even more.

I pumped my dick faster as I watched Cassie. I watched her ass jiggle and her breasts flop as she jerked her head up and down on his cock. And luckily for me, she was turned so that I could see the wet slit of her pussy. I fervently wished that I could get up behind her and ease my dick into her sweet, tight hole.

I saw Chase push Cassie's head back, snatching his dick out of her mouth. She remained on her knees, and he scurried around behind her and did what I wanted to do. He took no time to be cautious. He just grabbed his cock and roughly shoved it into her.

I saw her arch her back as he entered her, and she let out another loud moan. He reached forward and grabbed her hair again, pulling her head back with force as he slammed into her over and over again.

I felt the heat flash through me, and I jerked harder on my dick. A few seconds later, and I was done. I felt my goo spurt out of me and splatter all over the bushes I was hiding behind. I shook my dick a few more times, to make sure all the liquid was out, and then I shoved my cock back in my shorts.

I continued to watch Chase and Cassie. He had only been giving it to her for a couple of minutes when I saw

him tense up. He pulled out of her and yelled at her to flip over. She did as he said, and I watched in revulsion as he shot his cum on her face. He was still spurting his cum out when he shoved his cock in her mouth. She didn't seem like she cared for it too much, but she was probably too drunk to do anything about it.

At that exact moment, my cell phone rang. It scared the shit out of me because I was concentrating on Cassie and Chase, and because the park was otherwise quiet. The sound of my phone ringing pierced through the night air, and I was mortified when Chase snapped his head up and looked in my direction.

I reached into my pocket and mashed the button to silence the phone. I was certain it was Carolyn, calling to check on me, but there was no way I was going to answer it now. I pulled the phone out, turned it on silent, and shoved it back in my pocket.

By the time I looked back up, Chase was already tugging his pants on and walking away from the pier. Cassie was still on her knees, looking bewildered.

I moved away from the bushes, and away from the parking lot. I headed deeper into the park, hiding behind a cluster of trees. I looked back at the pier and saw that Cassie was getting dressed now. Chase was in the distance, speed walking back to his car, no doubt.

I watched as she finally managed to get her clothes on. She stumbled off the pier and followed Chase back towards the parking lot. I followed behind as quietly as I could, never taking my eyes off of Cassie. As soon as she was back in the car with him, I would sneak back to my own car. I wasn't sure what to do after that.

I saw Cassie stop dead in her tracks just a few feet from the parking lot. I paused as well, trying to figure out what she was doing. Then I noticed that Chase was already in his car. He quickly backed out of the parking lot and peeled out onto the main road. He accelerated and was gone in just a few seconds.

What the fuck? Was he just going to leave her here? Apparently he was. Cassie stumbled into the parking lot,

probably more stunned than I was. I heard her cuss out loud. She staggered towards the main street, and I followed behind her. I had no clue what she was doing now, or what I could do to help her.

Cassie found the sidewalk on the main street, and took off in the direction towards the bar. I ran back to my car and jumped in. I got my phone out and realized I had nine missed calls on my phone. I must have worried Carolyn, so I called her back.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me. Sorry I didn't get the phone earlier. I forgot that I had it on vibrate," I explained.

"Oh! You had me so worried! You've been gone a long time. Is Cassie okay? Did you find her?"

"Yeah." I hesitated. I didn't know what to tell Carolyn. I surely wasn't going to inform her that I followed Cassie as she took off with some stranger and had sex with him in the park. "She's okay. Just a little tipsy. I'll make sure she gets home safe. I'm just trying to give her some space."

"Okay. Just call me to let me know you're okay if you're out much longer. Not that I worry about you or anything," she said with a tense chuckle.

"Will do. It's getting pretty late, though. I'm sure the place will be closing soon and she'll have to leave. See you soon."

"See you," she said. I heard the phone go dead.

Crap. Now I was going to have to figure out a way to get Cassie back to the restaurant safely while pretending not to have been watching her. I sat for a few minutes in the car, not knowing what to do. Finally, I decided to call her.

I dialed Cassie's number on my cell phone, hoping she would ask me for help. That way I could show up and take her home safely and she would be none the wiser about what happened tonight.

The phone rang, but she never picked up. Eventually, I was forwarded to the voice mail. I tried again. And again. I was starting to get worried at this point. Surely she had her phone with her. I turned the car on and backed out. I

headed off in the direction of Bruce's, hoping to find Cassie along the way. I could make up some story about how I found her.

I drove along the main road, looking for her, but I never spotted her. Maybe she was faster than I thought. It wasn't very far from the restaurant to the park. Or an idea I hadn't considered...what if she hitched a ride with someone? Why did I let her walk off on her own? She could be anywhere! Fuck!

I arrived back at Bruce's, but her car was still there and she was still missing. I was about to go inside to see if she had returned to the bar, but the lights were out. They were already closed for the night.

I tried Cassie's cell phone again. Still no answer. I was about to panic when I saw a car pull into the parking lot. I recognized Cassie in the passenger seat immediately. Relief washed through me as I realized that she was safe.

The car pulled up next to Cassie's vehicle, and she stumbled out. I saw that the driver was a younger woman, probably a college kid as well. Cassie waved at the girl and shut the door behind her.

I made no move to get out and go to Cassie. I watched as she slumped against the hood of her car. The other driver drove out of the parking lot and was done.

Finally, when I knew we were alone, I got out and went to her. Since I had made it back to the restaurant before her, I could claim that I had been here the whole time, watching her car.

"Hey! There you are!" I exclaimed, trying to be casual.

"Oh! What're you doin' here?" she asked. She had a confused look on her face as I approached her.

"I got worried about you, and I came here to make sure you got home safely. Been waiting out here in the parking lot for about half an hour. Figured you were still inside," I explained cautiously.

"Oh...well, I was out with...a friend. Thanks for checking on me."

"I tried calling you a couple of times, but you didn't answer."

"My phone didn't ring," she argued. She patted her pockets and then cursed again.

"Shit. Must'a lost it somewhere. Dammit!"

"Come on. Let's get you home. We'll worry about your phone and your car tomorrow," I suggested as I put my arm around her shoulder.

"No! I just got that phone! Cos' me two hundred bucks! Not to mention all the numbers I got saved in it. I have to find it!" she exclaimed frantically. She was still slurring her words, and was quite obviously still very drunk.

"Okay. But you're in no condition to drive, so get in my car. You can tell me where you think you lost your phone and we'll go look for it."

It seemed as if I was going to, once again, get away with my perversion. I helped her to my car and got her in, then I climbed back into the driver's seat. She had her eyes closed, and I wondered if she had passed out.

"You okay?" I inquired.

"Hmm? Yeah...I'm fine. Jus' a little too much to drink. And those pills I took...they're kickin' my ass!"

"What pills?" I asked sternly.

"Don't freak out! Just some fun time pills! No big deal!" she informed me with a giggle.

Great. So not only was she drunk off her ass, but she was doped up on some unknown shit. I pulled out of the parking lot and headed back towards the park.

"Let's find your phone so we can get you home. Where do I need to go?" I asked innocently.

"The park...I went with a friend to the park. It's prolly there..."

I drove the short distance to the park, and pulled into the parking lot where they had parked earlier.

"Does this look familiar? Is this the right place?" I asked, in a hurry to get her home and not wanting to play stupid.

"Yeah. Think this is it."

She made no move to get out of the car, though, so we just sat there. A few minutes passed and I finally broke the silence.

“Well? Are you going to go look for your phone or are we going to sit here all night?”

“I’m goin’! Just hold the fuck on!” she retorted. Finally, she flung the car door open and staggered out. I got out with her, and helped her walk.

It was a bit frustrating to have to pretend to not know where we were going. It would have just been easier to go to the lake and find her phone, since it had probably fallen out when she pulled her pants off.

But I didn’t want to think about that right now, because I couldn’t deal with another boner at the moment, so I concentrated on helping her walk.

“Where are we going?”

“The water...somewhere by the water. I don’t really remember where it’s at.” I noticed she was breathing harder than usual as we were walking.

“I think there’s a lake back here somewhere. Come on, I’ll help you find it.”

A few more steps and she was on the verge of panting. We walked along for a couple of minutes and we were at the lake.

“There! That’s it!” she exclaimed. She was breathing extremely hard now.

“Are you okay? Do you need to sit down?”

“Nah...it’s just really hot. Are you hot? I’m hot!” she said quickly. It was hard to catch all of the words as she said them. She was acting very strange.

“No...I’m not hot. Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah! I’m feeling great now! Wow, but I’m hot! Jeez! I feel like my clothes are going to melt off!”

I couldn’t stop her before she ripped her shirt off. I had not anticipated that she would do that. I stopped walking and dropped my arm, backing away from her. What in the world was she doing?

Then, before I could process what I was seeing, she stripped out of her jeans and underwear. She tossed the clothes on the ground and headed toward the lake.

I reached out to grab her arm to stop her, but she wasn’t close enough. I couldn’t force myself to move.

“Oh man. That water looks nice and cold, doesn’t it? Maybe I’ll go for a swim real quick and cool down!” she babbled to herself as she walked toward the lake.

I wasn’t sure how nasty that lake was, but I was pretty certain that she shouldn’t be swimming in it. Not to mention she was stoned or drunk or both. She was barely walking, and I doubted she could swim right now. She was only a few feet from the edge now, so I sprinted after her and basically tackled her before she could go in.

I noticed immediately that her breasts were cupped in my hands since I had tackled her from behind. She was laughing as we plummeted to the ground.

I fell on top of her naked body, and then swiftly rolled off of her. She was still laughing as she sat up.

“What the hell?” she asked between giggles.

“I don’t think you should be swimming right now,” I explained as I breathed hard.

“It’s okay. I’m not really hot anymore. But I am extremely horny!”

My eyes nearly popped out of my head as I watched her crawl over to me, breasts swinging freely.

She was clearly out of her mind. She was beyond reason, not knowing who I was or what she was doing. I needed to get her up, get her dressed, and get her home.

But...I didn’t. I should have, but I just didn’t. She straddled me while continually laughing. I would have to find out what exactly she took to make her so crazy.

“Hey there, sexy guy. What’s your name? Never mind...I don’t need to know! I just need to know if you’ve got a big dick, cause I *need* a big, fat dick right now. Show it to me!” she commanded as she reached down and began to tug on my shorts, trying to get them off.

I only had seconds to make my decision. I knew what was right and what was wrong, but that didn’t sway me in any way. The only thing that was deciding for me was my dick, which was already stiff as a rod.

I doubted she would remember any of this tomorrow, as wasted as she was. What would it hurt? All of my fantasies were about to come true, and not a damn thing

in the world was going to stop me.

I let her loosen my shorts and dig in my boxers until she pulled out my hard cock. Her eyes lit up when she saw how big it was. That made me a little smug. She probably didn't look at Chase's dick that way.

"Oh...now *this* is a nice dick!" she complimented me. I pulled my shorts and underwear off and flung them in the grass. She smiled at my eagerness and then scooted down on my legs so that her head was even with my crotch. Then, she leaned her head slowly down towards my cock.

The anticipation was about to drive me crazy. I wanted to grab her hair and ram her head down on my dick, but I would let her take it slow and easy. I almost had an orgasm without even being touched just by thinking about her mouth on my dick.

She carefully stuck her tongue out and licked the head of my penis. She trailed around the rim of it, teasing me. Then she licked my entire shaft from base to tip, making me quiver with desire. And that was just the tip of her tongue. We hadn't even gotten to her whole mouth yet.

"Mmmm...do you like that?" she asked seductively.

"Fuck yes! Put it in your mouth! Please put it in your fucking mouth and suck it!" I begged.

"I'll see what I can do," she said as she looked up at me and winked.

She grabbed the base of my shaft with one hand and then slowly slid my dick all the way in her hot, wet mouth. It was pure heaven. It felt better than anything I could have dreamed of. Carolyn was good at oral, but nowhere near as good as Cassie.

Cassie sucked on my dick, and began bobbing her head up and down very slowly. She was taking her time, and for that I was glad. If she had gone any faster, she might have made me cum, and I wasn't ready for that just yet.

Every time she would go up with her head, she would stroke my shaft with her hand. It felt amazing.

Occasionally she would tease the tip of my dick with

her tongue, and then resume sucking on it. She was a pro at it. I didn't want to think about how she had gotten so good at it.

I reached down and gently pressed on the back of her head, pushing her down on my dick as far as possible. I didn't ever want it to stop. She sucked and licked on my cock for a few minutes, and I was quite surprised that I had already orgasmed.

Suddenly, though, she released my dick. I looked down at her and she had a wicked grin on her face.

"It's my turn. I want to see if your tongue is as good as your dick."

I must have had a confused look on my face. She laughed again and climbed up on top of me, straddling on top of my face. I couldn't move a single inch.

Her hot, dripping wet pussy was only a half an inch from my mouth. It smelled good...even knowing that some other guy's cock had been rammed up in it earlier tonight. I could feel the heat from her crotch on my face.

"Well? Are you gonna eat my pussy or not?" she demanded.

I dove in. I grabbed her around the waist with my arms and forced her down on me. I used my tongue to part her fleshy pussy lips, and went straight for the clit. Her clit was already erect and waiting. She moaned out loud as I put my lips on her clit and began sucking on it.

I freed one arm so that I could weasel my hand up into her fleshy folds. I found her pussy slit with my fingers, and plunged them in deep.

She began to grind on my face, forcing me to lick harder. I shoved my fingers in deeper and harder. She was thrusting her hips back and forth on top of me.

"Oh fuck yeah! Eat that pussy! Eat that fat, juicy pussy! Oh yeah!" she screamed.

I slammed my fingers into her as hard and fast as I could manage. Her pussy was so wet and tight, it was making my dick tingle in anticipation.

I used my tongue to rapidly lick her clit, hoping that she was as easy to please as Carolyn. It wasn't long before I

felt her clench her legs against my head. She began to tremble and quiver on top of me.

“Fuck! Fuck! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Almost there! Oh fuck yeah! UNGH! Eat that pussy! Harder! Harder!” she yelled as she bounced up and down on my face. I dug in even deeper with my tongue, burying my whole face in the folds of her pussy.

I felt her tense up one last time, and then she grunted and moaned. She started to quiver with an orgasm, so I licked even harder, wanting to send her over the edge and drive her wild.

Then I experienced something I had never experienced before. She was rocking back and forth on my face when I felt her give in to her orgasm, and a big gush of pussy juice came out, soaking my face.

It was divine...absolutely divine. Neither my ex or Carolyn either one had done that before. The smell coming from Cassie’s cunt was amazing. I would have kept my face buried in there, but she was done and she rolled off of me.

“Sorry...didn’t mean to wet you down.” She started giggling again.

“I don’t mind,” I replied, a little out of breath.

She rolled back over to me, and began to kiss me. She stuck her tongue in my mouth and grabbed my hair with her hand, forcing me to kiss her back. I didn’t try to stop her. I kissed her back with enthusiasm, enjoying the taste of her mouth.

“I like to see what I taste like,” she chuckled as she pulled away from me. “Guys always taste like pussy after they eat me out! And I gotta say...I taste pretty good. I’ve been in my fair share of hooches, and mine is by far the best tasting!”

I was stunned by what she was telling me, though at this point nothing should have shocked me.

She was on her back now, still laughing. I made my move. This was going to be the only chance I was going to get. I rolled over on top of her and groped her breasts. She seemed a little startled at first, but then she smiled up

at me.

“Are you a titty man? Go ahead...I kind of get off on it when a dude plays with my tits. They are pretty amazing!”

I stuffed one of her nipples in my mouth and began to suck on it. Her eyes rolled back in her head. I moved my mouth to her other breast and sucked on that nipple until it was hard. Then, I grabbed both of her boobs in my hands, buried my face between them, and shoved them together. Her tits were so soft and supple.

My dick was still hard as a rock, so I decided I was going to titty-fuck her. She seemed to be willing to do just about anything, so I was going to go for it. I straddled her and slid my dick between her massive breasts.

I used my hands to keep her tits mashed together as I pumped my dick between them. She raised her head up and began to lick the tip of my penis as I thrust it toward her face.

Because I had already orgasmed twice earlier tonight, I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold on for long if I got too excited. However, even with that knowledge, I was still taken by surprise when an orgasm rocked through me as I pounded Cassie's gigantic, jiggling tits.

I doubt I could have stopped it, so I just let it go. Semen began shooting out of my dick, but I couldn't stop fucking her tits! It just felt too good.

The cum made it slippery and hot between her boobs, making the sensations even better. Cum shot all over her face, and she just continued to smile at me. When I was finally done, I sat back, letting the goo finish dripping out of me.

Then Cassie shocked me yet again. She reached down and grabbed her tits and hefted them up towards her face. She began to lick the spooge off of them, and it seemed that she was enjoying it. She was watching my face as she did this, amused by whatever expression was on my face.

When she was done with her tits, she pushed me off of her and stuffed my cock into her mouth once again, determined to get every drop of cum.

Finally, she slid my limp dick out of her mouth and plopped down on her back.

With a twinge of regret, I realized that I hadn't gotten a chance to stick my dick in her pussy. I can't believe I had wasted my time on her tits! Not that her breasts weren't superb, but they couldn't be as good as her pussy.

I was suddenly drained from the day. I realized that I was extremely tired. I hadn't slept in almost twenty-four hours, and the emotional stress from the chat room fiasco and the shit tonight was catching up to me.

Cassie probably would have been on board if I had asked her to let me fuck her, but I didn't think I had any energy left in me. Reluctantly, I got my clothes and began to get dressed.

By the time I turned around to ask Cassie a question, she was already passed out. It was going to be fun trying to get her dressed and get her back to the car. I just shook my head and went to the pier. I found her phone lying there where she must have dropped it earlier. I scooped it up and put it in my pocket.

I walked back to the spot where Cassie had discarded her clothes and went back to get her dressed. It was more difficult than I would have imagined. She never woke up once while I was trying to dress her.

Before I put her panties back on, I couldn't resist reaching down once more and feeling her pussy. I let my fingers slide into her wet, hot slit.

It was so tight...so moist...it was perfect. I pumped my fingers in and out of her a couple more times, and then pulled them out. They were dripping wet with her juices.

I licked my fingers, trying to memorize the delicious taste, since this would be the one and only time I'd get a chance to taste it.

Knowing that it was the only time I was going to be able to be with her, I just had to fuck her. I tried to reason with myself, but I couldn't. I pulled my dick back out and beat it until it was hard.

Even though I was drained and dead tired, I was still able to get him riled up. I doubted I would have been able

to do that for Carolyn, but this was Cassie...I had only dreamed about being able to fuck her. I was going to do whatever I had to so that I could make my dreams a reality.

I eased my dick into her pussy, relishing the feel of it. It was like no other pussy I had fucked. Hers had to be THE tightest pussy I'd ever been in.

I was slowly thrusting my dick in and out of her, not wanting to wake her up. It seemed to be an even bigger thrill since she was asleep while I was fucking her.

She stirred a few times under me while I pounded her, but she never fully woke up. I got harder with my thrusts when I realized that she wasn't going to wake up. I even lifted her legs up in my arms so that I could penetrate her deeper.

I briefly thought about fucking her in the ass, but I couldn't make myself do that to her while she slept. Besides, I couldn't force myself pull out of her cunt. It was too incredible.

After just a few minutes, I felt the familiar sensation pulsing through me. I considered pulling out and shooting off on her again, but I didn't want to have to clean her up. So, instead, I just shot my load into her pussy.

I let out a few grunts and groans as my spoooge filled her hole. She was dripping wet when I finally pulled out of her.

Even though she was asleep, that was still the best fuck I'd ever had in my entire life. I wished that I could keep fucking her forever.

I finished getting her dressed, then pulled her to her feet. I slumped her up against my side and shuffled back to the car. I put her in the back, letting her sprawl out on the back seat. Once I had her situated, I got in and headed home.

I realized as I was driving home that I probably stank of sex. Not to mention that my shirt was wet from eating Cassie's pussy. Not exactly the best idea to go home like this.

I pulled into the nearest gas station and went in,

leaving Cassie snoozing in the back. I bought a can of beer and a pack of cheap cigarettes.

The male cashier behind the counter looked like he was about half asleep himself as he checked me out. He thanked me and bagged my items.

I went outside, got back in the car and pulled around to the side of the gas station. The whole parking lot was deserted. I mashed the cigarette lighter on the dashboard in, so it would start heating up. While that was heating, I got out, cracked open the beer, and drizzle some of it down the front of my shirt.

I was trying to mask the scent of Cassie on my shirt with the beer. I was planning on telling Carolyn that Cassie had spilled her beer on me as I was trying to get her out of the bar. Surely she would believe that.

I sat the beer can on the hood of the car and dug my pack of cigarettes out. Nothing masked a smell better than cigarette smoke.

When the lighter was ready, I lit up a cigarette and began smoking it. It was disgusting...I had never been much of a smoker, but it would help me keep my dirty little secrets, so I suffered through it.

I smoked three cigarettes, using both of my hands and blowing the smoke on my clothes. It worked. My hands stank like cigarette smoke and my clothes were a cross between beer and cigs.

I grabbed the beer and chugged the remains of it, getting rid of the cigarette funk that was in my mouth. I tossed the cigarettes and the empty beer can in the garbage can that was on the side of the building, then I replaced the lighter in my car.

Finally, I was ready to go home. I figured I would call Carolyn to let her know we were on our way.

She answered on the second ring. She sounded a little bit groggy...she had probably been sleeping. That was good. Maybe she wouldn't be too interested in the details if she was really tired.

"Hey. Just wanted to let you know that I've got Cassie and I'm on my way home," I said in a subdued tone, trying

not to wake Cassie up.

"Is she okay?" Carolyn asked as she stifled a yawn.

"Yeah...she's okay. She finally passed out. She is completely wasted. I'm glad I went to find her. There is no way she would have been able to drive home."

"Well, be careful, okay?"

"Sure will. See you in a bit," I promised.

I drove home slowly, taking caution not to throw Cassie off of the back seat. Also, I didn't want to get pulled over.

I had quite a bit to drink tonight and I wasn't sure if I could pass any test right now. With my luck, I'd get hauled off to jail.

Eventually we made it back home, and I pulled up into the garage. I unlocked the door and went in the house, calling Carolyn.

"Coming!" I heard her shout from upstairs.

I knew there was no way I was going to be able to get Cassie all the way up the stairs by myself. Also, I wouldn't be tempted to touch Cassie again if Carolyn was watching.

"What's up?" Carolyn yawned as she came trudging down the stairs.

"I need your help. She's out and I don't think I can get her upstairs."

"Good grief! How much did she have to drink?" she asked, astonished.

"A lot...plus she took some kind of pills. They were making her act really weird."

"What? What kind of pills was she taking? Do you know how dangerous that is?" Carolyn barked at me.

"Don't worry...I'll have a talk with her tomorrow. I'm too tired to argue about it tonight, okay? Just help me get her into bed," I pleaded.

"Fine, but we will continue this conversation tomorrow," she said firmly.

"Okay! Just don't fight tonight...I promise we will discuss this with her tomorrow...when she's sober again," I agreed. I went back into the garage and opened the back door of the car. Cassie's breasts were barely

concealed in her shirt, making it hard for me to keep my eyes off of them.

I forced myself to look away when Carolyn came out to the car to help me.

We both tugged and yanked on Cassie to get her out of the car. She didn't stir while we were moving her. Carolyn grabbed one side, I grabbed the other, and we slowly got her in the house.

We carefully walked Cassie up the stairs, pausing often to get a better grip on her.

It took a while, but finally we made it to her room. We let her flop down on the bed and then we pulled her shoes off and centered her on the bed.

Carolyn started unbuttoning Cassie's jeans, and all kinds of alarms went off in my head.

"What are you doing?" I practically shrieked at her.

The tone and volume of my voice had made Carolyn jump.

"Jeez! Give me a damn heart attack, why don't you? I'm just going to pull her pants off. They are too tight for her to be sleeping in," Carolyn explained.

She was looking at me like I was crazy. She would really be looking at me crazy if she knew why I didn't want to be in the room while she undressed Cassie.

"Well, don't do that while I'm in the room!" I snarled at her. I had done everything I could to hide my obsession with Cassie, and Carolyn undressing her right in front of me wasn't going to help any.

"Sorry! I wasn't thinking about it," she said loudly.

I realized then that we had woken Cassie up with our shouting. Cassie was still plastered...I could tell by the glazed look in her eyes.

"Hey! Wha's goin' on?" she garbled. She didn't seem to notice Carolyn in the room.

"Nothing...go back to sleep," I said, hoping she would pass right back out.

"You tryin' ta get my pants off again?" she said with a throaty chuckle.

"What are you talking about?" I asked nervously. I

realized Carolyn was staring at me. "She's out of it," I whispered to Carolyn, too low for Cassie to hear.

"I know you eat pussy real good, but I don't think I can handle any more t'night. Maybe in the mornin', sexy..." Cassie trailed off.

Carolyn's eyes were boring into me at the moment, but I couldn't look at her. My eyes were focused on Cassie, hoping desperately that she would go back to sleep before she could say anything worse.

Then she noticed that Carolyn was in the room with us. Cassie looked back at me with wide, serious eyes.

"Is she going to have sex with us, too?" she asked.

I didn't have a response for her, so she turned to Carolyn.

"Have you seen this dude's dick? It is awesome! It felt real good 'tween my tits tonight."

Carolyn continued to stare at Cassie like she had spoken a foreign language.

"OH! And the best part! Hahahaha! I sucked him off! So good!" she chortled.

Cassie laughed for a few more seconds and then got still. And just like that, she was out again. I saw her eyelids getting droopy and then they slid shut. She started snoring softly.

Carolyn was frozen, like I was. She finally managed to turn her head towards me.

"What...in...the...hell...is...she...talking...about?" Carolyn spit through clenched teeth.

I couldn't tell if the panic was plain on my face. I could feel a cold sweat break out on my neck. This was it. I was done for! I had finally been caught.

I rallied after a moment of hesitation. No! It wasn't going to go down like this. There had to be a way out of this...there had to be.

"Come on. Let's leave her to sleep," I suggested as I backed out of the room. I bought myself a few more seconds as I went into the hallway.

Carolyn stalked out of Cassie's bedroom and shut the door behind her. She walked down the hall and into our

bedroom. I followed behind her and she slammed the door shut behind me. I wasn't sure if she believed what Cassie had said.

"Fine. She's asleep. Now...explain," Carolyn demanded. She shook her finger in my face as she spoke to me.

I hesitated, still not sure what to say. That was a bad idea. It sparked something in Carolyn, making her furious. She began yelling again.

"I want to know what in the hell she was saying. I want to know everything that happened tonight. The truth! Right...fucking...NOW!" Carolyn screeched at me.

My brain, already slow due to lack of sleep, was struggling to come up with a brilliant explanation that would allow me to weasel out of this sticky situation. I wasn't sure how I was going to pull it off.

Carolyn stared at me, arms crossed over her chest, waiting.

Fuck. Was this night never going to end?

TO BE CONTINUED

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