

The Penetration Diaries

Loose Id



Deanna Lee

THE PENETRATION DIARIES

Deanna Lee

LooseId®

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language and may be considered offensive to some readers. Loose Id® e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

* * * * *

This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable.

The Penetration Diaries

Deanna Lee

This e-book is a work of fiction. While reference might be made to actual historical events or existing locations, the names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by
Loose Id LLC
1802 N Carson Street, Suite 212-2924
Carson City NV 89701-1215
www.loose-id.com

Copyright © January 2007 by Deanna Lee

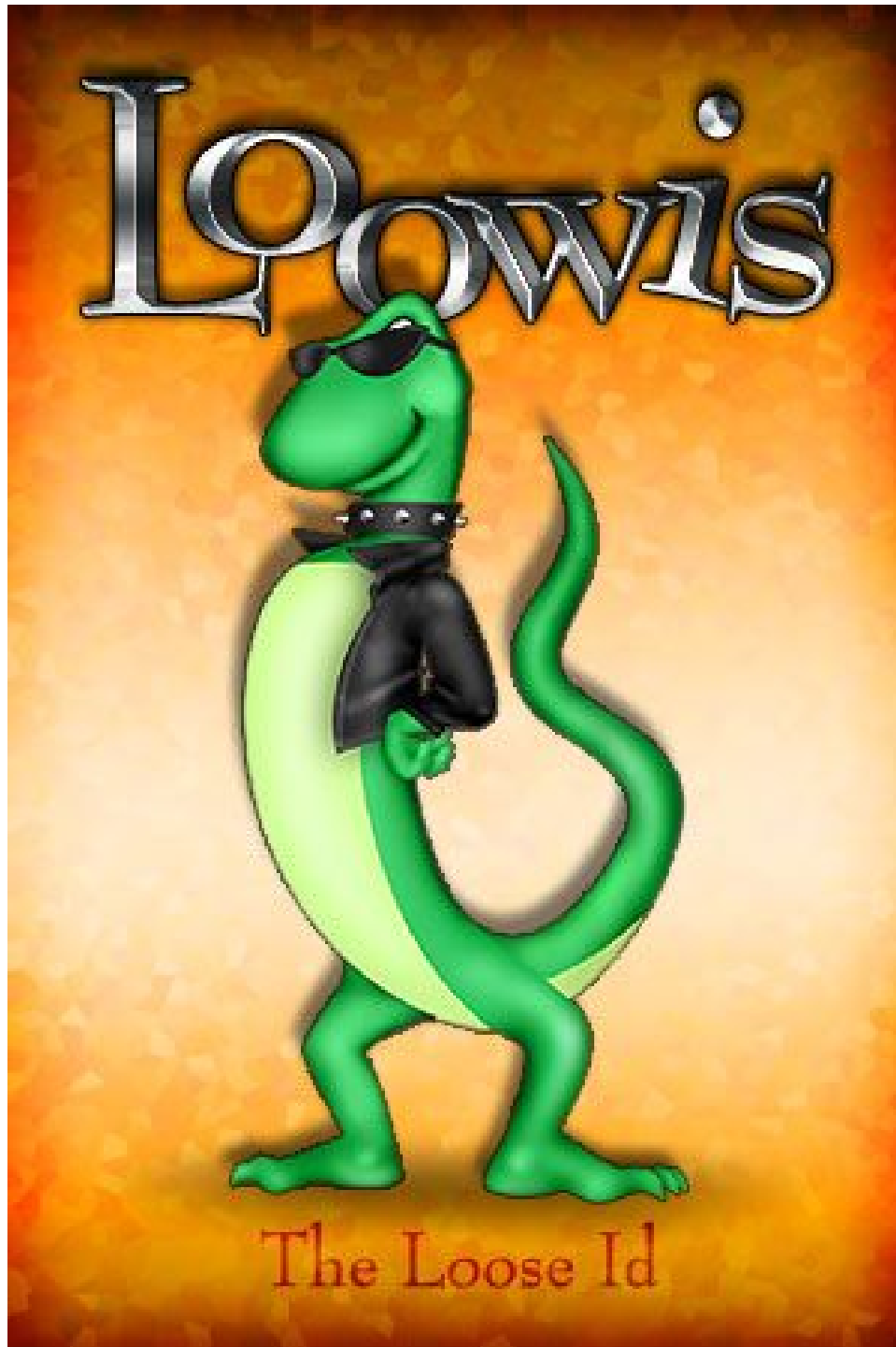
All rights reserved. This copy is intended for the purchaser of this e-book ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Loose Id LLC.

ISBN 978-1-59632-286-8

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Lorri-Lynne Brown
Cover Artist: Laura Givens



www.loose-id.com

Chapter One

I discovered my clitoris as a young woman and fell in love with that hot little place on my body. I was astounded by it really, startled that I had something so awesome on my body. I thought God must love me indeed to give me something so wonderful that was just mine. I could find no mention of it in my science books, nothing in the medical book my mother had tucked away in a closet. I'd stumbled upon some fantastic secret. Surely, I wasn't the only female ever born with this awesome thing. Why was there no mention of it?

Sexual education in school had offered no enlightenment on this issue, and had consisted mostly of warnings about sexually transmitted diseases and death. So, from school I learned that sex could, in fact, kill you, or it would get you pregnant. Dead or pregnant; neither of those choices appealed. The school message was clear: just don't do it.

I gained various tidbits from the women in my life, none of which was more astounding than what my grandmother had to say on the matter. "Sexual intercourse is a duty a wife must perform for her husband, but need not enjoy," she had said in a tone that left no room for argument.

I took that statement, absorbed it into my thirteen-year old brain, and tried to merge it with what I all ready knew about my body. Was my 'nice place' somehow separate from sexual intercourse? Why hadn't my mother mentioned it when she'd stumbled through our

one and only conversation about sex? If women weren't supposed to enjoy it, why were romance novels full of love scenes?

By the time, I was sixteen I had learned enough from school friends in the bathroom to know that touching myself was called masturbation, my 'nice place' was called a clitoris, and that sexual intercourse wasn't just something women endured for their husbands. However, despite this new and rather titillating knowledge, I did not allow myself a sexual partner until I was eighteen and in college.

I've been asked why I waited, and the answer is a rather complex one. I'd developed a relationship of sorts with my own pleasure and with my body, and I waited until I was ready to share that pleasure with someone else. This relationship, my sexuality, had emerged through years of self-discovery and mental exploration. It took me a long time to reconcile the thoughts of my own pleasure and the act of sharing pleasure with someone else.

Sunday, January 8

The first time I took a man to my bed, I wasn't afraid. I knew it would hurt, I knew there would probably be blood, and I didn't expect to enjoy it. With these firm expectations, I arranged for my boyfriend to come to my private dorm room. I'd spent one semester of college with a roommate and had vowed I'd never do it again. The lack of privacy had been almost too much to take. Keith was a quiet boy, an upper classmen who I enjoyed talking to and had liked the moment I'd met him.

I opened the door after the first knock and stepped back so he could come into the room. He shrugged out of his jacket and tossed it across the back of my desk chair. "Did you have a good Christmas?"

He nodded and looked to me. "Yeah, you?"

Nervous, I was so nervous all of a sudden. I didn't want to back out, but I was having a hard time picturing him in my bed and in my body. I wasn't afraid of it or him, but suddenly I wasn't so sure he would enjoy what I had to offer. What man would want a woman so inexperienced? I locked the door carefully and turned to look at him.

I was wearing a thin t-shirt with no bra and jeans, his gaze moved over my breasts and he smiled. "I missed you."

I chewed on my bottom lip for a moment. "I was thinking that you could spend the night."

"I like that idea." He took my hand and pulled me towards the bed. "Your roommate moved out before the break?"

I nodded as he sat and guided me onto his lap astride him. "She moved off campus to live with her boyfriend."

His fingers teased at the edge of my t-shirt. "You must be happy. I know you hated living with someone."

I nodded and cleared my throat. "Yes."

He ran his hands up under my shirt and around to slip up my back. "Don't be so tense."

"I can't help it."

He kissed me. His mouth was gentle and exploring. The quick, darting invasion of his tongue brought a warm wave over my body. I curled into him, wrapping my arms around his neck in acceptance.

He pulled his mouth from mine and kissed my neck, his lips drifting around the collar of my shirt. "Can I take your shirt off?"

I nodded. "Yes."

He pulled it upward and off, tossing it aside as he sat me back on his thighs a little and cupped both of my breasts with his hands. "You've got a great body. I could hardly believe it

when you told me you were a virgin.” His thumbs moved over my soft nipples and they almost immediately began to peak. “If I do something you don’t like, I want you to tell me.”

I nodded mutely as he stood with me and set me on me feet. I unbuttoned my jeans and pushed them down. Kicking them aside, I watched him undress to his boxers. I was very interested in seeing his penis. I’d only seen them in books and in one porno I’d snuck and watched with a friend in high school. However, he left the boxers on as he guided me back to the bed. We lay down together, me on my back and him on his side next to me.

“Do you want to me to cut off the light?” he asked as he lowered his head to my breast.

Only the lamp at my desk was on and it barely lit the room. I gasped as his tongue gently laved at my hard nipple. “No, leave the lamp on.”

He rested one large hand on my stomach as he drew my nipple firmly into his mouth, I moved into him, wanting to be as close as I could to be to him. His hand moved downward into my panties, he cupped me and pushed a finger into me. I was wet, so his finger glided in with little resistance. He slid the finger in and out of several times before he pulled his hand away. It had felt so different, as I’d rarely penetrated myself during masturbation, preferring just clitoral stimulation.

He pulled my panties off and rubbed his hand over the springy dark red curls that covered my sex. “It’s going to hurt a little.”

“I know.” I motioned towardss my nightstand. “I bought some condoms. They’re in the top drawer.”

He retrieved one and tossed it on the bed as he removed his boxers. I stared at his penis for a long moment, surprised by it. I’d never seen anything like that in a medical book, and the guy in the porno hadn’t looked quite like that either. Much later, I would realize that the man in the porno I’d seen hadn’t been circumcised.

He knelt on the bed and tore open the condom. “I’ll try to be careful.”

I nodded and watched as he rolled the condom into place and moved over me. I accepted him between my legs as I forced myself to relax. I knew the more tense I was, the more it would hurt. I moved my legs further apart to accommodate him and closed my eyes as the blunt tip of him pushed against me. He stilled after he had the head of his cock inside and gently rocked in and out of me. Each time he pushed back into me, he went in a little further. My body gave into him until he met with my hymen. That tiny bit of flesh gave away after several pushes, and while it hurt -- it wasn't the excruciating moment I'd prepared myself for.

He slid fully into me and stopped. "I'm sorry."

"No." I shook my head. "It's okay. It didn't hurt so much."

He moved then, pulling away and then pushing back into me easy languid thrusts. "Is it better?"

It was much better, but the pain had driven away the little bit of pleasure that had started to build before. I nodded and moved my legs around his waist. "Much."

There were tiny little flashes of pleasure each time he slid back into me, but it wasn't enough and I knew I wouldn't have an orgasm. Still, I enjoyed having him inside me.

* * * * *

It was done. I lay wide-eyed in the bed beside him, confused by the sense of loss I had. I'd given myself to a man. It hadn't been the passionate union I had expected or even anticipated. It had been like a procedure, a clinical procedure that lacked the emotion and passion I'd assigned to sexual intercourse. This man had pushed himself inside of me, melded with me, and all I could think was that I felt lost.

Taken. I'd been taken, my body torn open to make way for the man I'd given the privilege. I wondered if he appreciated that, but deep down inside I knew, even then, that he didn't. Could a man truly understand what that harsh and unreal moment was really like for a woman? I looked to him. He'd fallen asleep once he'd returned to the bed. In that moment,

I loved him and hated him equally. Keith had altered my existence, changed the very essence of who I was, and yet, he slept as if he'd done nothing.

I left the bed and went into the bathroom. Once in the shower, I washed away the traces of blood that marked the new physical journey I had begun. The fourth time that I reached for the soap I realized what I was doing; I was trying to wash him away. I stood there under the too hot spray of water. I was relieved that the barrier to sexual experience had disappeared. The remnants of my innocence washed away with the water and I was left there.

Friday, January 13

Confessing the loss of my virginity to my friends several days later, when they'd all returned from Christmas break, proved to be a little more difficult than I'd thought. We'd shared everything, talking about things that I thought I would never discuss with anyone. Yet, I was having a hard time getting it out. Finally, after I gulped down half a bottle of beer and sat back in Rachel's beanbag chair. "I had sex with Keith."

The silence that followed wasn't comforting. Rachel was a virgin. Dana had some limited sexual experience that she did not discuss.

"Well?" I demanded. I needed some support.

Dana put down her beer. "Okay -- so did it hurt?"

Now, that was better. I mulled that question over. "Less than I expected it would."

"Was his penis very big?"

I laughed; I loved the way Rachel said penis. She had a very prim southern accent that spoke of good breeding and mint juleps. "I've got no idea. I mean it's the first one I've ever really seen. I think it must have been at least six and half inches long. I don't guess that's so big -- but it was big enough."

“Are you sore?”

“I was for a day or two after.”

“When did this happen?”

“Sunday.” I looked at them. “It wasn’t so bad.”

“But it wasn’t so good?”

“Well.” I shrugged. “It hurt.”

* * * * *

Much later and after half a case of beer, I was sprawled out on my bed. I’d pushed the two half beds together and put king size sheets on the bed; it made a rather nice study/sleep area. Not having a roommate had more appeal than I’d first realized. My phone rang, as I had suspected that it might. I’d told Keith earlier in the day that he could come over. The dorm was closed to visitors, but I lived on the first floor and it was no big deal to sneak him in.

I answered the phone and gave him the all clear. After I hung up, I shoved my feet into some slippers and went to prop the front door open a little so he could get in. Arriving there, I realized someone had already propped the door open. A little drunk and disgusted by my wasted effort, I meandered back to my room and sat on my bed, leaving my door slightly ajar. Perhaps ten minutes after he had called, Keith slipped into my room and shut the door. He tossed his jacket aside.

“Marcus was sneaking in when I got here.”

I raised an eyebrow, Marcus was Rachel’s boyfriend and I hadn’t realized that Rachel had made plans with him for after our drinking festival. “To see Rachel?”

Keith shrugged. “I didn’t ask.”

I watched him prowl around my room. “Did you have fun tonight?”

He’d gone to a bar with friends. “Yeah, it was okay.”

I stood from my bed and turned my covers down. "Good." I turned and looked at him. "Sleepy?"

He laughed and pulled his shirt over his head. "Less and less by the minute."

I followed his example and fired my shirt in the direction he'd tossed his. "Really?"

"Do you ever wear a bra?" he asked with a grin.

"Only when I must," I admitted. "Are you complaining?"

He shook his head and unbuttoned his jeans. "Nope."

Keith pressed his weight against me as we sank into the mattress. "You're not sore anymore?"

I shook my head as he spread my legs wider, and settled his body between my thighs. "I'm fine."

"Good," he whispered against my mouth. "You'll like this so much more this time."

I nodded in agreement, and hoped it wouldn't hurt again. He kissed me softly before placing a trail of soft kisses over my collarbone and downward to suck one nipple into his mouth. I enjoyed his touch much more than I anticipated and his body was warm and his skin smooth. Everywhere he allowed his hand to drift my skin surged to life, it was as if he was waking some ancient and primal emotion in me. I felt like I'd love him forever and that he'd be the only man I'd ever let touch me. I was, in short, an idiot.

He left me to retrieve a condom and returned rolling it into place. "I thought about you all day," he whispered against my throat as he covered me with his body. He was easily twice my size, but I felt safe with him. "I can't believe you're mine."

I took a deep breath as he pushed into me, relief washing over me as I realized that it hadn't hurt. "Oh."

"Nice?"

"Very nice," I admitted. I couldn't help but move. I loved it -- this sweet invasion of my body. I'd never known anything so good. I wrapped my legs around him. "Can you make

it a little harder?" I whispered against his shoulder. He pushed more deeply into me and my whole body shuddered in response, a few more like that and I knew I could come. "Again, please."

He thrust into me again. "You feel too good."

I wrapped my legs around him. "Again."

"I like how you ask for it," he whispered. He pushed his cock into me again and rocked against me.

A little burst of pleasure swept over my stomach and then, unfortunately, it was over. I forced myself not to be disappointed, I'd read in some books that some women couldn't have an orgasm through intercourse at all, at least I'd managed to have a little one. He thrust into me several more times and then collapsed on me. I enjoyed his weight for a short while, before he slipped from me and disappeared into the bathroom.

When he returned from the bathroom, he started to dress. I watched in silence. It felt weird watching him dress, knowing that what we had just done was over for him and that he was going back to his room. I tried to smile when he looked to me, but he was oblivious to my confusion. He came back to the bed, kissed me, and then pulled on his jacket.

After he was gone, I went into the bathroom and took another shower. There was nothing wrong with what I was doing with him, at least not from my perspective. We were in a relationship and we were using condoms. I just couldn't for the life of me figure out why I felt dirty, yet I did. Standing under the water letting the shame of sex slide off my body, the thought lingered in my mind.

Saturday, January 14

"So, you liked it better?"

I shrugged as I brushed my teeth. The sun was bright on my face, I sincerely regretted all of the beer I'd drank the night before. "It didn't hurt, but I've had better orgasms by myself."

Rachel laughed and emerged from the toilet stall. "Samantha!"

"Well, I have." I rinsed my toothbrush off and put it back in its case. Picking up my hairbrush, I looked towards her as I considered my next words. "I read a book that said some women can't have an orgasm with intercourse, that only clitoral stimulation works." I went over to the high placed window and yanked on the shade cord until it slid into place. "The actual intercourse part was quite nice."

"The intercourse part?" Rachel asked and leaned against the sink.

"Yeah, that part where he put his penis inside me and moved it around." I responded dryly.

"You crack me up." She sighed. "Really, you do."

"Did you and Marcus have fun last night?"

"I didn't see Marcus last night." She turned to me, setting aside her hairbrush. "I watched a movie with Dana after you left."

I winced and put my hair up in a clip. "Shit."

"You saw him in the dorm?"

"No, Keith did." I looked to her. Our dorm was all female, so there was no doubt he'd been there to see another woman. "Rachel?"

Tears swelled and fell down her cheeks. "That asshole."

I knew Rachel was more insulted than hurt; her relationship with Marcus was still very new, fresh. She'd talked about him at length with me, and had deemed him appropriate for her first sexual experience. Now, a boy she had thought to trust with her virginity had spent the night with another woman. I spent so much time consoling her that I nearly missed

breakfast and was twenty minutes late for my class. It was Saturday and I took a fitness class more for a punishment than actual need.

I hurried into the class and took my place on the mat. Dana, my stretching partner for the morning, had already gotten started. "Sorry, I was begging oatmeal from the cafeteria."

"Were you successful?"

"Yeah, provided I ate it in a plastic bowl and took it with me." I took my standard first stretching position. "I'm surprised I'm not wearing half of it. It's not fun eating and moving at the same time."

Dana spread her legs and offered me her hands as we moved into a new stretching position. I took her hands and put my feet to hers. "So Rachel said you liked the intercourse part."

I laughed and pulled her forward until her forehead rested on the floor. "It was nice, much nicer than the first time."

"She also told me that Marcus was in the dorm last night with another girl."

"So it would seem." I sighed and groaned with relief as she pulled me forward. I put my forehead to the mat and stayed there letting my body relax. "Why are men such assholes?"

"That, young lady, is a question women have been asking since we found the unfortunate things in the Garden," our instructor muttered as she squatted down next to us. She ran her hands along my back and straightened one of my legs. "You've got great flexibility, Samantha, you should have studied dance."

"Thank you, Ma'am." I released myself from the position and brought one arm above my head. "So, did she say if she called him?"

"I was just leaving when she threw herself down on her bed." Dana stood and offered me a hand up. "I figured we could take her to the toy store after class. Buy her a new plaything."

Amused, I could only laugh.

While a sex toy cannot replace a man, it can go a long way towards helping a woman asserting her independence. The female of our species needs the male to procreate, and currently, that's about it. Technology has brought forth on this nation a new ideal and it is dedicated to the orgasm. The modern sex toy has all the bells and whistles of a Boeing 747, and it won't hassle you afterwards.

Most women have a better relationship with their vibrators than with their sexual partners. The vibrator never disappoints, doesn't finish until she does, and it has never hurt her feelings. Remote controls, spinning parts, attachments, and a bevy of stimulation gels all designed for a woman's pleasure line the shelves of the average adult toy store. You give me a vibrator, a case of batteries, and a nice cool room and you might never see me again.

I would also point out that while I can't imagine allowing myself to need a man, I never cease to want one. My first sexual experiences with a partner weren't the best, but it didn't sway me. I knew that there was something more and I knew it was a man who'd give it to me.

Tuesday, January 17

Keith told his friends. I had expected it, but still the knowledge that they knew made me feel dirty. This was a quandary, as I'd not blinked an eye at the thought of my friends knowing. His friends looked at me differently. I saw some speculation in their eyes. I was never quite sure if I'd imagined it. I wondered if he'd told them I had been a virgin. I wondered if he'd told them that I wasn't very good. The fact was, I probably didn't want to know what he'd told them.

I walked into the bathroom I was sharing with Rachel and Dana -- they roomed together -- and stopped. I'd heard Rachel enter earlier and thought to bitch and moan about Keith discussing our sex life with his friends. I know that it's a total double standard. She was in the shower. I paused, becoming aware that she was crying.

“Rachel?”

A sob cut short. “Sam?”

“Yeah.” I leaned against the wall outside the communal shower. “What’s up, sweetie?”

“I did something stupid.” She started to cry again in earnest.

Unable to help myself, I went into the shower. She was sitting under the shower spray, hugging herself tightly. “You shouldn’t sit on that floor, sweetie, I haven’t cleaned it today.”

She laughed weakly at the long running joke. I sprayed the shower area down with cleaner everyday, despite the fact that we had a cleaning service that cleaned it for us. I went to her and sat down beside her, the seat of my jeans were soaking wet instantly. “What’s up?”

She hugged her knees tightly. “I...” She buried her face in her legs. “I was so upset about Marcus.”

“Rachel, what did you do?”

“I had sex with Mitchell Connell.”

I winced at the name. He was a total womanizer. “Rachel.” I hugged her to me and got doused by the shower spray. “You are a silly thing.”

“It was huge and it hurt,” She cried against my neck. She raised her head. “You got all wet.”

I laughed and sighed. “Well, what are friends for?”

“How could I do something so stupid?”

“We all do stupid things.” I pushed her wet hair out of her face and sighed. “Now tell me about this huge penis.”

She laughed and put her head on my shoulder. “You’re so stupid.”

“Perhaps, but I really want to hear about the huge penis.” I patted her head. “It’ll be okay, kiddo.”

“I wanted something so special.” She sighed.

“Well, you certainly won’t forget it.” I leaned back against the wall. “I don’t think it’s meant to be special, I mean it’s bloody and it hurts. I don’t think there’s been a bloodletting in history that was viewed on as romantic.”

“It certainly felt like an act of war,” she muttered and then sighed. “But he did some very nice things before the intercourse part.”

“Lord, this is some man’s wet dream come true,” Dana said dryly from the doorway. She shoved off her shoes and came into the shower. “What’s up?”

I sat holding Rachel’s hand in silence while Dana sat down on the other side of her and got the low down on the bloodletting.

“So, how big was it?”

I turned my attention back to them to watch Rachel shrug. “Eight, maybe nine inches.”

“Are you going to see him again?” I asked, wondering if there was some sort of relationship that Rachel wanted to pursue.

“Lord, no, I never want to see him again.” Rachel covered her face with her hands. “I was such an idiot.”

“We’ve got to come up with a better word than intercourse,” I muttered. “It sounds wretched.”

“What else can we use?” Dana asked and then turned back to Rachel. “Nine?”

“I certainly can’t be sure, but it was HUGE.”

“Penetration.” I stood. “We’ll call it penetration.”

“It sounds dirty,” Dana said and stood offering Rachel a hand. “Come on, chickie, we’ll go get drunk.”

“Penetration fits,” Rachel whispered. She stood and moved back under the shower spray. “I want to wash one more time.”

* * * * *

Back in my room, I stripped off my wet clothes and dried my hair with a towel. I was hurt for Rachel, disappointed that her first experience with a man had been so wretched. At times, I feel that too much importance is placed on virginity. As a young girl, the importance of my virginity and choosing the right partner was pressed on me. It was supposed to be special. It was supposed to be with someone you love and you should be willing to commit to that person for the rest of your life.

Society and familial pressures had placed a great burden on my virginity, a burden so great that, when I finally submitted to a sexual act, I was left wounded and guilty. It hadn't been a special or magical experience. I thought I was in love, but perhaps I wasn't. I couldn't be sure that I knew what love was. I'd opened my life and my body to a man, and the burden had changed. Fidelity and commitment loomed over me. Those were the only options for a "good" girl.

A part of me knew that I really had no interest in being a "good girl". Yet, I tried desperately to live within the image that I had been given.

Friday, January 20

"So, I heard your friend Rachel slept with Mitch."

I turned and stared at Keith. "What did he say about her?"

He realized he'd stepped in it. He licked his lips and was quiet for a moment. "You want the truth?"

"I always prefer the truth, Keith," I responded evenly.

"He said it was nice and that she was a sweet kid. But, that he shouldn't have messed with her because she was a virgin. Thinks she might expect something from him."

I turned back to my textbook, disgusted. "Actually, the only thing she expects from him is silence. She'd like to never see him again."

“That bad?” Keith asked casually.

I got up from my desk and went to him. “Okay, tell me what’s up.”

“One of my friends likes her, likes her a lot.”

“You mean Jake?”

“Yeah, I mean Jake.” Keith pulled me onto his lap and rubbed one of my legs casually.

“He got pissed with Mitch. They fought a little about last night, but we got them separated. Mitch knew that Jake’s been interested in her since the first of the year. He was trying to give her time to get over Marcus.”

“What a bastard.”

“Did he hurt her?”

“No more than was necessary.” I touched his face. “I’m surprised you’re asking me about this.”

“She’s a sweet kid and Jake likes her a lot.”

“He’s going to have a long wait this time around.”

“I think he’ll be willing,” Keith murmured, kissing my neck. “So, why don’t you join me on this big bed and we’ll do some dirty things.”

The invitation was a lot more tempting than I’d thought it would be. “Did you read what I gave you?”

He laughed. “I did.”

I’d given him a copied page out of one of my books detailing a technique called g-spotting. “Good.”

He lay down on the bed and pulled my shorts away snagging my panties with them. “Twice, just to make sure.” He kissed my stomach. “Take off your shirt.”

I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it off the bed as he pulled off his own shirt and leaned over me. He placed soft kisses over my breasts as he moved between my legs.

Kneeling between my legs, he paused and cupped me with his palm. He rubbed gently, his thumb moving deliciously over my clit. "Let me know if it feels wrong."

I laughed and trailed my fingers over my rapidly hardening nipples. "I'm not sure what it's supposed to feel like." He pushed his middle and ring finger into me and curled them upward against the wall of my vagina. "Oh, God."

I arched in his hands and dug my hands into my comforter. The pressure and pleasure were overwhelming. Gently, he rubbed his fingers over the raised button of flesh inside me and returned his thumb to my clit. The double stimulation was amazing. He did it for several amazing minutes before slipping away to get a condom.

Still shaking with pleasure, I spread my legs for him and welcomed him into my body. The push of his flesh into mine spread heat up and over my body. The invasion was amazing, the full length of him pressing into my body repeatedly. I urged him with my body and gasping pleas. His strong body was surging and twisting against mine and it was such a turn on. The orgasm was a hot, heavy sensation that was so satisfying, that I cried out with it.

He thrust into me deeply three times and then shook against me as he came. Collapsing on me, our bodies clung together and he breathed deeply, my name a whisper in his mouth. Sated, we were still for a long time, and then finally he moved away and pulled his body from mine. A soft sweep of pleasure spread over my clit as he withdrew from me.

He was silent for a long time and then he rolled to his side. "I don't think that's happened before."

I looked at him. "That was very good."

"Yes." He ran his fingers over the slick flesh of my stomach. I was soaking wet with his sweat. "But I've never had a woman do that before." He looked to my face.

"Do what?" I asked, raising one eyebrow.

"I don't know, it was different."

"Is it because I had an orgasm?"

“Yeah, I think so.” He came to me and kissed my mouth. “You got so wet.” He sighed against my mouth. “Wet and tighter.”

“You liked it?”

“I loved it.” He pushed his fingers into my hair and took my mouth in a longer, deeper kiss.

“Your girlfriend before me didn’t?”

“She made the noise.” He dipped down and licked a nipple. “But the physical stuff just wasn’t there.” He raised his head. “Why would she fake it like that?”

She was an idiot, I thought to myself. “Maybe she just didn’t want you to be disappointed.” I ran my hand over his head and pulled him to me. “Now, let’s stop talking about her.”

Chapter Two

Saturday, February 4

My birthday. The truth was that I'd never had a good one, and I didn't expect turning nineteen to be any different. My friends threw me a party, which was amusing and distracting. My party began in the private lobby of our floor while we were getting "ready" to go dancing.

The club was crowded, loud, and hot. It should have been miserable, but the beat of the music and the little bit of alcohol we'd consumed on the way there had mellowed us to the point where we didn't care. Our driver maneuvered us around the club and kept us out of trouble, as we'd been responsible enough to assign a designated driver. Dana had drawn the short straw on this issue, and good naturedly taken on the task. As the birthday girl, I hadn't had to participate in the drawing. Keith asked me to dance just once, which was nice. I think his friends gave him a little grief about it.

He barely spoke to me in public, preferring to hang out with his friends and not be viewed as whipped. I'd found this behavior puzzling, but he was my first boyfriend, and I had no real inkling as to how such relationships worked. I danced with a couple of different men after Keith and then went out on the patio to get some air.

Rachel was sprawled out in a lawn chair nearly unconscious -- she had zero tolerance for real alcohol. I was sitting at a table with my feet propped up in a chair when Keith and his friends came out onto the patio. Reluctantly, I removed my feet from the chair when he approached and let him sit down with me. He looked a little pissed, and I knew he'd been drinking.

"Having fun?"

I nodded and glanced at Rachel, who had turned on her side and was nearly asleep. "Yes, I am."

"What are you doing dancing with other men?"

The question was so archaic, I almost didn't answer it. I leaned back in my chair and shook out my hair. "They asked."

"I don't like it."

"I don't like sitting on a stool all night while you play childish games," I returned evenly. "You want to hang out with your friends and pretend you don't know me; that's fine, but don't expect me to sit around waiting for your attention." I stood and offered Rachel my hand. "Come on, Rachel."

Rachel rolled to her feet and cast a glare in Keith's direction. "I don't know why you act that way. There are plenty of men who'd give her all the attention she wants." She pointed one finger at him. "You remember that."

I laughed at her. "Come on; they're playing your favorite song."

"I'm not finished," Rachel muttered, as I dragged her away. "He's being an ass."

* * * * *

Four hours later, I crawled into my bed and lay on my back. I was still drunk enough that I had a nice little buzz, and my phone started to ring just as I got comfortable. I rolled over and picked it up. "Hello."

"Hey, I'm on my way."

"No," I said with a sigh. "You can stay where you are."

"We made plans."

"You think you can ignore me all night, act like a jerk, and still get sex from me?"

"You know you want it."

"I don't need you to have an orgasm, Keith." I hung up the phone and then turned off the ringer.

It was true. I didn't need him to have an orgasm. Keith, like many men I've met, assumed that a woman couldn't enjoy masturbation as much as she enjoys having sex with a man. Now, as awesome as penetration can be, masturbation can be just as satisfying and not nearly as complicated. There are times when a little "me time" is both preferred and needed.

I rolled out of my bed and stumbled into the bathroom to brush my teeth and take a shower. Man, as a gender, is a unique and overwhelmingly confusing puzzle. What, if anything, did men expect from women? Was I expected to be some weak-minded little twit with no thought of my own? Should I learn to anticipate his whims, seek his pleasure before my own, and ignore blatant disrespect all in the effort for relationship harmony?

I'd poured Rachel into her bed more than an hour before, so I was surprised to see her in the bathroom. "Hey."

She waved and went into the stall. It should be said at this point that my memoir is not designed to degrade my friends dignity or my own, so, in that vein, I'll draw a curtain over Rachel's tidy bowl worship. She emerged from the stall while I was in the shower and came into the shower, tossing her clothes aside.

"Feel better?"

"I don't know why you guys let me drink," she muttered. She pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it out the doorway. "I'm a very poor drunk." She looked to me. "Did I do anything stupid at the club?"

"No." I rubbed my hair briskly; the smoke smell was almost gone. "Well, not that I noticed."

She glared at me. "I could have done without the qualifier."

I laughed and plucked my shower puff from my hook. "I'm sure Dana kept up with you when I wasn't around. Where is she?"

"Getting laid," Rachel muttered. "At least I think that's what she said as she was leaving."

I glanced at Rachel. "Keith told me that Jake Marks would like to date you."

"Jake Marks would like to fuck me," Rachel corrected. "There's a difference."

There was, indeed, a difference. I was silent while I pondered this concept. Since I'd started sleeping with Keith, I'd lost some of my girlfriend privileges. I was no longer invited to movies, or dinner dates. Since Keith no longer had to "work for it", our relationship had been reduced to studying in my room and sex. Keith and I had only been dating three months. What would my relationship with Keith be like after six months or even a year?

I turned off my shower and wrapped myself in a towel. "Good night, Rachel."

"Is Keith here?"

I shook my head. "No, he was un-invited."

"Good, maybe next time he'll behave himself."

I doubted it, but I nodded in agreement. I went to my room and lay down on my bed. The light on my answering machine was blinking. I rolled on my side and pushed the button. The first message was Keith apologizing for his behavior at the dance club. The second message was Keith claiming that he'd learned his lesson. The third and fourth messages were hang-ups. Keith had a lot to learn about giving people "space".

Thursday, February 9

I leaned back on the bleachers behind me and closed my eyes. “So, tell me again why I’m here?”

Dana pushed some popcorn into one of my hands. “I need moral support.”

I looked to her. “I was under the impression that people attend such events to support the people that are actually playing the game.” I looked out over the basketball court. “He looks cute in shorts.”

She nodded and then grinned. “He has very nice legs and thighs.”

I put the popcorn she’d given me down, and closed my eyes again. “Exactly what sort of moral support would you like me to provide for you?”

“Well, I don’t need moral support, but I’m sure there’s something you could provide me.”

I sat up and turned towardss the voice, my smartass reply caught in my throat. I felt heat flush into my face. “I was talking to her.”

He smiled. “I know.” He leaned forward. “My name is Mason.”

“Samantha.” I offered him my hand and he took it into his, my fingers disappeared briefly into his hand before he released me. So easy, I thought, how fast desire could spring to life in my body. Where had this man come from, and why were my insides suddenly on fire? “You don’t go to school here.”

He shook his head. “No, I don’t.” He motioned towards the basketball court in front of us. “My cousin plays here. I came to watch his game.”

“Who is your cousin?”

“Thomas Jefferies.” He looked over my face. “You’ve got a look about you, that’s for sure. You’re Keith Humphrey’s girlfriend, right?”

I nodded. "Yes, how did you know?"

"Saw your picture in his room a few nights ago. He and Thomas hang out a little."

I was surprised. I hadn't thought that Keith displayed any pictures of me. Mason moved down to sit next to me. "Do you work here in town?"

He shook his head and named a city thirty minutes away. "I just finished law school about a year ago." He looked to Dana and grinned. "So, why do you need moral support?"

Dana laughed and motioned towards the court. "Just a boy."

"I imagine one day women will realize men aren't worth the trouble." He plucked a piece of popcorn out of the box I'd placed beside me.

"But, men can be fun," I responded and offered him a smile.

He laughed. "I can be a great deal of fun, actually." He looked me over and then looked back to my face. "I trust you'll remember that."

I nodded as he stood. "I'll keep it in mind."

"Good night, ladies."

The moment he was down the bleachers and out of hearing range, Dana turned to me. "That man was hitting on you."

"He was not. He knows I have a boyfriend."

"I don't think he cares," Dana muttered and then took her popcorn. "Keith's here."

I glanced towards the entrance of the gym, where Keith and several of his loser friends were entering. I hated his friends, and, though it was a recent development, it was a raging hatred. I hated the way they looked at me, but I hated more what they thought they knew about me. I hadn't let Keith come to my room since my birthday, and oddly enough, I think even his friends were resenting the punishment. It was a punishment, although at first I'd refused to admit it, because it seemed petty. However, after much thought, I'd realized I was punishing him for his behavior and that I shouldn't bother to deny it.

My gaze moved away from Keith and his low-life friends, and settled on Mason. To say that he was attractive would have been an understatement. I found my physical response to him uncomfortable. I squirmed a little, uncomfortable with the wet crotch of my panties. Where in the hell had he come from and why did I want him? I'd met plenty of attractive men in my life, but there was something about him that drew me. That had me questioning everything I knew about men and women.

* * * * *

"You don't treat me like I'm important." I crossed my arms over my breasts and then immediately let them drop. I was determined not to take a defensive position in the discussion.

"You know I love you."

He looked sincere. Why is it a man can lie in your face and look so fucking sincere? I shouldn't be unfair. I know women are perfectly capable of doing the same thing. I turned away from him. "I suppose you think you do."

"Don't be mean." He put his hand on my shoulder and pulled me back against his chest. "I do love you and I'm very serious about us."

"Then why?"

"Why what?"

"Why ignore me in the cafeteria, the gym, the library....and any other damn place we both happen to be at the same time?" I pulled away from him and turned to face him. "Don't you think I deserve to be treated better than that?"

He shrugged. "Look, none of the other guys hang out with their girlfriends like that. We spend a lot of time together, don't we?"

“Well, to be very frank with you, Keith, I don’t give a fuck what your friends do or don’t do with their girlfriends.” I looked at his face for a long moment. “And we only spend time together alone. Are you ashamed of our relationship, ashamed of me?”

“For Christ’s sake, no.”

“Then what the hell is your fucking problem?” I shouted, and then stopped. I really hated being angry. I looked away from him. “Well?”

“Look, I’ll try.”

“You’ll try,” I muttered. “Get the fuck out of my room. I’m tired of looking at you.”

He laughed and took my arm. “Now, hey, stop being so damn mean.” He pulled me to him and hugged me tightly. “You’ve got a foul mouth.”

“Shut up.” I sighed against him. “You say one more word, Keith, and I’m going to kick your ass.”

He took it for the empty and impossible threat it was. He touched my face and then lifted my chin. “I do love you.” He kissed me and I relented against him.

I could say that he used my sexuality against me, but it would be a lie. The only person that ever wielded my sexuality like a weapon was me. I knew that our relationship wasn’t all it should have been, or even all either one of us wanted. I let it slide away from us both, and immersed myself in the sexual attraction that flowed easy between us.

I let him guide me towards the bed, his big hands moving over my body with a familiarity that I enjoyed. His casual attitude towards our relationship made me want to hate him, but he had bound himself to me in a way no other man ever would. He was the first man to share my bed and my body, and that had given him a special place in my mind and in my heart.

“I’m still mad at you,” I warned softly as he laid me down and covered me with his body.

He laughed against my mouth. “In about five minutes, you won’t care.”

"I'll be mad at you afterwards," I promised him because I wanted so badly to remain indifferent to him.

"We'll see." He rubbed his mouth against mine. His tongue dipped and stroked my lips until I opened my mouth to him. He groaned a little against my mouth as his tongue slipped past my teeth.

He lifted his body off mine and pulled my shorts and panties away with one sweep of his hand. Tossing them aside, he covered my pussy with one hand and dipped two fingers into me. "You know you've missed me."

My hips lifted against the invasion of fingers. "I didn't."

"You did," He argued and moved his hand away from me. I watched him unbutton and then unzip his jeans.

"Maybe I missed your dick, but I don't think I missed you."

He laughed. "It doesn't do you any good to act hard. I don't buy it."

I watched him release his cock from his boxers and raised one eyebrow. "Perhaps you don't know me at all."

He rummaged through my nightstand drawer and found a condom. "Perhaps I know you better than you think."

I snatched the condom from him and tore it open. "I thought I told you to shut up."

He spread my legs abruptly as I rolled the condom into place. "You did."

"Well, then do yourself a favor and shut up." I pulled him to me and pulled his head down to mine. "Now, put your cock in me, Keith."

He slid into me without pause. "I thought the man was supposed to be in charge."

"That goes to show you that you shouldn't bother thinking," I responded arching up off the bed, loving the feel of his cock gliding in and out of me.

Tuesday, February 14

To put it mildly, Keith blew Valentine's Day. Men don't understand this holiday, I suppose, any more than they do such things as birthdays or anniversaries. I didn't expect an extravagant present, or even an expensive dinner. What I did expect was his time and his attention. I got neither. Valentine's Day is probably the most commercialized holiday on the calendar. Women buy into that need for some sort of material gift from the man they are involved with.

We, the female gender, are taught to believe that if we don't get a gift from our men on Valentine's Day it means he doesn't love us. He's supposed to send a card, buy us flowers, candy, take us out to dinner, and treat us as if we are special at least for this one day out of the year. All young women fall into this trap, Valentine's Day becomes this impossible event, much like New Year's Eve, where you plan and hope and pray for something special, only to be profoundly disappointed when the slightly less evolved human male you are dating forgets it and ruins your life for that entire twenty-four hours.

* * * * *

"Do you think men do it on purpose?"

I glanced at Nicole; she was a casual friend whom I'd found wondering the hallway in a snit as I'd come back into the dorm after my evening class. She was amusing and a bit crazy. "No, they can't help it." I pulled my jacket on. "Come on, Dana is waiting in the lobby."

We'd decided to go out to dinner ourselves. Dana's current interest had lost that new guy glow and was fast entering that "I can't believe I ever found him cute" stage. Rachel had gone out with Keith's friend, Jake. He'd picked a good day to ask; women are certainly a great deal more vulnerable on Valentine's Day.

The local restaurant we'd chosen to take our bitchfest boasted a decidedly "country" and fattening menu that appealed to us all. I ordered cheese sticks, chicken fingers, and a huge plate of fries; when I indulge I don't go halfway. In fact, to be honest, I don't do many things half-assed. I've always considered it a waste of time.

"So, I've been thinking about this and I've come to the unfortunate conclusion that I was born with the wrong sexual organs."

I swished my straw around in my drink and grinned at Dana. "Do tell."

Dana had the most amazing ability to theorize her way into the most bizarre psychological disorders or, in the case before us, a mistake so fundamental, it was genetic. She munched thoughtfully on her cheese bread appetizer. "You see, it's like this. I hate men. I really like the penis, but I hate what they are attached to. So, I should have either been a man or a lesbian."

"And, of those two choices, you chose to be what you hate?" I asked.

"Everyone hates who they are, Samantha," she answered, as if it were some universal truth she was dispensing.

I wondered about this, as I'd never contemplated self-hatred. I listened to Dana and Nicole bitching about their love interests, their loneliness, and their sex lives, all the while my mind was milling the notion of self-hatred. Was that the root of their complaint?

"I don't hate who I am," I said finally as I pushed the rest of my French fries away. They stared at me for a long time, not speaking. "Self-hatred seems rather unproductive."

"You just haven't fucked something up yet." Nicole patted my shoulder. "Wait until you're faced with a failure, then you'll get it."

It was irritating to think that my self worth might be tied up in my ability to keep a man. I didn't want to think that it was true, so I pushed it all aside. Keith was the first man I'd ever really been involved with. I knew he wasn't the man I'd marry. The truth was, I

didn't think I wanted to ever get married. Men, marriage, and children sound like a whole lot of trouble.

Sunday, February 19

Are women genetically programmed to seek out men that are bad for us? Every woman I know has had a bad experience with a man. But then, I imagine every man I know has had a bad experience with a woman. The battle of the sexes isn't always fought on the political grounds of our society. In fact, the front lines of this battle are drawn right down the middle of the bed. Sex is used to control, dominate, discipline, reward, and hurt. There is no weapon more powerful than sex when it comes to the dynamics of an emotional relationship.

Scientists would have you believe that women instinctually seek out a strong and attractive mate who has the ability to provide for her young. That we, women, on some deep, evolutionary level seek the best man possible for our purposes. Do I believe this? No. There are far too many women out there with men who bear zero resemblance to a good provider and they stay with them.

So, if I wasn't seeking a provider, what was I seeking? Perhaps my evolutionary sixth sense mutated when I was a child. I certainly saw enough failed relationships by the age of ten to stunt the emotional growth of less hardy personalities.

* * * * *

"So, still dolling out moral support?"

I glanced up from the money I'd been counting and then closed the cash drawer. I worked at the college bookstore; it offered a certain freedom and a rather unique position on campus. I swallowed back a sigh and wondered why my body caught fire every time I saw the man who was leaning on the counter in front of me.

“Aren’t you missing the game?”

“Exhibition games aren’t all that interesting.” He snagged a bookmark from the display, and started to fiddle with it. “Your friends were wondering where you were.”

“They know it takes me a couple of minutes to close the store.” I walked around the counter and flipped the locks on the glass door and then pulled the shade. I didn’t want any more surprise visitors.

“I like how you look.”

“So do I.” I turned to face him. “I was always rather happy with what my parents had to offer in the looks department.”

He watched me moving around the empty bookstore. I was wishing I’d pushed him out the door before I locked it. It was like being caught in a hunter’s crosshairs. “You’re wasted on that boy you’re dating.”

I flushed, angry more for my own agreement to the statement than the deliberate insult he’d dealt Keith. “I’m perfectly happy with Keith. It’s rude of you to discuss our relationship that way.”

“The truth is at times difficult to deal with.” His gaze moved over my body, leaving me heated as if he’d actually touched me. “You know I’m right.”

“So, how often do you roam college campuses looking for little girls to play games with?”

He laughed, but I could tell I hit a little closer to home than even I’d expected. “I don’t, actually. I certainly have never had any interest in pursuing unavailable females.” He looked to me again. “But there’s something about you that pulls at me.”

I understood what he meant. Just looking at him had my insides turning deep, hot circles. I felt empty inside and I was certain that he could fill me. “You should go.”

He nodded and looked over my face. “When he fucks things up -- and he will -- I’ll be around.”

I didn't doubt either of his statements. "Keith is a good guy."

He looked at me hard and shook his head. "Don't spill too many tears over him; no man's worth it."

"Including you?"

"Without a doubt." He moved towards me, then stopped just short of touching me. I could feel heat drifting off his body. "I'm a complete bastard."

"Is that another warning?"

He grinned and ran one finger along my bottom lip. "Yeah, and it'll be the only one I ever give you about me."

Unable to help myself I opened my lips slightly and snagged his wandering finger with my teeth. I released his finger and licked my lips. "You can consider that your only warning from me."

He looked at my mouth for a long moment and then lifted his gaze to meet mine. "You are very fortunate that I can be a patient man."

* * * * *

My run in with Mason had left me feeling jumpy and guilty, when I returned to my room I took a shower then called Keith and invited him over. I hadn't invited him over since he'd screwed up Valentine's Day. The unmistakably intimate conversation I'd shared with Mason was fresh in my mind, his voice lingered inside me. The heat of his body and the clean male scent of him had followed me home. I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth when Keith arrived. I walked back into my room and opened the door and motioned him inside.

Back in the bathroom, I finished brushing my teeth and then, with a quick mental shake, went to make up my mental infidelities to Keith. He was lounging in my bed, the remote control to my TV in one hand. "I didn't see you at the game."

I shrugged. "I was tired after work." This was the truth. Playing Mason's mental and verbal game had worn me thin.

I went to the bed and sat down. "Who won?"

"They did." He tossed the remote aside. "Come here, I've missed you." He snagged my arm and pulled me up until I was resting half on top of him. "I'm sorry." He touched my face carefully, his big hand moving down my jaw line. "The more I have to tell you that, the more I realize that I've never been in a real relationship before."

I wasn't angry with him anymore. How could I be? I'd just spent thirty minutes imagining myself doing some profoundly dirty things with another man on the floor of the bookstore. My fantasy life had always been vivid, but I'd put it aside for the most part since I'd started having sex with Keith. Now, Mason dominated my mind and I was sure he would dominate my fantasies as well. It was easy to tell myself that I hadn't cheated and I hadn't, at least not physically.

"It's okay." I lay my head down on his chest. "I know you are trying."

I didn't believe that, but every moment I spent with him piled more guilt on me. This guilt would translate into blind faith, and that blind faith would make me a fool.

Tuesday, February 21

Sacrifice. Every woman I've ever spoken with talks about the sacrifices she's made for the relationships in her life. Women are givers, cleaners, teachers, and caretakers. It is the perceived duty of many heterosexual women that they seek out a man to marry and proceed to have their allotment of children before they are too old to procreate. Then they are to spend their remaining years taking care of said husband and children. Once the children are out of the house, she is to don the most matronly persona possible and prepare herself to be a grandmother.

In the modern world, this sacrificing woman will also be expected to have a career. She must learn to balance career, children, and her husband. She's expected to blend all of this together like some superhuman being all for the purpose of making those around her happy. Her youth and the goals she cherished and nourished throughout her adolescent years lay abandoned. Sacrificed for the demands of a society that has rarely served her.

What modern world is this? In the 1800's, doctors treated female hysteria with assisted masturbation. They eventually made machines to take care of this matter, as their fingers and hands grew quite worn and tired from all of that activity. Women poured into these clinics, seeking the "medical relief" of what would eventually become known as a vibrator.

Times changed and opportunities for women expanded. We were given the right to vote, the encouragement to work, and eventually a store chock full of vibrators to be purchased and used at our leisure. That is the beauty of modern society and don't let anyone tell you differently. Finally, woman has been given the right and the equipment to pursue her orgasm. No longer is the woman's satisfaction a taboo subject, at least among some groups of people. Magazines talk about the perfect orgasm, how to have it, and how to give it. Still, underneath all of that media bombardment lays an issue of morality.

A man may explore his sexuality with a multitude of female partners. As long as he practices safe sex he isn't stigmatized for his behavior. Playboys are mused over; people shake their heads and wonder if he'll ever settle down. A woman, in that same position, practicing safe sex, but exploring several partners, runs the risk of being labeled a whore. It's a double standard, but there it is. Despite all of our modern ideals and our notions of equality, men and women are measured on different scales.

We fall once more to sacrifice. Society has often let the satisfaction of the woman be sacrificed for the greater good. Women in some primitive cultures are still being castrated to prevent infidelity. What is it about the satisfaction of a woman that creates this sort of behavior? Why is it that prescription medicines to treat male impotence are acceptable, but

selling a vibrator is a threat to the very moral fiber of our society? Does it go back to the male? Is he innately responsible for the oppression of female satisfaction?

I should, at this point, break men down into two categories. On one side of the orgasm, we have the man who likes to make sure his partner comes. He appears to be a considerate and thoughtful lover, perfectly attuned with the needs of his partner. He seeks out a woman's pleasure and measures his success as a lover based on his ability to please her. When orgasm is achieved, it is his accomplishment, after the completion of the act, he may cuddle with his partner or leave the bed in favor of food. Before returning to his partner, he may pause and admire himself in a mirror.

On the other side of the orgasm, we have the man who thinks that the g-spot is a myth and that foreplay is some unknown mystery process that women must have, but he need not spend too much time on. She's ready when he is, if his unfortunate partner manages to have an orgasm during this slam-fest he will be pleased with himself and be convinced that any other time that she did not come, then the fault lay with her. This man, more commonly know as a pig, should be avoided at all costs. You'll know him when you see him. He never buttons his shirt all the way, wears more jewelry than Elizabeth Taylor, and finds everything you say so amusing.

I am woman and an orgasm is my God given right. I say that every morning when I go to the bathroom to brush my teeth. I stand there, stare at myself with my bad hair and questionable breath and lecture myself on what my rights are. Self-realization is a beautiful thing, but it can be tragic when you encounter a woman who does not have it.

* * * * *

"So, how did you talk Keith into staying home on a Saturday night with you?"

I shrugged, and shifted my laundry basket onto a clear part of the sorting table while I folded my things. "We were just at the video store returning some movies. We decided to rent a few more and spend the night watching them."

Dana leaned on the dryer and regarded me closely. “Did you make some illicit and dirty promise?”

I laughed and shook my head. “You and he both wish.”

Dana was a voyeur waiting to happen. She would have liked nothing better than to watch people have sex. I’d known that about her almost instantly, and it was more than her rampant addiction to romance novels. “So tell me, how do you like sleeping with Charlie?”

I watched emotions slip over her face. Charlie was her second lover, and they pretended publicly to be no more than friends. They’d been sleeping together for nearly two weeks.

“We are good friends,” she finally said. “It makes the fumbling and the disappointment a little easier to manage.”

“You don’t enjoy it,” I said as I started filling my laundry basket.

“For God’s sake, Samantha -- you fold your panties?”

I looked at the neat stack of panties and then to her. “You don’t?”

“No.” She shook her head, clearly envious of my organizational skills. “And, no, I don’t enjoy it.”

I put my stack of panties in my laundry basket. “Well, I thought you were supposed to fold panties. It makes the underwear drawer neater.”

“This coming from a woman who has a drawer just for white socks,” she muttered under her breath.

“It’s half a drawer,” I said and picked up my laundry basket. “If you’re going to pick on me, I’ll just leave.”

“No, wait.” She took my basket and set it back down. “Samantha, I don’t think I’ll ever enjoy it.”

I frowned, as I found this distressing. “Maybe you just aren’t attracted to him, Dana.”

“Samantha, I can’t have an orgasm.”

The admission was so softly spoken that I almost missed it. “Not even alone?”

“No.” She shook her head. “Not even alone.”

“Well.” The air pushed out of my lungs and I stood there for a long moment, silent. “Why haven’t you ever said anything?”

She laughed sadly. “What, are you going to give me masturbation lessons?”

I raised an eyebrow. “Do you think it would help?”

She blushed. “I was joking.” She hugged me. “Look, I’ll be fine.”

* * * * *

I wasn’t fine. I went back to my room and put aside my laundry basket without putting away my clothes. I went to my bedside table and pulled out the latest book I’d bought on sex and stood. My mission seemed to be clear, I went through the bathroom that we shared and slipped the soft cover book under Dana’s pillow and then snuck back out. They never locked their room from the bathroom side, unless one of them was entertaining.

Keith arrived shortly after my excursion and pushed off his shoes as he closed and locked my door. “Hey there.”

I snagged one of my decorative pillows from my bed, and hugged it to me as I looked at him. “How many women have you slept with?”

He paused in mid-stride and stared at me. “Are you trying to pick a fight?”

I laughed, noting the distress on his face. “No, of course not. Tell me truthfully, how many women have you actually had full-fledged sexual intercourse with?”

He sat down on the edge of the bed and was silent for a moment. “Well, if we don’t count the girl I lived next door to in high school -- I’d say six.”

“Why not count her?”

“Because every time I got her naked, I came before I’d get all the way inside her,” he muttered.

I was startled by the frank admission. "Thank you."

"What are you thanking me for?"

"Trusting me." I leaned in and kissed his cheek. "And how many of them had orgasms?"

"Based on my recent experiences, I'd say two, but that's only if we count the girl next door."

I laughed aloud. "I see, so she didn't let you get away with just coming in your boxers?"

He grinned at that. "No, she didn't. I always had to play with her until she came."

That certainly explained a few things. He always paid special attention to my clitoris. "Okay, so just me with intercourse?"

"Yeah." He looked to me. "Which is a trip -- let me tell you. Makes my ego fucking expand to the size of this state."

I tugged on his ear. "Well, I find it pretty nice too."

"Good." He kissed me then, his mouth a little more eager because of our discussion. He raised his head. "Did you want to order pizza or something?"

"Yeah, that'll be good." I picked up my cordless phone and tossed it to him. "So, the girl next door -- was that fingers or oral too?"

"Just fingers," he murmured and looked at me. "I've never done the other thing."

Much to my regret, I realized he was in no hurry to learn that particular sexual technique. "I see."

"It's not personal," he said as he dialed the number to a pizza delivery company from memory. "I'm not sure I'd do it for any woman, and I love you more than I've ever loved any one."

I knew he meant it, and for what would come later, it made the sadness I felt at that admission all the more relevant. I wanted Keith to be perfect and from the very beginning, I'd given him that impossible task. He was supposed to know when I was tired, when I was sad, when I was angry and why. He should have known instinctually how to arouse me, and

satisfying me should have been second nature. However, he was none of those things -- and the more tightly I tried to fit him into that role the more wildly he fought it.

Tuesday, February 28

“I had an orgasm.”

I put aside my textbook and stared at Dana who was lounging in the entranceway to the bathroom from my area. “Just now?”

“Just now.” She hugged herself tightly and disappeared. “I think I just fell in love with that thing we bought,” she called out as she disappeared into her room.

I laughed, but didn’t follow. I was sure she was already investigating her new love interest again. We’d bought her a vibrator at the toy store, one designed to stimulate the clitoris while inserted in the vagina. To be truthful, the thing had made me want to cross my legs. That didn’t mean I wasn’t very tempted to buy one of my very own. It had been a week since we’d bought it, and I’d started to wonder if she was ever going to give me an “orgasm update”.

* * * * *

Two hours later, several women on my floor met a very satisfied Dana and I in the lobby for a “cry fest”. I’d just gotten comfortable on the couch when Darryl Hannah’s character had gotten the job at the beauty shop. Steel Magnolias being one of our favorite movies, it was always the front-runner in any “cry fest” our floor had. I manage not to cry through most of this movie. However, at the very end when Sally Field throws her conniption fit in the cemetery I’m always a wreck.

My relationships with women were always rather stormy, as I made male friends easily. A great many women cannot accept that men and women can just be friends, and I will admit that it can be difficult. However, I’ve always had a hard time maintaining

relationships with women for any length of time. It's something that has followed me through most of my life.

Chapter Three

Friday, March 3

In hindsight, the first clues that all were not well with my relationship with Keith started with me. If I'd considered my relationship with Keith a true and solid thing, I would never have been remotely tempted by Mason. It simply isn't in my nature to cheat, and when I start to think about someone new -- it's because I've lost faith in the relationship that I'm in. The last three times Keith came to see me, it was because I pitched a hissy hit on the phone. So, I'd been reduced to a pure and unadulterated drama queen.

* * * * *

The dance club we were in was packed from front door to emergency exits. Smoke, sweat, beer, and the hard beat of dance music filled the place. There was something primal and extremely sexy about being in the middle of a hard thumping crowd of people, everyone moving to music that was too loud. It was reggae night, and the crowd was in a good mood and more than a little drunk collectively.

I'd drunk my fill on the way to the club, because I was too young to buy legally. I found my way to a stool and sat my water bottle down on the railing in front of me; water

was essential in a place like this. The club was hot, seedy, and more dirty than sexy as the night grew on. I'd spent two hours dancing, but had quickly abandoned my friends for a stool.

"I didn't think this would be your type of scene."

I looked to my left as Mason slid onto a stool beside me; his hand had trailed over my back as he passed me. "I guess you don't know as much about me as you think."

"I don't know as much about you as I would like," he returned. "Here with friends?"

"I could be here with Keith."

He shook his head. "He isn't the type to hang out with a woman."

"And you are?"

"There is a big difference between me and that boy you date," he responded. He drank deeply from his beer bottle. "No one else is going to tell you this, Samantha. Your friends think they are protecting you; his friends enjoy your gullibility. Anyone else that might know isn't going to tell because they just don't care."

"What are you talking about?"

Mason motioned towards the stairs that lead up to the third level of the club. "Go take a look and you remember what I said about men. We just aren't worth it."

A part of me wanted to stay right where I was, because I understood Mason's motives were far from pure. At the same time, I've never been one to hide from bad situations. I knew Mason to be a predator and all he was interested in was seeing me free for his own pursuit. I slid down off the stool and walked towards the stairs. One of Keith's friends was lounging on them. He tried briefly to get in my way, but moved aside when I kept going.

The upper level of the club was full of pool tables, abandoned this time of the night because most everyone was too drunk to play pool. There were several couples clenched up in the area, taking advantage of the dark and secluded area for less than intimate intimacies. One of the couples was obviously having sex, and for a moment, I was too shocked to move. I

stood there for a long moment, my breath caught somewhere inside. The loud thump of the music below was barely muted by the floor that separated us from the dancers.

“Keith.”

The woman on his lap stopped moving, and turned to look at me. I knew her from campus; she and Keith, from all accounts, had a few dates before he and I had started dating. Keith hurriedly pushed her off his lap. “Samantha.”

“You are a stupid bastard,” I snapped.

The betrayal had been overwhelming, but, amazingly enough, it was already starting to slide away and was being replaced by fear and a nearly uncontrollable urge to kill him. Even in the dimly lit area, it had been obvious he hadn’t been wearing a condom. The girl slid past me; I suppose she thought she was escaping.

“Samantha, this was a mistake.”

“I’m sure,” I shouted. “I suppose getting caught wasn’t in your plan.”

The two other couples hurried past me as Keith stood and zipped his pants. “Look, don’t get bent out of shape over this.”

“How long has this been going on?” I knew the moment I asked, I wasn’t going to get an honest answer. “It’s over, Keith.”

I turned and walked towards the stairs; two of his friends were standing there. I pushed through them, disgusted and so angry that any alcohol buzz I had had going was long gone. Mason wasn’t where I’d left him, but I hadn’t expected him to be. He had done his good deed for the evening. Dana and Rachel were at the edge of the dance floor; the moment I saw their faces, I saw the guilt.

“How long have you known?”

They both turned their faces away from me, leaving me with the knowledge that they had known for a long time. I turned and walked away, ignoring them as they hurried after

me. Out in the parking lot, I realized that Dana was, in fact, my only safe method home. I let her put me in the car, but I couldn't bring myself to talk to either one of them.

The silence of the car was almost painful. Rachel broke it first. "I didn't know for sure; neither of us did. We just heard that it was going on."

"We didn't want to tell you if it turned out not to be true."

"You protected him," I whispered. "As my friends, you should have been protecting me."

"We were protecting you." Dana sighed.

"The hell you were!" I snapped. "For God's sake, there is no telling what sort of diseases he's given me." I sucked in a breath. "He was up there screwing that bitch, and he wasn't wearing a condom."

They had nothing to say about that, and I had little else left to say myself. I'd done all of the right things, and now I was forced to recognize that I had allowed another person to control the path of my life. Keith and I had always used condoms, but how many STDs could defeat a condom? Sex really was some crazy game of Russian roulette and I had been playing the game with a fool.

Sunday, March 5

I'd slept Saturday away with all of my doors locked and the telephone off the hook. Keith had hurt my pride, but my friends had broken something inside me. Their reasons for keeping the truth from me sounded trite and false, though I wondered if I would have believed them had they come to me with no proof of Keith's cheating. I knew they had feared that I wouldn't believe them, that I would turn on them rather than face the truth of the situation. Perhaps their suspicions weren't unwarranted, but as it stood, I would never know.

One or both of them had knocked on the bathroom door, but I had determined to spend Sunday the same way I'd spent Saturday. I needed the time to resolve myself to the situation, to the cards that I had been dealt. I simply was not going to allow Keith's cheating to ruin or damage me.

Knocking on the outer door that lead to the suite common room caught my attention and after a moment, I went to the door. "Who is it?"

"It's Rachel."

"Go away," I muttered.

"You can't spend another day in there, Samantha. It simply isn't healthy."

"I am perfectly fine." I unlocked the door with annoyance and swung the door open. "I just don't want to be around anyone right now."

She frowned at me. "You haven't been crying?"

"Why the hell would I cry?" I asked softly. "My boyfriend is fucking half the eastern seaboard and my best friends were too afraid to tell me. My life couldn't get much better."

"We found out only about a week ago." Rachel looked to me. "I promise, Samantha, Dana and I spent hours talking about this trying to figure out how to tell you. You were so wrapped up in him; we didn't think you could take it."

"What I can't take is being around people I can't trust," I whispered. "Just when were you going to tell me, Rachel?"

"When we found out what was going on in the club last night we decided to tell you, the proof was there for the asking. You just beat us to it." She reached out and took one of my hands. "Please, don't shut us out. We didn't know what to do."

She was closer to crying than I'd come since the moment I'd been slapped in the face with his cheating. I let my fingers tighten in hers and hugged her. "You gotta promise me that this won't ever happen again."

She nodded abruptly. "I promise. Dana is miserable. Will you come tell her you're okay?"

I let Rachel drag me into their room; Dana was knee deep in a bag of chips. She always ate when she was upset. I threw myself down on the end of her bed. "So, I'm thinking about sleeping with one of Keith's friends for revenge. Which one do you think has the biggest penis?"

"The guy from Florida, the new one who came in at the beginning of the semester," Dana said. "I heard he is hung like a horse."

I frowned and shook my head. "No, he isn't my type."

She offered me her bag of chips. "I'm sorry. We were such cowards for not telling you."

I took the chips and nodded. "We all do things we regret, we'll just concentrate on my revenge and move past that other mess."

"I see a gynecologist here. She might be able to give you an appointment this week." Rachel sat down on the floor beside Dana's bed. "You need to get tested."

Thursday, March 9

I entered the suite I shared with Rachel and Dana more deflated and violated than I had felt since catching Keith cheating. The morning I'd spent with the gynecologist had been both educational and horrifying. While I had no results at present, there was some relief for having taken the action of being tested. I went to my room and shut the door. My phone started to ring just as I shrugged out of my jacket and put down my bag.

With dread, I picked it up. I knew it would be Keith. "Hello."

"Don't hang up."

I sighed and sat down. "God, Keith, why can't you just leave me alone?"

"You aren't giving me a chance to explain."

"I see." I rubbed my forehead. "And I take it you can explain why you were fucking that bitch right there in front of half the people we go to school with?" His silence was telling. "Nothing will make this right between us, Keith. Nothing. I won't forgive you for it."

"You love me."

"Not as much as I hate you," I returned evenly. "You are a foolish and selfish boy, Keith."

"Let me come over so we can talk?"

"No."

"How about having dinner with me?"

"No."

"That's it? Look, you aren't being fair. Everyone makes mistakes. I made one, a big one, but if you ever loved me like you said you did, you could and would forgive me."

I closed my eyes and lay back on my bed. "Then perhaps I never loved you like I thought I did. Because I can't look at you, Keith, without seeing what you did."

"I know that bastard, Mason, told you," he ground out. I could practically hear his teeth grinding together.

"It doesn't matter how I was told," I snapped. "Look, this wasn't the first time you cheated on me, so don't pretend that it was. If I hadn't found out that night, I would have found out eventually. Both Dana and Rachel knew; it was only a matter of time before they told me."

"We can get past this."

"You can get past this, but I can't and I won't." I hung up, unable to talk to him anymore without shouting.

I don't know how long I sat there, because the next thing I knew Keith was banging on my door. Confused and frankly too irritated to care that I was about to cause a major scene

for half the women on my floor to bear witness to, I threw open the door. “What the hell are you doing here?”

He pointed his finger at me. “I want to come in.”

“No.”

“Look, I’m coming inside.”

“You force your way into my room and campus police will be notified.” I looked pointedly at the grouping of girls standing six doors down from mine. “Isn’t that right, ladies?” They all nodded mutely. “I’ve said all I have to say to you, Keith.”

“We’ve been together seven months.”

“Yes, and as far as I’m concerned, it was seven fucking months too long.”

“You aren’t being fair.”

“You’ve never even been decent to me, so why should I bother to be fair with you?”

“I was always good to you.”

“Good?” I demanded. “Just how many different women were there? Just how many different women have you stuck your dick in this month alone?”

“Holy shit!” One of the women in the corner exclaimed.

If I hadn’t been so angry, I might have laughed at her shock. “I don’t have enough forgiveness in my whole body to forgive you for what I saw the other night, much less all of the women I don’t even know about! You are an unfaithful bastard and one day I hope you get a disease that makes your cock fall off!”

“You bitch.” His voice was hoarse with anger and disbelief.

“Go away, Keith, and take your little dick with you.”

Shock dropped over his face in stages, he set his mouth firmly and turned on his heel to leave. I had trusted him with everything that I was and he’d pushed it aside as if it meant nothing. I knew he would never understand the depth of betrayal I felt, but, God help me, I wanted him to suffer just as much as I did. I just didn’t know how to make it happen.

* * * * *

“Go away, Keith, and take your little dick with you,” Dana murmured and shook her head. The lobby of our floor was full of girls and they were all just staring at me. With the exception, of course, of Dana who had repeated my parting remark to Keith, at least six times.

“Jesus, Samantha.” Rachel leaned back on the couch. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Does he really have a little one?”

“Five or six inches.” I shrugged. “I guess that’s average.”

“Then he just turned and walked away?” Rachel asked.

“I guess it was either that or hit me.” I shrugged. “He’s a total waste of my time.” I looked around. “You girls think I handled that wrong?”

One cleared her throat. “I think that after tonight we should form a Woman’s Society and elect you our Queen.”

I laughed and sighed. “Silly.” I cut my eyes at her. “Do I get a crown?”

“Hell,” Dana sighed. “I’d settle for some Crown.”

The lobby doors swung open and the girl Keith had been fucking at the bar sauntered in as if she owned the place. Suddenly, I thought a whole bottle of Crown Royal might benefit me greatly. Her name was Jennifer, and oddly enough, I didn’t even hate her. My friends and floormates on the other hand, hated her quite a bit.

“I wanted to talk to you.”

I grimaced. “I really don’t have anything to say to you.”

“Can we talk alone?”

I should have agreed, I suppose, but I wasn’t feeling very charitable. “No, as I said, I don’t have anything to say to you.”

“Look, I just wanted to explain.”

“Explain what?” I asked. I looked her over. “How could you possibly explain to me why you were fucking my boyfriend?”

“It wasn’t like that.”

I laughed then. “Look, I’m so damned tired of this mess. I don’t care what you want to call it, and I don’t care what you think or what you want. You are nothing to me and you can do what ever you would like for Keith.”

“I won’t see him anymore.”

“I see; so a single man isn’t much of a turn on for you?” I glared at her. “Since Keith couldn’t have been much of a challenge, I’m left to assume you just like to hurt other women.”

“You are twisting this all out of proportion.”

“Get lost.” Dana crossed her arms over her chest. “She’s already said she doesn’t want to talk to you.”

I stood from the couch and left the lobby without another word. I couldn’t stand to look at her any more. I just couldn’t figure out what Keith saw in her that he hadn’t seen in me. She wasn’t unattractive, but she didn’t appear to have anything going for her that I didn’t.

He’d told me he loved me and I believed him. I wonder even now who the bigger fool was.

Saturday, March 11

Saturday night found in me in a dance club that we frequented. I was single and that was something new to consider. I hadn’t gone to the clubs before I’d started dating Keith and now I was comfortable in them. The men took on a completely new feel for me. I was sitting

on a stool with a bottle of water. Since I'd been afraid I might run into Keith, I'd volunteered to stay sober. I kept a watchful eye on my friends on the dance floor, so I didn't realize Mason was there until he sat down beside me.

"Hey."

I looked at him, and nodded. "Hi."

"You want to dance?" He looked towards the dancers. "When the music gets slow, of course. There are way too many bodies out there right now."

I nodded. "Yeah, I'd like that." I glanced around. "But it probably wouldn't be a good idea."

He touched my hand with one finger. "Are you afraid of me?"

I shook my head. "Don't put me in a position where I have to reject you, Mason. I don't want to, but I wouldn't have a choice."

"Why?"

"Keith wasn't just unfaithful to me." I looked at Rachel and Dana to make sure they were still on the dance floor. "He was profoundly unfaithful to me, and I wouldn't want to put you at risk."

"Ah." He sighed and ran his finger along my arm. "I see."

"I hope you do."

"However, the last time I checked, dancing was just about the safest sexual activity that I know of."

I laughed. "Dancing is not a sexual activity."

The music turned then and he slid off the stool. "You just haven't been doing it right."

I let him pull me off the stool and handed my bottle of water to Rachel as I passed her. She and Dana took up a table and gave me nearly identical drunken grins. Mason pulled me close, tucking me into his body in an intimate and sexy way that I'd never experienced before.

“I regret what I did the other night.”

I looked up to him. “I don’t understand.”

“It was cruel.” He touched my jaw. “I saw your face when you came down the stairs and I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t do anything, but show me the truth.”

“There are a hundred ways you could have found out.” He pulled me closer and tucked my face against his neck. “I’m just very disappointed in myself for having played a part in it.”

I was silent, mostly because I didn’t know what to say in return. I turned and placed a very soft kiss on his jaw and he relaxed as if he’d been waiting for me to tell him how horrible I thought he was. After that one dance, he guided me back to my friends and I didn’t see him again that night.

* * * * *

The unknown can be so enticing. I knew nothing about Mason beyond the few things he’d told me. I didn’t know what his personal goals were. I didn’t know anything about his past. Honestly, I didn’t care. I wanted him. I didn’t want his future or his past, I just wanted him. My body craved the sort of attention I knew he could provide.

Friday, March 17

I was closing the bookstore the next time Mason made an appearance. He slipped in the door and grinned when I gently turned the lock and turned the shades on the all glass door. “I’m closed.”

“I’m not here to waste my money on a t-shirt with a university symbol on it.”

He was wearing a pair of dark linen slacks and a blue shirt made of the same material. “I didn’t assume it would be your style.”

“I can be unkempt with the best of people.”

I shook my head. “I thought people just out of law school worked ninety hours a week and forgot to sleep.”

“I partnered with my uncle right out of school.” Mason looked to me and his gaze traveled over my face. “We do rather boring stuff.”

“It’s a good profession.” I went back to my paperwork on the counter. “Here for the game?”

“I dropped Thomas off about an hour ago, watched the warm ups and he mentioned that you’d be up here.”

“Interesting.” I glanced at him as I began pulling money out of the register to count. “He asked me out last week.”

“Yeah, he told me.” He laughed. “He said you looked him over like he was a three-day-old sandwich.”

I sighed. “He was just the last in a series of men to ask me out. I found him no different than the others.”

“You’re surprised by the attention?”

“I guess.”

“You shouldn’t be.” He leaned on the counter. “You are available and, frankly, very attractive.”

I shoved the money into a bank bag and looked at him. The fact was that I really didn’t want to be viewed as available. Suddenly, I didn’t want to be “available” ever again, and I didn’t know if it was because of Keith or if it was because of the man in front of me. I began to wonder if I was afraid of starting another relationship -- even if it would be just a physical one.

“Why are you here?”

“I thought I’d walk you back to your dorm.”

“Actually, I’m going up to the radio station. I promised a friend I’d take her three hour show tonight so she could go home.”

“Cool.”

“Yeah, I’ve done it a few times. It’s usually fun.” I looked to him. “Do you want to stick around and play?”

“I suppose you just mean music.”

“Yeah,” I laughed. “Just music.”

“Then just music it will be.”

* * * * *

It occurred to me half way to the campus radio station that the three-hour show I was scheduled for was supposed to be slow and sexy. My friend called her show Groove Time, and it had nothing to do with dancing. The guy who was finishing up with the dance and club mixes gave me a wave as I made my way into the second broadcast booth. At the end of his show, he would give me control of the station -- and for the next three hours, I would be playing songs designed to make a person think about sex.

I checked the play list and made a few changes, as I always did. When I was ready, I let the other DJ know, and he wound his show down. I took a deep swallow of water and piled my hair up on my head as I flipped on the microphone.

“Good evening, everyone. I hope you are settled in and ready for Groove Time.” I glanced at Mason, who only grinned. He was browsing the singles that I had lined up. I shook my head at him. “As always, after the first ten minutes, I’ll start taking phone calls and requests. Let’s keep it clean, people.”

I flipped off the microphone as I started a track. I picked up the water bottle and set up the next song. Keith Sweat, great -- he never ceased to make me think about sex. I sighed and looked at Mason. “Are you going to be a silent participant or did you want to help with the phone calls?”

“What are the phone calls?”

“Sometimes just requests, other times they are questions about relationships...” I shook my head. “Why did I agree to this?”

He laughed. “You are a good friend.”

I turned down the music in the broadcast booth, set up four songs, and flipping the microphone on, I wet my lips. “The phone lines are open, so let us hear from you. Next on the Groove menu, we’ll go old school with a little Keith Sweat.”

The phone line lit up as soon as I started the song. I pushed the first line. “You’re calling Groove Time.”

“Hey there, Sam.”

“Hey, talk to me. Want a song or out to cause a controversy?”

“Oh, you know me. You said ‘us’ earlier. Do you have company?”

I glanced at Mason who shrugged and then nodded. “I have company.”

The girl laughed. “Suppose it would be that fine man I saw walking with you?”

I laughed. “Oh, come on, am I allowed no secrets?”

“Okay, get me on the air. I’m ready to throw a question at the campus.”

“Hold on. You’ll go on first.” I pushed the hold button and looked at Mason. “Well, she’s right about you.”

“Thanks.”

I turned to the console and faded the song that was playing out and clicked on the microphone. “We’ve got Miss Controversy on the phone. Talk to me, girl.”

“Hey, I thought we could start the night out with a list.” She paused. “Tell us why people cheat.” I flushed but before I could respond, she continued. “Hey -- this isn’t about you, Sam. It’s about men in general -- you are hardly the first woman on this planet to get cheated on.”

I laughed. “Well, you have me there. So tell me, why do you think people cheat?”

"I think men and women cheat for different reasons." She popped her gum. "But, I'd like to hear from the others out there."

I glanced at the lines and shrugged. "That shouldn't be a problem, the phone just lit up like a Christmas tree. So, hold on and we'll let others talk to you after our guest takes a turn."

I rolled my chair closer to Mason and clipped the portable microphone on him. "So, tell us. Why do you think women cheat?"

He looked at me for a few seconds. "Women cheat because they are unhappy or lonely."

"And men?"

"Because they think they can get away with it." He touched my lips. "Most men don't even think their girlfriends should take it personally."

I scooted away from him, my lips burning from his fingers. "And what do you think?"

"I think a woman deserves respect and honesty." He motioned towards the phone. "Let's hear what line two has to say."

I grinned and flipped line two. "It's Groove Time, talk to me."

"Well, hey, I don't think it's cheating unless you're married."

"That's certainly a point of view," Mason said dryly.

I laughed, amused by his expression. "So, if it isn't cheating if you aren't married, you wouldn't have a problem with your girlfriend having a little something on the side."

The caller laughed. "Well, I wouldn't go that far."

Mason shrugged, the physical response amused me. "Look, man, we live in a modern world. What a man can do, a woman can do. From experience, I'll tell you something, if you got a woman you want to keep, you'll keep it straight with her. Lying to a woman is the worst thing you can do."

I offered Mason a bottle of water from the small refrigerator, and then moved back the phone board, "Let's hear what caller three is up to." I disconnected the call and moved to three. "You're in the Groove, talk to me."

"Hey, Sam!"

I laughed. "Hey, what's up, girl?"

"Forget about the cheating thing! Let's talk about picking out a new boyfriend. I need one."

I was certainly unprepared for that. "Well, let's see. Caller two is most certainly out, so ladies, first thing -- ask your new potential boyfriend how he defines cheating."

Mason laughed. "Good suggestion." He set aside his bottle. "Also, it's great to keep in mind how important chemistry is. Does he make you laugh when you need to, make you feel better when you want to cry, and most of all does he make you want to sweat?"

I blushed. "I see. What would you look for in a potential love interest?"

"I really love women." Mason grinned. "Intelligent and beautiful women are certainly preferred. Maturity, without being boring. Strong, without trying to act like a man. I like my women to wear good perfume and look at me like they want me instead of pretending they are too innocent for such things."

Dry-mouthed, I set up a song. "Here's a little Lisa Stansfield. We'll be back shortly with more calls. You're in the Groove." I cut the mics and finished off my water. "You do this before?"

"Seduce a woman?" He grinned when a full blush stole across my face. "A time or two."

"I meant the radio thing."

"Yeah, I had a show in undergrad." He glanced at the console. "Of course, it wasn't as fancy as this."

“One of our alumni owns a couple of radio stations. He renovated one and gave us his old stuff.” I flipped through my singles and wondered how I’d last three hours without begging him for sex.

He moved closer to me. “Relax, little girl, I’m not going to make a play for you right this minute. I’m not like these little boys that chase you around here.”

I looked at him. “You’re not?”

“Besides, I know you aren’t comfortable taking on a new partner yet. You made that clear last weekend.” He touched my collarbone, and ran his finger gently to my shoulder. “So, we can play, flirt, and perhaps I’ll even steal a kiss. At the end of the night, I’ll go home and leave you be.”

“I don’t think I’m what you want.” I looked over his face.

“You let me be the judge of that.” He leaned back in his seat. “And the next song you play better not have a single reference to a bed in it.”

I laughed and flipped through them. “Not much choice, I’m afraid.”

* * * * *

Two hours later, without a kiss, he was walking me to my dorm. “You don’t have to walk all the way to my dorm.”

He shrugged. “I parked behind your dorm.”

“Ah,” I looked to him, more than a little confused. I knew, without much thought, that he was totally out of my league. “Thanks for hanging out with me tonight. Usually Dana or Rachel do, but they both went home this afternoon.” We stopped in front of my dorm, “So...”

“I know.” He came to me and cupped my face. Very gently, he brushed his lips against mine and pulled away. “Don’t tempt me, little girl, we both know that I could talk my way in.”

I flushed because, despite my concerns about STDs and Keith's cheating, I wasn't sure I could tell Mason no. "Good night, Mason."

"Good night, Samantha."

* * * * *

I was left with my body heated and wanting after hours in Mason's company. My attraction to him was raw and unmanageable. When I thought of him sexually, I didn't think about slow sessions of love making. I thought about being fucked up against the wall. It was a revelation for me, as it was my first step in separating sex and emotion. As with most young women, I wanted to believe that I should only have sex with a man if I loved him, and that if I had sex with a man I should fall in love with him.

However, another part of me demanded higher thinking. Some might consider this concept "lower thinking," but that is only because they assign higher moral standards to women. I felt that I needed to learn to separate physical and emotional satisfaction. Still mulling this over, I pulled off my clothes and grabbed my favorite vibrator from my drawer. Lying across my bed, I tucked it between my labia and pressed it against my clit. I pushed the remote control to the highest setting and dropped it on the bed.

Tuesday, March 28

Clean and free. To say that I'd been worried would have been an understatement; the two months I'd spent sleeping with Keith wasn't washed away with a grouping of negative STD tests, but it was a close thing. Any good memories I'd had of him seemed to slip away the moment I'd put my feet up in the gynecologist's stirrups to be examined. The unrelenting anger I had towards him hadn't waned; the risks he'd taken with my life -- the risks I'd taken with my life in being with him -- grew more vivid with each attempt he made to contact me.

He called everyday it seemed, but I wanted nothing to do with him. The sound of his voice made my insides itch, and anger had turned to a consuming hatred that I could barely comprehend. I'd never hated anyone the way I hated him, unless you count me. Because the self-hatred came, it came into my mind and in my heart like a pounding, unrelenting fist. Any attempts I made towards forgiveness turned against me, I considered myself weak and stupid. How had I fallen for this man? How had I trusted him with my heart?

I'd used the STD fear to cover up the real ache in my soul. I was so hurt, so betrayed -- but I couldn't let him know this -- I had to be angry, not hurt. Hurt was a weakness, and at night when I crawled into bed alone, I was forced to deal with it. The aching was more about my ego, I suppose. I couldn't understand why I had meant so little to him. The complete failure of my first sexual relationship marked me in ways that I didn't realize were possible. He damaged a part of me, and despite my efforts, his betrayal changed my view of the world.

Unfaithfulness, I would learn later, isn't really about the partner you are betraying. It isn't even about lack of love or even passion in a relationship. It's about needs and drives that most people cannot share fully with their partners. Men, like Keith, place women in two categories -- women they fuck and women they marry. For Keith, I represented the type of woman he'd marry. He didn't want to sully his mental image of me. I was to be decent and feminine. Fucking me on the third level of a bar would have put me in a light in which he couldn't imagine his mother, therefore he had to find someone else to meet his other needs. He needed someone he could treat like a whore, someone who would allow themselves to be debased and misused. The Madonna/whore complex at work, I suppose, in the most general of senses.

Chapter Four

Saturday, April 8

My phone rang for the fifth time in an hour; I picked it up fully expecting it to be Keith. I was wholly mistaken. “Hello.”

“How’d those tests go, sexy?”

“Good,” I murmured. I hadn’t seen Mason since the night he’d helped me at the radio station and I hadn’t given him my phone number. “How did you get my phone number?”

“My cousin got it out of the student directory for me. You don’t mind that I called?”

“Not at all.” I closed the textbook I had open in front of me. “I just wasn’t expecting it to be you.”

“He’ll give up after awhile. Right now he still thinks he can beg his way back into your good graces.”

“You should be careful, you are giving away all of those ‘man’ secrets. They’ll kick you out of the Real Man’s Club.”

Mason laughed. “Men don’t have secrets from women, and any man that thinks he does is a fool.”

"Well, Keith had a few from me," I said dryly.

"Did he?" Mason asked. I could tell he was moving around because I could hear the rustle of cloth shifting. "Some how I don't believe that."

"You think I knew?" I asked wondering if he was in bed.

"On a very elemental level, you had to know he was cheating. Tell me the truth, what was more shocking for you -- finding him with another woman -- or finding him fucking another woman in public?"

I didn't say anything for a long moment as I considered this question. "He was never that way with me," I finally said. "He didn't even like to hold my hand in public."

"So the fact that he was cheating?"

"Wasn't so shocking," I admitted. "Near the end, he wasn't so interested in having sex with me."

"I'm beginning to think that I credited that boy with more intelligence than I should have." He sighed. "So it's been a while; you won't believe the level of patience I've had to employ on this. Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Just dinner?" I asked softly.

"Just dinner for now; I know you're getting ready for finals and then you'll be home for the summer. So, we'll take things slow and easy."

"And that will satisfy you?"

"Hell, no, but I believe I'm willing to wait. I don't like pushing women into bed. Besides, I think you're still a little tied up over him. The summer will give you time to get yourself together -- so you can come out to play with the grown-ups."

I laughed softly; the thought was thrilling. "Dinner would be very nice."

"Tomorrow night -- I won't be too tempted to keep you out late on a Sunday evening."

Sunday, April 9

“Don’t you think he’s a little old for you?”

“Mason is only six years older than us,” I reminded gently. “He only graduated last May.” I finished pinning my hair and then did a little turn in front of my full-length mirror. “How do I look?” I’d chosen a raw silk summer dress that was a little heavier than most of my summer clothes. The matching jacket was lying across the back of my desk chair. The light blue dress made my skin glow. “Well?”

“Better than any man deserves,” Rachel responded. “Wear the Liz perfume. It smells very good on you.”

“Is this too fast?” Dana asked.

I glanced at her. Having gone through two lovers in four months I wondered where she had the gumption to ask such a question. “No, it is not too fast. We are just having dinner.”

“Just dinner.” She shook her head.

“Just dinner,” I confirmed and looked to her. “I’m not ready for anything else. I think Mason knows and understands that.”

“You know he only told you about Keith because he wants you,” Dana murmured.

“I’m not stupid, Dana.” I sighed. “I knew the moment he said it why he was saying it.”

“But, at least he said it,” Rachel muttered. “I think you’ll have a good time. He is very nice to look at.”

* * * * *

Mason was very nice to look at, a great deal darker than Keith. He dressed well, kept his head shaved smooth, and he took pride in how he looked. His arrival in our suite put several girls on the floor in a tizzy, as no one but Dana and Rachel had known about the date

until then. I was sure there would be a hen party after I left to discuss this new development in my social life.

We had dinner in a small, out of the way place that provided a nice atmosphere and decent food. By the end of the meal, I will admit that I was enthralled with him; he had a style and grace that I found so alluring I could barely concentrate on my food. I had learned, in the space of two hours, the basic difference between a man and a boy. Mason had a hundred qualities that Keith lacked, and I couldn't have readily defined any of them. However, the entire package, put together, was fascinating.

The drive back to campus was quiet, but not in an uncomfortable way. He pulled into a parking spot not far from the path that lead to the front door of the dorm. "I had a good time."

He smiled. "I did too. I didn't think we'd have much to talk about, but you are very surprising."

"Thought I was stupid, did you?"

"No, just young." He touched my face and shook his head. "And you are young. I think maybe I should leave you alone."

I smiled. "You know you don't mean that."

He laughed and pulled me towards him. "Yeah, I know I don't mean it."

His kiss was different, his taste new. I reveled in this newness, and didn't complain when he pulled me closer to him. The stick shift bit into my thigh a little as his hands slipped down my back, and his tongue swept into my mouth. The ease of his kiss, the glide of his hand, and my body's liquid fire response was more than I expected and certainly more than I could handle. As if he understood, he lifted his head and then kissed me again softly, as if to soothe me.

"You should go in."

I licked my swollen lips, taking in the last of his taste and met his gaze. "I know."

“You are very sexy,” he whispered. “I hope you didn’t let his cheating mess with your self-worth.”

“It just stung the pride.” I admitted. “It never occurred to me that he would need to find other women. I thought I was enough.”

“I think maybe you were too much.” Mason released me then. “Let’s get you inside.”

I wanted to get him inside, inside me, that is, and I almost told him so. Reluctantly, I nodded. I knew I wasn’t ready to start a new sexual relationship, my emotions were too close to the surface and instinctually, I knew Mason was offering to be my lover, not my boyfriend. There was a distinct difference, and I had to learn the full ramifications of that situation before I let Mason take the place in my life I knew he wanted. He walked me to the door and kissed me briefly.

“Good night.” I pulled my keys out of my purse and looked to him.

“I’ll call you later in the week; we can have lunch maybe.”

“Thursdays are good. My last class of the day ends at 1:00.”

He nodded, and then sighed. “I got to go before I start begging for an invitation into your room.” He kissed me again. “Go inside and shut the door.”

I smiled, but did as I was instructed. The main lobby was empty, but when I reached the second lobby that lead to my hallway, and room, I found Keith. He was sitting on one of the couches; he stood when I stopped just short of entering the lobby. All of the good feelings I’d been enjoying seemed to drain away. “What are you doing in here?”

“Where the hell have you been?” he asked through his teeth.

I shook my head and walked past him. “Go away, Keith.”

He grabbed my arm and jerked me around to face him. “You answer my fucking question.”

“I don’t owe you anything, Keith. Let me go before I start screaming.” I pulled at my arm, but his grip only got tighter.

“You think you can just move on? I never agreed that we were over.”

“It didn’t require your agreement,” I shouted unable to help myself. “Let me go.”

The door to my suite opened and Jake came out. The relief I felt was amazing; I hadn’t even realized I was afraid until that point. Rachel was pale, and Jake looked annoyed. I knew he and Keith were only casual friends, but I seriously doubted that he wanted to be involved in our mess.

“Let her go, man.” Jake looked Keith over. “Don’t make this any worse than it already is.”

I stumbled a little when he let me go. “You stay away from me, Keith. There is no us, and you are the only one to blame.”

“We aren’t over until I say so.”

“Don’t be stupid, Keith, go pick out some new victim and leave me be.” I hurried past Jake with a soft thank you and didn’t stop moving until I’d locked my room door firmly behind me.

I was in the shower when Dana and Rachel both appeared. They were in the doorway of the large communal shower. I turned and looked at them. “What happened to that ‘no staring’ policy we developed?”

Dana laughed. “You shouldn’t be so damn hot.”

I grinned, but I was sure she meant it. I’d caught her looking my way a few times recently and I will admit to taking a little longer with my showers because I thought she enjoyed the show. “Sorry to interrupt, Rachel.”

Rachel shook her head. “He was leaving anyways. I’m sorry about Keith. We didn’t know he was still here. He came by an hour ago looking for you.”

I grimaced. “I don’t understand him.”

“He’s a man, what’s to understand?” Dana leaned in the doorway. “Have fun with Mason?”

I nodded, “We ate at a restaurant that didn’t have prices on the menu.” I looked at them. “I was afraid to order anything. God knows how much all of it cost.” I cut off the water and shook out my hair as I grabbed my towel off the hook. “He has a very nice mouth.”

Dana grinned. “Just a kiss?”

“Yeah, just a kiss, but it was one hell of a kiss.” I wrapped my towel around me and grabbed the smaller towel for my hair. “I had some seriously sexy thoughts going on before Keith ruined it.”

“You’ve got a bruise,” Rachel said softly.

I looked to my arm. Several small bruises were rising, marking Keith’s fingers on my skin. I flushed a little, angry at the scene all over again. “Where does he get off?”

“Apparently, just about anywhere,” Dana returned.

It made me laugh, because that was quite literally the truth. “Well, good night then. I’ll see you guys tomorrow for breakfast.”

* * * * *

There had been some speculation and even a few phone calls from men on campus, but I wasn’t interested in dating any of them. I knew I’d been waiting for Mason to call, but it was difficult to take. I’d been literally lusting after Mason since I’d set eyes on him, and I’d still managed to be faithful. Keith had apparently never even tried to keep our relationship exclusive.

Saturday, April 15

My friends had gone out to a club, but I hadn't found the prospect attractive. I paused the movie and picked up the phone when it rang, I figured it was safe because Keith had gone out, as well. "Hello."

"Hey, little girl, didn't see you at the club."

"Wasn't interested," I murmured.

"Saw your girls; they told me you stayed home."

"Yeah, did you want to come over?"

He chuckled. "Are you sure that is wise?"

"I trust you," I responded. I wondered what I could trust him to do.

* * * * *

I still hadn't been able to answer the question by the time he was knocking on my door. I'd forced myself not to change my clothes so I opened the door wearing a pair of sweats and a white t-shirt. The way his gaze fell on my breasts I realized I should have put on a bra. He shut the door and leaned on it.

"Hi."

He sucked on his bottom lip and shook his head. "God, this was a mistake." He pulled me to him, wrapping one arm around my waist. "You are a silly girl." He covered my mouth with his and kissed me hard.

Not really interested in being the strong one, I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled my mouth from his. "I'm not a girl."

"I'll be the judge of that," he muttered as he ran his hands down my back and over my ass. "You know you aren't ready for this."

"I know."

He guided me towards the bed and pressed me onto the mattress. "You are just lonely."

"I am."

“Horny?”

I shook my head. “I’ve got a vibrator.”

He rested fully on top of me. “Is that so?”

“It is.” I nodded and spread my legs for him.

He snuggled between my thighs with a soft little sigh. “You are playing with fire.”

“I know.”

“I can’t stay here.” He sighed and sat up on his knees. “I’m a weak bastard, it seems.”

I sat up and ran my fingers along the edge of his belt. “Mason.”

He shook his head. “You’re lonely, Samantha. You don’t take a lover when you’re lonely.”

“It seems like that would be the best time.”

He kissed me, his lips clinging and pulling at my mouth gently. “If you learn nothing from me, but this, I’ll be satisfied.” He kissed me again. “Never, ever, bring a man into your bed when you are lonely.”

“Why?”

He looked me right the eye. “You’ll never have the strength to protect yourself emotionally from him. He’ll run your life and make you miserable.”

“Even you?”

“We both know there is no place for love between us, Samantha. If you fell in love with me, I would use it against you.” He stroked my face. “I’m not any different than any other man out there -- and you need to remember that.”

I sighed. “Okay.”

* * * * *

I went home for the summer a few weeks later, and spent three months wondering what life would bring me when I returned to school. What it brought was amazing and frankly more than I'd ever imagined. What a man Mason turned out to be.

Chapter Five

Thursday, August 17

The first time I went to him, it was late at night. As Mason led me into his bedroom, I wondered why I wasn't nervous. I thought I should be nervous -- that whole summer alone had created a rather heady and amazing amount of pent up sexual tension. My body was hungry and I was more than prepared to feed it. He leaned against the doorframe of his bedroom and looked at me for a few moments before he spoke.

"I was wondering when you would call."

I shrugged. I had only been back on campus for three days. "I had a lot of unpacking to do and then there was registering for classes."

He pulled his shirt out of his slacks and unbuttoned it. "I thought maybe you'd found some boy at home."

I shook my head. "No, I spent the summer working."

He shrugged out his shirt and tossed it aside. "Are you sure?"

In response, I pulled a box of condoms out of my purse, tossed them on the bed and started to unbutton my shirt. He laughed softly and came to me; he pushed my hands gently

aside and took care of undressing me himself. I lay down on the bed as he asked and watched him, fascinated, as he took off the rest of his clothes.

His cock jutted away from his body already. I was amazed by that and by its size. I'd only seen one other in real life and it seemed infantile in comparison. He noticed me staring and promised me he wouldn't hurt me. I could only smile, because that'd had been the last thing on my mind.

Mason lay down beside me on the bed. "Are you cold?"

I shook my head as he brought one hand to rest on my stomach. "Far from it."

He kissed me then, his mouth moving over mine slowly drawing my tongue into his mouth. His hands were more soothing than arousing as they moved over the curve of my hip and pulled me closer to him. His cock pressed against my stomach. If I'd been capable of speech, I would have told him that he didn't have to go slow for me.

His mouth made soft wet trails down my throat and across my breasts. Sucking and biting gently at my nipples. He kissed my belly and raised his head -- the question he asked was so shocking, I could barely respond. "Would you like me to eat you?"

I swallowed hard. "I-God-" My thighs shook a little as anticipation swept over my body.

"Was he your first?" Mason asked softly, his mouth lingering over one hipbone.

"Yes."

"Relax," he whispered. "You're going to love this."

He spread my legs and with calloused fingers touched me; the experience was so erotic that the sound I made didn't even sound as if it was coming from me. He put one finger inside me and began to stroke my clit with his tongue. The hot wet invasion made me come almost immediately. When I started to come, I tried to pull away from him, but he wouldn't let me go anywhere -- he cupped my ass with his hands and pressed his mouth firmly against me as he continued to stroke and suck me. When I thought I could bear it no longer

he raised his head and smiled. I laughed softly and told him I wanted him inside me. He sat back on his heels as I reached for the box of condoms that was teetering on the edge of the bed. Hastily I opened it, pulled one out -- - tossing the wrapper and the box aside, I reached out for him and rolled the condom into place.

I lay back on the bed, pulling him with me. I guided his cock to me and as he pushed into me, he was stretching me and filling me. All I could do was hold onto him, the sensation of being full of him was more than I had imagined. He placed his hands on either side of my head and kissed my mouth hard. When he began to move inside me, I wrapped my legs around his hips and started to move with him. He penetrated me repeatedly, each stroke slow and deep.

He rubbed against my legs and forced me to loosen my hold on his hips. He rolled us over, sat us both up. With gentle maneuvering my legs were wound once more around his body. He showed me, with firm hands, how to rock my body against his -- - and his mouth settled on one aching and neglected nipple. The sensation of his flicking tongue and the feeling of him inside me -- made me want to give him the pleasure he was so freely giving me. When I could, I pushed him back against the mattress and began to stroke his cock with my pussy. I rode him gently at first, but when his body began to jerk against mine, I rode him as I knew he wanted it, hard and fast.

He was groaning and making harsh demands, and when I started to come again I was amazed. The first rush of wetness against him sent him over the edge. He rolled us over again and slammed into my body so hard and fast all I could do was beg him for more. He stayed inside me for a long while after he'd come and then he raised his head and kissed me. The kiss was soft and so passionate that my body at once began to respond. He sighed and released my mouth. He pulled from my body and looked me over. He smiled and asked me if I would like a shower.

When I agreed to the shower, he offered me a grin. "Good, because we are certainly not done."

That promise made, he left me to follow him into his bathroom. I couldn't help but think then that I wasn't finished with him yet, either.

* * * * *

By the time, I entered the bathroom he had the shower going strong, steam already filling up the space. "If I'd known it was going to be like that, I doubt I would have allowed myself to wait so long."

He grinned and pulled me to him. "It was very good." He kissed me again, his mouth opening against the slip of my tongue. "I love the way you move."

"I rather enjoy the way you move, too." He guided me into the glass-encased shower and pressed me against the cool tile wall.

"How often are you going to let this happen?"

I enjoyed the control he was offering me; he understood a lot about women. He wasn't offering commitment or even permanence, but he was going to allow me to control when I saw him. "Me?"

"Yeah, you." He buried his face against my neck. "We're going to let you set the pace."

"Why?"

"Because it's what you need." He pulled away from me and offered me a bar of soap.

"No shower gels?"

He laughed. "No, sorry. It's been a while since I've entertained a woman." He rubbed the bar of soap against one nipple. "I'll be better prepared next time."

I nodded and pulled him back to me. "I'll need some lotion after the shower."

"That's no problem," he murmured and kissed me hard.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later, we went back to bed armed with a little bottle of lotion, which he spent nearly forty minutes rubbing on me. He rubbed every single inch of my body down

with that stuff. His hands moved in slow agonizing circles over me and I got so aroused that by the time he was finished with the rub down I was ready to assault him. He knew it.

He tossed the lotion bottle on the floor, laid down on the bed and asked, "Want to take a ride?"

Did I? Well, yes, in fact, I did. He rolled a condom into place and spread his legs. I straddled him and he took both of my hands in his, our fingers threaded together. I slid down onto him as slowly as my own body would allow. I rocked on him gently, which was difficult since my clit was throbbing like a little drum. After a short while, he smacked my ass a little and told me to get on my knees, another first.

He ran his hands over my back and ass as he slid into me. The position was a new and exciting one for me and I came within minutes. However, he didn't let it go at that, he continued to slide in and almost out of me consistently, until I came a second time. At this point, my knees were weak and I sank down into the bed; he put me on my side and continued his gentle, persistent assault. He slid one hand between my legs and with two fingers began to rub my clit while he continued to move his cock around inside me in a lazy almost-circle.

When I started to come for the third time, he sank his teeth in the muscle of my neck and bit me. The orgasm was so intense that I think for a brief moment I blacked out. He quickened his pace inside me; the strength of my orgasm had tightened my pussy, like a fist, around him. When he came, he gripped me tight and moaned against my neck.

Monday, August 21

The first day of classes, I was a little disappointed because I hadn't gotten one of the classes I wanted at the time that I wanted so I'd spent an hour with my advisor discussing

that and what the choices were. There turned out to be no choices, which left me with a night class on Thursday nights. It really rather sucked, and I made no bones about it.

I'd moved into a co-ed dorm, and had been pleased when my room request had been honored. Rachel and Dana were in the suite with me, each with their own room. We had a fourth girl in the suite and she had arrived, but due to scheduling and what ever, we hadn't gotten to meet her. We knew she was our age and a transfer student; her name was Janie.

I was lounging in our private lobby. "I hope she's good company. I couldn't stand it if we got saddled with some stuck-up religious freak."

Rachel sighed. "Well, at least you won't be sharing a bathroom with her if she turns out to be a pill."

I grinned, Rachel had gotten that lucky straw, The suites in this dorm afforded semi-private baths. The baths were divided into two semi-private spaces with a communal sink. Since I had no roommate, and neither did Dana, we wouldn't have to share our shower with anyone. The beauty of not being a freshman seemed to be growing by leaps and bounds. We'd heard that Janie's room was private, too, so that was a good piece of news for Rachel. "Well, at least there won't be two of them."

Our common room had a small kitchen with a table for eating and a small living room area. I'd put my television in the common room since I didn't watch too much television anyway. I propped my feet up on the scarred coffee table. "We should sand this thing down and re-stain it."

"Good idea." Rachel grinned. "I'm sure it will be great when you get finished."

I gave her the finger casually. "So, I have to take American Civilization at seven pm on Thursdays."

"Sucks to be you." Rachel sighed. "Sucks to be me, too."

"Really." I grinned, pleased that I wasn't alone.

"Us three," Dana muttered. "And no amount of complaining helped."

The door opened and in walked the mysterious Janie. “Hi there!” She threw herself in the empty chair. “No one said it was going to be so blasted hot here.”

“It’s just humidity.” Rachel sat forward in her chair and pointed at Dana and me. “I’m Rachel, and this is Dana, and this is Samantha.”

Janie had a wickedly pretty face and a smile that was so charming that I couldn’t help but smile back at her. “It’s nice to meet you. I’m sorry I wasn’t around yesterday after I got moved in. My mother insisted that I eat dinner with her and then when I returned, you all were gone.”

“I was getting laid,” Dana said and grinned. “Rachel and Samantha were stuffing their faces at the dive diner down the street.”

Janie looked us over and focused on Dana. “Good for you.” She looked at Rachel and I. “I wish I’d been with you. I really and truly hate Japanese food and that’s all my mother will eat of late.”

Rachel and Dana both had not asked me about Mason, though they both knew I’d been back at school a few days longer than they had. I knew they were both dying of curiosity, but I really wasn’t ready to share it with them. The fact was, I wasn’t sure I could talk about it. The sex had been so fulfilling and so amazing that I wasn’t sure I could put it into words. I didn’t think there were really enough words to explain the way I felt about that first night with Mason.

Friday, August 25

I managed to keep myself from him for nine days. I went to class, worked, studied and danced in the clubs. I’m not sure if he knew I wanted the space or if he was content to let me think I was the one in charge. I’d been in the club for about twenty minutes when I saw him. He was playing pool with a few men, one of them being his friend, Marcus; I had met

Marcus briefly in May before I'd gone home for the summer. After twenty minutes or so, I went to him (I didn't want to appear eager). I was wearing a red dress that moved and swirled when I walked, no hose, and my favorite sandals. The dress had a round neck, and discreetly displayed my cleavage and shoulders. I'd left my hair loose. He won the game and took the money he'd been playing for off the table.

The man that had lost looked pissed. I didn't doubt it. There'd been several hundred dollars on the table when I'd walked by. Mason looked me over and shook his head, a smile played on his lips for a moment. "You are one breathtaking woman."

I nodded in agreement. "You like my dress?"

"I love your dress." He grinned. "It's going to look fucking amazing on my bedroom floor."

I smiled in response. "If you are lucky."

"Here with your friends?"

I nodded. "Yeah, they are out on the dance floor." I leaned on the pool table. "I heard your cousin moved in with you."

"Yeah." He leaned against me. I loved the press of his body against mine. "He needed a tuition break."

"That was nice of you."

"He hasn't been in the way too much." Mason sighed. "Though I could do without some of his friends." He put his hand on my hip. "I thought you'd call."

"I needed a little space."

"And now?" he asked.

I laughed. "I've had enough space."

"Good." He backed up a little from me. "Want to dance?"

The music had turned slow and sexy. "Yeah, sounds good."

* * * * *

Two hours later, I was in Mason's apartment. It looked a little more cluttered than the last time I'd been in it, but I could blame that on his cousin. I took off my sandals as I walked down the hall towards his bedroom, leaving him to chat with his cousin. I took off my clothes, tossed them casually on the floor, and snuggled under his covers. I'd just gotten comfortable when he entered and closed the door.

"He asked if he could watch," Mason said dryly as he pulled off his shirt and sat down on the edge of the bed. "I really hate that guy sometimes."

I stretched. "Well, you can't choose your family."

Mason laughed. "Yeah, I guess you're right." He tossed his hiking boots across the room and finished undressing. I watched him undress, pleased with the play of muscles under his dark skin. He glanced over his shoulder. "Did you want to just to go to sleep?"

I pulled back the covers and patted the bed. "If I was interested in going to sleep, I'd have gone home."

He grinned and shut off the lights. The bed yielded to his weight and he pulled me to him. "I kind of got a big head with you around tonight." He kissed my throat. "I had four different guys ask me if you were my woman."

I laughed, amused. "What did you tell them?"

"I told them hell, yeah." He took my mouth in a hard kiss. "I didn't want them hitting on you."

I shook my head and pushed him onto his back. Straddling him I said, "I belong to no man."

"We'll see about that." He fisted one hand in my hair as he pulled me down fully on top of him. The kiss was possessive and brutal, and I loved every minute of it.

He rolled us over and pressed my hands together over my head while he nibbled on my lips. His teeth sunk in just hard enough to hint at pain before he withdrew. I arched my

back, and groaned a little when his mouth settled on one of my nipples. His teeth teased at my nipple until my insides were burning. I was so wet that the sheets underneath me were damp when he finally placed one hand between my legs. Unable to help myself, my thighs locked around his hand and I rocked against it.

"Get up on your knees," He demanded, letting me go. I forced myself to roll over and assume the position he wanted and buried my face in a pillow while he put on a condom as if he had all the time in the world.

I sucked in a deep breath as he ran one hand down my back and slid into me. A chill ran over my whole body and a soft sob escaped me as he slowly buried himself in me and withdrew. Each stroke of his cock inside me was more than I could stand and all that I wanted. Unable to keep still, I began to move back against him, taking him inside me as far as I could every time he pushed into me.

He began to thrust into me hard and fast; it was just what I needed. I felt a deep heat building in me and I sighed with relief. I'd never wanted to come so badly in my life. He slowed down and I moaned aloud; he knew it was in frustration. He laughed softly and let his nails trail down my back, he put one hand between my legs and began to rub my clit. My body reacted immediately; I pushed hard against him as he moved inside of me. He brought me so close yet again, and then his hand moved away. A sob escaped me and he thrust into me hard repeatedly. I came quickly in rushing waves.

I barely realized when he slipped from me and laid me on my side. He returned to the bed and gathered me close to him, and kissed my forehead. "You still don't think you're mine?"

I chuckled and rolled over onto my back. "I belong to no man." I looked at him. "But you can be my bitch if you'd like."

He lay back on the bed. "You really are a breathtaking woman." He pulled me to his chest and kissed the top of my head.

Saturday, August 26

I woke the next morning sated and tired; he was on his side of the bed, dead to the world. I rolled out of the bed and went into his bathroom. A new toothbrush still in the box was on the sink. Amused, I plucked it up and opened it; a quick inspection of the shower while I was brushing my teeth produced a bottle of shower gel and a conditioning shampoo. He'd promised me he'd be more prepared and he had delivered. I turned on the water and stepped into the shower. A few minutes later, I heard him at the sink brushing his own teeth.

When I stepped out of the shower, he was sprawled naked on his bed staring at the ceiling. "I thought you might join me."

He grinned. "I was tempted, but you seemed pretty content in there by yourself."

I dropped my towel on the floor and went back to the bed. "So, what do you do on Saturdays?"

"Normally nothing." He pulled me on top of him and pushed my damp hair back from my face. "But today, I think I'll spend the day doing you, unless you've got plans."

I shook my head. "Not until late. I've got dinner plans with the girls."

He rolled us over and pinned me to the bed. "I sent Thomas to get some breakfast, and he should be back soon."

"Sounds good." I stretched out beneath him.

Reluctantly, he left the bed. "Let me shower and I'll be back."

I pulled on a t-shirt from his closet and my panties. The t-shirt fell to my knees, which proved to be longer than the dress I'd worn to the club the night before. I searched through their fridge until I found an unopened soda and made myself at home on their couch. Thomas returned after a little while and plopped down on the couch beside me.

"From the sounds of it, you had a good time last night."

I sighed and snatched the fast food bag from him. "Any bacon?"

“Yeah, I got a couple.”

I found a bacon egg biscuit and handed him the bag back. “As for last night, I had a very good time. Didn’t see you at the club.”

“I had to work last night, but I’ll be out and about tonight.”

“Do you miss not living on campus?”

“A little, but living here is good for studying and I don’t have any crap rules to follow. Well, except the few Mason has.”

“Like what?”

“No underage drinkers, no underage girls, and no groups over fifteen unless he’s here and we’ve agreed on when the party will end.” He shrugged and bit into his biscuit.

“It doesn’t sound like too much of a hardship.”

“He’s a good guy.” Thomas rubbed his stomach and looked me over. “I didn’t realize you and he were dating. Does Keith know?”

“I don’t give a fuck if Keith knows what I do or who I do it with.” I tossed the wrapper at him.

Mason came out of his bedroom in a pair of boxers and sat down in the chair across from us. “I thought you were going to go play a few games.”

Thomas stood and tossed him the McDonald’s bag. “Yeah, in about an hour.”

Mason tossed me the television remote as we got comfortable on his bed. I really enjoy a man who will willingly give up the remote. I flipped through the channels for a while and left it on a cable music channel. I rolled over on my back and looked him over. “So, you mentioned doing me?”

He laughed and pulled me to him. “Insatiable or just very hungry?”

“Just hungry,” I whispered as his mouth covered mine, his tongue swept past my teeth briefly and then he raised his head.

“You aren’t going to fall in love with me, are you?” he asked in a whisper.

“I certainly don’t want or plan to,” I responded honestly. I ran my hand down the back of his head and pulled him to me. “I will admit to having developed a rampant affection for your cock.”

“It likes you quite a bit, too,” he whispered. One hand slid up my thigh and snagged my panties to pull them away. “Tell me what you like; what’s the best part of sex for you?”

“That first instant, when the penetration is new and I’m so full I almost can’t stand it.”

He tossed my panties across the room. “That’s a very good part,” he whispered. “You like my t-shirt?”

“It’s comfortable.”

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to take it back,” he murmured.

I grinned and sat up to remove it. “Well, if I must return it....” I tossed it across the room.

He left the bed and locked his bedroom door. “Just in case,” he murmured and picked up the condom box from the nightstand.

I watched him take off his boxers and drop a few condoms down on the bed. “All day?”

He laughed. “As long as you can stand it.”

“You would be amazed by my stamina,” I warned.

“By the end of day, you’ll be amazed by mine,” he promised pushing me back into the bed.

His mouth was hot and needy on mine, his hard cock pressed against my leg as he urged my thighs completely open. His hands moved carefully over my body, lingering in places that I would have never considered erotic or arousing. Fingers bit into my hips as he urged my back into a deep arch. With murmured approval, he sucked and licked my nipples until they were so hard they hurt.

One arm slid underneath me as he moved downwards, his mouth leaving a damp trail across my stomach and then my pelvic bone. Fingers moved over my labia, tangling in the short curls that covered my sex. He spread me gently and pressed his tongue against my flesh, slowly drawing a wet and agonizing trail of sensation from my entrance to my clit. He dipped into me again with his tongue; the almost penetration was amazing before he gave himself over to my clit.

Pleasure slid over my body in soft sweeping motions, bringing my body alive in ways that had only happened in fantasies. The first orgasm was fleeting, but strong. The rush of heat and my gasping response brought a pleased sound from him; I was amazed that my pleasure meant so much to him. I watched him roll on a condom and position himself to take me.

I spread my legs wide and pulled him to me. The press of his cock into my hot and wet pussy was so amazing that for a moment I stilled beneath him, unable and unwilling to move. The hot sting of penetration started to fade and as if he understood, he withdrew completely. My complaint was swallowed by his seeking mouth. He moved his hands underneath me and cupped my ass. Then with deliberate slowness he pressed into me again, the hot fullness of his cock buried deep inside me made my whole body shake with awareness. There was so much pressure inside me, I felt certain that when he moved I would come. He moved, slowly pulling completely out of me again.

Pleasure warred with frustration and I moved upward against him. "Fuck." He only laughed softly, and began his slow and deep penetration again. The sensation was amazing, I let my eyes close, and I turned my face from his. "Too much."

"No such thing," he responded softly. Casually he began to move, each thrust of his body deep and powerful. "Is this good?"

"Yes." I nodded. "Amazing."

"I knew it would be," he whispered. "I've been watching you move for months. The first time I saw you; I wanted you. I've never wanted a woman the way that I want you."

“And that’s a bad thing?”

“It’s a dangerous thing,” he responded, then he pushed deep into me and stilled. A chill ran over my body as I wrapped my legs around his waist. “I would have eventually maneuvered you into cheating on him if you hadn’t left him.”

I didn’t want to believe he could have accomplished that, but I was certain that he would have. “You are not a good man,” I whispered.

“I warned you,” he responded, as his body surged deep against mine and he started to stroke me more purposefully with his cock.

“A little higher,” I whispered. I knew he was trying to push against my g-spot, and the moment he made contact with it my body tightened around him. “Yes, right there.”

* * * * *

He’d dropped me off in front of the dorm just before five that afternoon. I’d assumed the lobby would be empty. I’d assumed wrong. Keith lived on the second floor of the dorm I lived in and being in the co-ed dorm was a new experience for me, to say the least. He was sitting with a few of his friends and Jake was with them.

“Hey, good looking.” Jake grinned. “Rachel was getting ready to send out a search party for you.”

I gave him the finger in a good-natured way. “She had the phone number.”

“Isn’t that the same dress you wore last night?”

I glanced towards Keith’s roommate; the boy had never really said much to me before. “Shut up, Marc.”

Jake sighed. “Yeah, shut up, Marc.” He stood from the couch and motioned me ahead of him out of the lobby. “I wanted to ask you about gifts for Rachel. You know her birthday is in a few weeks.”

“I do.” I dug around in my little purse for my keys. “I’m glad you remembered.”

"I'm not stupid," Jake responded. "So, what should I get her?"

"I'd get her perfume, maybe some earrings, and a dinner somewhere. She loves going out to eat at nice places." I looked over his face. "She means a lot to you?"

"Yeah, of course, she does."

"Do you tell her?"

"Not often enough, I guess."

"Do better, Jake."

He tugged on one of my curls. "I will, and I wanted to say I was sorry. I should have told Rachel long before I did about Keith. I knew he was being a motherfucker, I shouldn't have kept that a secret."

"No harm done."

"I don't agree," Jake responded. "Do you think this relationship with Mason is a good thing?"

I leaned on the doorknob. "There is no relationship, Jake. I'm just fucking him."

He laughed and shook his head. "There you are, Samantha. I never have to worry about where I stand with you; it's one of your best qualities."

"I always thought my breasts were my best quality."

"They are a close second," Jake agreed. "But you've got a great ass, too."

I shook my finger at him as I pushed open the door to the suite. "Shame on you."

"You guys have fun with dinner."

Chapter Six

Sunday, September 3

We had a little dinner party in our suite, invited a few people in to meet Janie and that was cool. Met the new guy, his name is Jacob. His mother is a doctor with “Doctors Without Borders” and his father is a diplomat from some African country. He’s very shy, but a good conversationalist once he loosens up. He rooms with Jared, whom I’d known since my first day of college. They made an interesting contrast, since Jared is one of the most outgoing people I’ve ever met and is generally the life of every party I attend.

The party moved out to the back patio of the dorm, and we listened to music most of the evening, this was fun and a good breather from class and Mason. Mason was a consuming force in my life, powerful and determined. I found him alluring and frightening in ways I’d never thought were possible. My body seemed to crave his, but I forced myself to remain at some distance. I knew that the kind of feelings I already had for him would be very dangerous for me to allow any development.

I desperately wanted to separate the pleasure he gave from the emotions that were developing. I almost had myself convinced that I could continue to have sex with him and not want more. He’d made it clear he didn’t want more from me, but the way he touched me

spoke of something different. I often thought, even then, that he wanted me off-balance and confused.

* * * * *

Our guests were long gone and the four of us were in lounge chairs on the patio. The cool fall night was perfect for outside drinking, and we'd been doing our share. As we were a dry campus, this was always a carefully planned activity. Fast food drink cups were a favorite method of hiding these mixed drinks. There wasn't much we wouldn't mix with orange juice.

"So, are you going to fess up about Mason or what?"

I played with the straw of my cup briefly. "There isn't much to say."

"I don't buy that," Rachel responded. She sat up on her chair and swung her legs around so that she was facing me. "You aren't talking about him."

"Perhaps I'm not ready."

"Perhaps you are ashamed of what you're doing," Janie said quietly.

I looked at her startled; she'd been careful in our new friendship not to say anything that might make us mad at her. I was happy that she was more relaxed with us, even if it had taken half a fifth of vodka to see it done. "We aren't having a relationship."

"You've spent three nights in his bed."

"Three nights and a full day," I corrected softly and then sighed. "The thing is that there really isn't much to talk about. We aren't dating, we are just having sex."

"And that's cool?"

"It's easier," I corrected. "I'm young and I don't have to go from one serious relationship to the other. I'm certainly not husband-hunting." I leaned back in my chair. "The sex is out of this world. Just thinking about him makes my heart pound."

"Is he that good?"

“Amazing; the man is a warrior.” I laughed softly at the mental image. “He’s so strong and so skilled, I certainly have no complaints.”

“But you’d like more from him.”

It wasn’t a question, but a statement of fact. I shrugged, but didn’t look towards Janie. It was as if she was looking right into my soul and it made me very uncomfortable. “At times, but for the most part I understand that I don’t want anything serious from him. I’m not going to stay here after I graduate; I need to think about my own future and what I’m going to do with the rest of my life. I’m certainly not going to start making life altering decisions based on sex, and that’s all it is.”

“Is Keith still calling you?”

I grunted and closed my eyes. “Yeah, about twice a week, which is interesting since he is supposedly dating one of those transfer students living in Stillman Hall.”

“Why do you think he is still calling?”

“Because he liked having sex with me and I ended the relationship before he was finished having sex with me.”

“It sounds reasonable.”

It was perfectly reasonable, but not the whole truth. The fact was that Keith truly regretted cheating on me, and considered me the love of his life. He called me twice a week to tell me so, and while I hadn’t believed him in the beginning, I’d come to the uncomfortable realization that he wasn’t lying. It didn’t change how I felt about him; I simply wasn’t capable of forgiving him.

Wednesday, September 6

I hadn't allowed myself the pleasure of Mason's company in eleven days, and my body was suffering for it. Masturbation took the edge off, but it wasn't satisfying the deeper issue. The deeper issue was a simple one: penetration. It was both a physical and a mental need. I needed the blending of bodies. Sex has elements that go far beyond penetration, or even orgasm. It's about connecting physically with another human being in an intimacy that makes you feel real and alive. There was a part of me that lay sleeping, dormant deep in my body, only to awaken when sexual need drove me.

I picked up the phone and dialed Mason's number. "Why don't you come over here?"

He laughed. "I think I'm going to confiscate your vibrator."

"Why?" I asked lying back on my bed.

"Because it's getting more action than I am," he said dryly.

"Well, are you going to come over?"

"Yeah, I'll be there in a few minutes."

* * * * *

Janie was in the communal lobby studying when I came out of my room. Mason had never been in our suite, only as far as the door once to drop me off. "Hey, I thought William was with you."

Janie grimaced. "William and I had an argument."

"Was the argument your fault or his?"

"I guess a mixture," Janie admitted. She closed her textbook and focused on me as I sat down in my favorite chair. "Do you suppose men and women ever got along?"

"No, I don't imagine we ever have," I admitted. "Just think on it a while -- I doubt there is a man who has ever lived who has been able to live up to all of the expectations a woman would place on him."

"And what about the expectations men have us?"

“Men only have a few,” I said thoughtfully, “and they evolve around a woman’s ability to forgive and give in. A man expects women to be forgiving, giving, and, most of all, obedient.”

“Obedient,” Janie muttered. “You know, my mother is obedient. I see it in her; my father has always placed these impossibly high standards on her and she works like a dog to see them met.”

“Our species started out with much simpler needs and societal positions. Men hunted and sought shelter, women gathered food and cared for the children. Now, modern man is faced with a woman who has no real use for him at least physically. We can even procreate without their physical presence in our bed.” I scooted down in the chair and spread my legs out in front of me. “I suppose they think we are all one step away from being lesbians. It makes them more defensive and harder to manage.”

“We fought over sex.”

“Sex is nothing to fight over.” I looked to her. “I thought the two of you were getting along in that area really well.”

She shrugged. “He’s not very adventurous.”

I’ve always taken those words to mean, when describing one’s sexual partner, that the sex is boring. “You didn’t tell him that, did you?”

“No.” Janie shook her head and looked at me. “I told him he was boring.”

My mouth literally dropped open; this isn’t something that happens often to me -- because not much shocks me. “You didn’t.”

“I did,” Janie responded.

I sat there in silence until Mason came through the door of the suite. He offered Janie and me both a smile. “Hey there, beautiful women. I brought a bottle of very fine scotch.”

After a bit of chatting, I took Mason into my room and shut the door. Janie’s boring sex life was something to think about, but I was determined to leave that thinking for another

time. I pulled two short glasses from my cabinet and sat them down next to the Scotch. "I really don't need the alcohol."

He looked me over. "What do you need?"

"A cock will do."

"I love your nasty mouth," he responded as he pulled me close. "Take off your clothes."

I watched him pull off his shirt and unbutton his jeans. "Don't you think you should wear some boxers or something?"

He pushed off his shoes and grinned. "I'm very careful with my zipper. Trust me."

I pulled my sundress over my head and tossed it aside. Clad only in a pair of panties I went to him. "Good." I wrapped my hand around his cock and stroked him a little.

"Interesting panties," he whispered.

"They have Tuesday on the back."

"It's not Tuesday."

I grinned. "Tuesday is my favorite day."

"So, if you are wearing your Tuesday panties on Wednesday, what did you wear on Tuesday?"

"I didn't wear panties yesterday."

His fingers bit into my hips as he pulled me firmly to him. "It's been a long time since I've been in a dorm room."

"The walls are sort of thin," I whispered. "But the suite above us is being renovated."

"Good." He lowered his head to my shoulder and sank his teeth into the side of my neck. The sinking of his teeth into my flesh brought a sudden and very welcome heat. "I'm about to do some very dirty things to you."

As lovers went, Mason and Keith were night and day. In comparison, Keith was practically an innocent, and it never once occurred to me to drag out my various sex manuals with Mason. He simply knew what I needed, and how he gave it to me was overwhelming.

My own sexual and emotional inexperience made me vulnerable to everything Mason was and to say that he took advantage of it would be an understatement.

I pushed my panties down as I sat on the edge of the bed and tossed them aside with one foot. I watched him undress with interest. I loved the play of his muscles under his skin. He walked to me, and pushed his hands into my hair. Understanding almost instantly his silent request, I took his cock into my mouth. I'd never done it before, but I hoped my inexperience wasn't too obvious.

His hands tightened into fists and his breathing quickened. "Good." He flexed his hips a little. "Use your tongue a little more."

I pushed my tongue against his sliding cock as he began to move, and he pressed into my mouth repeatedly. The glide of his hard flesh against my lips was exciting and arousing in a way I'd never really considered. I'd never thought that sucking a man's cock would make me hot.

He pulled abruptly away and pressed me back onto the bed. Spreading small needy kisses across my breasts and stomach, Mason eased me fully onto the bed. "I've never done that before."

His mouth grazed mine and then sank in deeply to kiss me. His tongue whipped into my mouth forcefully, breathing raggedly he raised his head. "You did it well." He slid the head of his cock against my clit. "Everything about you pleases me."

"Would you think me demanding if I asked you to fuck me now?" I asked. My hips pressed upward against the pressure of his cock.

"I love a demanding woman." He slid downward and flicked his tongue over my nipples. "Where do you keep your condoms?"

"Look in the top drawer." I pointed towards my nightstand.

He moved downward, dipped his tongue delicately into my belly button and then downward further to press his tongue against my throbbing clit. I spread my legs wider and I

gave myself over to the sweet sweep of his tongue. Each brush of his tongue against my clit sent awareness and a nearly unbearable heat over my thighs and stomach. Orgasm pushed against my senses and as if he understood, he raised his head and left me.

Frustrated and hungry, I watched him find the condom and roll it on. As soon as he was within my reach, I pulled him to me, my hand encircling his cock and guiding it into me. Thick and hard, he pushed into me, and I wrapped my legs around his waist with relief. Pleasure swept over my clit and drenched my insides with each thrust of his body into mine.

* * * * *

"I really like fucking you."

"I know." I stretched out and looked him over. "I'm quite pleased with the activity myself."

He sighed and rolled to his side towards me. "You don't call me as much as I'd hoped."

"I'm trying to be careful."

He was silent for a moment. "Are you worried I'll start demanding things from you?"

"The opposite actually." I frowned, and then sighed. I didn't want to have this conversation. "I don't think I'm experienced enough to separate sex and emotions. I'm just trying to keep myself from feeling more than I should for you."

He kissed me then, a soft, nearly unbearable rubbing of his lips against mine. I hated him for his gentleness. He'd made it clear he didn't want me to love him, yet his touch and his kiss were filled with the sort of intensity and care that demanded an emotional response.

"Mason." I pulled my mouth from his and sat up. "It's late."

He sighed but nodded. "You're right. I need to go."

I wrapped myself up in a small blanket that I kept over the end of my bed as he stood and dressed, then disappeared into the bathroom. I remained where I was after he returned from the bathroom, confused and a little angry. "I'll call you on Friday, maybe."

He walked to the bed and leaned down to kiss me. "How about we have dinner on Friday?"

I frowned at him. "Dinner?"

"Yeah, dinner." He cupped the back of my head with his hand. "We'll have a meal, a little dancing, and a room at the bed and breakfast in the mountains."

I bit down on my lip. "Why?"

"As your lover, I'm entitled to give you the things that will make you happy."

"Is that what lovers do?" I asked, amused.

"Oh, yes, and since I'm the first one you've had, you'll just have to take my word for it."

Mason was my second sexual partner, but he was my first lover. It was an interesting quandary, because I never could have considered Keith my lover. He had been my boyfriend, but not a lover. Sex had been mostly about pleasing him, not me. When I think about it, I can say with some certainty that his pleasure had never been that important to me.

Thursday, September 7

"Take his word for it?" Janie snorted. "Are you going with him?"

"It should be fun," I responded. We were sharing a pot of coffee in the small kitchen our suite afforded us. "I mean, I need a little time away from campus."

"Yeah, but didn't you just get finished explaining to me how important it is to keep your emotional distance?"

"I discovered that it is going to be rather difficult to keep my emotional distance when I have no interest in keeping a physical distance." I leaned against the counter and glanced at the coffee pot. "Are you going to get that last cup?"

She laughed. “No, go ahead, you addict.” She sat down at our little table and shook her head. “I think you enjoy playing with fire, Samantha, but what happens when you get burned?”

I tossed sugar into my coffee and frowned. “I guess I’ll be looking for a first aid kit.”

“Well, just try not to give the man anything you’d like to have after he’s gone. He doesn’t seem to be the type to give things back.”

“I’m not going to fall in love with him.”

“Famous last words,” she murmured as she rinsed out her cup and looked to me. “I’m going home on Friday morning to get some stuff that I forgot, but I’ll expect a full report on Sunday evening.”

I nodded. “It’s a deal.”

* * * * *

At lunch, I found myself alone, which is not something I have a problem with per se, it just gives me time to think, and, frankly, sometimes, I think too much. Between the weekend with Mason, a paper that I had to write, and my internal dialogue about Janie’s boring sex life, I had quite a bit to think about.

I picked out a small table and made myself comfortable. I hadn’t even finished the salad I’d made myself when Keith joined me. I hadn’t spoken to him in a while, as I’d stopped returning his phone calls. “Hello.”

“Hey, I was wondering...” He picked up one of the research books I had on the table. “Could you help me with a project for class?”

I glared at him. “Why on earth would you think I would be willing to spend any time with you?”

He put the book down. “I know you still love me. You can’t just cut those feelings off.”

He was right about that, I couldn't cut off the love any more than I could cut off the blistering self-hatred that flowed with it. "I'm not interested in being your friend, Keith. I think we are well past that."

"I'm hoping that we can get past the anger. You mean a lot to me."

"Concentrate on your latest victim and leave me be," I snapped and started gathering up my books.

"Hey."

I looked up and offered Jacob a small smile. "Hi."

"You were late for our study session, so I thought I'd search you out." He glanced at Keith as he helped me gather my books. "Great game last week."

Keith grunted and stood. "Yeah, thanks, man."

"Thanks for the rescue," I murmured as Keith walked away. I looked to him. "I wasn't aware that we had any classes together."

He shouldered my backpack. "You look ready to fall apart, Samantha. Why don't you let me walk you back to your room?"

I nodded. "Thanks."

I am proud to say that I made it all the way to the suite before I gave into the anger and hurt. Jacob set aside my bag and led me over to the couch. "Why won't he just leave me alone?" I demanded, hating the tears that I couldn't stop.

"He made a mistake." Jacob sighed. "And he isn't used to paying for them."

* * * * *

Keith wasn't used to paying for his mistakes. The words stuck with me long after Jacob had left me, and I couldn't bring myself to work on the paper I had due. I sat huddled on the couch hugging a tissue box until Rachel came home from her job. She came through the door and the color drained from her face.

“Oh, God, Samantha, what’s wrong?”

I twisted the tissue I had in my hand. “That bastard, Keith.”

That was pretty much all I had to say; she got me up off the couch and took me to my room. “I thought you were over him.”

“I thought I was, too.” I lay down on my bed and hugged a pillow close. “I loved him, Rachel. I mean I really loved him.”

“I know.” Rachel crawled up on the bed beside me and snagged my other pillow. “You know men aren’t worth this sort of turmoil.”

“Oh, I know!” I blew my nose. “If it weren’t for sex, I swear I wouldn’t have any use for them at all.”

“We could buy you a new vibrator.”

I laughed. “It isn’t the same.”

“No,” Rachel agreed. “It isn’t. So tell me what that asshole did.”

“He lived,” I muttered in response. “How can he even think he could worm his way back into my life? Do I look like the type of woman that would take his lying, cheating ass back?”

As luck would have it, my “wallow” in misery was short lived. A series of hard knocks on my door had me tossing my pillow aside to answer the door. I opened the door and groaned. Keith’s current girlfriend was standing there.

“Great.” I motioned her inside and sent Rachel a look.

Rachel tucked her legs under her Indian style and offered the girl a smile. “What’s up?”

She glanced briefly at Rachel, but focused on me. “I want you to leave Keith alone.”

I rolled my eyes. “I don’t seek Keith out, he always seeks me out. I haven’t chosen to see or speak to him in over six months.”

“I know you had lunch with him.”

Groaning, I went to my fridge and pulled out a beer, I twisted off the bottle cap and drank half of it in one long drag before I spoke again. "I did not have lunch with his stupid ass. Look, the fact is that I don't want Keith; that's the reason I dumped him in the first place. He's a cheating bastard with an ego the size of the state, and, to be frank, he isn't even all that great in bed."

"He left you."

Rachel busted out laughing. "Is that what he told you?"

"It's just like him." I sat down in my armchair and motioned her to sit; I was surprised that she did. "I caught him fucking some slut in a club last semester. I dumped him on the spot and no matter what he might have told you to keep in your good graces, I'm not chasing him. I don't want him back. I suppose your friends saw him sit down with me in the café and assumed he was meeting me. He wasn't meeting me. He was intruding on my space. I hate him as much as I ever loved him and that is the absolute truth."

She shook her head. "I don't believe you."

I glanced towards my answering machine. "He calls me practically every day. My lights blinking, you want to see what my messages are?"

She nodded, and I stood and went to the machine. There were three messages, I pushed play and walked back to my chair.

"Hey, it's Mom; give me a call. I wanted to write down your holiday times on my calendar and I can't find the list you gave me."

Rachel laughed. "I've sent my mom the calendar three times."

The machine clicked again and Mason's voice filled up the silence. "Hey sexy, I made reservations for a château instead. Hot tub, fireplace, and a king size bed... I'll pick you up at four on Friday. Pack light, I plan to keep you naked as much as possible." I blushed, both pleased with the news and sort of amused that Keith's girlfriend had heard it.

As expected, the next message was from Keith. "You didn't return my call yesterday. I wish you'd stop avoiding me. I know we could work this out if you give me a chance." I grimaced. "I love you."

The girlfriend stood. "I see."

"Sorry," I said. "I swear I don't encourage his stupid ass."

"I knew that; I just didn't want to believe it." She cleared her throat. "You think he's cheating on me, as well?"

"I don't think people change over night, but I haven't heard anything."

She nodded. "Thank you for being honest."

Hurting another woman, especially one who didn't deserve it, was difficult. I watched her leave and then turned to Rachel. "He really is a bastard."

Rachel nodded. "Bless her heart. I think we should staple a warning label to his forehead."

"I think everyone needs a warning label so you'll know what you are getting into when you become their friend or their lover." I pulled my knees up to my chest. "Janie says that William is boring in bed. If he had a label, she could have spared herself the trouble."

"Boring sex." Rachel frowned. "What a wretched thing." She looked to me. "Was Keith really bad in bed?"

"Not bad, just not as good as Mason." I looked towards the answering machine and sighed.

"That message didn't sound like you guys were keeping things low-key and non-serious."

"It's just sex."

"Yeah, right," Rachel responded.

She was right, I was already in over my head and while I worried about it; I tried not to care.

Friday, September 8

I'd bought a new dress and was very happy with it. I'd packed a small bag and was ready just before Mason was due to arrive. My weekend get away was no secret, thanks mostly to Keith's now ex-girlfriend. I'd found out earlier in the day that she had dumped him. I hadn't heard from Keith yet, but I could imagine that he was going to have quite a bit to say to me.

I made myself comfortable in the suite living area and turned on the television. As usual, there was nothing on that I was remotely interested in. I flipped to a music video station and left it there. Five minutes before Mason was due to pick me up, Keith made his appearance. He came through the door of our suite and I glared at him.

"You didn't knock."

"The door wasn't locked," he returned. "What the hell did you think you were doing?"

"It's what I like to call honesty. You didn't seriously think I was going to let her believe that I was chasing you, did you?"

"It was a bullshit thing to do."

"No, telling her that you left me and that I wanted you back was a bullshit thing to do. You can't even be a man and own up to your own mistakes. You are a liar and a cheat. I can't imagine there is a single thing redeemable about you." I flipped off the television and tossed the remote on the coffee table in front of me. "You can leave."

"You are a bitch."

The door opened and with some relief, I caught sight of Mason. "Hey." I stood and picked up my bag. "Right on time."

He glanced at Keith once and looked me over. "Men don't leave women that look like you waiting. All packed?"

I waved the bag. “Indeed.” I walked to him and handed my bag to him. “Good bye, Keith.”

“You are just someone to fuck. He doesn’t love you.”

I flushed. “Shut up, Keith.”

Mason put his hand on the small of my back and looked at Keith. “Don’t ever talk to her that way again. Our relationship is none of your business, and if you had any respect for her, you’d leave her alone.”

* * * * *

Tucked away in Mason’s car, I was trying to force myself to forget what Keith had said when Mason settled in the driver’s seat and turned to me. “You are not just someone I fuck.”

“I know.” I didn’t believe it but I wanted to.

“Look at me.” He took my face in his hand. “The fact is, I could put a warm body in my bed most any night, but sometime ago I realized that a body isn’t enough. You are a warm, beautiful woman, and I enjoy the time you give me. I’m not ready for anything permanent, but that doesn’t mean that I don’t have feelings for you.”

“He just won’t leave me alone.”

Mason leaned in and kissed me very softy. “Don’t let him twist you all up and make you bitter.”

* * * * *

Was Keith making me bitter? The truth was that I had let his betrayal turn me and I hated him for it. I hated him a lot more than was reasonable, I assume. The fact was that I didn’t even hate him for cheating; I hated him for making me a fool. That moment in the club, when I’d seen him with that other woman was burned into my mind. Betrayal and embarrassment were the burdens Keith had given me.

I felt twisted and cold by this acknowledgement. He'd done the wrong, but I paid the price. I would continue to pay the price as long as I let him have power in my life. A part of me had no understanding of how to push him from my mind. Despite my hatred, there was a lingering trust and love for him. He'd been my first. I knew that I could deny him my present, but I could never deny his place in my past.

* * * * *

We had dinner in a rustic, but beautiful, tavern filled with candles and tables that were set apart and private. By the time we were done with that, I'd relaxed and mostly forgotten about Keith. The chateau was lovely and secluded, the outdoor hot tub was such a lure that I didn't even make it inside.

I slid out of my shoes and pulled my dress over my head. I tossed it in the chair along with my strapless bra and then my panties. By the time, Mason returned with some wine and towels, I was quite content in the waters.

He handed me a glass of wine and dropped the towels into the chair with my dress. "Feel good?"

I nodded and watched him unwrap the towel he had around his waist. "I really like your body."

He slid into the water and pulled me into his arms. "Truth is that I rather like yours as well."

"Oh, I know."

"So, let's talk about you and Keith."

I grimaced and took a deep swallow of my wine. "I'd rather not."

"I know you haven't talked to your friends about it, and I know you've got this anger inside you. It's just not healthy."

"If I wanted a shrink, I wouldn't have a problem finding one."

He laughed. "Come on, don't be cross. Get it out, you'll be relieved later."

I set the wine glass down on a small ledge by the hot tub and scooted across to the tub until I was on the opposite bench from him. "I'm not the first person in history to be cheated on. I trusted him, and that was a mistake."

"And you are angrier over your own mistake than his behavior."

"Why shouldn't I be? I certainly can't control anyone's actions but my own. I gave him all I had and it didn't matter to him." He handed me my wine and I accepted it without pausing. "Should I just have accepted it and moved on? I think I have every right to be angry with him."

"You do." He moved forward. "You can be angry with him all you want, but it's the anger you have for yourself that has to be checked. I saw your face when he told you that you were just someone I was fucking."

I bit down on my lip. "It's true, isn't it? I mean, you don't want me to love you and you certainly don't want to love me."

"I would prefer that you not fall in love with me, because I know I'm not the man for you. We don't have the same interests or goals, and good sex alone is not a building block for a permanent relationship. However, that doesn't mean that I don't respect you and I would never seek to hurt you."

"I understand." And I did. I knew he wasn't the man I'd spend the rest of my life with.

Monday, September 18

I had, in a fit of global awareness and litter bug guilt, signed up for a nature trip designed to teach me about the environment and the mountains that surrounded our college. Instead, I learned the fine art of sneaking alcohol on a school trip, marshmallow roasting, and a fine bit of espionage.

Jacob, my partner in crime, was handing me my fully loaded super soaker water gun when our opposition ambushed us. We retreated into the woods and regrouped, which of course meant we went back to the fire and grabbed some more beer while we dried off. Once we were dry, we would be “live” again for the game.

“So, are you still seeing that lawyer?”

I shrugged and sighed; all of my friends called Mason that. “Yeah, why?”

“I was just curious.” Jacob tossed back the rest of his beer. “Are you cold?”

I was, but the fire was helping. “I’m good.” I grabbed another beer and tossed him one. “How about you, are you seeing anyone?”

“Nah.” He fiddled with his water gun. “The truth is, I guess I’m too serious for most of the girls I know.”

Jacob was rather intense, but it was sexy. I couldn’t imagine him having a problem getting a girl; besides the fact that he was rather shy with people that he didn’t know. “Want me to set you up?”

“Oh, no, a blind date is the last thing I need.”

I laughed; the thought was rather wretched. “What say you and I cheat and go take Rachel and Jake out of the game so we have enough to play cards?”

* * * * *

Later on, having trounced Rachel and Jake at spades I found myself cuddled up with Jacob in a sleeping bag in the girl’s cabin. We were the only singles on the trip, it seemed, and when the night had ended, I offered to share my bunk with him. I don’t know why, I guess maybe I was lonely and I figured he was, too.

The night was totally innocent, and that in itself was very sweet and memorable. When I woke the next morning we were spooning, our hands tucked in safe places. I trusted Jacob, and that was something I hadn’t allowed myself to do with anyone since Keith. The

moment was short-lived, because mere seconds after I woke, our chaperone came barreling in and every boy in the room hit the floor running.

On a side note, I've never littered again. So, I guess I did learn something.

Saturday, September 23

Mason was waiting at the dorm as if we'd planned for that when I returned from the "wilderness". Gratefully, I got out of the van and handed him my backpack. "The closest I'd ever like to be to nature again is fully-furnished cabin with plumbing."

He laughed and hugged me to his side as we went into the dorm. "On that, we are in total agreement. You had no fun at all, huh?"

"Oh, I had a few good times." I had a little guilt over my sharing a sleeping bag with Jacob. However, it had only happened once because the chaperone had been a pit bull the rest of the trip. "I gotta shower before we go out."

"I brought dinner to you, babe. I didn't figure you'd be up and ready for dinner out anyway."

He had in fact brought enough Chinese food for the entire suite and their respective partners. We'd all been on the nature trip from hell together. While I showered, he fixed us plates and set up our meal on a table in my room. I could hear the others outside in the living area getting resettled and eating.

"Thanks."

"You looked like you could use some space."

I nodded, the truth was that I liked to spend time alone, and alone time had been in short supply while I'd been on the trip. Since Thomas had been on the trip, I knew the sleeping bag thing was going to come out, and since I felt only mildly guilty I decided to face the situation and tell him about it.

“Remember Jacob?”

“Yeah, I remember him.”

“We shared a sleeping bag on Monday.”

He handed me a glass of wine. “Did you let him cop a feel?”

I laughed. “He didn’t even try.”

“Poor guy, I guess he really is as shy as I thought.” He sat down and motioned. “Go on get some food in you.”

“I just wanted to tell you before Thomas did.”

“It is the kind of thing he’d run to tell me.” Mason sighed. “But even if I’d heard it from him first, I wouldn’t have gotten angry. You aren’t the type to have sex with a room full of people listening in.”

“But if I had?”

“I would prefer, Samantha, to be the only man in your bed. However, since I’ve made it clear that I don’t want a serious relationship, I’m certainly in no position to demand it.”

I offered him a smile. “How civilized of you.”

“I have my moments. Now, eat and drink, because in about twenty-five minutes I’m going to strip off that silly robe and screw you unconscious.”

* * * * *

His tongue was soft and silky against my clit. A warm mist was sprinkling over us, as the shower stall was steamy and humid. I was sitting on the bench and he was kneeling in front of me, his face buried between my legs. I pressed back against the wall and rubbed his head with both hands.

The glass door of the shower stall was open slightly because the air had gotten hot and difficult to breathe. My head rolled a little of its own accord. I could barely remember why

I'd told him not to shower with me, when I caught sight of Dana. She was standing at the sink staring intently at us. She shook her head gently and grinned.

I sucked in a little breath and closed my eyes; having her watch was more of a turn on than I had anticipated. I shook a little as orgasm came. "God, Mason."

He moaned against my heated flesh. "You have the most amazing taste." He kissed the inside of my thigh and then my stomach. "What did you do with that condom I brought with me?"

"It's in my shower caddy." I pointed towards the plastic basket that held my shampoo. As he stood, I looked back to Dana. She hadn't moved. "How do you want me?"

"On your knees," he murmured as he rolled the condom on.

I gripped the bar on the wall as I moved into the position he requested, and he slid into me easily. His movement was leisurely and measured; I wondered if he knew about our audience. His hands moved over my body with gentle and persistent movements, coaxing desire and pleasure equally from my skin.

Sunday, September 24

I was at the sink brushing my teeth when Dana came into the bathroom. She blushed and picked up the toothpaste. "I suppose I should say I'm sorry."

I shook my head and rinsed. "Would it be true?"

"No."

I laughed. "Then don't bother." I leaned against the sink while she brushed. "In retrospect, I shouldn't have let him shower with me...it's totally against our rules."

She shrugged and rinsed. "Since we both had a good time, I think it's a non-issue."

Having her there watching me had been exciting. "He didn't mention anything, so I don't guess he noticed."

“He’s got a great body.” She bit her lip. “So do you.”

“Thanks.” I put my toothbrush in its case and dropped it in my sink basket. “Yours is nice as well.”

“My breasts are too small.”

“I wish mine were small,” I countered. I looked to her. “But men seem to like breasts of all sizes, so I don’t think it matters much.” I picked up my hairbrush and started to brush my hair. It was still wet from my fifth shower in seven hours. “You’re curious about being with a woman, aren’t you?”

She flushed a little. “I guess.”

“I think it’s probably natural.” I pinned my hair up. “Would you like to touch me?” I looked to her; her bottom lip had all but disappeared into her mouth. “You look at me a lot.”

“I didn’t think you’d noticed.”

“It isn’t very obvious,” I said softly. “But, I don’t find it offensive or anything.”

“Would you let me touch you?”

It was an interesting question, one I didn’t have to answer because Rachel came in through my bathroom door at just that instant. “Hey you guys, I’m starving. Hurry up.”

Sex is, without a doubt, the most complicated and consuming activity that humans engage in. It was an activity that I’d only just begun to explore, and every moment of my life seemed to open doors of my sexuality that I hadn’t even realized were closed. My relationship with Mason wasn’t always so civilized, and eventually my friendship with Dana got very complicated. But, I guess that’s life.



Deanna Lee

Deanna Lee lives in the southern United States. She has been writing for eighteen years. Deanna is married, works in a library, and spends her spare time writing and reading.

To learn more about Deanna's day-to-day trials, check out her website. She would love to hear from you! You can visit her on the Web at: www.deannaleebooks.com or email her at deanna@deannaleebooks.com.