

THE REUNION

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1

CHAPTER

AN EBOOK SERIAL



Everybody knows
one...but some people
are one...follow one
woman on her
journey into total
bitch-dom!

THE REUNION

A STORY OF INTOXICATION & REGRETS

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 1

The alarm clock continued to beep as it woke me from a deep slumber. I fumbled around for it in the darkness, finally finding the correct button. I slammed my fist down hard on the annoying little machine until it was silent. I hated mornings...more than anything else. Well, almost. I hated my husband most of all. The sad part is that *he* doesn't know that. Not yet, anyway.

I stumbled into the bathroom and climbed into the shower. Once the water was running, I absentmindedly washed my hair as my thoughts skipped ahead to tomorrow. I was ecstatic. Once work was done for the day, I was heading out for a much-needed road trip. My mom was throwing her yearly reunion at her house on Saturday, and I was looking forward to it. While most people spent all year trying to avoid their family, I actually enjoyed mine. And this year was going to be even better because my husband, Riley, wasn't going to be able to go.

Work flew by in a blur. I couldn't even say what I did for most of the day, and that was just fine by me. Before I knew it, it was quitting time. I gathered my purse and keys and bolted for the door before someone could stop me. Apparently I wasn't fast enough.

"April! I need to talk to you," I heard from behind me. Dammit to hell...I knew that voice, and it just made me want to sprint out the door. Instead, I huffed a huge sigh and turned around. I tried to plaster a smile on my face, but I wasn't sure if I was very convincing or not.

"Hello, Andy. I'm in a bit of a hurry...is there something you need?" I answered. I watched as Andy hurried to catch up to me.

"Yes, Mr. Jansen needs to speak with you before you leave. I didn't realize it was so late or I would have gotten

you sooner," he explained.

Fuck...this couldn't be good. Jansen was long-winded. I was going to be here for a while. Just my luck! Been here all day long but they choose to stop me when I'm walking out the door. That's okay...I'll be sure to bill them for overtime.

"Okay," I said as I followed him down the long hallway to Jansen's office. I hated Andy. He was such a brown-nosing bastard. He was stuck up Jansen's ass and was proud of it. I wanted to kick him right in the nuts on most days. He walked around the office like he was in charge. I guess in a way he was. Jansen let his little pet do anything he wanted.

When we finally reached Jansen's office, Andy opened the door for me and let me in. He had a smug little smile on his face as I walked by him. Yes...definitely wanted to kick him square in the nuts.

"You needed to see me?" I asked as I walked up to Jansen's desk. He hadn't bothered to speak to me so I figured I would break the ice.

"Yes. Please have a seat, April." He didn't bother to look up at me. He sounded a little pissed, which wasn't good. What the hell?

I sat down in the seat across from him and waited. He didn't look up from whatever paperwork he was studying on his desk. I was beginning to get uncomfortable when he finally sighed and looked up at me. Yep...this wasn't good at all.

"April, I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to give it to you straight. We're going to have to let you go, effective immediately. I've been reviewing your file all afternoon, and I have to say that I'm not pleased with your record here. We got another complaint on you yesterday. That's a total of eight complaints in the last three months. That is completely unacceptable," he stated.

I sat there with my mouth hanging open. I didn't know what to say. He was firing me? *ME*? What the fuck? Anger quickly took over as my face flushed red.

"I have not been advised of these complaints. I was told that anytime we had a complaint, we were allowed to dispute it. I want to know who filed these complaints so that I can

deal with them. I have been doing a superb job lately and I don't think there is anyone that can say otherwise. Those complaints are completely bogus," I spouted. I was furious, and Jansen could see that.

"We do occasionally allow an employee to dispute a complaint if there isn't much evidence to go along with it, but that isn't the case with you. You've had complaints from co-workers, vendors, and customers. I refuse to believe that all of these are coincidences. And that is just the last three months. I won't even bother with everything that has come in from the last year. You were warned at your annual review that you needed to make improvements, and you haven't. This isn't up for debate. I've already taken you out of the system and advised Andy to clear out your work area. Please be sure to get any personal items tonight, because you won't be allowed back on the premises," he instructed.

"This is total bullshit! I won't be fired because a few people are intimidated by me! That's all that is happening here! I'm a damn good employee and you fucking know it! I know there are just some jealous, worthless, brown-nosing bitches here that don't know their ass from a hole in the wall, but I didn't realize it was this bad! To make shit up about me and get me fired...that's crossing the line!" I ranted.

"Please leave immediately, or I will have you escorted out. Be sure to get your items before you leave. Andy will assist you to make sure that you get everything," Jansen clarified. He was calm and collected. I was pissed and seeing red.

"Oh, you mean that he's going to watch me to make sure I don't steal anything or break something, right? Well, fuck you! Fuck all of you! I don't need this shitty job!" I screamed as I stormed out of his office.

As promised, Andy was leaned up against the wall, waiting on me. He was still wearing that smug little smirk on his face as he glared at me. I stomped past him and headed for the exit. There wasn't anything of mine that was important enough to get. I had everything I needed in my purse. I could hear Andy walking behind me but I didn't dare turn around and confront him. It wouldn't end well.

I strode out of the building as fast as I could, not pausing

when Andy called my name again. He could eat a dick as far as I was concerned. I didn't care if he had caught on fire; I wouldn't have pissed on him to put him out.

I got into my car and shoved the key into the ignition. I threw the car into reverse and peeled out of the parking lot. I caught a glimpse of Andy in my rearview mirror. He was waving at me, trying to get me to stop. He had a piece of paper in his hand, but I wasn't curious enough to bother stopping. I doubted that it was very important. Besides, I didn't work there anymore so I didn't have to worry about it.

I raced home with fingers crossed that I wouldn't run into any cops. Luck finally found me and I made it without being ticketed for my reckless driving. Another stroke of luck...Riley wasn't home yet. I was eager to get my bags packed and get the hell out of there before he showed up. I wanted to take the weekend to figure out what the hell I was going to do, especially now that I didn't have a job.

Damn...that was going to put a kink in things. I was relying on that stupid job more than I realized. Now that I couldn't support myself, how in the hell was I going to leave Riley?

Fuck! This is just great, I thought to myself as I ran inside. I threw the first things I could find into a bag and left a note on the counter for him. I knew he was going to be mad that I took off early, but who cares. I wasn't in the mood to fake enthusiasm around him right now.

I felt better as I raced down the highway. I had at least two hours before I made it to mom's house, even at this pace. I used the free time to contemplate my options. There weren't many.

I could go ahead with my plan and tell Riley we're through, but where would I go? It was all fine and dandy when I had a job and a way to pay for rent, but who knew how long it would take to find another job...so I guess that option was on hold for now.

The second option: stay with Riley and leave him in the dark for now. Look for a new job and wait a month or two to get some money coming in, and then leave.

Or, I could always move back in with my parents. Especially after all the shit I've been telling them about Riley

these past few months. Sure, most of it was bullshit, but he's an asshole, so it doesn't really matter. I didn't know if I was quite desperate enough for that...yet.

If only things had worked out between me and Charlie. I would have been able to move in with him and none of this would matter right now.

Well, I thought brightly, at least I don't have to tell Riley I'm having an affair now! That was a conversation I was dreading!

Stupid men...always unreliable. I thought things were going great between me and Charlie. He was married...I was married...we both hated our spouses and wanted out. I had a job, he had a job...no kids for either of us, so it would have been a clean break. Guess that's the problem with men who are cheating on their wives. They really don't have the ability to commit or be faithful. Should have seen that one coming. I still couldn't believe that he screwed around on me, though. Let's face it...his wife was an ugly bitch, and so was the fish-faced chick he hooked up with after me. I was obviously too good for him.

I tossed those thoughts around my head, over and over again. I never had reached a decision when I finally arrived at my mom's. She was outside, sitting on the porch, drinking her nightly cup of coffee and reading a book. She had a look of excitement on her face as she saw me pull up.

"April! You're earlier than expected!" she exclaimed as I got out of the car. She was making her way down the steps to greet me.

"Yeah...I left right after work. I couldn't wait to get here," I said without much enthusiasm. She hadn't missed sour tone of my voice.

"Uh-oh...what happened? Are you and Riley fighting again?" she asked as she draped her arm around my shoulder.

"No. For once it isn't about Riley. I...got let go at work today," I admitted.

"What? Why?"

"Bogus bullshit, as always. There are a lot of people there that don't like me, and they finally convinced the boss to get

rid of me. They said they had a bunch of complaints against me, but of course they wouldn't tell me who they came from or what they are about," I explained.

"Well, you need to fight them on that! They will tarnish your record and make it hard for you to find work. Don't worry, honey. It will all work itself out," she said, trying to comfort me.

"Oh well. I don't really want to think about it anymore. I've been steaming over it for the past few hours. I just want to have a good time this weekend. Or try to, at least."

"That's a good idea! You can help me get things set up inside, if you want. Everyone will be here bright and early in the morning."

After helping my mom all night, I tried to relax and get some sleep in the guest bedroom. I tried to keep my mind from wandering back to work and back to all of the bullshit that was waiting for me at home. I was quite shocked that Riley hadn't called me at this point. I was certain that he would be angry with me for leaving early, even though I had left a note. He either wasn't home or simply didn't care. I don't know why it bothered me at all.

I already felt better about everything, just by being with my parents. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing to move back in with them, for just a little while.

Eventually, I drifted off to sleep. The next thing I knew, there was a knock on my door. I sat up in the bed, feeling groggy and trying to figure out where I was as I stared at the sunlight that was filtering in through the curtain.

"You awake yet? It's time to get up. You got about an hour before everyone gets here," my mom said.

"Yeah...yeah I'm up. I'll be down in a minute," I replied.

I heard her thump down the stairs as I got up to get dressed. I felt a twinge of excitement about today. If nothing else, I could count on my wacky family to entertain me for a few hours.

After I was dressed, I headed downstairs to get some breakfast. My parents were already seated around the dining room table, enjoying breakfast and reading the morning paper.

“Hey there. Did you sleep well?” my mom asked.

“Sure did. Slept like the dead for a change.”

“Oh, you left your phone downstairs last night. It’s been ringing off the hook all morning. You might want to see who’s been trying to get in touch with you.”

I didn’t need to look at my phone to know who was calling. I sighed and went into the living room to search for my phone. At that exact moment, it began ringing again. I sprinted to the coffee table and snatched it up. I answered on the second ring.

“Hello?”

“April? Where have you been? I’ve been trying to call you!” Riley exclaimed.

“Sorry. I just woke up,” I explained.

“What about last night? Do you think you could have at least called me to make sure you got there safely? I’ve been worried sick about you, and I couldn’t find your mom’s new phone number anywhere,” he retorted.

“Sorry! Jeez! I got sidetracked and forgot, okay?”

“Whatever. Is there something you need to tell me?” he asked.

“Um...no. What are you talking about?”

“There was a message on our answering machine from your boss when I got home last night. He said you needed to pick up a box of personal items they boxed up for you and that they already had your final paycheck ready. He said that Andy tried to give it to you yesterday. Were you planning on telling me at some point that you lost your job?”

“I don’t know, Riley. I was upset and I just wanted to get out of there. I don’t really feel like talking about it right now, okay? I’ll deal with it when I get back. I’ve got things to do. I’ll call you later.” I hung the phone up on him then, not bothering to wait for his response. I knew that made him mad when I would hang up on him, but I didn’t really care right now. I turned the phone on silent and flung it down on the coffee table.

My parents didn’t look up or say a word to me when I stomped back into the kitchen, and for that I was grateful. I didn’t want to talk about any of it. I just wanted to focus on

forgetting about all of my problems. It turned out to be a lot easier than I thought it would be. Between setting up for the reunion and welcoming family, I was soon wrapped up in my own bright little bubble. I was having a blast.

The reunion had been going on for several hours, and I had made sure to talk to everyone and catch up with all that had been going on with them. I was careful never to mention any of my issues, and they all seemed happier to talk about themselves. One person in particular captured my attention. My cousin Blake. I hadn't seen him in almost five years, but seeing his face took me back to my childhood. He seemed just as happy to see me. I didn't even know that he had gotten married until he introduced me to his wife, Nina.

I don't know why, but I automatically didn't like her. She seemed nice enough, but for some reason, I despised her. I was glad when she went to talk to some of the other wives and left me and Blake alone.

"So, what have you been up to, cuz?" Blake asked.

"Not much...what about you? Other than growing up and getting married!" I said with a grin.

"Yeah, I still can't believe that one either!" he replied.

"I can't believe I didn't know! But, you live so far away. I can't believe it's really been five years since I saw you. Even then, we didn't really get a chance to catch up."

"I know. Aunt Grace's funeral was a disaster. All of her kids fighting over her stuff...it was disgusting. I got out of there as soon as I could. I didn't want to get stuck in the middle of it," he explained.

"I understand that. So...when did you meet Nina?" I inquired. I was curious to see what he found so great about her. She looked a little plain to me.

"We met about two years ago. I ran into at the college library. I was finishing up a paper for one of my classes and she was a student helper. We just kind of hit it off and we've been together ever since. I proposed after we'd been dating for a year and we got married in March."

"Wow. That's really great! I wish I would have known. I would have gone to the wedding."

"Oh, well...not many people did. We flew to Hawaii to

have our ceremony,” he said.

“Really? That’s...nice!” Fuck! He got married in Hawaii? I got the standard boring church wedding. I hated Nina even more now.

“I hate to ruin the party, but I’d better get going,” Blake advised.

“Why? The party’s not over yet!”

“Yeah, I know, but Nina has an old friend that lives in the area that she wanted to see. We made dinner plans with her for tonight,” he sighed.

“You don’t sound too happy about that.”

“Not really. I don’t know her, so I’m sure I’ll be bored out of my mind while they catch up,” he clarified.

Just then, I had a brilliant idea. I don’t know why, but I wasn’t ready for Blake to go. So, I gave him another option for the evening.

“Hey...why don’t you and I have dinner? Nina can take your car and meet up with her friend, and you and I can hang out for tonight. Then she can either meet up with us here or I can take you to her,” I said with excitement.

“Oh, I don’t know...I’m not sure if Nina would go for that.”

“I bet she’d be happy to ditch for an evening. Girls like to have an occasional night out...trust me!”

I started towards Nina to inform her of my brilliant idea. I wasn’t going to take no for an answer. I fixed a smile on my face as I approached her. Blake was close behind me.

“Are you ready to go?” Nina asked Blake.

“Actually, Nina...Blake and I thought that maybe it would be nice to hang out and catch up some more. He said you were having a girl’s night out with a friend, so I asked him to stay here and have dinner. You don’t mind, do you?” I asked.

“Oh, well...um...no, I guess not. If that’s what you want, Blake,” Nina responded as she looked at Blake.

“If you’re okay with it, honey. I know you’d probably like to catch up with Charlotte without having to drag me along. Take the car. I’ll have April drop me off at the hotel room later. Stay out as long as you want. We don’t have to leave early tomorrow,” Blake informed her.

“Okay. I have my cell if you need me. I shouldn’t be out

too late. Love you,” Nina said as she pecked Blake on the cheek.

“Love you, too. Drive safe...”

We both watched Nina get into her car and drive away. Blake waved at her as she left. I was stoked to have the night with Blake. It was just what I needed. I hoped that he was still wild and crazy like when we were kids. And if he wasn't, then I would corrupt him again...for just one night!

We stuck around until everyone had left for the evening, and then we both helped my mom clean up. She eventually kicked us out of the house and told us to go have some fun while she finished cleaning. I didn't object.

Blake and I ate dinner at a local Mexican restaurant. We chatted about what had been going on for the last few years and I even opened up to him about the troubles I was having with work and with Riley. He listened to everything I had to say while I vented, and tried to comfort me. I felt so much better after I had gotten it all out. When we were done, I drove Blake to the nearest bar and coaxed him inside when he objected. I convinced him that one drink wasn't going to hurt, and that we both needed to unwind. It was almost too easy.

After the fifth or sixth drink, I was feeling good. I hadn't been this relaxed in a while. I didn't have to fake my enthusiasm with Blake. Of course, the abundant amount of alcohol probably helped a little. We continued to talk about trivial things to pass the time, but eventually it got late enough that he needed to get back to his hotel. He was worried Nina would be waiting for him. Time had passed way too fast with him.

I reluctantly drove him to the hotel, not ready to say goodbye yet. I was ecstatic when we arrived and realized that Nina wasn't back yet. Blake invited me up to his room, and that made me happy. He was going to give me a new book he had just finished reading on the long drive up here, because he thought it was something I might enjoy. After I tucked the book into my purse, I plopped down on the bed. I was suddenly tired. I didn't know how I was going to manage the forty-minute drive back to my mom's house. I was too

buzzed to be driving, anyway. Hopefully I wouldn't get stopped tonight. That would suck.

"What's wrong? You look tired," Blake commented.

"Yeah...I feel so worn out all of a sudden. Guess I'm not able to hold my liquor like I used to," I explained with a laugh. I knew he would remember how it was when we were kids.

"Never thought I'd see the day when booze kicked your ass. You used to be able to pound 'em down when you were younger."

"Hey! I'm still young!" I retorted.

"Haha...if you say so! I guess I can't make too much fun of you. I'm feeling pretty tipsy myself. I think I drank a little too much."

"Oh...Nina is going to be so mad at me!"

"Nah...I'm usually pretty good. She can't get too pissy. Huh...wonder what's taking her so long. Hold on a sec. I want to call her and see where she is."

"Okay...just gonna lie back for a minute."

I plopped back onto the bed while my head spun uncomfortably. I really hoped that I wouldn't get sick. I'm sure that would be a perfect end to the evening...me puking all over myself. I closed my eyes and tried to breathe deeply while Blake was on the phone. I wasn't paying much attention to what he was saying.

"Well, Nina is going to be gone for a few more hours. She went back to Charlotte's house and now they are going through some old photos or something. Looks like I'm going to be all alone tonight," Blake told me with a frown on his face.

"Aw...that's too bad. Hey, I'll stay here for a while. I mean, if you want me to. I could stay till you get sleepy..."

"Thanks, April. That would be great. I bet we could find a movie or something to watch. But first, I got to get out of these jeans. I'll be right back."

I sat up carefully on the bed to keep my head from spinning too much, and watched Blake walk into the bathroom. Blake wasn't what most people would consider to be attractive. He was a little on the short side, and a lot on

the pudgy side. He used to wear glasses as a kid, but he got picked on so much that his mom finally got him contacts. He now sported a goatee and his face was finally clear of teenage acne. He was getting better looking with age. He had always been a little awkward growing up, especially around girls. He was even more awkward around me because I was a few years older than him and I developed early. I had larger than average size boobs and he'd always been uncomfortable around me. He always seemed to stare at my chest when he would talk to me. He also confessed once when he was just fifteen that he had secretly had a crush on me for a while. I was grossed out and flattered at the same time.

I crawled up to the head of the bed and settled in. I grabbed the remote and started flicking through the channels to see if there was anything suitable on to watch. I wasn't looking at Blake when he came out of the bathroom and came to sit beside me on the bed.

"Anything good on?" he asked.

"Nothing so far...just a bunch of crap."

"Hey...you remember when we used to go to Uncle Manny's house and stay the night?" he chuckled.

"Oh, man! I forgot all about that...we used to sit up at night with the television turned down low and watch the adult channels. Can't believe I forgot about that!"

"We got caught once by Aunt Marlene...that was so embarrassing!"

"Yeah...but it was worse for Uncle Manny! Aunt Marlene didn't even know they *had* the adult channels. Man, he was pissed at us!" I was laughing so hard that I was gasping for air. It felt nice to be carefree for once, even if it was just for a night.

When I was able to catch my breath, I looked over at Blake and was startled. He was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt and a pair of sleep shorts now. I thought he was still pudgy, but now after looking at him without clothes covering him up, I realized he was pretty damn buff. He must have worked out a lot to get rid of the baby fat.

While I was ogling him, Blake stared back at me,

confused.

“What are you looking at?” he asked.

“Oh...uh...sorry. I was just admiring your new muscles. The last time I saw you, you were...well...”

“Fat? Yeah...I got sick of being the chubby friend. I worked out a lot in college and managed to beef up some. I managed to have quite a few girlfriends in college as a result. Not to mention that I managed to get Nina’s attention.” He grabbed the remote from me and started flicking through the channels while I continued to stare.

So what...he thought Nina was hot? What the hell? She didn’t even have a big rack, for crying out loud! I had her beat in looks and body, by a long shot. I guess the alcohol had given me false confidence, since I shared my thoughts with Blake.

“What are you talking about? Nina’s not all that Blake. You could do so much better! I mean...look at her tits! She doesn’t even have a B cup, I bet!” I blurted.

“Damn, April! Boobs aren’t everything, you know! I happen to think Nina is beautiful. She’s also funny and smart and talented and a great wife...why are you being so hateful?”

I wasn’t sure. I instantly regretted opening my mouth, but it was too late to take it back now.

“No, boobs aren’t everything but I happen to know that you are a boob man, and you are depriving yourself.”

“And how is it that you know so much about me?” he shot back.

“I grew up with you, remember? I know how obsessed with tits you were...especially mine!”

“Oh please! That was years and years ago and I was a horny teenager.”

“Ahh...so you mean to tell me that you’re not a boob man and that was just a phase? I don’t think so and I can prove it!” I replied.

“Really? And just how are you going to do that?”

“*Like this!*” I shouted. I jumped off of the bed and ripped my shirt off. I wasn’t sure why I did it or what had come over me, but my brain wasn’t fast enough to stop me.

And then I felt slightly satisfied as I watched Blake’s eyes

bug out of his head as he stared at me. My boobs were big in high school, but somehow they managed to keep growing. They were probably at least a cup bigger than they were back then. And although they weren't quite as perky, they were still pretty damn nice. It also helped that I was a little cold and my nipples were completely erect when I yanked my shirt off. I flung my shirt on the floor and used both of my hands to jiggle my tits up and down while he watched.

The part of my brain that knew this was wrong was apparently hiding behind a wall of booze. And I didn't care. I climbed back onto the bed and crawled over to where Blake was sitting. He was too stunned to move. I straddled him and then I shoved my massive tits right into his face.

"Now, are you going to sit there and tell me that you don't like boobs?" I asked.

Blake was apparently so shocked that he couldn't even move. At least, not that I could see...but I did definitely FEEL something moving. I was instantly aware of his dick under me, and it was growing bigger and harder by the second. So, I guess he was a boob man after all. Poor guy...stuck with no-tits Nina from now on. That has to suck!

"April, I think you should get up," Blake whispered.

"Nope...not until you admit it! Tell me that I'm right!" I exclaimed with a laugh.

"Okay! Okay! You were right! I love tits! Huge fucking tits! Is that what you wanted to hear?" he yelled.

My laughter cut off immediately and I leaned away from him. He wouldn't look me in the eye anymore. I scrambled off of his lap and got off of the bed. I stood sheepishly to the side of the bed, trying to figure out a way to apologize. My head swam and I swayed a little. I braced myself against the bed to keep from falling over.

"I'm sorry, Blake. I don't know what happened. I just...I just had too much to drink tonight, I guess. Please, just forget about all of this," I pleaded.

"No...don't apologize. I'm sorry for yelling at you. You were right. I...like certain...things. Nina was the first girl that came on to me. I lied about all of the other girlfriends. I guess I was just desperate. Now I'm stuck. I realized after

we were married that I wasn't happy. I had just jumped on the first girl that gave me the time of day," he muttered.

I felt like total shit. I didn't know how to fix it now. I had upset him and made him feel bad. Now he had confessed to me something that I was certain he hadn't shared with anyone else. And I didn't know what to say to him.

"Blake...I'm so sorry. I didn't realize...that it was like that. I was just trying to mess with you. I didn't mean to upset you. I...I think I better go."

"No...please stay for a little while. It's nice to finally be able to talk to someone about this. I've been dealing with this for almost a year now. I knew when we got engaged that I really didn't want to marry her, but it made her happy. Now I have no idea what to do," he confessed.

"I understand you, Blake. I'm in the same damn situation. I'm unhappy and I want to get out. Riley was the first guy that was ever interested in me, too. I latched on to him and never let go. After we were married, I knew that it wasn't what I wanted. I haven't told anyone this before...but I cheated on Riley. A lot...I kept dating men on the side, trying to fill the void. I'm not really sure what I was looking for. He still doesn't know about any of that. I was planning on breaking it off with him but now that I've lost my job, I don't know if I should tell him or not."

It felt nice to be able to share this with Blake. At least, for now, he wasn't looking at me like he was disgusted by what I had just told him.

"I don't think Nina was really interested in me," Blake blurted suddenly.

"Why do you say that?" I questioned.

"I was the one who asked her out. I think she only felt bad for me, and took me on a pity date."

"Well, I doubt that's true...she married you, didn't she?"

"Yes, but there was a reason why she was so infatuated with me after our first date. It seems that I am...larger...than the typical man. This apparently excited her and she never let me out of her sight since then. It also probably didn't hurt that I was just graduating college and already had a lucrative job."

I was trying hard to listen to him, but the last thing I heard was “larger than the typical man”. Now my mind was spinning in a perverted direction. I couldn’t stop myself from wondering exactly what he was packing down there. I mean, Nina could have been a virgin and thinks that Blake is massive. I wonder if he’d mind if I asked to see it.

Stop it! That’s disgusting, April! Sober up, you stupid bitch! I thought to myself.

“You tell me...what do you think? Is this enough to make a woman marry you...even if she didn’t love you?” Blake asked as he jumped up off the bed. Before I knew it, his shorts were on the floor and I was staring down at the most massive cock I had ever seen. Apparently he was a little riled up, thanks to my boobs. All I wanted to do was reach out and touch it...to make sure it was real.

“Well? What do you think? Is this normal or what? I don’t know what to believe anymore. Nina might have just been saying that to make me feel secure.”

I was having trouble answering him with my mouth hanging open like it was. I felt a sudden pulse of heat flash through me. I thought about stopping myself, but that didn’t last long. I just reacted on an impulse and let my body have its way.

I shoved Blake back onto the bed, and he flopped down with a look of confusion on his face. His penis, however, seemed to know where this was headed and it responded by firming up even more. I stripped my pants off in record time and flung them on the floor. Blake looked absolutely terrified as I climbed on top of him and expertly slid him into me. It was the most awesome feeling I’d ever felt. I figured it would take some effort to fit that bad boy all the way in there, but it didn’t take any effort at all. I must have been loose and wet. Probably from the alcohol...

Blake still hadn’t recovered himself as I began to grind on him. I noticed that he was intent on my tits that were flopping up and down as I bounced. He seemed to be carved from stone. I was beginning to wonder what he was thinking, or if he was ever going to move. I decided he needed some help, so I reached down and grabbed his

hands and forced him to grope my tits. That seemed to do the trick.

The next thing I knew, Blake ripped me off of him and shoved me down on the big. Then he was on top of me. He had my arms pinned down above my head and had his face buried in my chest. He wasted no time penetrating me. For a man that had only been with one girl, he was pretty skilled. Or...maybe being slightly intoxicated gave him the confidence he needed.

He fucked me until I literally couldn't see straight. I had never had such a large dick before, and it was definitely a different experience. It was just on the verge of being painful, but in such a good way. Every inch of me was filled with him, and I loved it. He pounded and humped me until I was sure the bed was about to fall apart. He also seemed to be making up for lost time with my tits. He licked, sucked, groped and fondled them in ways I didn't know was possible. I wasn't sure how long we'd been going at it, and I didn't particularly care. I was just enjoying the ride.

At some point, Blake seemed to be really, really excited. His dick was harder than ever. It felt like he was fucking me with a steel pipe. He decided to try something new, and he pulled out while he flipped me over onto my stomach. He told me to get on all fours and put my head down. Yes...he absolutely had some confidence.

I wasn't sure what he had in mind, but I did as he said. I was not prepared for what he did next. If I had known what he was going to do, I might have objected. I felt his hand wipe across me, and it felt wet. I wasn't really sure what he was doing until I felt a bit of pressure, and it wasn't where I expected. Before I had time to react, he roughly shoved his dick straight into my ass. His dick felt slippery and wet...I assumed that he did like any other man and licked his hand before stroking his cock in order to lube it up.

I had only had anal a few times before, and it wasn't really something I would say was enjoyable. This wasn't much different. Especially since his dick was at least twice the size of any other man's dick that I had fucked before. And I had a lot of experience...

He grabbed hold of my hips and thrust his rod all the way in...as far as it would go. It hurt a little at first, until he hit a certain spot that I wasn't even aware existed. The head of his dick was rubbing something deep inside of me and every time he thrust, it felt like I was on the verge of an orgasm.

Blake let go of one of my hips in order to reach under me and snag one of my breasts. He apparently liked the way it jiggled every time he thrust his cock deep inside of me. I didn't try to stop the moans of sheer pleasure that were escaping my mouth.

I reached down with one of my hands and began to rub my clit. Apparently I was tightening up without realizing it, and Blake seemed to approve. He began pumping faster and harder. I stroked my clit in circles, trying to send myself over the brink of pleasure. It didn't take long before I was very nearly there. I would have probably been able to reach climax with just a few more strokes of my finger, but Blake had another idea.

He ripped his dick out of me and once again flipped me over. Before I could ask what he was doing, he buried his face in my pussy and began probing me with his tongue. I think he got all of three licks in before I was shuddering with desire. That was the longest, hardest and best feeling orgasm I had ever had. It hit me from the top of my head all the way to my toes, which were curled in anticipation. Blake felt me tensing up underneath him and he licked harder and faster. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, he shoved two fingers inside of me and wiggled them around. I didn't ever want this sensation to end.

Unfortunately, it did end...and all too soon. When the orgasm finally released me from its clutches, I slumped down on the bed and relaxed every inch of my body. I was completely satisfied for once. It was a few seconds before I realized that Blake had not yet come up for air. He was still buried in my crotch. I tried to shove his head off of me, but that just made him dig in deeper. I had never experienced back to back orgasms before, but he seemed determined to give me one. Who was I to argue with him?

This time it took a bit longer. My body seemed to be trying

to resist the over the top feelings. I wasn't sure I was ever going to get there. Blake was a trooper, though, and kept at it until I was his bitch. Putty in his hands would describe it perfectly. When I went the second time, it was quick and dirty. I felt fluid gushing out of me as his fingers continued to bump around inside of me. His tongue was like magic...and I enjoyed the hot wetness as he sucked on my clit. The orgasm only lasted a few seconds, but every second of it was pure bliss. I was trembling with desire as he licked harder. I arched my back and moaned out loud while the pulsating sensations took over my body. I gripped his hair roughly in my hand and forced his face down on me.

Finally, it was over. I was gasping for air as I quivered on the bed. Blake was apparently done with me...or so I thought. Before I could catch my breath, he was back on top of me. But this time, he was straddling me over my waist. He seemed to have my jugs on his mind. He groped my tits with both hands and shoved them roughly together. My nipples were still erect and he leaned down to suck on both of them. They were definitely a mouthful for him.

He straightened back up and shoved his cock between my tits. He held them tightly together as he began to thrust back and forth on top of me. I imagined that he could never titty fuck Nina...since she didn't have any tits at all. He was grunting softly as he threw his head back and stared up at the ceiling. He was pumping his dick between my breasts faster and faster. I used this opportunity to lean my head down and lick the tip of his dick every time he thrust between my tits. He stared down at me with his mouth gaping open. I knew the head of the penis was probably the most sensitive part, and it seemed to be driving Blake wild every time my tongue would touch him.

After a few minutes, he seemed to be just about ready to explode. I wanted to top it off by doing what I do best... sucking cock. I had been told many times by many different men that I was the best cock sucker in the world. Some women might have been offended by that, but I took it as a compliment. It meant that I had skills, and I was better than most at it. Of course, I had lots of practice...

Blake stopped when I began to worm myself out from underneath him. I dropped down onto the floor and motioned for him to sit on the edge of the bed. He seemed willing and eager. When he got situated, I inched forward and heaved his gigantic dick in my mouth. I bobbed my head up and down as fast and as hard as I could. He grabbed my hair and yanked my head back and forth, forcing me down on him. That made me so fucking horny! I wanted to feel him cum down my throat, and I hoped that he wouldn't want to pull out. I began to fondle his balls in my free hand, while stroking his shaft in the other. He held onto it as long as he could, but he couldn't hold it forever. I felt the tension in his body start to build, and I knew it wouldn't be long. I was anticipating the delicious hot cum in my mouth, and feeling it slide down my throat.

I was fairly certain he was about to go when a noise interrupted my concentration. I was suddenly aware that Blake was tense, and not in a good way. I stopped what I was doing just in time to look up and see the horrified expression on his face before he looked at the door. That was when I realized that we were screwed. I guess I probably should have gotten up and ran or tried to hide or something, but the practical part of my brain was still hiding behind a cloud of intoxication.

Blake seemed to be frozen, too. We just looked on in alarm as Nina let herself into the room. It felt like an eternity, when in reality it happened in just seconds. The first emotion to cross her face was shock. That was shortly followed by confusion, and finally a mixture of disgust and anger finally settled on her face. She hadn't taken another step inside the room. She just stood in the doorway, staring. I couldn't blame her for her reaction. I should probably be feeling the same thing, but I couldn't move. I couldn't think or will my body to get up. I wanted to scream, I wanted to run, I wanted to beg for forgiveness, I wanted to hide in shame. But...nothing. I couldn't do anything but stare at Nina with my mouth hanging open, as she stared back at us. I wondered what expression was on Blake's face, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from Nina to check.

For an endless amount of time, no one said anything. We didn't move an inch...I wasn't even sure if we were even breathing. At some point though, the shock wore off and Nina became livid. I was really hoping at this point that she wasn't packing a gun in that purse of hers.

Finally, the ice was broken. It came in a long string of profanities straight from Nina's mouth. When she lurched across the room at us, I was finally able to move. I jumped up and grabbed my clothes off the floor.

"What the fuck? What the fuck is going on here? Tell me that I didn't just see that! Tell me that I did NOT just walk in on you two doing that! Well?" Nina screamed at the top of her lungs.

"I...don't know what to say," Blake whispered.

"I know what you can say! You can say that you were just in *our* hotel room...fucking your *cousin*! I don't even know how to respond to this!" Nina fumed.

I was quietly putting on my clothes while she ranted. I was going to try to slip out without being noticed, but no such luck for me. Just as I was about to make my move, Nina's rage was all focused on me. I sobered up instantly. This was going to get ugly. So much for my carefree weekend.

TO BE CONTINUED

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