

SUMMER VACATION

AMANDA WRIGHTER

Remembering the past brings Cassie
to a conclusion that will forever change
her relationship with Bill...

AN EBOOK SERIAL
CHAPTER 7

SUMMER VACATION

A STORY OF SECRECY & DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 7

Monday morning

Things had gotten...weird. Cassie kept switching from depressed to excited in regards to her pregnancy, and it had only been one day. Carolyn was due to return home tomorrow, and I wasn't looking forward to it.

Carolyn knew something was up. She called first thing this morning to see if I had gotten Cassie a doctor's appointment for her sleepwalking. I should have lied and told her yes. It would have been easier. But I didn't, and now she knew something was wrong.

Since Cassie got off on it, I had been forced to re-play the encounter between her and Chase at the park when we had sex last night. I didn't want to admit it, but it kind of turned me on, too.

Unfortunately, that only seemed to fuel the flames. Cassie woke up in a jubilant mood this morning, and when I asked her why she was so cheery, she told me what she had decided during the night.

Apparently after I passed out last night, Cassie had stayed up thinking. She had decided to try and find Chase, if at all possible. I wasn't really pleased with her decision, but in order to object to them, I would have to explain why. And I wasn't ready to divulge my last dark secret to her.

She was pretty accepting of everything, but I wasn't sure if the possibility of being knocked up by her old man was something she could easily take. So, for now (and hopefully forever) I would remain silent.

We both agreed to tell Carolyn after she got home tomorrow, and then we would discuss what comes next.

Cassie wasn't really sure what she wanted to do, but she was going to have to decide soon. She was scheduled to start school soon, but now those plans might have to be put on hold.

At the present moment, Cassie was in one of her depressed moods. It was like flicking a switch. Not two minutes ago, she was bouncing around, singing to herself while she made something to eat.

Now, she was curled up on the couch, thinking about that asshole Chase.

"What's wrong?"

"Trying to figure out what to do," she explained.

"You don't have to figure anything out right now. You still have plenty of time."

"I need to find him. The more I think about it, the more aggravated I get. What a fucking asshole! Who would do something like that?" she fumed.

"What do you think he'll do, when you find him? He's not going to step up and do the right thing. He'll run...just as fast as he can, and you know it," I argued.

"You're probably right. But I still want to try," she said firmly.

She wasn't likely to change her mind, so I dropped it. No sense in arguing the subject.

The rest of the day went by in a blur. I couldn't honestly remember what I did. Before I knew it, it was bedtime. Cassie slept in her own room that night, and for once I was glad to be alone.

I tried to figure out what I was going to tell Carolyn when she got home tomorrow, but I was coming up blank. There was no easy way to tell her that the stressful situation she was taking leave from wasn't going to end any time soon.

She was banking on Cassie leaving for school soon, and I didn't know how she would react when I told her that Cassie probably wouldn't be leaving now.

Tomorrow was going to be a long, tense day.

The morning came too early. I tossed and turned all night. After I got up and got dressed, I went in search of Cassie. I found her in the kitchen, talking on the phone.

Apparently she was not aware that I was there, because she was having a very private phone conversation. And I knew just who she was talking to.

I paused in the living room, within hearing distance.

"I know! I can't wait, either. It's going to be great," she said in a certain tone that I knew all too well.

A moment passed as she listened, then she covered her mouth as she giggled.

"Stop it! Save it for tomorrow, stud. And be sure to get a good night's sleep tonight...cause you won't be doing *any* sleeping tomorrow!"

What was this? I knew she was talking to that scumbag Angelo, but her one-sided conversation didn't make any sense.

"Yes, I'm sure. Don't worry...I'm not going to back out on you! It's been a while since I got laid, so I'm craving it just as bad as you are! I'll be sure to wear something extra naughty for you!" she assured him.

I was floored. Was she really going to meet him? This stranger? And sleep with him? I knew this was going to end in disaster.

I strolled into the kitchen, not bothering to be quiet. I walked over to the cabinet and pulled a glass out, slamming the door shut when I was done.

Cassie quieted down immediately. I heard her clear her throat.

"Um, I need to go. I'll call you later, okay?" she whispered.

I poured myself a glass of orange juice and chugged it, a small smile on my face. I enjoyed her discomfort quite a bit. I wanted her to know I didn't approve.

"Okay...yes...yes. I gotta go! Okay. Later. Okay. Bye." She quickly hung the phone up and then turned to stare at me.

I wasn't sure if she was pissed or embarrassed. Either one was fine by me. I was going to do my best to talk her

out of whatever she had cooked up.

"What's up?" I asked casually after a few tense seconds.

"Nothing," she lied.

"Hmm. Didn't sound like nothing," I retorted. I put my glass down so I could cross my arms over my chest.

"Well, it is nothing...and even if it wasn't, it's not any of your business." She glared at me, daring me to object.

"It is my business," I stated calmly.

"I don't see how. I'm a damn adult, you don't own me, and I'm free to do as I please."

"I don't think so. I know things are...different...between us, but that doesn't mean I'm no longer going to look out for you. This guy is only after one thing, and it's not going to end well for you."

I seriously doubted she would agree with my logic, but it wasn't going to stop me from trying.

"Look, I know you mean well...but there's really nothing you can do to stop me. Just save yourself the hassle and drop it," she advised, getting angrier by the second.

"Don't make me fight with you. You know damn well that this is a bad idea. You're already in a bad enough situation. Do you really want to make it worse?"

"I said drop it," she yelled as she got up from the table and stormed out of the room.

Okay...so now there was a new emotion to add to her list. Depressed, excited...angry. It was definitely a roller coaster ride with her.

I sighed and shook my head. She was right. There wasn't a damn thing I could do about it, no matter how much I hated the idea.

So, I dropped it. I could hear her slamming things around in the living room, and I did my best to ignore her. I made myself breakfast and after I ate, I cleaned the kitchen up. Carolyn would be home soon, and we still had to break the news to her.

After I was done in the kitchen, I did a little work on my computer, trying to catch up on a few things. After a

couple of hours, Cassie still hadn't made any attempt to talk to me, so I figured she was still pouting. When I was done with work, I went up to the bedroom to make sure I hadn't left any incriminating evidence lying around.

Cassie was in the living room, watching me as I climbed the stairs. I ignored her, not wanting to start another fight. I didn't realize she had followed me.

I was picking up a pile of dirty clothes off of the floor by the bed when I heard her behind me. I turned to see what she was doing, and I froze.

She was stripping her clothes off as she stood in the bedroom doorway. Her breasts were jiggling and swaying as she slid out of her pants.

I dropped the clothes that were in my hand as I turned to face her.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"I don't know! If I knew what you were doing, I wouldn't be asking!" My tone was probably a little harsher than it should have been.

"Just shut up and get on the damn bed," she commanded as she flung her panties on the floor.

"Uh, I don't think so!" I nearly shouted.

She stopped, stunned, and looked at me.

"What do you mean?" she snapped.

"Carolyn is going to be here any minute! Not really the best time for this! Not to mention the fact that you are mad at me!"

"Oh, please. Those are some pretty lame excuses."

She walked over to me and shoved me down on the bed, immediately going for my pants. I grabbed her hands, forcing her to stop.

"Quit it! I'm serious. We can't do this right now!" I said. Wouldn't you know it...my damn dick was already riled up just by her brushing against it. Fuck.

"Not too serious, it seems," she responded with a smile as she felt my bulging member through my pants.

I didn't put up too much of a fight. I'm sure there would be a day that I would eventually be able to say no to her

and mean it, but today wasn't that day. The sex was too good, and wouldn't last forever.

She grinned evilly when I released her and relaxed on the bed. She knew she had won.

"That's what I thought," she said smugly. She yanked my pants off, not bothering with my shirt.

She went straight for the dick, not wasting one second. She stuffed it in her mouth and roughly sucked it for just a few seconds. Apparently she just wanted to lube it up.

She released it and straddled me, sliding my cock in her easily. As usual, she was already wet. Cripes! Was she *always* horny?

I laid back and let her do the work this time. She rode me like she was trying to pound me through the floor. I could tell she was frustrated, but it was actually working to my advantage for once.

She was getting perturbed with me because I wasn't showing much enthusiasm. She rode me harder, slamming into me with real force.

Finally, she jumped off of me, flopping on her back. I sat up awkwardly on the bed, looking at her.

"What is it?" I asked cautiously.

"Just forget it. You're not even into it. I'm not going to force myself on you. I can tell you don't want it," she grumbled.

"That's not it at all," I said.

"Whatever," she replied. She got up and started to walk away. I grabbed her by the arm, stopping her.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere but here. Let me go."

"No...I'm not done yet."

"Well, tough shit. That's your problem, not mine."

For some reason, her pissy attitude was starting to grate on my nerves. I yanked her arm, pulling her back on the bed. I flung her down on the bed, and held her down as she struggled to try and get up.

"Nope. You're not going anywhere," I told her.

I held her arms up above her head as I climbed on top of her, forcing my penis into her as she resisted. I

pounded her with as much force as I could muster. She wiggled underneath me, trying to knock me off of her, but I didn't stop.

"STOP! What are you doing?" she yelled.

"I'm going to fuck you until you can't see straight. You've been in a shitty mood and I've had enough of it, so I'm hoping putting some dick to you will shut you the fuck up!" I yelled back as I continued to pound her.

She stopped moving underneath me, shocked at my words. When she stopped struggling, I released her hands, moving my own to her tits. I groped them roughly, tweaking her nipples.

She wrapped her legs around me, allowing me in even deeper. She grasped my ass cheeks, pulling me closer to her. She closed her eyes and began moaning as I thrust my dick in and out of her.

After a couple of minutes, she finally opened her eyes and looked at me.

"I like it when you're rough with me," she admitted.

"I know...I figured it out."

She surprised me by laughing. Then she reached down with one hand and began massaging her clit as I continued to pump her.

It wasn't long before I was ready to explode. I snatched my dick out at the last second, shooting my cum all over her belly. She rubbed it in with one hand, still massaging her clit with the other.

When I was done, I collapsed on the bed beside her. She smacked me on the chest.

"What?" I asked.

"I'm not done," she snipped.

"Well, I am!"

"It's not all about you. Eat it out...and make me cum. Then you can be done."

I looked at her to see if she was joking. Apparently she was not. I sighed and rolled over, burying myself between her legs. She gasped and clamped her legs tight around my head.

I was doing a damn good job of making her squirm.

She was getting close...it would be any minute now. Unfortunately, I heard a noise that made my heart thump. The front door swung open.

"Bill! I'm home!" Carolyn called.

I was frozen. Cassie was looking down at me, and I was staring back at her. Carolyn was home and Cassie was naked on our bed, covered in my spooge.

"I gotta get my bags out of the car! Come help!" she called out.

"Okay! I'll be right there!" I yelled back. I thawed out finally and jumped up off of the bed.

"Wait!" Cassie whispered.

"I gotta get down there so you can get cleaned up and get dressed," I whispered back.

"But you aren't finished! I was so close!" she argued.

Was she fucking serious? Carolyn was home, just mere feet away, and she wanted me to keep eating her out? I couldn't help but stare at her stupidly.

"You *cannot* be serious!" I sputtered.

"Just give it thirty seconds! If you would shut your mouth and get back down there, I would be done! I'm almost there!"

I noticed she was rubbing herself again as she motioned for me to continue.

"Just go do that in your room if you have to!"

"No! It won't feel as good! Just shut up and do it!"

"Cassie, come on!" I begged.

"I'm not moving unless you make me cum. It's up to you if you want to keep this just between us or let Carolyn catch us. You are wasting precious seconds."

She looked absolutely serious. I didn't think...I just reacted. I got back between her legs and began ravaging her pussy. She arched her back and her hips, grinding against me.

I wasn't gentle, which she apparently enjoyed. I tongued her as fast as I could, and used my fingers to help rub her clit so I could hurry her up.

At least she wasn't lying to me. It was probably less than thirty seconds, and she was quivering and moaning

as she thrust her pussy harder against me.

When she finally relaxed, I jumped up off the bed and grabbed my clothes, hastily throwing them on. She was still panting on the bed.

"Okay! There...now get up and get out of here," I said hurriedly.

"Nah. I think I'll hang out here," she said seriously.

I stopped and stared at her, disbelief clear on my face. Then I saw her smile.

"Just kidding...jeez, don't have a heart attack or anything!" She got up and left the room, snatching her clothes as she went.

I really hoped that Carolyn wasn't back in the house or she might very well see Cassie leaving our bedroom naked and covered in goo.

I dashed downstairs and went outside to help Carolyn with her bags. I noticed that our next-door neighbor was outside watering her flowers and had struck up a conversation with Carolyn.

I sighed with relief as I carried luggage inside and noticed that Cassie was already dressed and on the couch reading. She didn't even glance up at me when I came in. She was wearing a pair of tight khaki shorts and a pastel green tank top that was adorned with sequins that formed a butterfly pattern on the front.

The sequins drew my attention to her chest. I almost tripped over my own feet as I ogled her tits. I should have paid more attention to where I was walking.

I dumped Carolyn's things on the floor and went back outside to get the rest of her stuff. She waved goodbye to the neighbor and joined me.

"Sorry...Maxine caught me outside. Did you get everything inside already?" she asked.

"Yeah, already got it all." I shut the trunk of the car and headed back in the house. Carolyn was right on my heels.

When we got inside, I shut the door behind us, placing the last bag on the floor.

"Well, don't I even get a hug? Or didn't you miss me?" Carolyn asked, a little miffed.

“Sorry honey! Of course I missed you!” I said as enthusiastically as I could manage.

I reached out to hug her, and noticed Cassie was glaring at me. Luckily, Carolyn’s back was turned and she couldn’t see her.

I shot her a warning glance, and she resumed reading her book. I released Carolyn and started packing her stuff up the stairs.

She helped carry her things to the bedroom, and began unpacking. I was going to head back downstairs, but she stopped me at the door.

“What’s the rush?” she asked, trying to fondle me.

I certainly wasn’t in the mood for that. I deftly moved out of her reach and went to sit on the bed.

“No rush...just wanted to get something to eat. Didn’t have much to eat today.”

“I can fix you something. Just let me get some of this unpacked first.”

I impatiently watched as she slowly moved around the room, putting clothes up.

When she was done with two bags, she gave up. She strutted over to me, putting her hands on my shoulders. I knew that look on her face.

“So...you care to show me how *much* you missed me?” she asked as she began to unbutton her shirt.

I didn’t respond right away, and she must have taken that as a good sign. She crawled into my lap and kissed me. I was about to push her away when Cassie appeared in the doorway.

“Dad? I need your help with something,” she said loudly.

Carolyn jumped up, bewildered. She turned her back on Cassie so she could button her shirt back up. She looked pissed as she glared at me.

“Sure, honey. I’ll be right there,” I said evenly. Cassie was also glaring at me, obviously not happy about the attention that Carolyn was giving me.

I never stopped to think that there might be a problem with that. Too late to do anything about it now, though.

Cassie stomped down the stairs and Carolyn went to shut the bedroom door.

"Is it too much to ask for a little privacy in our own home?" Carolyn complained.

I didn't answer her, and she got even angrier with me. She tapped her foot impatiently.

"What's going on? You act like you don't even care that I'm back home."

"Sorry. It's not that...it's just that I have a lot on my mind right now. I'm glad you are back home, and I did miss you," I lied my ass off. I just wanted to diffuse the situation.

"Oh, yes...I forgot. There was something you needed to tell me," she said coolly.

"Well, I'll leave that up to Cassie. I'm sure she'll tell you when you go downstairs."

"Why can't you tell me?" she griped.

"Because it's not mine to tell. Look, it's been a rough couple of days. I just want us to go and talk to Cassie and get it out of the way, okay?"

"Fine." She stormed out of the room, flinging the door open and slamming it into the wall as she went.

Cassie had made me promise that I would be present during the conversation so that I could keep Carolyn calmed down. I agreed, but as livid as Carolyn was at the moment, I seriously doubted my presence would help.

Cassie was on the couch, waiting. Carolyn stood in front of her, frowning.

"What is it that you needed help with so urgently?" she asked in a nearly furious tone.

"It can wait. I can tell that you are more interested in what I have to tell you," Cassie replied.

"Go on, then."

I sat down beside Cassie, and held her hand. Cassie looked grateful...Carolyn looked irate. I tried to focus on Cassie at the moment, knowing it was probably going to be hard for her.

Or not. She just looked Carolyn straight in the eyes and blurted it out.

“Carolyn, I’m pregnant. I’ve decided to keep the baby. And dad was kind enough to offer me the option to stay here if I wanted, and I’ve accepted.”

You could have heard a pin drop. Carolyn really looked like she was about to have a stroke right there on the spot.

Cassie had ad-libbed a bit, since we had never really discussed her options, but if that’s what she wanted, then that’s what would happen.

“I can’t believe this!” Carolyn sputtered. She was going red in the face.

“Now, Carolyn...just calm down for a minute,” I started, but she shot me a look that shut my mouth.

“No! I will not calm down! I can’t believe that you would keep this from me! And make these life-altering decisions without even consulting me! How dare you!” she screamed.

“What is there for you to decide? It’s my choice in regards to the pregnancy, and it’s dad’s choice in regards to letting me stay here. What do you want him to do? Kick me out?” Cassie snapped.

“Why, you ungrateful little—“ Carolyn started, but I cut her off.

“Carolyn! Stop it! And Cassie, you behave.” I stood up and took Carolyn by the shoulders, waiting until she looked at me.

“Now, I’m sorry you had to find out this way. You were away, and I didn’t want to stress you out any more than you already were. And Cassie is right, about both things. She has to do what she feels is right, and I’m going to support her. I’m her father, and I’m not going to turn my back on her...no matter what your opinion is. I’m sorry, but that’s just the way it is.

“And you know damn well she can’t go back to her mother’s house, so what choice do I have? I apologize if I handled this badly, but I’m still trying to process it all. Now, just calm down and take a deep breath. When you are ready to talk, we can talk.” I waited, watching as everything sunk in. She seemed to be fairly calm.

I released her, and guided her over to the recliner. She sat down in it with a big huff. I turned to look back at Cassie and she had a look of annoyance on her face.

I went to sit back beside Cassie, mortified when she sat a little closer than necessary. But Carolyn was beyond noticing or being able to read anything into it.

“Okay...so now that you’ve both decided what to do, then I guess there’s nothing to really talk about.”

So it was going to be like that. I knew what it meant. She was going to be pissy and childish for a long time. I was already tired just thinking about it.

“Guess not,” Cassie said as she snuggled closer to me. I couldn’t believe what was happening. What was her problem? I looked down at her, but she just beamed at me.

Carolyn stared at me as if she wanted to kill me. She thought I was just picking sides here...but it was much more complicated than that.

“Dad, I’m hungry. Can we go get something to eat?” Cassie asked when she noticed that Carolyn was staring at me.

“Sure, honey.” Anything to get out of the house and put off the argument I was certain was coming.

Carolyn got up and disappeared down the hall. Probably going outside to mope, but at the moment I wasn’t too concerned about it...cause I was a big, fat chicken and didn’t want to confront her right now.

And though I loved Carolyn dearly, I would have always taken Cassie’s side...even if things weren’t the way they were now between us. She had always had me wrapped around her finger, and still did.

She knew it, too. She was still grinning when I got up. She held her hand out, expecting me to help her up off the couch, which I did. When I pulled her up, she folded her arms around me in a giant hug.

I couldn’t help but hug her back. She looked down the hall, making sure Carolyn wasn’t in sight, and then gave me a quick but intense kiss on the lips. I almost pulled back, but I knew it wouldn’t have done any good.

Cassie did what she wanted...and it was best to just let her do it. It was just easier.

"Thanks for sticking up for me," she said, taking my hand and pulling me towards the door.

"Always...you know that. Does that mean you'll be nice and listen to me now?" She knew what I meant. Her smug grin turned into a grimace instantly.

"No, most definitely not. I wish you would drop it already," she replied as we went outside.

We climbed into my car, and I caught sight of Carolyn looking at us through the window at the front door. She was upset because I was leaving, but she really should know better. I never did like to fight with her if I could avoid it.

When we were driving away, I figured it was safe to speak openly with Cassie.

"I'm not going to drop it. I don't want you meeting up with this guy, okay? What's so wrong about that? I don't want you taking a chance with a stranger. You don't really know him...admit it," I stated.

"Okay, so I am not going to argue with that. He is a stranger...but who's to say he's any worse than the jerk at the bar that fucked me when I was plastered? I like Angelo. He's always been good to me. And I just want a night of fun, okay?"

I was quiet for a minute, trying to figure out how to proceed. But, she figured it out at that moment.

"Wait! I know what's going on! You're not worried! You...are...JEALOUS! Aren't you? Right? Am I right?" she asked excitedly.

She was right. I was extremely jealous. I didn't want anybody to lay a finger on her. It made me feel angry and nauseous at the same time. But I wasn't going to admit it to her.

"No. I'm just worried about your well-being."

She saw right through that. I'm sure her ego was swelling up at that very moment.

"No way! I know better than that! I can't believe it! You are totally jealous! Oh, this is great!" she boasted. "I knew

I was good, but I didn't know I was *that* good!"

"Oh, shut up!" I said angrily, but it didn't spoil her mood.

She reached over and caressed my crotch without warning, nearly causing me to run off the road.

"Stop that! I'm trying to drive," I chastised.

"Not a chance. Now I know what kind of power I have over you." I didn't like the tone she was using. It was teasing, but still had an edge to it.

"Okay, fine. So I'm jealous. Will you tell him to fuck off now?" I asked, knowing what her answer was going to be before she replied.

"No. But I've got something even better in mind," she said deviously.

"Oh? And what's that?"

"I'll tell you about it over dinner. I want Chinese food tonight," she said sweetly, as if we were going to discuss a science project instead of whatever perversion she had in mind.

I drove to the other side of town to my favorite Chinese restaurant. They weren't very busy tonight, and we were able to get a booth in the back...all alone and out of earshot.

I felt a little guilty, so I called Carolyn when we got there to see if she wanted me to bring something back, but she didn't answer the house phone or her cell phone. So she was still pissed...fantastic.

I left messages on both phones, telling her where we were and to call me if she wanted me to bring her something. I didn't expect to hear from her.

Cassie insisted on sitting next to me at the booth, instead of sitting across from me. She was right up on me, and we kept getting funny looks from the waitress. She probably figured I was a dirty old man that liked young teen girls.

Cassie hugged up on my side and held my hand through most of dinner, and I honestly didn't mind. I kept trying to get her to tell me what she was talking about in the car, but she was procrastinating.

Finally, I demanded that she tell me. She eased away

from me a little bit, so I knew it was going to be bad.

"Okay...so I want you to promise you will at least listen to what I want before you say no."

"I'll listen," I said uneasily. Was it going to be that bad?

"Um, yeah...so Angelo is coming tomorrow afternoon.

We agreed to meet up at a hotel in town. He knows I'm staying with you for now, and I didn't figure it would be cool to bring him to the house. Anyway...I already promised I would give it up to him, and I really kind of want to. But, I agree with you about not knowing him. I mean, he seems harmless enough...but you never know what will happen." She stopped to look at me, trying to gauge my reaction.

My blood was boiling already...just over her mentioning that she *wanted* to sleep with him. I tried to calm myself down so she would continue.

"Okay, so I had a thought in the car. You can come with me. That way, you won't be worried about me and I know you'll keep an eye on me. We'll both get what we want."

I failed to see her reasoning. What did she mean? Go with her to the hotel? Surely Angelo wouldn't find that weird...meeting up with a strange girl from the internet at a seedy hotel. And oh yeah...don't mind her dad sitting in the corner eyeballing you.

"Cassie, are you insane?" I asked.

"No. Just think about it for a second. If you could be there to make sure I was safe, wouldn't it make you feel better?"

"Not really."

"Don't be an ass. I'm trying to compromise here. And I don't mean you'd be in the room with me. I was thinking maybe I could set up my laptop and my webcam and tell him I want to record it.

"He'd get off on that...especially if I tell him I'd send him a copy. His own personal wank file. So, you could take your laptop, and I would set mine up to the online chat. You could get online and watch from next door or something.

"You'd be right there in case anything happened. It's

quite logical if you think about it," she declared.

I had to admit, it was a pretty good plan. Except for the fact that I was totally against it. But other than that, it was great.

I knew Cassie was going to persist until she got what she wanted, so there was no point in me arguing with her. I gave in, and I didn't like it one bit. But, it was like she pointed out...at least I could be there for her in case the guy was a whack job.

"Okay," I agreed with a sigh. "I don't like it, but I know I can't argue with you."

"Yay!" she squealed. She grabbed me and hugged me tightly.

"Let's just talk about this tomorrow. I don't think I can handle any more tonight. Besides, I still have to go home and talk to Carolyn...and that's going to be gruesome."

"We don't have to go home yet, do we?" she asked.

"No, I guess not. Carolyn's not even answering the phones, so she's still pretty pissed off. What do you want to do?"

"Let's go to the park," she suggested.

"Are you sure?" It was already dark outside.

"Yes. I want to walk around...haven't gotten any exercise in a while. Besides, I need to limber up for tomorrow night," she teased, squeezing my hand.

Great...now she was going to torment me. It wouldn't surprise me if she weren't just doing this thing with Angelo to get under my skin.

"Come on, then. Let's go to the park." I would never, in a million years, admit to her that I was kind of aroused by the idea of watching her tomorrow night. Besides, I had already watched a porno of her and some other guy. It wouldn't be much different...except that she would know I was watching.

We left the restaurant and headed to the same park where Cassie got knocked up. It never dawned on me that she wanted to go there for a particular reason.

"Show me where he fucked me," she said after we parked.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," I said.

"Just do it. I want to see if I'll remember anything."

I panicked. What if being here caused some long-forgotten memories to creep up to the surface? I tried to talk her out of it...but that was like talking to a brick wall.

She got out of the car and started walking. She looked back over her shoulder to see if I was coming. I reluctantly got out of the car and led the way.

She grabbed my hand as we walked. I took her straight to the lake, relieved when I saw the confused look on her face.

"I don't remember this place at all," she admitted. "Where's the exact spot?"

I took her to the pier where Chase had fucked her. There was only other person there. He was sitting on the edge of the pier, throwing bread chunks at the eager ducks below.

Cassie walked around, but didn't seem to remember anything. But I did. The whole night came flooding back at that moment, and I suddenly felt like my legs were going to give out on me.

I remembered hiding in the bushes, watching. I also very distinctly remembered Chase pounding Cassie...and pulling out of her when he climaxed. He shot his load on her face...not in her pussy.

I don't know why I hadn't remembered that fact until just now. I had just assumed he had gone in her...but he didn't. I was sure there was a chance that a couple of his little soldiers might have leaked out prematurely and impregnated her, but it was a small chance.

So now it wasn't even fifty-fifty. It was most likely me that knocked her up. I began to hyperventilate. Luckily, Cassie had walked down to the edge of the pier and wasn't paying any attention to me. She had struck up a conversation with the guy feeding the ducks.

I went to sit on a nearby bench, trying to keep myself from passing out. It was me...I was the one who had done that to Cassie. I ruined her life...in more ways than one. In a moment of selfishness, I had changed both of our lives

forever.

I recalled titty-fucking her that night, but regretting not getting to stick my cock in her pussy. If I had just left it alone, we wouldn't be in the situation we were in. I put my head in my hands and tried not to lose it.

Cassie noticed that I had left the pier, and she came to find me. She was startled when she saw the look on my face.

"Are you okay? You don't look too good," she commented.

"I'm okay." I didn't want to freak her out, so I did my best to put a smile on my face. "Are you ready to go?"

"Not yet. I want to go sit by the water for a while. Will you come with me?" she asked.

"Sure," I agreed as I got up. I would do anything she wanted...from now on. Considering that her whole life was forever altered because of me, it was the least I could do.

She took me to the grassy area by the water's edge, and I started to sweat. It was the same spot where it had happened. I didn't want to sit there, but that's where she plopped down. I sat beside her.

A jogger in tight shorts and a sweaty t-shirt ran past us and waved briefly. I waved back and then turned my attention back to Cassie.

She wasn't looking at me, though. She was watching duck-man as he gathered his things. After a couple of minutes, he walked towards the parking lot and was gone. I realized we were now alone...at least in this particular area of the park.

Cassie finally looked at me. She had apparently been waiting for that guy to leave. She pushed me down to the ground and started kissing me.

I really wanted to resist, but I didn't have it in me. I didn't jump on her, though, and it got her attention.

"Okay...really, what's wrong? Something's not right. You've been acting weird since we got here."

"Nothing's wrong. I just...had some bad memories come back when we got here, is all." No need to tell her that they had nothing to do with Chase.

“Oh. Sorry. Guess I didn’t think about that. Are you okay? We can go if you want. I don’t want to stress you out.”

“No, I’m okay. We can do whatever you want,” I offered. She had no idea how much I really mean that.

“Good. Cause I definitely had something in mind. I don’t know what’s been going on the last few days with me, but I’m just constantly horny. Hormones or something.” She leaned down and started kissing me again.

This time, I kissed her back, not wanting her to feel bad. She responded like I knew she would...she went crazy. She ran her hands through my hair as she stuck her tongue practically down my throat.

I felt her boobs as they mashed up against my chest, smelled her hair as it fell down around my face. I ran my hands gently up and down her back, occasionally grabbing at her ass.

After a few minutes, she pulled back, panting. She had a crazy look on her face.

“Show me!”

“Show you what?”

“We’re here...so show me what he did to me! I figured the grass would be a little more comfortable than the pier. C’mom. I know you remember what happened,” she stated.

“Absolutely not. We’re in the middle of the park. Someone will catch us!” I objected.

“I asked that guy about it. He said he comes here several times a week and it’s always dead at this time of night. He says all of the people stick to the bike path where it’s well lit.”

“You can’t be serious!”

“Look...I know all of this might seem irrational and crazy to you, but I need this. I feel sickened by the thought of some stranger taking advantage of me while I was vulnerable. Not to mention that I don’t remember a damn thing about it. And if that wasn’t bad enough, now I’m going to have a permanent reminder of that night because

I got knocked up. I don't know how to explain it. I just feel like...it will be easier for me if I at least know what happened...know what he did to me...and you can show me that."

I was on the verge of a mental breakdown. The list of everything I had done wrong that night was whirling around in my head.

First of all, Cassie wouldn't have even been at that bar if it hadn't been for me freaking her out in the chat room. Second, I should have gotten her from the bar instead of letting her leave with the scumbag, cause I knew what he wanted from her.

Third, I should not have sat by while he took advantage of her, which has caused her immense amounts of stress that could have been avoided. And last but not least, I should not have swooped in and taken advantage of her myself, thereby knocking her up and ruining her life forever.

So, in essence, all of her problems in life right now were my fault. If she needed me to act that night out for her, then I would. But, I wasn't going to act out what Chase did. I would act out what I did, since my part was the worst part.

I nodded my head and silently reached down to unzip my pants. She just watched me, wondering what I was up to. I looked at her in the dim light, the moon reflecting off of the sequins on her shirt.

I took a deep breath to prepare for what was about to happen, and tried to remember what I did that night.

"Okay...you, uh...went down on him first," I informed her.

She didn't say a word. She bent down and pulled my dick out of my pants. She slid it in her mouth slowly, as if she was still desperately trying to remember something. I wished she would quit trying.

I tried my best not to enjoy it, but it was nearly impossible. And I didn't want to hurt her feelings, so I allowed myself to enjoy it just a little. Okay, well maybe a bit more than a little.

I let her suck me off for a few minutes, just like she had that night. After a while, though, I pulled her off of me, instructing her on what came next.

“Um, now I go down on you.”

She nodded and then pulled her pants off swiftly. She leaned back, waiting for me to get between her legs.

“Uh, no. You straddle my face.”

She climbed on top of me and sat her pussy down on my face. It was just as great as it had been that first time. I even slid my fingers in her hole, working them like before.

Cassie seemed to be enjoying herself. She started to grind on top of me, working her hips in tiny circles as I licked her clit in rhythmic movements.

“Am I doing it right?” she asked.

I nodded, not speaking. She grabbed my hair in her hand and yanked on it. I pushed my fingers in her even deeper.

“What comes next?” she panted.

I paused what I was doing so I could speak to her.

“Titty fucking,” I said quickly.

“Let’s do that, then.” She climbed off of me without bothering to let me push her into climax with my tongue. I was a little disappointed, but I knew she was ready to get to the actual fucking part of it.

She rolled over on her back, and I got on top of her, ramming my dick between her tits. I began to pump hard and fast, enjoying the slip and slide of my wet cock.

Cassie kept quiet for a few minutes, but then she was eager to know what was next.

“Okay...when did he actually...do me?” she finally asked.

“Right after he got done with your boobs,” I said.

“Finally. Get to it!” she commanded in a teasing tone.

I scooted down until I was between her knees. She pulled her legs up for me, and I slid my cock in slowly, just as I had done that night.

She was so tight that it was almost a struggle to stuff my dick all the way in her. If she hadn’t been so lubed up, I probably wouldn’t have been able to get all the way in.

I started out slowly, then picked up the pace. After a couple of minutes, I was pounding her hard. She was enjoying it, but I could also tell it was disturbing her some.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked.

"No. Keep going. I want you to go in me just like he did. I want to feel it," she said with determination.

I continued on, pounding her with my stiff rod until I was about to pass out from exhaustion.

Finally, I felt the urge and let myself explode inside of her. She moaned as I filled her up with cum, clearly enjoying it.

I felt dirty when I was done. I quickly wiped myself off and got dressed, and she did the same. I was truly surprised we hadn't got caught.

Of course, someone could have walked up on us and I probably wouldn't have noticed anyway.

"Thank you for that. At least now I know how it happened." She sprawled out on her back, looking up at the stars.

"Anything for you, but you already know that," I said jokingly. I was alarmed when she didn't laugh. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I just feel...weird. Like maybe déjà vu or something. I was really strange when you were fucking me just now. I mean, I know we've done it before...lots of times, but it just seemed so familiar. I guess I'm just trying too hard to remember."

I watched as her hand drifted down and rested on her lower belly. She was already acknowledging her pregnancy. I reached over and put my hand on top of hers. I guess it was fitting, considering that was most likely my kid in there.

"It's just a shame. I didn't want to do it this way, ya'know? I didn't want to get pregnant like this and certainly not this soon. I wanted to get through school first and have a career. Now it's all over before I even got a chance to experience any of it, and all because of one stupid mistake. One fucking night of drunkenness. I can't believe it."

I laid down beside her, holding her free hand with mine. I wanted to comfort her but didn't know how.

"I just wish I had at least known him. That might have made it a little easier." She sighed, and then she chuckled. And then she giggled and couldn't stop.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, nothing. I just had a crazy thought that popped into my head, is all. Trust me...you don't want to hear it!" she laughed again.

"Try me."

"Okay, but you asked for it," she warned me. She sat up and propped herself up with one arm as she gazed down at me.

"I was just thinking—and try not to laugh at this—that I remembered something from that night after all. I guess it's just my brain playing tricks on me, but when I was on top of you had your fingers in me, it was like I could almost pull that memory up. But, it was of you...and not some strange guy. Isn't that weird?"

"I mean, I don't have any clue what the dude even looks like, so my brain had to put someone in his place. And then it happened again when you were between my tits. It was a really strange sensation.

"And if that isn't weird enough for you..." she trailed off, hesitating. She didn't want to tell me.

I wasn't breathing, I realized, as my head started to swim. I drew in a ragged breath, clearing my head. Was she really on the verge of remembering?

She didn't continue like I thought she would, so I encouraged her to go on.

"Okay...what next?" I asked.

"Oh, this is going to sound stupid and strange, but I guess what we're doing is already strange enough. Um...okay. As I was trying to make myself remember, and my brain was making me put you in that guy's place, another thought crossed my mind.

"I thought that it would have been nice if it had been you that night, instead of him. That it wouldn't be so bad for me now if it had been."

I just stared at her, dumbfounded. She looked up at me and blinked, taking in my expression. Then she looked back down at the ground.

"I shouldn't have said anything. I'm sorry. I told you it was crazy."

I put my hand under her chin, pulling her face up so she had to look me in the eyes.

"It's not crazy...not at all," I assured her.

"You don't think so?"

"No, I don't. So what would you think now, if that had been me?" I asked, hoping to sound casual.

"I don't know. It might be a little bit weird, but it would still be a million times better than being knocked up by a bar-hopping man-whore that fucked me and left me in the park."

So now what? Should I tell her? Just come clean and confess the truth? It would be nice to finally tell her and get it off my chest. But what if she wasn't ready for that? What if she only thought she was?

She leaned over and hugged me, then reached up to kiss my cheek. And then she made up my mind for me.

"Actually, I think it would be pretty great. Cause I know you'll always take care of me...no matter what. Even if you have to fight with Carolyn," she joked.

"Honey, I need to tell you something."

"What's that?" she asked.

"It was me...that night," I said, swallowing loudly. I continued on before I could lose my nerve.

"It was me. You're not imagining it. It really was me. I wanted you so badly, and you were drunk and you threw yourself at me and I didn't even try to stop it from happening. So, there's a good chance that I am, in fact, the one who got you pregnant."

I waited, but there was no response from her. At first, that is. She pulled back from me, looking up at me now like I was a snake that was about to attack her.

Okay, so maybe that hadn't been the best idea I'd ever had. She was going to run screaming now, and I totally didn't blame her for it.

“Cassie? Are you okay?” I asked, allowing her some space between us.

Nothing. She just stared at me. Her mouth popped open like she was going to say something, but then she closed it again.

She stood up slowly, never taking her eyes off of me. I stood up as well, not wanting to let her out of my sight. I didn’t want her going and doing something that would get her hurt.

She slowly backed away from me, hands up in front of her, gesturing for me to stay where I was.

She walked over to the bench I had sat on earlier, and took a seat. She made sure that I hadn’t moved, and then she put her head down in her hands.

I turned around, not wanting to look at her right now. It was killing me to just let her sit there alone, but I knew she didn’t want me touching her.

I watched the ducks slowly swimming around the lake’s edge. Most of them were piled up in the corner asleep, but a few were still up. After a few minutes, I decided that I had to go to her. I couldn’t take it any longer.

I turned around and started walking toward the bench, but then I froze.

Cassie was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED

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