

SUMMER VACATION

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AN EBOOK SERIAL
CHAPTER 5

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A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 5

I was frozen. Cassie slowly walked closer to me, her eyes never quite meeting mine. Was I dreaming? I had to be...there was no other rational explanation for what was happening.

I reached down and covered my dick up with my hand, secretly cursing myself for not putting the damn thing up while I was outside. I was just glad all the lights in the house were out. It might make it a little harder to see that I had an erection.

With only a few feet between us now, Cassie was close enough for me to reach out and touch. I wasn't sure what she was up to. But, I couldn't find my voice. I just stood there like a moron.

Then, she walked past me, and headed down the stairs. She never looked at me...it was if I wasn't even there. That kind of creeped me out.

I watched as Cassie slowly descended the stairs. When she got to the bottom step, she stood still for just a moment. Then, she walked into the living room and then the kitchen. She didn't turn any of the lights on downstairs.

I heard commotion coming from the kitchen, so she must have been looking for something to eat or drink. What in the hell was going on? Was there something wrong with her?

Luckily for me, my dick was now limp, so I quickly stuffed it down in my pants and zipped them back up. I ran to the bedroom to get Carolyn. There was no way in hell I was going downstairs to check on Cassie. Not while she was naked. I wouldn't be able to handle that.

Carolyn was asleep in the bed, curled up on one side, sheets kicked down to the foot of the bed. She was

wearing a thin, pale pink cotton nightgown and was snoring lightly.

"Carolyn!" I whispered fiercely as I shook her shoulder with my hands. "Wake up!! Come on!!" I urged.

"Wha...what's wrong?" she grumbled, not quite awake. She blinked her eyes several times and glared up at me groggily.

"Honey, I need your help. Come on! Get up! You have to go downstairs...now!" I insisted as I pulled on her arms, trying to force her to get up.

"Why in the world would I wanna do that?" she inquired with an attitude.

"Just come on! I'll show you!"

Finally, she allowed me to pull her out of bed and she staggered behind me. I held her hand as I raced down the stairs, leading the way to the kitchen. I could still hear Cassie rummaging around in there.

"Bill! What are you doing?"

"You'll see...go into the kitchen. I'm going to stay right here," I explained as I hesitated in the living room.

"You are so strange," she muttered with a sigh.

I watched as Carolyn rounded the corner and stepped into the kitchen. She froze as she caught sight of Cassie, and I watched her mouth pop open.

"Cassie? What are you doing?" she asked quietly.

Nothing. No response. Cassie just kept on fumbling around in the kitchen making noise. Carolyn took a tiny step backwards.

"Cassie, honey? What's going on? Are you...okay?" Carolyn questioned. Another round of silence.

Carolyn turned to look at me. Her face was full of confusion and shock. She ran back to my side.

"What the fuck, Bill? Why is she naked? And why isn't she answering me?" Carolyn asked.

"I don't know. I was coming to bed and she was just there in the hallway. She never looked at me...she just kept on walking. It was really weird. That's why I came and got you," I explained quickly.

At that moment, Cassie came out of the kitchen and

walked directly to the stairs. She slowly climbed them as Carolyn and I watched in silence.

When Cassie reached the top of the stairs, Carolyn tried to speak with her again.

“Cassie! Honey? Are you okay? Cassie!” Carolyn was on the verge of being angry.

Cassie never even turned in our direction. I went up the stairs, taking them two at a time. Something was wrong, and I was going to figure out what it was.

Cassie was making her way to her room, and I caught her by the elbow, forcing her to stop. She still didn’t look at me. I spun her around, making her face me.

I grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her. It wasn’t hard enough to hurt her, but I wanted to get her attention. She was looking down at the floor.

“Cassie? Answer me, dammit!” I yelled at her. I felt Carolyn walk up behind me.

“What’s wrong with her?” she asked. She sounded worried now.

“I don’t know.” I yanked Cassie by the arm, pulling her to her room. The lights were off in her room, so I flicked them on as we went in. I led Cassie to the bed, and made her sit down on it.

Against my better judgment, I leaned down in front of Cassie, since she was still looking at the floor. Her sweet-smelling, wet pussy was only inches from me. It was torture.

Her succulent tits were hanging right in my face. But, I was able to override the urges that were surging through my body at the moment. Now that the lights were on, I could see the dazed expression on her face. Her eyes were unfocused...looking at nothing.

“Go get me some cold water,” I told Carolyn in a strained voice.

She hurried out of the room without another word. It was harder to focus, now that I was alone with Cassie, but I made myself concentrate. I shook her shoulders again, but there was no response from her.

Carolyn came back with a wet washrag and a glass of

water. I put the rag to Cassie's forehead, but she acted as if I had done nothing. I was beginning to panic on the inside. I acted before I had time to think about it. I raised the glass up and tossed the cold water straight in her face.

Finally, I got a reaction from her. Her head snapped back and her eyes blinked rapidly while she gasped for air. I reached up and tried to wipe the water out of her eyes and nose.

She struggled against me for a moment, and I tried my best to calm her down.

"Honey, it's okay. It's just me...calm down," I said soothingly.

Carolyn came over to the side of the bed and began pulling Cassie's hair out of her face.

"Are you okay?" Carolyn asked tensely as Cassie continued to breath heavily.

Cassie shook her head, indicating that she was okay. She blinked a few more times and then finally looked at me.

"What's going on?" she asked as she panted. She looked at me, and then at Carolyn.

I stood up and backed away from her. Now that she was lucid, I didn't want to be as close to her. She stared at me, perplexed.

"Honey...don't you remember what just happened?" I asked.

"What are you talking about? I was asleep in my bed. Why did you come in here and throw water in my face?" she asked, her voice rising at the end.

"You weren't sleeping, Cassie. You were walking around the house," Carolyn informed her. "Your dad saw you walking down the stairs, but you were acting weird. We both tried to get you to talk to us, but you never answered. We were getting worried about you."

"Really? I don't remember anything. This hasn't happened in a while," she murmured.

"What hasn't happened in a while?" I questioned.

"Sleepwalking. I used to do it all the time. I think it's

stress-induced. I started right after you and mom split up, and then again when we had to move and I changed schools. It used to freak mom out.”

“She never said anything about that to me. It seems serious,” I snapped.

“It’s not, dad. Don’t freak out. It will stop in a few weeks. I guess all of the stress from the job and what happened a couple of weeks ago finally got to me. I’m sorry that I made you two worry.”

Cassie looked down, and let out a short scream. She shot up off of the bed and ran to her closet.

“Holy shit! Why didn’t you tell me I was naked? Fucking hell!” she yelled as she disappeared in the closet.

I didn’t respond, and neither did Carolyn. We just waited quietly. Cassie re-appeared with a pair of pajamas on. Her face was bright red.

“Crap. I could not be more embarrassed right now.” She covered her face with her hands.

I shot Carolyn a meaningful look, and she nodded at me. I quietly stepped out of the room as Carolyn put her arm around Cassie’s shoulders.

I stayed in the hallway, listening.

“Don’t be embarrassed, sweetheart. You can’t help it. We are just relieved that you are okay. We thought there was something seriously wrong with you,” Carolyn comforted.

Cassie was crying at this point, but it was more of a mortified cry than anything.

“Yeah but...dad...saw me naked. Like, completely naked! Do you know how embarrassing that is?”

“Quit worrying about it. It’s over now. Why don’t you get in bed and try to get some sleep? I know you’re probably worn out. We’ll talk more about this tomorrow. We’ll get you to the doctor if you need to go, okay?”

“Thanks Carolyn. I appreciate it.”

“It’s no problem, dear. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Carolyn turned Cassie’s light off and shut the door behind her. She turned to me a sighed heavily, then shuffled off to the bedroom. I followed close behind.

Well, this had turned out to be an interesting night.

"If I wasn't so damn tired, I'd bitch about this situation we're in...but it'll have to wait til the morning," Carolyn grumbled as she climbed back into bed.

"Yes...I think I need to make a phone call to my lovely ex-wife," I said angrily.

I was out within a few minutes, despite my racing brain. I was trying not to think about Cassie, or what I wanted to do to her. I forced myself to go to sleep. However, my mind was cruel all night long. I had one sex dream after another about Cassie.

The next morning, I woke up with a raging boner. I was tempted to roll over and climb on top of Carolyn, but she was already up and gone.

Instead of beating off, I ignored my dick and got dressed. It was limp and lifeless by the time I made it downstairs.

I was looking forward to a peaceful morning before I called Angela this afternoon, but when I heard Carolyn's voice, I knew something was wrong. She was agitated and on the verge of yelling.

She was pacing back and forth in the kitchen, phone in hand. She looked angry, and the moment I walked into the room, her head snapped up.

"Finally! Here...you deal with this!" she commanded as she flung the phone at me.

"Who is it?" I asked, catching the phone before it could fall on the floor.

Carolyn didn't respond. She just turned her back and stormed out of the room. I heard the back door slam a moment later.

I held the phone up to my ear. "Hello?" I asked. I was surprised to hear Angela on the other end.

"Hello, Bill." She sounded just as pissed off as Carolyn did. What the fuck had happened?

"Um, hi. What's going on?" I asked...not sure if really wanted to know.

"Cassie called me a little while ago to let me know what happened last night. She was upset, and I tried to calm

her down. Then, your *wife* got on the phone and started chewing me out. Where is Cassie? I want to talk to her again." Yes, she was definitely pissed.

"I don't know where Cassie is. I just got up, and I haven't seen her. But I was going to call you this afternoon to let you know what happened," I said as calmly as possible.

I was treading in dangerous waters. I didn't want to piss the ex off, and I sure as hell didn't want to piss Carolyn off.

"Look, before you start in on me, too...Cassie's sleepwalking didn't last very long. It's a little scary, but I've taken her to the doctors and there's not a whole lot they can do about it.

"They figured it was stress-related since it started right after we broke up. We had exercises that helped her calm down, and after a couple of weeks, she stopped. We weren't exactly on the greatest of terms at the time, and I didn't figure it was anything relevant."

"That may be, but she started up again after you moved," I informed her casually.

"Yes, she did. And again...I worked with her and helped her relax. That round of sleepwalking was even shorter than the first. And you were still a little upset that we had moved, so again, I didn't feel the need to bring it up.

"She's never done that since. I didn't think it would be a problem there. She's on summer vacation...what in the hell is she so stressed about that it's causing her to sleepwalk? Normally stress doesn't do that to her. It has to be pretty significant."

"What has she told you?" I hedged. I wasn't sure I wanted to have this conversation with her.

"She wouldn't say anything except that there was a bad night a week or so ago. I tried to get more out of her, but she got upset and apparently handed the phone to Carolyn," Angela explained gruffly.

Well, if Angela can keep things from me, I could certainly keep things from her. And if Cassie wanted her to know about it, she would have told her. It wasn't my place

to clue her in.

"Yeah, she had a rough night. Don't know what was going on with her. She seemed to be okay, though. That is, until I found her sleepwalking last night. Scared the shit out of us," I said, allowing a bit of annoyance to leak into my tone.

"You're not going to tell me what's going on with her, are you?" she snapped.

"It's not really my job to do that. Cassie's a big girl now, and if she wants you to know, she'll tell you."

It felt good to put her in her place. Angela might have been a fairly nice ex-wife, but she was still an ex. I soaked up the moment as she fumed on the other end of the phone.

"Fine. Then I guess we have nothing more to discuss," she complained as she slammed the phone down and hung up on me.

I couldn't help but laugh as I hung the phone up. I could still get under her skin...even now. It was gratifying to know.

I planned on giving Carolyn some time to cool down before I tried to speak to her. She would take out her aggression on me, and I wasn't in the mood to fight with her.

Instead, I went to find Cassie. She was up in her room, on her computer. Her door was wide open. Luckily for me, she was just composing an email rather than working.

"Can I come in?" I asked as I hesitated in the doorway.

"Sure," she said.

"So...how are you feeling this morning?" She didn't look up as she answered me. She was probably still upset about me seeing her naked last night. If she only knew...

"I'm fine. I called mom, but I guessed you figured that out. I was going to try and neutralize the situation before it got out of hand, but you know mom. She went ballistic and then Carolyn got on the phone. It was pretty tense, so I just came up here."

"That was probably a good idea. I think Carolyn was ready to rip her a new asshole," I said with a chuckle.

"Yeah...that's what I figured," Cassie replied with a tiny smile. Finally, she looked up at me, and there was worry in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" I questioned.

"I just didn't want to cause any more trouble than I already had...but it doesn't seem to be working out," she admitted.

"Is that what you're worried about? Quit stressing out, honey! It's not your fault. It's a medical condition...not anything you can help. So don't think anything else about it. According to your mother, there's some sort of exercises you can do to calm yourself down."

"Yeah...there is. I'll work on it. I'm really sorry about last night. That was...worse than the other night. I can't believe that happened."

"It's fine. Already forgotten about it, okay?" I lied. It was still very fresh in my mind, but I was doing my best to keep it squashed before my dick could get riled up again.

Cassie looked up at me with another small smile on her lips. "Okay. Hope it won't happen again. Maybe I need to take some more time off of work. Didn't realize it was getting to me," she considered.

"That's probably a good idea, honey. You just need to get some rest and try to de-stress." I reached down and gave her a quick hug.

"Thanks dad."

"No problem. Now...I've got to go check on Carolyn. Wish me luck!" I said cheerily as I walked out of the room. I heard Cassie laughing behind me.

I had managed to get Carolyn calmed down, and she was even pleased that Angela had been so pissed that she hung up on me. We went on with our day as if nothing happened, but come nightfall, we began to get a little worried again.

We weren't really sure how to prepare for sleepwalking, and we didn't even know if Cassie was going to do it again.

Our biggest concern was that she might hurt herself.

She could fall down the stairs or get injured on any number of things in the kitchen. She assured us that she had never been harmed during her previous incidents, but we didn't want to take any chances.

We didn't exactly want to try locking her in her room, so Carolyn said she would feel better if I slept downstairs.

At least that way I would be able to hear Cassie if she started roaming around the house. Cassie agreed that it might be a good idea. She didn't want to wake up wandering the neighborhood in the nude.

Carolyn went to bed first, not having gotten much sleep the night before. Cassie went a little while later, after trying her best to stay relaxed.

I settled in on the couch and started flicking through the channels on the TV. I found an old movie and fell into a deep sleep about halfway through.

At first, I thought I must have been dreaming, but I quickly realized that I was not. I felt someone touching me lightly, then with more force. I grumbled, trying to go back to sleep.

I tried to roll over, then understood why I was having difficulties doing so. I was on the couch...not in bed. I was disturbed because I was not alone, although I should have been. My eyes flew open, and I was suddenly awake.

I had a little trouble adjusting to the low light in the room, but I looked down and saw that Cassie was on the couch with me.

"Honey? What's wrong?" I asked sleepily. Then I was aware that Cassie was naked again. And sleepwalking. She had that same glazed look in her eyes.

She was also trying to pull my pants off. I quickly sat up, pushing her off of me.

She didn't wake up from my touch, even though I wasn't gentle with her in my attempt to get away from her. She reached towards me and tried to get to my pants again.

I was freaked out. What in the hell was she trying to do? She got on her hands and knees on the floor and crawled over to me, putting her hands in my lap.

I didn't try to stop her as she slowly pulled my pants down, allowing my dick to flop out freely. I was too disturbed to be horny, so at least I wasn't erect. Yet.

"Cassie? Honey? Are you awake?" I tried again, but no reaction. She was out of it. I shook her shoulder gently, trying to get her to wake up, but still nothing.

Then I stopped, because if she woke up now, it would surely warp her. She was on her knees in front of me while my dick was hanging out.

I hesitated, not sure what to do next. While I was trying to figure a way out of the situation, Cassie leaned down and shoved my dick straight into her mouth.

I wasn't expecting it. I almost shot up off of the couch in surprise, but caught myself just in time.

I wanted her to quit, but then I allowed myself to feel what she was doing, and I couldn't move. I didn't want it to end...even though I knew how dangerous it was to let her continue.

At any moment, she could wake up. At any second, Carolyn could come downstairs and catch us. But I didn't care. All I was worried about at that particular moment was my dick in Cassie's mouth.

It was sheer pleasure. My hormones took over, and the logical part of my brain got shut off. I reached out and carefully put my hands on the back of her head, enjoying as she bobbed her head up and down on my dick.

I had no idea how in the world she was able to do this while she was asleep, but I didn't really care...or put too much thought into it.

She never said a word, never made much noise at all. She kept on sucking my cock slowly and gently. Up and down, up and down. The hot wetness of her mouth was driving me insane. Her smooth, slick tongue on my penis head was divine.

It wasn't long before I got carried away. I started pushing her head down on me a little bit farther with each bob, and she didn't resist. I started to thrust my hips in synch with her, forcing my cock farther down her throat with each movement.

She never woke up...and she never stopped. I let it build up in me silently. I didn't dare make a noise, for fear of startling her or waking Carolyn. After a few minutes of sucking, my dick was pulsating with pleasure and I was about to explode.

I wasn't sure what to do next. Was I supposed to just go in her mouth? Or try to pull her off of me? I wasn't able to ponder it for long. My orgasm snuck up on me and took over my whole body.

The heat came shooting out of my dick, into Cassie's mouth and down her throat. I grabbed her head with both hands as I slammed my dick rapidly in and out of her mouth. She didn't make any attempt to move.

I was stunned when she began slurping my cum up and swallowing it. I figured it was going to dribble out of her mouth as I shot it out, but I was wrong.

My climax finally began to subside, but I could still feel spooge trickling out of my cock. Cassie kept sucking on the tip of my penis, getting every last drop.

I was panting quietly, and when I was finally done, I began to panic. What now? How was I going to get out of this one?

My fears were unnecessary. Cassie rocked back on her heels, wiped her mouth off, and stood up. She turned around and walked out of the room. I heard her rustling around in the kitchen, and I quickly stuffed my dick back in my pants just in case Carolyn came downstairs.

Once I was sure that I was goo-free and limp, I checked on Cassie in the kitchen. She was digging in the refrigerator. I ran upstairs to get Carolyn.

We went through the same routine as the night before. We helped Cassie up the stairs and into her room. But we didn't bother splashing her in the face with water again. We just got her back to bed and waited for a little while until she fell asleep again.

We weren't concerned about waking her up this time, since we knew she was okay. We had also discovered it could be potentially dangerous to wake up a sleepwalker. She seemed to be okay for the moment, so Carolyn and I

snuck out of her room.

"I have a feeling this is going to be a nightly occurrence around here," Carolyn mumbled as she stretched and yawned.

"Sorry, honey. I know it's hard. If you want, I'll try to get her back to bed on my own from now on. That way I won't have to wake you up," I offered. I could only imagine trying to wrestle Cassie into her bed, while we were alone and she was naked.

"No, it's fine. I'm just grumpy when I don't get enough sleep. I don't want you to have to deal with this alone. I'm here to help you with her, okay?" Carolyn said as she wrapped her arms around me.

"Thanks, honey. You're too good to me."

I crawled into bed with her and we went to sleep, hoping Cassie's sleepwalking was done for the night. I woke up panicked again, wondering if Cassie would remember her nighttime calamity.

I had dodged another bullet. Apparently Cassie didn't even know she had wandered in the middle of the night. She seemed skeptical when Carolyn told her we had to bring her back to bed.

"I don't remember any of it!" Cassie exclaimed, frustrated.

"It's not uncommon for that to happen, sweetie," Carolyn said, trying to soothe her.

"I hope I didn't cause too much trouble."

"Not at all," I assured her. No...she most certainly did not cause any trouble. I banished the thought before I got carried away.

After breakfast, I left the girls at home and headed to the office to get some work done. It was a productive day, and I knew why I was in such a jubilant mood.

The next couple of days were quiet. Cassie didn't have any bouts of sleepwalking, and Carolyn and I relaxed a little. Well, Carolyn did. I was a little upset, but there wasn't much I could do about it.

Cassie made good on her promise to get some rest, and she decided to take two weeks off from work. I should

have been happy, but that meant no videos for me to spank off to. I still had the one from earlier in the week, but I had already watched it several times. Each time I watched it, I hated Angelo a little bit more.

So, I decided to forget about the video. I went to work and threw myself into a project I was working on. It helped the time pass a little more quickly. It was only going to be a couple of weeks, and Cassie would go back to work. I would have plenty of new videos then.

On Friday afternoon, I decided to leave early and spend some time at home with the girls. I thought maybe we could go out and do something this weekend. It would help take my mind off of my hormonal urges.

But, when I got home that afternoon, I found a note taped to the TV. Apparently Carolyn and Cassie had gone out to do some shopping and catch a movie.

I was stuck home alone for most of the night, with nothing to do. It was going to be torture. I started up the stairs to go change out of my work clothes, but I was so lost in thought that I didn't even realize that I had gone to Cassie's room.

I had no idea what I was doing in her room, but I was suddenly excited. If nothing else, I could look through her laptop again. I knew she had pictures...so it was possible she had some video of herself as well.

I was eager to snoop around in her things, but I decided to take my time. No point in rushing it. I found a pair of discarded underwear on the floor in a pile of dirty clothes.

I carefully picked them up...they were light yellow and lacy...and they smelled like her fragrant pussy. I put them up to my nose and inhaled deeply.

I put them back in the pile of clothes and began pawing through her dresser. I found a lot of the lubes and oils she often used during her sessions. She had costumes and outfits and all kinds of sexy lingerie.

I picked up a skimpy pair of black lace panties, and realized they were crotch-less. My dick stood straight up. I began to fantasize about seeing Cassie in them...and

wishing I could do her again...even if she was sleepwalking.

I put everything back in the drawer and closed it. I noticed her laptop in the corner of the room. She had it plugged in and sitting on the floor. The screen was off, but the power was on, so I walked over and tapped a button.

Screen-saver...the computer came to life. I quickly picked it up, pulled the power cord out, and went to the bed. I began looking through the files on her computer, hoping desperately that she would have some videos of herself.

If she didn't, I would make do with the photos I had found last time. There were tons of them I hadn't even seen yet.

A few minutes of searching yielded me nothing. I was about to get discouraged and give up, but then...I hit the jackpot. One file, buried deep, was filled with exactly what I was looking for.

I found a bunch of video files, and the first one I clicked nearly made my balls explode. It had been shot a couple of months ago, and Cassie wasn't quite as big, but she was still awesome.

I was surprised to find that she had someone filming her, rather than using a tripod. I heard a male voice coming from behind the camera, instructing Cassie on what to do.

She was wearing a tight white t-shirt and the very black crotch-less panties I had just been admiring. Her breasts were straining against the shirt, and it was quite obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her pink nipples were hard and visible, even through the shirt.

She was on her knees on a bed in a room I wasn't familiar with. She was smiling at the camera, or perhaps the guy operating the camera. She was posing in some pretty provocative positions.

She was rubbing herself up and down, playing with her breasts through the shirt, rubbing her crotch, slapping her own ass...it was almost too much for me to handle.

Then, the camera jiggled slightly and made a clicking

noise. I realized the jerk-off that was filming her was setting the camera up...because he was about to join her on the bed.

I was jealous. There really was no other way to describe it. Not upset, not angry...just jealous. I didn't want to watch what was about to happen, because I knew exactly where this video was headed.

I watched in horror as Cassie smiled sexily to him as he came into view. He was tall, probably close to six foot, and maybe around two hundred pounds. Unfortunately for me, all of his weight came from his muscles.

He had rippling biceps and a six-pack, and he was a golden tan. He had shoulder length wavy black hair, and perfect, bright white teeth. He sauntered over to Cassie, grinning the whole time. I hated him.

It got even worse when he was in full view of the camera and I caught site of his schlong. He had to be nine inches, easily. He was already fully erect...and ready to go. He wasted no time with her.

She giggled as he shoved her back onto the bed and flung her legs wide open. He dove down in her crotch, forcing her panties to the side, and buried his face there. Cassie gasped loudly, then arched her back as she grabbed his head.

He was rough with her, making fast, jerky movements with his head as he licked and sucked on her clit. She was thrashing against him. Obviously he was doing a good job, and that fact also made me jealous. She was moaning loudly, sometimes throwing in a curse word for emphasis.

His goal was not to make her cum, but to get her lubed up. She grunted in exasperation when he released her. She clearly wanted him to continue, but he just smiled at her frustrated expression.

He grabbed her shirt suddenly, and yanked on it, ripping it wide open. Her tits spilled out, making me nearly shoot a load in my pants as I watched.

"Do it, baby!" she commanded him.

He reached down with one hand and rubbed against

her exposed crotch, then he thrust several of his fingers in her pussy. She whimpered with pleasure as he began to finger fuck her.

He watched her tits bounce vigorously as he violently slammed his fingers in and out of her. Her legs drew up and she reached down with one hand to rub on her clit. She used her other hand to grasp one of her jiggling tits and began pinching on her nipple.

He grabbed the other boob, leaned over, and stuffed it in his mouth. He sucked on it hard, pulling the nipple up into his mouth with force.

"Fuck yeah! Harder, baby! Harder!" Cassie screamed.

Instead of doing as she asked, he released her titty and yanked his fingers out of her. He grabbed her around the hips and forced her on her hands and knees.

Finally, he pulled her panties off and flung them on the bed. He spread her ass cheeks as far apart as they would go and rubbed his hand over the top of her pussy.

He then moved his hand up and down her ass, lubing it up. I realized he was about to go anal, and I was angry. More than angry...I was pissed.

Even I hadn't gotten to do that...even though I had wanted to. This jerk, whose name I didn't even know, was going to get to fuck Cassie in the ass. I was fucking pissed.

Then I realized I had no right to be angry. She wasn't mine, and she had probably been with plenty of other guys.

Evidently, Cassie enjoying being fucked in the ass, because she started panting and begging him to fuck her. I could no longer ignore the dick that was slithering around in my pants.

I quickly yanked my zipper down and immediately began sliding my hand up and down on my shaft. I tried to pretend I was the one on the video with Cassie, and that helped a little.

I watched as he slapped her ass and rubbed her pussy...but he never stuck his dick in her. She was getting agitated with him, but he seemed to be enjoying torturing

her.

"Beg me, bitch!" he said gruffly.

"Fuck me! Fuck me with your big cock! Shove that fat dick in my ass! PLEASE! I need it!" she screamed at him. He seemed to enjoy that quite a bit.

He finally gave her what she wanted. He stroked his dick twice and then guided it into Cassie's waiting asshole. He was careful at first, sliding it in slowly. He had a little trouble at first getting it in, but eventually he was able to work the whole thing inside of her.

Cassie buried her head in the bed and I could hear muffled screaming coming from her. She was breathing hard and ramming her ass up against him, forcing him to go deeper inside of her.

Once he had gotten his dick all the way in, he was no longer gentle. He began to pound her harder than I would be capable of. He was slamming his cock in her hard, making her whole body shake and quiver.

He reached down and began to finger her again, making her go crazy. He started out with two fingers, then increased it to three, then managed to get most of his fist in there.

"Oh God! Don't stop! Don't stop fucking me! Harder! Dammit! HARDER!!!" she wailed.

Cassie buried her head again, trying to silence her shouts. All I could hear was the thunderous sounds of their bodies slapping together, and the sickening wet suction sound as his dick pumped in and out of her.

My own dick was getting beat up by my hand at the moment, and I realized I was about to cum. I slowed down, trying to put off my climax. I at least wanted to watch the rest of the video before I was forced to clean myself up.

Fortunately, it didn't last much longer. Cassie began grinding her ass against the jerk's dick, and he began to tense up. Her pulled his hand out of her pussy and grabbed her hips. He held onto them tightly as he continued to pound her.

After just a few seconds, he leaned his head back and

began to grunt. Then, he quickly yanked his dick out and began beating off. Cassie didn't move from her position. He began to cum, shooting his load all over her ass and her back.

He held his dick right over her ass, letting his goo drip down over her asshole and then down to her crotch. Cassie felt the spooge on her, and she reached back and began to rub the thick white fluid all over her pussy.

When the asshole was done ejaculating, he got up off of the bed and disappeared behind the camera.

Cassie, however, didn't move. She kept allowing his goop to run down into her pussy, and she rubbed it onto her clit, stimulating herself.

She was moaning and grunting as she rubbed harder and faster. Her tits were swinging back and forth as she massaged herself.

She looked over at the camera as she began to orgasm. She bit down on her lower lip and closed her eyes as she tightened up and shook with a climax, letting out a low moan.

"Yeah, baby...get it...rub that pussy. Oh yeah...rub it," the voice from behind the camera said.

I took advantage of the fact that Cassie was alone now, and began stroking my dick again. It wasn't long before I was spurting my goo out on my hand.

I was trying to keep it from getting all over her room again, and was a bit more successful this time. I kept most of it in my hand, allowing it to ooze down my dick and into my pants.

When I was done, I used my clean hand to close the video file. It took some extra work, but I was able to put Cassie's laptop back where I had gotten from using only one hand.

Then, I hobbled to the bathroom to clean up. After I was done, I went back to Cassie's room to make sure I hadn't left anything out of place. I contemplated trying to copy her video files to my laptop, but decided not to push my luck today.

The next time the girls were gone, though, I would be

sure to nab them. That was only one video...and the file I had found probably had at least fifty videos.

I wasn't so upset about her taking off of work now. I was certain I would have plenty of material now...even if she was having sex with someone else. It was better than nothing.

Everything was in order, and I was about to turn around and leave the bedroom when I heard a noise coming from Cassie's computer. I went back over to the laptop and tried to figure out what was wrong.

I noticed a little box flashing in the bottom corner of the screen. When I hovered the mouse over it, a little box popped up, indicating that there was a new email.

Curious, I clicked the box and a new window popped up. It was Cassie's email inbox, and there was a new message waiting for her.

I should have shut the window, put the computer back where I found it, and left the room. Should have, but of course I didn't.

I *might* have, but when I saw who the email was from, I couldn't stop myself.

Angelo. So he had wasted no time contacting her outside of the chat room. A quick glance at her previous emails, and I realized that she had been talking with him a lot.

There were probably twenty or more emails from him...and that was just from the last couple of days.

I opened the email up and read what he had written to her.

Hey, baby. Sorry it took me so long to respond this afternoon. I had to work an extra shift this morning and I just got home. I'm going to try to catch up on my sleep so I'll be awake when you call me tonight. Can't wait to talk to you again. Have you decided about next week? I can take the time off, but I don't want to until I'm sure you're ready to meet up. Hope

you aren't working too hard. Talk to you soon, babe.

What the hell was this? She was going to meet up with him? I didn't like that...not one bit. She didn't even know this guy! He could be some sort of psycho for all she knew!

I realized he was probably the reason Cassie hadn't been sleepwalking the last couple of days. She wasn't working and now she was talking to this loser.

Now that I thought about it, she *had* been acting really chipper the last few days. That was just great!

What was she going to do? Meet up with him and fuck him? Was he claiming to be her damn boyfriend or something? I remembered how giddy she had been on that video I had recorded...like she had a damn crush on him. He was using that to his advantage.

I wasn't happy with the situation, but I didn't know what I could do about it. There had to be something I could do to stop her from going to meet him...but nothing brilliant was coming to me.

I heard the front door creak open downstairs, and I nearly had a heart attack. I hastily closed Cassie's email, and shut the computer screen. I jumped up and ran out of the room.

The girls were coming in, carrying bags in their hands. Luckily, they weren't concerned about me or where I was. They were still chatting about their shopping trip as they dumped their bags on the floor in the living room.

I trotted down the stairs, hoping my face wasn't giving anything away. I didn't realize I had been in Cassie's room so long, but I noticed that it was dark outside. I fixed a smile in place as I greeted the ladies.

"Hey, you two. How was your shopping trip?" I asked.

"Oh, it was fun. We saw a movie, grabbed some dinner, and spent all of your money on clothes," Carolyn laughed.

"I'm glad you had fun," I replied.

I helped them bring the rest of their bags in, and tried to

pay attention as Carolyn filled me in on their afternoon. Cassie gathered her things and went upstairs...probably to check her email. I was nervous as I sat downstairs with Carolyn.

I hadn't had time to mark her new message from Angelo as "unread", and I wasn't sure if she would notice or not. Maybe she would think it was just a glitch with her email, and not suspect me of snooping on her.

Carolyn noticed my inattention, and called me out on it.

"You've been quiet tonight. Is everything okay?" she asked.

"Yeah...sorry honey. Just thinking about a project at work. You know how it is...always bringing work home with me," I reassured her.

"Well, you need to relax. We have the whole weekend together. We should find something to do together. No working for anybody."

"Sound good to me. We'll ask Cassie in the morning. She probably has something she'd like to do. Maybe we could take a road trip," I suggested.

After I scrounged something to eat and watched some TV, Carolyn announced she was going to bed. I declined to go with her, even when she made it clear that she was horny.

I wasn't really in the mood for sex at the moment. At least...not sex with her. She gave up after a few minutes and went to bed.

Cassie came out of her room after Carolyn had gone to bed. She went to the kitchen to get something to drink. She was wearing a tank top and matching sleep shorts, of course without a bra.

She saw me on the couch, and stopped on the way back to the stairs to talk to me.

"Can't sleep?" she asked me.

"No...not yet, anyway. You think you're going to be okay tonight?" I asked, pretending to be worried about her sleepwalking.

"I think I'll be fine. I'm not as stressed out...so I don't think I'll be doing that any more. At least, I hope not."

"You heading to bed?" I was trying to keep from sounding too curious.

"In a little while. I'm going to call a...friend," she informed me.

Uh-huh. I bet she was calling a friend...someone named Angelo, most likely. I tried to act casual as I spoke again.

"Well, I'll see you in the morning then. Carolyn wants to do something this weekend, if you're okay with that. We'll figure out something to do tomorrow."

"Sounds great. I don't have any plans. 'Night, dad." She hurried up the stairs and into her room.

I waited a few minutes, then crept up the stairs. I checked on Carolyn first, and she was passed out in the bed. She probably wouldn't move again until daylight.

I cautiously snuck down the hallway, trying my best not to make any noise. I reached Cassie's door, and was in luck.

Her door was cracked open slightly, and I heard her talking on the phone. I got as close as I dared, and strained to listen.

At first, I couldn't hear much. Angelo must have been doing a lot of the talking. Eventually, though, they got into a more heated discussion. I watched as Cassie paced back and forth in her room.

"Yeah...I've thought about it. I've been thinking about it since you brought it up. I don't have a problem meeting up with you...if you think it's a good idea," Cassie said.

Damn! She was going to go meet up with this loser! What in the hell was wrong with her?

"Yes, I understand. I know what you want, and I'm willing to give it to you," she said as she flopped down on her bed. She began to smile in response to whatever he was saying to her.

"Oh, yeah...trust me, I know. I want it just as bad as you do, baby. I was thinking about you and your big dick all day long. I'm so lonely and horny...I wish you were here right now," she teased.

My jaw dropped as I watched her slide her hand down

her shorts.

"I'm rubbing it right now...thinking about you...and what you're gonna do to me in a few days. Mmm...it feels so good...but I bet you're gonna feel so much better!"

She began to slowly rub herself...and it looked like she was fingering herself, but she had her shorts on, so I couldn't be sure.

"Oh yeah, baby. The first thing I'm going to do is shove your dick in my mouth. I just want to taste it. I want to feel you in my mouth...I want to suck on it and make you cum. I want your hot cum in my mouth...oh yeah.

"And then, I'm going to shove your head between my legs and make you eat my pussy until I scream. Then...I want you to ram your dick in me...hard."

Angelo was getting excited by Cassie...I could hear him responding to her, even though I couldn't understand what he was saying.

I continued watching as Cassie played with herself. I wanted so badly to go into the bedroom and just fuck her, but I forced myself to stay in place and keep quiet.

At that moment, I shifted my weight and the floorboard creaked underneath me. I froze in place, hoping Cassie hadn't heard it.

I slowly turned and looked in through the crack of her door, and she was staring right at me. I couldn't even breath.

After a few tense seconds, she went back to rubbing herself and talking to Angelo on the phone. I was too nervous to bother listening any more.

Once I was sure she wouldn't notice me, I backed away from her door and went back downstairs. I collapsed on the couch, drenched in sweat. Had she seen me?

I had been looking right at her...but the hallway was dark, and there was only a small opening that I was looking through.

I assumed she was looking at me, but she had really just been looking towards the door... probably a reflex reaction when she heard the floor squeak.

She must not have been able to see me, or she would

have jumped up and freaked out...like she had the other night when she realized I had seen her naked.

I was breathing heavily, so I tried to calm myself down. I was okay...she obviously hadn't seen me...I hadn't been caught.

How many times would I be able to dodge this bullet before it finally got me? My head was spinning as I sat on the couch, grateful that my ass was once again saved. I don't know how much time had passed, but I eventually began to get sleepy.

I was about to get up and go to bed when I heard Cassie's door open. I flopped down on the couch, and pretended to be asleep...just in case.

A few anxious moments passed, and then I felt someone's hand on my shoulder. I didn't move, still feigning sleep. The hand moved, and then was suddenly sliding down my leg.

I finally opened my eyes, and Cassie was only inches from me. She was naked and had the vacant look in her eyes. Sleepwalking again.

Cassie wasted no time tonight. She tried to pull my pants down, but I rolled over onto my back, trying to get away from her.

Cassie climbed on the couch and straddled me. I was panicking again. I shook her shoulders, knowing that it wouldn't wake her up, but trying anyway.

"Cassie! Honey! Wake up. Can you hear me? Wake up," I whispered loudly.

Her succulent nipples were practically in my mouth, and I was tempted to suck on them gently, but I stopped myself.

I was glad that I hadn't acted on that impulse, because at that moment, Carolyn was coming down the stairs. She must have heard Cassie's door...or maybe it was just really bad timing.

"Bill! What the fuck is going on?" she shrieked, startled, as she caught sight of Cassie, naked and on top of me.

My mouth popped open, but nothing came out. Carolyn raced down the stairs, headed straight for me.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" she screamed. I couldn't even move a single inch, or try to get Cassie off of me. She was still fumbling around, trying to reach into my pants.

Well, this was it...the bullet had finally got me. I had managed to use up all of my good luck. I was definitely dead this time.

And by the look in Carolyn's eyes, she was going to be the one to kill me.

TO BE CONTINUED

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