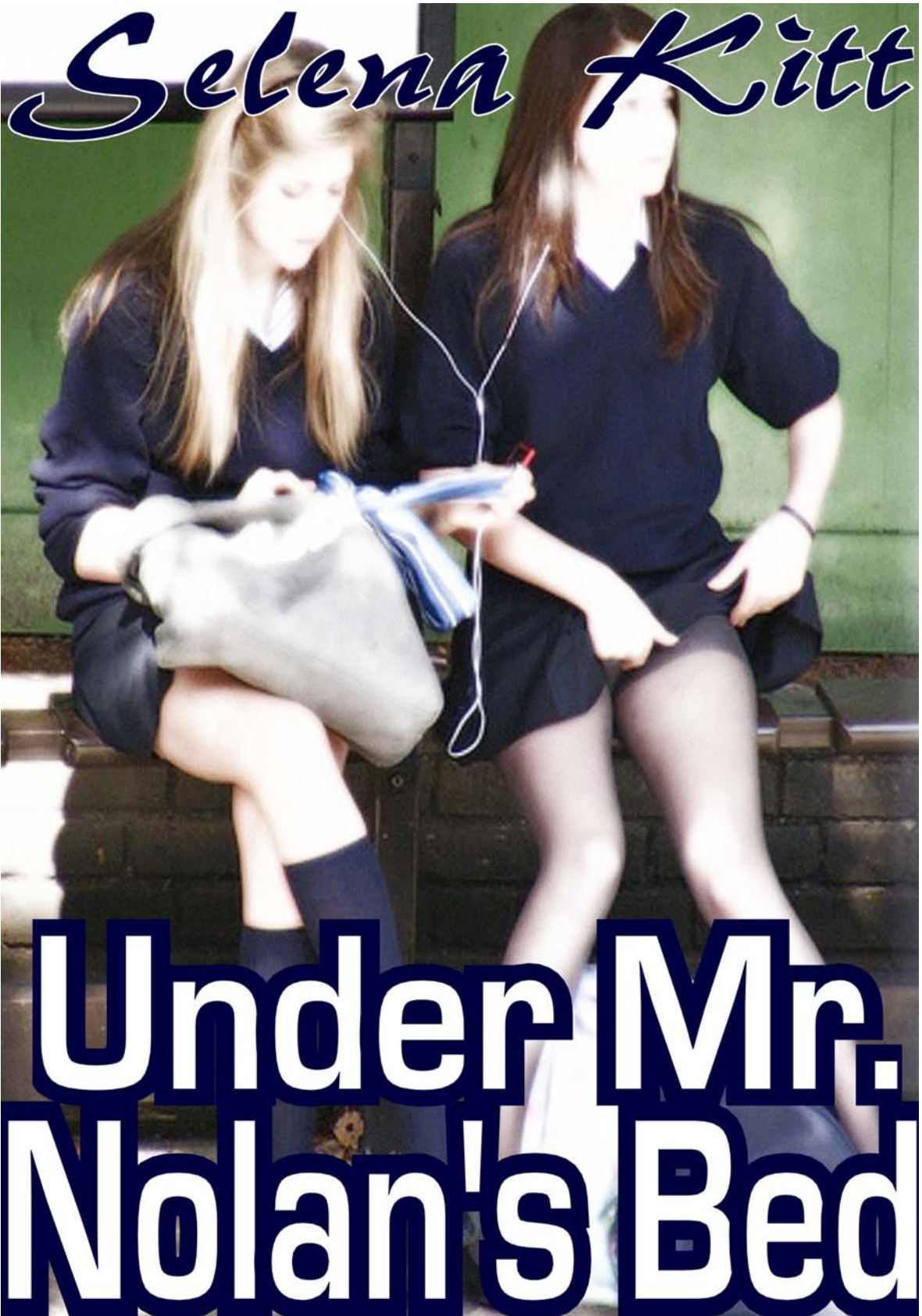


Selena Kitt



**Under Mr.
Nolan's Bed**

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Under Mr. Nolan's Bed

By Selena Kitt

Chapter One

I'd seen a few Playboys and Hustlers and stuff like that—but I'd never seen anything like what Erica showed me in a box under her father's bed. It was really hardcore stuff, and it showed everything, all the minute details of flesh, up close and personal. I found myself utterly enthralled, in spite of my embarrassment with Erica right there. I couldn't seem to help my body's response.

We sat on the floor in silence, sifting through the slick, glossy pile of pages, flipping through each of them on our own, our breathing becoming faster and more shallow in the silence. Once in a while, she would nudge me and show me something of interest, and I would do the same, when the picture we were staring at was so intense it absolutely required sharing.

And then he came home early, and we scrambled to shove everything back in and under before running back to her room. Breathless and flushed, we both jumped when he opened the door and asked if we wanted pizza.

"Can Leah stay?" Erica asked and he smiled—Mr. Nolan had the best smile—and looked over at me where I was lying on my belly on the floor, flipping through a *Teen Beat* and swinging my feet, still in the knee-high stockings that our Catholic school uniform required. I hated them—the whole outfit, really, the way it made me feel twelve instead of eighteen was just humiliating. I usually changed the minute I got home, but Erica had convinced me to come straight to her place.

Mr. Nolan met my eyes and winked. “Sure, as long as her mom says it’s okay.”

Not much problem there. My mom thought Mr. Nolan was the best—a widowed father, raising Erica all by himself, and Catholic, too! She always started conversations about him with, “If it weren’t for your father—” which I always cut off with a disgusted exclamation of, “Mom!” Little did she know about all the ungodly pornography residing under his bed. Of course, until today, I hadn’t known either. I found myself looking at the crotch of his trousers and wondered what he looked like when he jerked off to all the pictures in those magazines. The thought made my body respond immediately—my pussy, already wet from looking at all those pictures, pulsed between my thighs.

Mom said I could stay for pizza, and when Erica asked Mr. Nolan if I could sleep over because we had to work on our senior group project, he readily agreed. Of course it was just an excuse, and we were up until well after midnight, doing more giggling than working. I still couldn’t believe some of the images I had seen that afternoon. They were burned into my memory and I’d thought of little else since.

“So how long have you known about your dad’s collection?” I pulled one of Erica’s t-shirts over my head to sleep in as we were getting ready for bed.

She grinned at me, rolling over onto her belly on the bed. “A long time.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Really?”

“Yup.” Wagging her eyebrows, she shoved her books off the end of her bed and yawned.

“Doesn’t it make you...?”

“Horny as hell?” she laughed. “Yeah. Duh! I usually take my vibrator with me... either that, or call Bobby afterward so he can come over and go down on me.”

I stared at her. “So tell me the truth, then... have you and Bobby...you know...”

“No!” She made a face. “I’m still a virgin. Sheesh.”

I slipped into the sleeping bag that Mr. Nolan had retrieved for me out of the hall closet, trying to reconcile Erica’s belief that she was still a virgin with the fact that she and Bobby had clearly done far more than just kiss, which was, admittedly, about all that I had done. I just lived vicariously through Erica.

She turned off the light. “So which one was your favorite?”

The darkness made me feel bolder. “There was that one I showed you with the two girls and the one guy...”

“Ohhh yeah,” she murmured. “Where he’s on his back, licking one of them, and the other one is riding his cock?”

I flushed, even in the darkness, hearing her say the words. “Yeah...”

“I like the ones with two guys and a girl, too,” she said. “Seeing her suck on a guy while she’s getting fucked... I’d love to know what that’s like.”

I bit my lip, slipping my hand down over my panties in the darkness and cupping my mound. My pussy was aching, and it felt better when I touched it.

“I love seeing a girl get licked,” she went on, her voice lower. “It just makes me remember... god, it feels soooo good...”

“Does it?” The crotch of my panties was damp and I rubbed my finger over my clit through the material, teasing. I couldn’t imagine a soft, warm tongue between my legs. The thought both stunned and intrigued me.

“Oh my god, Leah,” she purred. “You have no idea. I wish I had Bobby’s tongue right now... right here on my clit...”

My breath caught, and in the darkness I could hear a faint wet sound. “Are you... Erica, are you...?”

“Go ahead,” she whispered, and I heard that little wet sound speeding up. “You know you want to.”

I did want to. Encouraged by the darkness, I slipped my hand under the elastic band of my panties, past the soft, dark hair, seeking the moist heat between my lips. Everything there was swollen and slick and my fingers moved easily, making the same faint, wet sound that I could hear coming from Erica’s bed.

“Mmmmm yeah,” she whispered. “God that’s good... lick my pussy, baby.”

I knew she was imagining it, and I imagined it, too, remembering the pictures—a blonde girl spreading herself open wide, his tongue poised right at her clit. Would it feel as good as my fingers? I wondered, as I rubbed myself in little circles. My nipples grew hard under the t-shirt, and the sleeping bag soon became too warm.

“Doesn’t it feel good?” Erica asked, and I made a little noise, not answering her, but pulling the sleeping bag down a little, all flushed and hot.

“Doesn’t it make you want a big, hard cock right now? Ohhh I want to know what it feels like to be fucked...”

I moaned softly, hearing the wet noises grow louder from Erica’s bed, and I couldn’t help sliding my hand up under my t-shirt to play with my nipples. The sensation went straight down between my legs, moving my fingers faster over the hard bud of my clit.

“Ohhhh yeah, fuck me hard,” she whispered, and all I could see when I closed my eyes was the close-up picture of a slick, fat cock poised at a soft, pink hole, waiting to be filled.

I slid my fingers down and plunged them into me, listening to Erica moaning on the bed and the soft squeak of the mattress and boxspring. My thighs were so taut they were trembling and I rocked in the darkness, my breath coming as fast as hers, my hand working hard between my legs, aching for release.

“Oh, oh, oh!” she cried, short little squeaks, and then a fast, whispered, “I’m coming, I’m coming!”

I heard her shuddering breath, the soft cries of her pleasure, and I bit my lip to keep from crying out as I came, too, my body quivering with my climax in the darkness.

We didn’t talk as our breathing began to return to normal and our hearts stopped beating a mile a minute. I felt embarrassed, and I wondered if she did, too. My trembling thighs finally relaxed. Eventually, I could hear that she was sleeping. Years of sleepovers made me familiar with the sound. Yet, I couldn’t

seem to drift off, and instead I rolled around in the sleeping bag, trying to get comfortable on the floor.

Finally, I got up to go pee. The hall was dark, but I could see a faint light coming from underneath Erica's dad's door. The bathroom was next to his room and actually had two doors, one that you could access from the hallway, and another directly across that led to Mr. Nolan's room. I guess it was the builder's version of a semi-private bath.

I always felt funny peeing in that bathroom at night, knowing that Mr. Nolan was right on the other side of the door, but I never locked them, because they were the push-button kind of locks that made so much noise when you pressed them. I never even turned on the light. I guess I hated the thought of waking him up more than I feared getting walked in on.

Although it looked like he was still up—there was a faint glow from under the bathroom door, and as I stood there listening, I heard soft noises. The TV, of course. He probably fell asleep with it on.

I lifted my t-shirt a little and pulled my panties down to my knees when I heard his voice, low but clear as could be: "Fuck her hard, yeahhhh!"

My eyes wide, I turned back toward the door, where that light flickered underneath. Did he have someone in there? Then I remembered the television, and something Erica had mentioned this afternoon about his video collection. We hadn't gotten into any of that before he came home, but I knew then that he must be watching something pornographic.

And masturbating. The thought made me tingle. My hand went to the bathroom doorknob, the silver handle cool against my flesh.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it,” he growled, making me press my ear to the doorjamb. I couldn’t see anything at all through the crack in the door, but I was desperate to see. “Fuck that hot little cunt!”

His words made my knees weak and my mouth dry. As carefully as I could, I began to turn the handle. I knew the layout of his room almost as well as I knew my own—Erica and I had been best friends since first grade and I’d spent countless hours at her house. I knew that directly on the other side of the door was a little alcove with a closet, and that the alcove opened up into the larger space of his room, where his bed was kitty-corner from the bathroom.

I could see him. The door slipped open almost soundlessly, the latch only making the barest scraping noise, the hinges not squeaking at all. I could see part of the bed, and across from that, the television sitting on the dresser. Mr. Nolan was facing away from me, stretched out naked. I couldn’t see his face, but I could see his hand moving between his legs as he watched the scene on the television.

It was the television that drew my eyes first—two women, the dark-haired one on her back, the blonde between her legs with her fingers pistoning in and out of the other girl’s pussy as she licked her. The camera was close up, showing her pink wetness, completely smooth. I stared, my fingers brushing the softness between my legs, wondering what it would feel like without hair.

Then the camera panned back to reveal a man behind the blonde, his cock pounding into her from behind. He was gripping her hips, squeezing and pulling them as he fucked her, driving into her and making her moan against the other woman's pussy. The sounds alone were enough to make me wet, if I hadn't been already—the slick slap of their bodies, the moans of the women, the grunts of the guy behind them.

A sound from Mr. Nolan drew my attention to him again, and I saw that the hand between his legs had stopped, and he was squeezing his cock head hard in his fist. I bit my lip, watching him slowly pull the skin down tight as he moved his hand toward the base, staring at the length of him. He wasn't as big as the guy on the screen—but almost! I was fascinated with the way he touched it, now pressing it up against his belly and rubbing it up toward his navel as he watched the threesome on the screen.

“Ooooooh yeah,” he moaned, taking it into his fist again as, on the TV, the three of them were rearranging themselves, the blonde lying on the bed, and the dark-haired woman lying on top of her, both of them on their back. The guy knelt between their legs, fucking first the girl on top, then the girl on the bottom, switching back and forth. Mr. Nolan's hand was pumping again, his hips bucking a little.

My fingers moved over the soft, wet hairs of my pussy, and in spite of the fact that I'd just recently had an orgasm, I started to rub my clit again, spreading my legs, my panties still caught at my knees as I pressed my eye to the crack in

the door to see better. I'd forgotten all about having to pee—in fact, the pressure to go just increased the pleasure as I worked my clit in fast little circles.

The girls on the screen were kissing, their tongues meshing, as the guy between their legs fucked first one, then the other. Seeing his cock, so slick and wet as it came out, the head of it bright red as he slipped it up and down before sliding it back in again, was almost as good as watching Mr. Nolan's hand shuttling up and down the length of his shaft. I couldn't decide where to look, and my pussy was so wet I could feel it spreading to my thighs.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" the girls on screen begged. "No, me... me!" They were fighting over who got to feel his cock inside of them, and I wondered what it would be like to be fucked, to be pressed into, filled with that steady, rhythmic pounding of my flesh.

I looked at Mr. Nolan, who was pumping very fast now, the movement of his hand a flash up and down in the ghostly light from the TV. His soft moans sent shivers through me, making me rub my clit a little faster, matching his intensity. I couldn't help pulling my t-shirt up over my breasts and pressing my nipples against the door.

"I'm gonna come!" It was the guy on screen, pulling his cock out of the blonde on the bottom and aiming it toward the dark-haired girl's shaved pussy. She was spreading it open for him as he began to come, grunting and moaning and shoving his hips forward as huge, white-hot jets of fluid began spilling onto her mound.

I almost groaned out loud when Mr. Nolan grabbed the remote next to him, hitting the rewind button—I wanted to see the rest! Back the tape went, back to when they all first started rearranging themselves again. My fingers were slick with my juices now, and I wanted to shove two of them inside me, but I was afraid he might hear the noise, even with the TV on, so I just focused on my clit, the hot, wet sensation between my legs growing with every moment.

Mr. Nolan's hand was moving even faster, and I could hear his breath, the sound of it filling the room, panting with his effort. I looked from the screen to him and back again, the intensity of the experience pushing forward, upward, making me rub myself off even faster, my forehead pressed against the door frame, my nipples brushing there, too, hard and throbbing.

"Fuck, oh fuck, yeah, yeah," he moaned, his hand a blinding streak up and down his cock, his hips bucking on the bed, and I could hear the bedsprings, just like I had with Erica. On the screen, the guy was pumping hard into the blonde, growling and bucking, too, and I heard him say it again like some hot, delicious *deja-vu*: "I'm gonna come!"

"Fuck yeah!" Mr. Nolan groaned, his hips really pressing up hard now, his hand pumping. My pussy was on fire, and my fingers were taking me with him, so close, my breath matching his. "I'm gonna come all over that pussy, baby!"

It all happened at once—the guy coming on the screen again, the dark-haired girl spreading her smooth, shaved lips so he could aim his cock right there, right against her clit, shooting hot streams of white fluid onto her pussy.

There was so much of it, wave after wave, dribbling over her fingers spreading her open, down the pink folds of her flesh.

And Mr. Nolan was coming, too, his cock erupting over his hand again and again, a geyser of hot, white cum spilling down his fist and onto his belly. I couldn't take it—my swollen clit was throbbing, aching for relief, and I came, too, watching him thrust and grunt and spill even more cum as it slid down the length of his shaft, my pussy contracting so hard I wanted to scream, but I had to bite my lip to keep from making any sound at all as I shuddered and bucked against the doorframe.

My ears were ringing and my breath was coming so fast I could barely control it. Mr. Nolan was rubbing his softening cock against his belly and on screen, the blonde had wiggled out from under and was licking the cum off the dark-haired girl's pussy. Feeling guilty now, I shut the door as quietly as I could, making sure the latch didn't make that tell-tale "click" as it closed.

I sat on the toilet, breathless, my panties still at my knees, and peed, releasing a torrent over my swollen, throbbing pussy, and that felt good, too. The glow from under the bathroom door was still there, but the sound was gone, and I knew he must have muted the TV. It was quiet in his room. Suddenly it occurred to me that he would probably be coming to the bathroom to clean up!

I quickly grabbed some toilet paper to wipe myself, half standing, reaching around to flush, when the door opened and he came in. We froze in the flickering blue glow of the television, both of us exposed. He was completely naked, and I might as well have been, with my panties down and my shirt pulled up.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized, and I saw his eyes on me, moving over me. “I didn’t know you were in here!”

“I should have locked it,” I apologized to the closing door. “I’m sorry, Mr. Nolan.”

He was quiet and I wondered if he knew, or suspected, that I had been standing there watching him. “It’s my fault, I should have knocked.”

I flushed the toilet, quickly pulling my panties up and my t-shirt down and washing my hands fast at the sink before announcing, “I’m done!”

“Good night, Leah,” he said as I opened the other bathroom door and stepped into the hallway.

“Good night, Mr. Nolan.” I swallowed hard as I made my way back to Erica’s room.

She was still sleeping, her breathing deep and even. I pressed my hot, red face into the cool, forgiving material of my pillow. Every time I closed my eyes, I remembered, and something in my belly tightened another notch. I heard the toilet flush and the sound of the bathroom door closing again and knew he was back in his room.

I felt so guilty, squeezing my thighs together and feeling that ache while I was thinking about my best friend’s dad. I couldn’t help it though, and I slid my hand down again, under my belly, cupping my swollen mound in the darkness and rocking, remembering. I couldn’t stop thinking about him, and I wondered if he was thinking about me, too.

Chapter Two

I took a shower before the sun even came up, intent on going home as soon as possible, preferably before anyone woke up. I couldn't face them, I decided, as I got dressed in the bathroom. I had to wear my uniform, since I hadn't walked home to get a change of clothes the night before, but my panties were still damp, so I just shoved them into my skirt pocket and went without. I could have borrowed some of Erica's but I didn't want to wake her up.

I crept downstairs, going into the kitchen to get my backpack, and noticed the light over the stove was on. There was my backpack, on the floor by the door, right next to Mr. Nolan's briefcase.

"Where are you going, Leah?"

I jumped and squealed, my heart racing as I turned to find Mr. Nolan sitting at the kitchen table. He was in shadow, but his face appeared in the light as he leaned forward and smiled at me.

"I... couldn't sleep." I put my backpack down and felt the burn in my cheeks. He knew what I looked like naked—and I'd seen him masturbating. Could it get any more embarrassing than this moment?

"Want some breakfast?" He waved me toward a chair. "We've got lots of cereal. Just don't eat the last of the Cocoa Puffs, or Erica will have your head."

Pulling a chair out, I sat, looking at him in the dimness. He was acting like nothing had happened, but I could feel something between us that hadn't been there before.

I noticed he was dressed in a suit and tie. "Where are you going so early?"

“Work, unfortunately.” He took a bite of a bagel and cream cheese that I hadn’t noticed until that moment. “I’d rather not, but duty calls.”

“That looks good,” I remarked, and my stomach growled. I wasn’t used to being up so early. “Work on a Saturday?”

“Tax season,” he explained. “Accountants always work weekends in April.”

“Well, that sucks.” I watched him take another bite of bagel.

He chuckled, wiping cream cheese off the corner of his mouth with a napkin. “Yes. It sucks. To say the least. Do you want some of this?”

I shrugged, my stomach growling again. “Maybe just a bite? I don’t have cooties.”

“Here.” He held it out to me, watching as I tore off a piece with my teeth and licked cream cheese off my lips. I felt self-conscious around him, like I wanted to check my hair or smooth my skirt, and I had never felt that way around Mr. Nolan before. His smile was warm and he took another bite, saying through a mouthful, “I’m not worried about catching cooties.”

“So how’d your project go last night?” he asked. I flushed at the mention of the night before and was glad that the kitchen wasn’t well-lit.

“Okay.” I shrugged, and took another bite of the bagel when he offered it to me and hugged my knee up to rest my chin on it. I did it without even thinking, before I remembered that I wasn’t wearing panties. When I saw where his eyes were, my face filled immediately with heat.

“You were up late,” he said, his voice a little lower, his eyes not moving. I was paralyzed, frozen in place, and the look on his face, caught somewhere between uneasiness and lust, made it even worse.

“So were you,” I replied softly and I didn’t look away when his eyes lifted to meet mine.

He cleared his throat and reached over and touched the corner of my mouth with a napkin, where I was stretching to reach with my tongue, to get a bit of cream cheese. “Sounded like a lot of giggling going on in there and not a lot of working.”

I smiled, slowly lowering my leg and smoothing my green and blue plaid skirt. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that he was watching me. “Yeah, well... you know how we are.”

“Yep.” He nodded, popping the last of the bagel into his mouth. “As a matter of fact, I do.”

The kitchen was lighter now—the sun was coming up. Behind us, Erica stumbled in, her short blonde hair a frazzled cloud around her face as she rubbed at her eyes and frowned.

“What are you two doing up at this ungodly hour?” she mumbled, groping along the counter toward the coffeemaker and flipping it on. My mother would have killed me before letting me drink coffee, but Mr. Nolan wasn’t like that.

“I’m going to work, darlin’.” He stood, taking his plate to the sink and kissing her cheek on the way by. “You two be good. Don’t trash the house. And no boys.” He said this last in a mock-stern voice, only he wasn’t really kidding.

“We’ll be good,” I piped up, seeing Erica roll her eyes and stick her tongue out at his back. He smiled at me and his eyes smiled, too. For a moment, just a brief second, they flickered down to the hem of my skirt and my whole body felt filled with heat.

“Bye, Mr. Nolan!” I called as he grabbed his briefcase.

Erica made a face at me as she heard the door close behind him. “Be good?!”

“We’re always good.” I smiled, watching her pour Cocoa Puffs.

She snorted, grabbing the milk out of the fridge. “Well, then, let’s go upstairs and get up to some good.”

“Erica!” I laughed. “More like ‘no good.’”

She took a bite of cereal and crunched noisily. “Don’t you want to see the videos?”

I blushed, remembering catching Mr. Nolan watching one of those videos last night, but of course, I couldn’t tell her that.

“Ahhhh sugar and caffeine!” She pulled a mug out of the cupboard.

“Breakfast of champions—are you hungry?”

“No,” I replied, not telling her about the bagel I’d shared with her father, either.

“Well, let’s go then.” She grabbed her Cocoa Puffs and her coffee and headed out of the kitchen. “I want to show you something.”

“Another something?” I followed her up the stairs to her room.

She put her coffee on the night table and curled up on the bed, finishing her cereal as she directed me. “Open my underwear drawer.”

I opened the top drawer of her dresser, and it reminded me that I wasn’t wearing any panties. I grabbed a plain white pair. “Hey, can I borrow these?”

“Sure.” She drank the now-chocolate milk out of her bowl. “Look at the back of the drawer for a leopard print.”

I tugged the panties on and then straightened my skirt, looking at the back of her drawer for something that looked like a leopard print, finding it under a bunch of her bras. I grabbed it, surprised by the sudden weight in my hand—this wasn’t underwear!

“What in the heck?” I felt something long and hard under the material.

“My vibrator.” She grinned, drinking her coffee in huge gulps. “Ahhhhh god, I love caffeine.”

“Should I even ask where you got it?” I sat on the bed and handed it over to her.

“Present from Bobby.” She opened the pouch and pulled out a bright pink phallic-shaped thing. “Feel.” She pressed it to the inside of my elbow. It was cold, but made of some soft, gel-like material.

“Now... imagine this...” Her eyes met mine as she turned a knob on the bottom, bringing the whole thing to life and it began to vibrate. “Right against your clit...”

I pulled my arm away like I’d been burned, still looking at it. “What... what does it feel like?”

“Wanna go find out?” She grinned, turning it off and hopping off the bed.
“Come on, let’s go check out those videos.”

We went through the bathroom into Mr. Nolan’s room, and it reminded me of the night before. I stood in the doorway, my whole body tingling with the memory, staring at the bed where I’d watched him stroke his cock. Erica was pulling another box out from under the bed that resided next to the one full of magazines that we had sifted through the day before.

“This one’s my favorite,” she said, going over to the VCR. “Hey, there’s something in here...”

I edged toward the bed where she had tossed the hot pink vibrator, watching her eject the tape. I knew what was in there—I’d seen part of it the night before.

“Looks like Daddy was getting busy last night!” She snorted, putting the tape aside and sliding the other one in. “Remind me to put that back when we’re done.”

“Done...?” I inquired, sitting on the edge of the bed. I was in the very spot that Mr. Nolan had been last night.

“Don’t you want to play?” Erica pouted at me as the FBI warning flashed on the TV screen. The movie was starting. I shrugged, swallowing and glancing at the television. There was a girl lying on a bed reading a magazine as a young man came into her bedroom and started talking to her.

“Ugh, I hate the dialogue!” Erica groaned, grabbing the remote and fast forwarding. “Let’s get to the good stuff.” She sat on the bed next to me, pulling her t-shirt over her knees. “Here we go...”

I felt shy and embarrassed, watching the couple kiss and take each other’s clothes off on the screen. Still, I couldn’t stop watching. The girl was tiny and dark-haired, like me, slim hips and long legs, but full-breasted, her nipples the same light brown as mine. She was shaved between her legs, though, like the other girl in the movie.

“Mmmmmm isn’t that hot?” Erica murmured, watching as the dark-haired girl knelt in front of the guy and took his cock into her mouth. “I love doing that.”

I tore my eyes away from the screen to look at her. “You do that?”

She nodded. “Bobby absolutely loves it—he begs me to do it!”

I watched, fascinated, as the girl took more and more of his thick length into her mouth, her eyes turned up to him. She really looked like she was enjoying it.

“Don’t you choke?” I felt that gentle pulse beginning between my legs.

Erica smiled. “Guys kind of like that. Makes them believe their cocks are huge. Here, let me show you.”

She grabbed the vibrator, holding it up in front of her. “Like this... see how she played with it first... ran her tongue around the head...” I watched her demonstration, her tongue flicking around the pink tip. “Then you take it into your mouth...” Half of the shaft disappeared between her lips and I gasped.

“Well, you can’t do that your first try,” she admitted, wiping it off on her shirt and giving me a glimpse of her panties. “Here, you do it...”

“No,” I said, embarrassed, putting it back on the bed.

She sighed. “You don’t have to be shy. We’re both girls.”

The girl on the screen was still working the guy’s cock between her lips, but now she was cupping his balls, rolling them in her hands, and he was moaning like he really liked it a lot. The sound of his pleasure made my pussy throb with a sweet, dull ache.

“Tell you what.” Erica hopped off the bed. “I’m going to take a shower. You stay here and...do whatever you want.”

I ignored her wink, but as soon as the bathroom door closed, I settled back onto the pillow to watch. The girl still had the guy’s cock in her mouth, but he was sitting now, reaching down to cup her breast and pull at her nipple. She was using her hand, I noticed, at the base, so her mouth only went down on him about halfway.

Reaching for the vibrator, I held it up, tilting it back and forth. It was bigger than Mr. Nolan’s cock, I decided, and I found myself wondering how much of it I could take into my mouth. I touched it to my lips, making my mouth an “O” like the girl on the screen and sliding it slowly in. The gel it was made of tasted funny, but I pushed it as far in as I could before I felt like I was going to gag, marking the spot with my finger and pulling it back out. Halfway. Not too bad.

On the tape, the girl was on the bed now, her knees spread wide and pulled back so he could lay between them and lick her. Now I knew why it was

Erica's favorite. He was pushing his fingers deep inside of her while he licked, the camera getting a close-up view of his tongue moving back and forth over her clit. My pussy ached as I listened to her moan and I wanted to touch myself.

I could hear the shower still running and I pulled my skirt up and my panties aside, heading straight for my clit. I was surprised at how wet I was already—I had felt more apprehensive than aroused with Erica here, or at least, I thought I had. My body had different ideas. My pussy was swollen and slick and my fingers moved in easy circles around my clit.

"Lick it, yeah, faster!" the girl on screen moaned, playing with her own nipples as his tongue moved back and forth between her lips. I wondered again what that would feel like, someone's mouth between my legs. The girl panted and moaned and rocked and really made it look like it felt incredible and I found myself imagining Mr. Nolan down there between my legs and flushed at the thought.

I couldn't help remembering him laying right here, in this very spot, doing this very thing—masturbating while he watched those girls being fucked on TV. The memory of him rewinding to just the right spot and timing his coming with the guy on the screen made me feel warm and tingly all over, and I found myself wanting to see that scene again. That's the scene I wanted to come to.

I hopped off the bed, stopping the tape and putting in the one Mr. Nolan had been watching last night. It was cued up to right after that scene, and I realized he must have turned it off at that point. Using the remote, I rewound it, finding that scene again—the two women lying on their backs, stacked one on

top of the other, the guy between their legs like a kid in a candy store, trying to decide which pussy to fuck first.

It wasn't really the scene—although it was exciting, seeing the girls spread open for him, watching his slick cock pull out and press in again—it was knowing that, for some reason, this was the scene that Mr. Nolan found exciting, this was the scene that pushed him over that edge. Knowing that was what pushed me over. I wanted to come at that same point, to some way relive the night before.

I could hear the shower still running, but I knew she wouldn't be much longer. My fingers rubbed faster, watching the guy on the screen, his cock slipping up and down between their lips, first one, then the other. They were begging him again, "Fuck me... no, me!" fighting over that hard cock.

The vibrator was resting against my hip and I glanced down at it, curious. Would it get me there faster? I wondered. Already the guy on screen was pumping hard into the blonde on the bottom and the girls were kissing, sucking each other's tongues. I heard the shower go off and I grabbed the vibrator, turning the knob on the bottom and making it hum.

Pulling my panties aside, I pressed the head of it against my clit. It was so intense that I pulled it away immediately, gasping out loud. My whole body buzzed with the sensation and, unable to resist, I nudged my panties aside again and found my clit with the vibrating pink head.

"Oh god," I whispered, watching the scene on the TV through half-closed eyes, being carried away by the glorious sensation between my thighs. I'd never felt anything so good. My nipples hardened the minute I touched the vibrator to

my pussy and I used my other hand to rub them through my blouse, moaning softly as the feeling between my legs increased even more.

On the screen, the guy was thrusting hard into the blonde, grunting and straining with the effort, and all I could think about was Mr. Nolan stroking his cock right here in this very spot, his body wracked with pleasure as he rewound this scene, right to this very moment. There it was—the guy pulled his cock out, groaning, “I’m gonna come!” and aimed it right for the dark-haired girl’s smooth lips.

“Oh me, too,” I moaned, the tingle between my legs full to bursting as I watched him shoot his cum between her spread-open lips. I closed my eyes, then, the image of Mr. Nolan shooting his cum filling my head, and then changing, morphing into the fantasy of him kneeling between my legs, pressing the head of his cock to my clit, just where I was rubbing the vibrator.

“Come all over me, Mr. Nolan,” I whispered, imagining his cum, thick and creamy, streaming hot, rhythmic blasts right against my pussy. I couldn’t hold back anymore, and the vibrator buzzing between my legs pressed me over the edge. Moaning and rocking, my whole body went with the sensation, the delicious tightening and release happening again and again as I rubbed myself with the head of the cock.

“Mmmmm, I bet that felt good.” Erica’s voice was right next to my ear and I gasped, flinging the vibrator onto the bed and pulling my skirt down. She was kneeling next to me, wrapped in a towel, her hair wet.

How long had she been there? I wondered. Had she heard what I said!? I couldn't tell—her eyes were veiled, but she looked different, somehow, and was definitely looking at me in a way I'd never seen before.

"You changed the tape, huh?" she remarked, walking over and ejecting it, putting the other one back in.

"I... just..." Still breathless, I struggled to find words, feeling hot and flushed with both excitement and embarrassment. "Didn't want you to forget to put that one... back in..."

"Ohhhhhh yeah," Erica breathed as she hit 'play' and moved toward the bed. It was still at the scene where the guy was licking the little dark-haired girl's pussy. "This is my favorite part."

She picked up the vibrator, still buzzing and wet with my juices, and lifted it to her mouth. I stared as she licked the head that had been pressed against my clit just moments ago.

"Have you ever tasted your own pussy?" she asked, crawling up next to me on the bed. I shook my head as she stretched out next to me on a pillow and opened her legs, the towel parting to reveal the soft blonde fuzz there.

"You should try it," she whispered, moaning as she slid the head of the vibrator up and down between her lips. "God, look at how good he does that... watch his tongue... back and forth like that... right on her clit..."

I nodded, but I wasn't looking at the screen, I was watching her, the toy moving up and down her slit and then focusing right on her clit as she rubbed it, like his tongue, back and forth. Her eyes were on the TV and I could watch her

without her really paying attention. She spread her legs wider, the towel opening up to her navel, and I could see her working the buzzing vibrator between her legs.

“Did you put it inside?” Erica asked, not looking towards me as she licked her lips, her eyes glued to the screen. I didn’t answer her, but I watched as she slid the pink head down between her lips and my whole body flushed as it started to disappear between them. She was putting it inside of her!

“I bet a real cock would feel even better,” she whispered as she moved the shaft in and out of her pussy. I could see it pressing past the pink folds of her flesh and coming out wet with every stroke. “God, I want to be fucked.”

On the screen, the girl was up on her knees, reaching around to open herself up, waiting to be filled. The guy’s cock was straight-up hard as he rubbed it up and down her slit.

“Yeah, fuck me,” Erica murmured, and she was fucking herself deep and hard, the pink shaft disappearing almost to the hilt. I was fascinated, watching it disappear into her pussy, remembering how good that humming felt between my legs. My own pussy was responding again, tingling with feeling, and I slipped my hand under my skirt as I watched her, shoving my panties aside to get to my clit.

“Oh that’s so good,” she whispered, her hips rocking on the bed, the towel parting as she twisted and rolled, falling off completely. I’d seen Erica naked a hundred times, but not like this, never like this. Her pink nipples were pursed and hard, her breasts swaying as she thrust the dildo deep inside of her. She reached

up to play with one, pinching and tugging and biting her lip, her eyes half-closing in her pleasure.

My pussy was swollen and the pair of Erica's panties that I had put on was soaked, and still I couldn't stop touching myself, rubbing faster and faster as my eyes flicked from the screen to her, watching her fucking herself and imagining how good it must feel. She moaned louder, her hand moving between her legs, and she grabbed the remote off the bed, hitting the 'fast forward' button.

"Watch this part," she whispered to me, not looking away from the TV as she hit the 'play' button a moment later. I glanced at the screen, where the guy was pounding the dark-haired girl from behind. The girl was moaning, matching Erica's noises, and the guy was groaning, too, as he slammed into her again and again. I could hear a tightness in his voice, something tense and waiting to be let go.

Erica had slipped the wet shaft out of her pussy and was rubbing the pink head over her clit, whimpering and moaning as she played with her nipples. I had an urge to lick one, and the thought made me feel faint, but I rubbed myself faster, my breath matching hers, both of us gasping and panting. The guy on the screen pulled out of the pussy that he was fucking so hard, grunting and groaning with pleasure as he started to come.

"Ohhhhhh I'm coming!" Erica cried, the bed shaking with her orgasm, her body trembling as she rubbed herself with the vibrator, her eyes never leaving the screen where the guy was pumping his cock in his fist, shooting his cum in long, hot jets up over the raised ass of the girl. It fell in thick strands, some

pooling in her lower back, most of it beginning to drip down the crack of her ass toward her pussy.

Seeing it dribble down her asshole, a slow river of cum beginning to part the pink folds of her pussy, was too much for me. I came, too, biting my lip to keep from crying out as my body trembled with my climax, jerking and bucking with it, my thigh brushing against the soft skin of Erica's leg, the sensation making my orgasm even more intense.

Erica had turned off the vibrator and was stroking her belly and thighs with her hands, her eyes still-half closed. I grabbed the remote and stopped the movie, the sight now almost a visual assault, too intense in the wake of my climax.

"You were right," Erica murmured, looking at me. "You told my dad we'd be good—but that wasn't just good... it was fucking fantastic."

I stood up, pulling my skirt down. "Listen, I should get home and change."

She frowned, leaning up on her elbows. "You wanna hang out later?"

"Call me." I turned so she didn't see how red my face was getting as I headed toward the door.

The images I'd seen over the last twenty-four hours—the magazines, the movies, Mr. Nolan masturbating, Erica playing with her vibrator—flashed through my head as I walked home. I knew that I could never unimage them—and the scariest thing was that I found that I didn't really want to.

Chapter Three

“Bless me father, for I have sinned...”

Those were the words I was dreading. I couldn't say them. Mass was extra long today, and every word sounded like a pronouncement that I was going to hell. The girls crowded around outside the confessional, talking in small groups and snapping their gum. We were supposed to be standing in a quiet line saying the Rosary, but Sister Abby had taken someone to see Mother Superior and we were momentarily without supervision.

“I can't do this,” I whispered to Erica. She was sitting against the wall, her knees up, with a copy of one of the *Gossip Girls* tucked into her geography book. I could see her panties—which wasn't unusual, in an all-girls school where we were required to wear skirts, we often got careless—but it made me remember yesterday in the worst way.

“Do what?” She didn't look up from her book.

I nudged her hip with one of my Mary Jane's, hissing: “Confession!”

She looked up then, puzzled. “Why not? Swearing, lustful thoughts, self-flagellation, blah blah blah, thirty Hail Mary's and ten Our Father's later, and you're all set. What's the big deal?”

I stared at her, blinking and speechless.

“Well fine.” She stood and brushed off the back of her skirt. “Then let's make like Casper.”

“Cutting class?” I groaned. “Adding yet another sin to my growing list? Not helping!”

“Okay.” She shrugged. “So you’re ready to go in there and tell Father Michael about our little porn-watching session yesterday?”

“Shhhh!” I put my hand over her mouth, looking over at the group of girls closest to us to see if they’d heard anything. “You’re evil!”

“Perfect timing.” She glanced around. “Sister Abby’s gone, and I know I’m not up for one of Sister Helen’s usual lectures on the Church’s revisionist history—I don’t care what they say. Jesus was clearly a Jew.”

The confessional door opened behind us and I sighed as another girl went in. I couldn’t—I just couldn’t. It wasn’t just that we had looked at the magazines and watched the movies, or even that we’d masturbated together. That was bad enough, but sitting in the dark and telling Father Michael the thoughts I was having about Mr. Nolan!? No way... the prospect made me feel weak with dread.

“Okay,” I agreed, grabbing Erica’s arm. “Let’s do it.”

“Leah!” It was Erica’s turn to sound shocked. “Seriously?”

I nodded, grabbing my backpack off the floor, saying loudly, “Let’s go to the bathroom.”

Erica snickered as we left the church proper and went into the breezeway. “Good cover.”

“I’m no expert,” I agreed. “So how do we get out without being seen, Houdini?”

“Follow me,” she said, and I did, down the corridor and through a door.

“Where are we?”

“Storage room.” She made her way through a maze of shelves with all sorts of vestments, candles and candle lighters, and statues.

The whole nativity scene was stacked into a corner, the baby Jesus wrapped in a shroud in the manger. The oddest thing was the hundreds of boxes full of heavenly host. I stared at them as we passed, looked at the stamped sides: *Cavanagh Communion Hosts 1 1/8*”, marked either with “white” or “wheat” flavor.

Erica grinned back at me when she saw me looking at the boxes. “Do you think Christ was white or wheat?”

“You are so going to hell.” Still, I couldn’t help grinning, too. We were nearing a door at the back of the room and she pulled it open, heading down a dark flight of stairs.

“Where are we?” I felt my way down, holding onto the railing.

“Church basement, now.” She waited for me at the bottom. “Bobby meets me here sometimes.”

“Oh my God!” I gasped, mentally adding my taking the Lord’s name in vain to my list of sins for the week. It was a small trespass, considering. “He’d be shot on sight if they found him!”

“No one finds him,” she assured me as I followed her through the dark basement. There were small windows near the top of the concrete walls that let in a little, shadowy light.

Around the corner, Erica pulled open another door and waved me through.

“What is this?” There were cots all along each side of the long, narrow walls of the room we stepped into.

“Old storm cellar-slash-bomb shelter, I think.” She started up the ladder to our left and pressing on the door above her head. “Either that, or this is where they do all the experiments on the *really* bad kids.”

I snorted, following her up the ladder and waiting as she pressed at the door. We were in our uniforms, of course, and I could see right up her skirt from this angle and the flash of white panties made me remember yesterday.

“They leave this open?” I winced at the brightness as she finally heaved the door open with a little grunt of effort.

“Bobby broke the lock.”

I shook my head, incredulous, as she gave me a hand up and swung the door shut again. We were standing just outside the brick wall that surrounded the entire school, making it like some prison fortress. The storm cellar was a slanted thing made of long planks and painted brown to blend in with the brick.

“And we’re home free.” She grabbed my hand and swung it. “Let’s go to my house and do something we’ll have to confess later.”

“I’m boycotting confession.” I glanced over my shoulder as if someone might be watching us.

“Come on, there are yummy rewards for being bad.” She squeezed my fingers. “We don’t even have to miss the first fifteen minutes of General Hospital today!”

She had a point. We made good use of that last hour that we should have been in school, stopping by the corner store and picking up two Hershey's, a bag of chips, and two Mountain Dews and then curled up on Erica's sofa and pigged out while we watched the entire episode of GH without interruption. It was a real treat.

Erica flipped the TV off and stretched, her blouse pulling out of the waistband of her skirt, revealing her tummy. "Whatcha wanna do now?"

"We should do homework," I answered, my head filled with the memory of watching her play with her vibrator. I tried to push the thought away, but I couldn't when she sat cross-legged in her skirt, her panties clearly visible underneath.

"Now, what kind of fun would that be?" She rolled her eyes. "If you're gonna skip school, you gotta make it worth it!"

"Well... you should show me more of your dad's collection." I couldn't believe it was me who mentioned it first. I'd sworn I wasn't going to even *think* about it, let alone ask about it.

She grinned. "Now we're talking. Come on." We left our wrappers and empty bottles strewn all over the sofa and headed upstairs. My pussy was already pulsing in anticipation.

"What about your dad?" The clock on Mr. Nolan's night table read 4:05 p.m. and the workday ended at five.

"Late night, tax season." She reached under the bed and pulled out both boxes. "Here we are, a veritable smorgasbord of porn for your viewing pleasure."

“Where do you think he got all this?” I opened one of the boxes and sifted through magazines with names like *Pleasure*, *Private*, *Eros*, and *Club Seventeen*. They were definitely not names I’d heard before, but the pictures were graphic and shocking—and unbelievably arousing.

“I think they’re all foreign.” Erica opened the video box. “At least, the magazines are. He probably ordered them.”

“Do you get stuff in the mail in plain brown wrappers?” I opened up to a page to find a woman kneeling in front of a man, her lips wrapped around his cock. Just the sight of it made my pussy contract.

“Yep, all the time.” She pulled a tape out and popped it in, flopping down on the bed with the remote. “Come on, I want you to see this one.”

Abandoning the magazine, I crawled up next to her as she fast forwarded through the credits, settling myself on a pillow as the two girls on screen sat out in their backyard in bikinis and talked about their boyfriends and how unsatisfied they were with their sex lives.

“I thought you didn’t like the dialogue.” I glanced at Erica.

“It doesn’t last long,” she replied, and I noticed that she had her hand up under her skirt and my belly clenched, imagining what she was doing under there.

I wanted to touch myself, too, but in the light of day, I just couldn’t seem to bring myself to do it. On the screen, the girls were sitting up, their knees touching, and I stared as one leaned forward and kissed the other.

“Oh my God,” I whispered, watching their tongues tangle together. The redhead reached out to slip her hand under the bikini top of the blonde as they kissed. “Erica, what are they doing?”

“It gets better,” she murmured, her eyes on the screen. I could see her hand moving under her skirt and I squeezed my thighs together, feeling a hot throb between my legs.

The girls on the screen were naked in no time, kissing and rubbing up against each other on one of the lounge chairs. The blonde was licking the redhead’s fat, pink nipples, making her moan and touch her own pussy. Glancing over at Erica and seeing that she wasn’t paying attention to me, I slid my hand down, moving my skirt aside so I could cup my mound—just to ease the ache a little bit.

“Watch,” Erica whispered, and the movement under her skirt was faster, now, as the television revealed a scene to me I never thought I’d believe was arousing—but it was. The blonde was between the redhead’s legs, spreading her pussy lips open with her fingers, and beginning to lick her there. She had a sparse triangle of red hair between her legs that glistened in the sun with her juices.

“Isn’t that hot?” Erica asked, and I watched as her other hand snuck up under her blouse, moving over her breast.

I nodded, but didn’t say anything, feeling my pussy through my damp panties and aching to touch my clit. The redhead was moaning loudly, playing with her own nipples as the blonde licked and sucked at her pussy. I closed my

eyes, feeling that hot tingle between my legs, but I couldn't escape it—the wet sounds and moaning from the television were too compelling.

“Does it really feel that good?” I gulped, pushing my panties aside. I couldn't help it, my pussy was so swollen and wet and aching to be touched.

“Oh, Leah, you have no idea.” Erica's breath was coming faster, her skirt was pulled up, and I could see her hand working underneath her panties. “I wish I had a tongue right now...”

The redhead was moaning, “Don't stop, don't stop!” and the blonde licked faster, pumping her fingers in and out. Tentatively, I slid a finger into my pussy as I watched, rubbing my clit with my thumb. It felt so good I could barely stand it—but I couldn't stop. The girl on screen was coming, her body shaking with it, her eyes closed and head thrown back.

“They take turns,” Erica whispered as she started pulling her panties down. She opened her knees wide as she touched herself, her fingers making wet noises, and I watched them dip down inside of her.

Sure enough, on screen, the blonde was lying down now, and the redhead was between her legs. The hair between the blonde's legs was like Erica's, sparse and curly and light and her pussy was a deep, dark pink, her lips fat and swollen.

“Oh god, that feels so good,” Erica murmured, and I couldn't help watching her rock with it, her eyes closing as she bit her lip.

My hand moved even faster over my pussy, seeing her shirt riding up, her nipple peeking over where she had her bra pulled down. I had that urge again to

lick it as I leaned up on my elbow and watched her, but this time I didn't stop myself. Leaning in, I feathered a kiss on the tip and heard her gasp, her eyes flying open.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, my belly clenching, seeing the shock on her face.

She moaned. "Do it again.... oh, please..."

The longing in her voice made me lean back in, this time with my tongue, licking her nipple. She moaned again, whispering, "Ohhh yes," and arched her back. Her nipples were pink and hardened like little pebbles. I licked back and forth, around and around, watching the pleasure on her face.

"Oh Leah," she gasped, her fingers making a wet squelch as she fucked her pussy with them. I latched onto her nipple, sucking it into my mouth, the ache between my legs growing like a fever, making me crazy. "Oh make me come, I'm gonna come!"

And she was, shuddering and trembling and arching, her hand shoved deep between her legs, my tongue working her nipple for all I was worth. I wanted to come, too, but didn't, pressing my whole hand over my mound as she climaxed, just holding the feeling there between my thighs. Watching her orgasm was powerful, stunning, and knowing I had a part in it was even more exciting.

"Oh my god," she murmured, her hand resting on her belly now, wet with her juices. "That felt soooo good."

"It looked like it," I replied softly and she met my eyes, smiling.

"Want me to make you feel good, too?" She leaned up on her elbow and pressed me flat on the bed. "It's only fair we take turns."

I hesitated, shaking my head, but she was pulling my blouse up, my bra down, and had her mouth on my breast before I could say anything at all. Her tongue was like liquid fire over my nipple, and her hand sought the other one, too, rubbing it hard through my bra.

“Erica!” I gasped, looking down to see her mouth working as she sucked my nipple in deep. “Oh, god!”

I had to touch myself. I had to, I didn’t have a choice. The feeling between my legs was too great, too much to ignore. I struggled my panties down, and she helped me, too, tugging them past my knees and putting her hand on my thigh as I began to rub my clit in fast circles. Her tongue made the same pattern over my nipple, sending shockwaves through my body, right down between my legs.

When I felt her fingers parting me, I gasped, my eyes flying open. I started to protest until she slid them inside, working them in and out as I rubbed myself. It felt too good for me to say no. I could hear the two girls on the TV, moaning and crying out, but I couldn’t open my eyes to watch. I was too distracted by Erica’s mouth and hand.

“Do you really want to know what a tongue feels like?” she whispered against my breast. I met her eyes, and saw how hungry she was and wondered if I looked that way, too, when I was watching her. “I’ll do it to you... do you want me to?”

I groaned, contemplating just what exactly was a mortal sin, as the heat between my thighs went from blazing to white-hot at the thought. I shook my head, but the word that came out of my mouth was, “Yes!”

Before I knew what was happening, she was between my legs, and the sensation of her tongue moving between my lips was like nothing I had imagined. It was beyond pleasure, really. There weren't words for how good it felt when her soft, eager tongue found my clit and started licking there.

"Oh Jesus, Mary and Joseph," I moaned, my head going back, letting myself go completely, I knew I couldn't stop it if I tried. Her fingers moved in and out of my wetness and she lapped and sucked at my clit, making soft wet sounds between my legs. She made an encouraging noise in her throat, reaching her other hand up under my blouse to tug at my nipple, increasing the sensation more than I thought was possible.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god!" I cried, arching and twisting against her. It felt so good, I never wanted it to end. My pussy was throbbing under her mouth, and I knew I couldn't hold back, even as much as I wanted to. She was going to make me come, her tongue moving fast, back and forth over my clit, her fingers keeping the same rhythm, urging me on.

"Erica!" I gasped, wanting to somehow give her a warning, or to express to her how good it felt, how incredible it was, but all that I could manage was, "Now!"

My whole body shuddered and thrust against her as I came, and her tongue moved even faster, the vibration of her moaning against my pussy making my climax even more intense. It went on and on, my pussy contracting around her fingers, drawing them in deeper, my clit fluttering against her lapping

tongue. When the tremors began to subside, she rested her cheek against my thigh, her hair tickling me there.

I couldn't open my eyes, too overwhelmed with feeling—and shame. How could I have let her do that? In the wake of the sensation, rational thought finally returned. She was moving up next to me, her breath warm against my cheek, and there was a musky kind of smell on her breath that I knew was from having her face buried between my thighs.

“Didn't it feel good?” She pressed the length of her body against mine.

I nodded, not opening my eyes. Good wasn't the word for it. I swallowed hard, still a little breathless, and that's when I felt her lips touching mine. They were soft, warm, and wet. Her whole face was wet—her cheeks, her chin. My eyes flew open when her tongue touched mine, and the taste in her mouth was tangy and strange.

“You taste good,” she whispered, breaking the kiss and looking at me. Her eyes searched mine, hungry, pleading. “Can it be my turn now?”

I bit my lip, feeling something tighten in my belly.

“Please?” She rolled off me, pulling up her skirt and spreading her lips. Her pussy glistened, and her finger nudged her clit, showing me. “Just right here. Just lick it a little.”

Shaky, I sat up and knelt between her legs, looking down at her. She looked almost shy, like she was afraid I would say no, and that decided me. I stretched out between her thighs, spreading them wider to make room for me, the skin there so soft it was shocking against my palms.

“Here,” she said again, her finger pointing to the small, hooded nub of flesh.

I took a deep breath and touched my tongue to it, moving just the tip back and forth as she spread herself wide. The taste wasn’t much different from what I’d tasted in her mouth. The smell was kind of musky, and her curly blonde hairs tickled my nose a little.

“Oh Leah,” she moaned, arching, pressing up against my tongue. “Yes, yes, like that!”

The sounds she made were encouraging and I moved my tongue faster, sinking deeper into her flesh. She moaned louder, rolling her hips, encouraging me to do circles, and I licked her that way, my tongue flat, moving around and around. Her breath came faster, and she moved her hands up to her breasts, pulling on her nipples as I licked her.

Her swollen pussy lips swallowed mine now that she wasn’t spreading herself open, and I had to really move in, now, to keep on her clit, my nose pressed against the soft hairs of her mound. Between my own saliva and her juices, I felt like I was drowning, and all I could do was swallow as I tried to keep up that same, fast rhythm against her clit.

“That’s it,” she whispered, looking down at me, her eyes just slits. “You’re doing it... oh god, Leah, you’re gonna make me come again.”

The power in those words was incredible and my own pussy contracted, aching, as she started to climax, and I could feel the quiver of her against my lapping tongue as she moaned and rocked against my mouth. Her hands pulled

at me then, and I moved from between her legs, coming to lay next to her on the bed.

“Mmmmmm...” Her hands were moving over her thighs like they had after her orgasm the day before, just petting herself lightly. She looked over at me and smiled. “Doesn’t it feel good to be bad?”

I touched my lips, still wet with her juices, and nodded. I had to admit—it really did.

Chapter Four

Being bad was a slippery slope. I found myself slipping, and I couldn't seem to stop it. I sat between my parents at mass on Sunday and tried not to listen. Instead I counted the word "sin." Forty-seven sins. Father Michael said the word "sin" forty-seven times, and the one time he was practically yelling from the altar: "How tender is our flesh! How hard our hearts! How much more aware are we of suffering than of sin!" and it made my heart leap to my throat.

But there I was, skipping school again on a Friday, sitting in Erica's room, listening to music and drinking one of the beers that Bobby had brought with him while I watched them slow dance. I was feeling just how tender my flesh really was, how vulnerable and aching. Just seeing their bodies touching, swaying together, made me long for something that I knew was a sin.

And I just couldn't deny it anymore. It was all I thought about, no matter what I was doing—standing in the shower, sitting in class, eating my mother's pork chops—I couldn't stop thinking about seeing Mr. Nolan lying on his bed with his hand wrapped around his cock.

But it wasn't just watching him that night that had me spinning, it was also the way he smiled at me the next day, the way he reached out and touched the corner of my mouth with the napkin when he shared his bagel, the dark look in his eyes when they fell between my legs that morning. Watching Erica and Bobby, the way they nuzzled each other and kissed, I had a startling revelation, and I knew then that I was really in trouble—I was falling for my best friend's dad.

I finished the last of my beer, seeing Bobby's hand slip under Erica's shirt, and stood, hanging onto the edge of the night table when the room tilted sideways and my head started buzzing. I'd only had two other beers in my whole life, and this afternoon, watching Erica and Bobby together, I'd had four.

"I'm gonna leave you two alone," I murmured, seeing their tongues twining together, Erica's leg wrapping around Bobby's calf as he moved his hand under her shirt, the other edging her skirt up so high I could see her panties as he squeezed the flesh of her ass in his hand. "Let you guys have the bed."

They broke off kissing and Erica looked at me. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah." I inched past them toward the door.

"You don't have to." Bobby's his eyes swept toward the hem of my skirt. "Why don't you stay...and play?"

My eyes met Erica's and I knew she'd told him about us, I just knew it from the way she bit her lip and looked away so fast. My face burned, my chest tightened, and I shook my head.

"Three's a crowd," I insisted, opening her door and not looking back at them as I shut it behind me.

I stood in the hallway, leaning back against the wall because I was having that dizzy, buzzing feeling in my head, still. They were whispering, and I heard the bedsprings and knew they were making out. I don't know how long I was there, but it was a while, standing and contemplating Mr. Nolan's bedroom door. It wasn't until I heard Erica moan and say, "Oooh yeah, lick it!" that I made up my mind.

I'd never been in his room all by myself. It felt like I was walking into a secret, and the anticipation in my tummy was tight and tingly. I laid down on his bed, telling myself that I was just a little drunk, dizzy still, but I turned on my belly and buried my face in his pillow, smelling his lingering scent and remembering him. There was nothing I could do but think about it—how his cock had swollen in his hand, how fast he pumped it, the words he used (“Fuck that hot little cunt!”) that made my face burn and my pussy wet.

Sliding off the bed to the floor, I reached underneath and slid out the box. Inside there were hundreds, thousands of images, all graphic, colorful and compelling. Even just in the short time that we'd been exploring the collection under Mr. Nolan's bed, I found myself less aroused by the photos than I did by the videos. It seemed like some sort of progression—the more I saw, the more I wanted.

I looked longingly at the television, but I didn't want to disturb Erica and Bobby or draw too much attention to myself, so I leaned back against the bed, pulling my skirt up and settling down with one of the magazines called *Private*. The first couple pictures were girls together, licking and touching each other, and I couldn't help but remember Erica's tongue between my legs.

Slipping my hand under my panties, I parted my lips, rubbing my finger over my clit. Erica was getting her pussy licked right now, I thought, and I wished I had a tongue, too. My hand felt good, moving back and forth in the wetness, but just one experience of feeling a mouth between my legs had made me a little

unsatisfied with just my fingers. I balanced the magazine in my lap, flipping the pages and rubbing myself.

There was a girl dressed in a plaid skirt and blouse that reminded me of our uniforms who was sitting at a desk, teasing her teacher by opening her legs and showing him that she didn't have any panties. In the next picture, he was using his pointer to smack her bottom, and seeing her bent over the desk, her legs spread, and the way he squeezed his cock in his hand like that made me gasp and rub a little faster.

It was too hard to turn the pages like this, I decided, and I stood, pulling my panties off and lying on my stomach on the bed with the magazine in front of me. I reached under my belly to find my clit, flipping pages with my other hand. Now she had his cock in her mouth, and it was clear that he was ordering her to suck it. There was a whole series of those, showing her tongue rolling around the tip and his cock pressed deep into her mouth with his hand grabbing her head and a close-up of the cock head against her pink, outstretched tongue.

My fingers made wet noises as I rubbed myself, teasing my clit as I turned the pages. In the next picture, she was lying on his big desk with her legs pulled back as he licked her and I whimpered, aching to feel a tongue. Erica's mouth had felt so good between my legs and I closed my eyes for a moment, resting my cheek on the bed as I remembered, arching my back and raising my bottom in the air. I slipped my fingers into my pussy, using my thumb to tease my clit and rocked against my hand.

The memory of Erica licking me changed into the fantasy of Mr. Nolan between my legs. What would it feel like to have his tongue there? I wondered. What about his cock? I moaned, feeling flushed and hot as I squirmed on the bed, my nipples hard underneath me, and I wanted to touch them. I rolled over onto my back, pulling my shirt up and my bra down, exposing my breasts.

I imagined his mouth sucking my nipples as I tugged on them, lost in the fantasy of him kneeling between my legs and licking my breasts and he stroked his hard cock against my pussy. I fingered myself faster, slipping two in, and working hard to get yet another finger into my flesh. Would a cock stretch me open like that? Would he fuck me hard and fast and long, and groan and grunt on top of me like the guys in the movies?

I moaned, trying to be quiet, picturing him between my legs, telling me how much he wanted me, how desperate he was to fuck me. Would I let him? My heart was racing, my breath coming in short gasps as I fingered myself, and I knew I would, I knew I wanted him to.

“Yes,” I whispered, arching my back and pressing toward the imaginary man between my thighs. “Oh yes, fuck me, Mr. Nolan. Put that big, hard cock in my wet little cunt!” Just whispering the words, hearing them out loud, was beyond exciting. I whimpered and squirmed and fucked myself faster. I wanted it, I wanted him, and I was lost in the sensation.

“Leah?”

I gasped, my eyes flying open to see Mr. Nolan standing in the doorway. He shut the door behind him, his face a mask of shock and something else I didn't quite recognize.

"Oh my god!" I pulled my wet hand away and snapping my legs closed as I pulled my blouse down to cover my exposed breasts. The thought of what he'd seen wasn't nearly as shameful to me as the thought that he might have heard me fantasizing about him, calling his name! My heart was pounding and I could feel my face burning as I sat on the edge of the bed. "Mr. Nolan, I..."

What? What could I possibly say? He had caught me masturbating on his bed—what kind of apologies could I make? I just wanted to run and hide. He was still carrying his briefcase and he set it down and walked toward me, his eyes sweeping over the box pulled out from under the bed, the magazine on the bedspread, and back to me.

"I—" he started, looking almost as shocked as I felt, like he didn't know what to say either. "I came home early to—" He didn't finish his sentence and I noticed he was staring at my hand, still wet with my juices. His eyes fell to the floor, and he stepped back, realizing that he was standing on my discarded pair of panties.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, looking down at my hands and wiping them on my skirt. "I shouldn't... I was..."

He took a deep breath, running a hand through his hair. "Listen... it's okay..."

I glanced up at him and saw him struggling, his face working, the words trying to come out. "These are... these are adult things that you're looking at. These kinds of images... they're not for young people. Sex isn't about this... well... these, what you're looking at, these are just about sex. This isn't what love is about... Oh, hell. What a mess." He closed his eyes and put a hand over them, shaking his head.

"It's okay." I wanted to make him feel better somehow. My own embarrassment was starting to fade as I sensed his. "I know... I just... I'd never seen anything like these before..."

Looking down at me, he nodded. "I imagine you haven't."

"They made me feel... funny..." I explained, blushing. "Down there.... and I couldn't help touching myself."

"It's normal," he said, and I saw him swallow. "Those feelings are all normal. These pictures... all they're meant to do is to arouse you. To make you feel... funny... like that."

"Is that what you do with them?" I met his eyes, feeling bolder as I remembered how he had touched himself.

"Like I said..." He cleared his throat, grabbing the magazine off the bed and tossing it into the box. Closing the lid, he kicked it back under the bed.

"These are... adult things..."

My fear and shame faded almost immediately at his words. "I'm an adult."

He smiled, shaking his head. "You think you are."

My jaw tight, my anger making me bold, I leaned back on the bed and opened my legs, showing him what he had only seen a glimpse of that morning in the kitchen. "Do I still look like a little girl to you?"

He stared, his face going first white and then red. "Leah... no..."

Sitting next to me on the bed, he pulled me to sitting and took my hand. It was the same hand that had been pressed against my pussy just minutes ago. "There's a lot more to sex than this... it's really complicated... and I'm sorry that you found these, that you were exposed to this... that's my fault..."

I rolled my eyes at the lecture, at him trying so hard, and I slid my hand out of his to squeeze his thigh. I wanted to bridge the gap between us that he seemed intent on keeping. "I saw you, Mr. Nolan."

His jaw dropped and he looked at me, incredulous. "Saw... me?"

"The night you came into the bathroom... do you remember that?"

Glancing at him, I saw him nod, his face pale again.

"I watched you," I admitted, my voice almost a whisper. "Touching yourself."

"Oh Christ," he whispered, closing his eyes.

"I can't stop thinking about it," I confessed. "Seeing you stroke yourself while you watched that man on the screen... fuck those two girls..."

His eyes met mine, and I could see the shock in them at my language, but there was something else, too, that wasn't just shock. I'd seen it before, in the kitchen when he'd looked up my skirt, and a moment ago, too, when he'd walked in and caught me masturbating.

“I can’t stop thinking about you,” I whispered, moving my hand up his thigh, high enough to feel that he was hard. I was encouraged by that, and the alcohol made me feel more free, like I’d drunk some liquid courage.

“Leah... I know this kind of thing can be confusing...” He took my hand and put it in my lap with a shaky sigh.

“I’m not confused,” I insisted, sliding down to the floor and kneeling between his legs. He was shaking his head, but I wrapped my arms around his waist, pressing my cheek against his crotch and nuzzling there.

“Oh hell,” he whispered, and I felt his hand moving in my hair, the lightest of touches.

“Please...” I murmured, turning my face, so my mouth was moving over the hard length of him against his trousers. “I want to...”

I had him unzipped quickly, and I reached in to find him, looking up into his eyes. He was dazed, startled, even a little horrified, but there was something underneath that, and whatever it was kept him from stopping me. He didn’t say no as I freed his cock and took it into my hand.

Remembering how he had touched himself, I wrapped my hand around the shaft and started moving it up and down the length. His eyes closed for a moment and he moaned when I pulled all the skin up toward the tip. He was getting lost in the pleasure and sensation as I stroked him, wrapping my other hand around it, too.

He jumped when I leaned in and kissed the tip. “Whoa, wait...”

Remembering my practice with Erica's vibrator, and not wanting him to make me stop, I slipped my mouth down onto him, taking just about half until I couldn't take any more. He tasted different than I expected, a little acrid at first, the skin soft, but the flesh hard under my tongue. He moaned, looking down as I came back up on his cock, licking around the head.

"Leah, you need to stop. We can't... where is Erica?" he asked, as if, in his shock, this had just occurred to him.

"In her bedroom... with Bobby." My hand moved up and down on him. I was fascinated with the way the skin moved over the hardness underneath.

His eyes widened, and something flashed there—anger? I slipped my mouth down around him again, wanting to distract him, not wanting him to think about it.

"Does it feel good?" I asked as I came up on him again, running my tongue around and around like Erica had shown me. I saw him struggling, wrestling with something inside of himself, and I wanted to win out. I knelt up between his thighs, pulling my shirt up and exposing my breasts, wiggling between his legs.

"Isn't it funny...?" I whispered. "Doing this just makes me want to touch myself." He groaned, watching as I pulled my skirt up, rubbing my pussy as I slid back down to kiss and lick the head of his cock.

"Please," he murmured as I took him in again, halfway, making him wet with my saliva. "Oh Leah, my god..."

I had seen enough in the movies we'd watched already to know what to do. I worked my head up and down, faster and faster, never taking my eyes off his face. I could see that struggle start to dissipate as I sucked him. Something else took over and he started to thrust against me, and I knew it was all right when his hand moved into my hair and he started pressing me down even further on his cock.

I made little noises around his shaft, still rubbing myself, pressing my fingers deep inside of me. My jaw was starting to ache, but I didn't care, I kept on sucking him, hungry and eager, wanting to make him feel good.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, watching me through half-closed eyes. "Suck it, baby... god, that's so good!"

His words encouraged me and I used my other hand around the base, stroking as I sucked, making him buck and jerk under my hands. His breath was coming faster and faster, and I could feel the tension in his thighs.

"Ohhh fuck," he groaned, pressing my head down so far I nearly choked on his length, working his cockhead back into my throat. "You're gonna make me come!"

I whimpered, looking up at him, not sucking him so much anymore as he was fucking my mouth, using my lips and tongue and the soft wetness to seek his release. The intensity of it was too much, and I shivered, my fingers plunging in and out of my pussy as I started to come, my orgasm shaking my whole body as he grabbed my head and shoved it down against his crotch.

He made a low growling noise as I felt the first blast against the roof of my mouth. It came in waves, flooding my tongue, hot and acrid and I didn't know what to do with it, so I started to swallow, the taste burning my throat and making my eyes water as he continued to pump into my mouth. I kept his cock there, sucking gently as he shuddered against me, swallowing the last of him and pressing my whole hand over my throbbing mound, my orgasm slowly subsiding.

"Oh god," he murmured, opening his eyes and looking down at me. That look was back again and he frowned. "I'm sorry... we shouldn't..."

"Leah?" It was Erica's voice, and I heard her bedroom door open.

My eyes wide, I stood, grabbing my panties off the floor and running into the bathroom. I saw a last glimpse of Mr. Nolan's shocked, stunned face before I shut the door.

"I'm in the bathroom!" I called, hurrying to straighten my bra and blouse, tucking it into my skirt and slipping my panties back on. I flushed the toilet and ran the water fast, as if I had actually gone, and then opened the door.

She was standing in the hallway and I hissed, "Your dad's home! We need to get Bobby out of here!"

"Oh shit!" She motioned to Bobby to grab the beer. We rushed around, grabbing empties and hurrying downstairs and outside as quietly as we could.

"He's going to kill me," Erica moaned as we ran around the side of the house. "Oh my god, I'm so dead."

"I don't think so," I panted, breathless. She gave me a funny look and I shrugged.

I didn't think Mr. Nolan was going to say anything at all to her about it. In fact, I was almost positive he wouldn't.

Chapter Five

“Whoa, where are you going?” Erica exclaimed, smearing nail polish on my hand when Mr. Nolan came around the corner into the kitchen.

“Erica!” I protested, grabbing a Q-Tip and dipping it into the nail polish remover and swabbing at the red stripe on my finger. “Watch what you’re doing.”

“That’s a godawful smell!” Mr. Nolan made a face, grabbing his coat off the back of my chair. His hand brushed my shoulder and I shivered, looking back at him.

“Wow,” I breathed, my eyes wide. He was dressed in black jeans and a light blue button-down shirt. I’d seen him in a suit, and in casual clothes, but never dressed quite like this. He’d even gotten a haircut, and the cologne he was wearing was making me dizzy. “You smell fantastic.”

He smiled, but didn’t meet my eyes. It had been like that since that day in his room—he avoided me and would barely even look at me, although I had tried a couple times to talk to him.

“Thanks.” He shrugged on his coat. “Erica, I’m going out.”

“Yeah, I gathered that,” she replied, still staring. “But where?”

He cleared his throat, shifting from foot to foot. “On a date.”

“Wow.” Erica raised her eyebrows. “About time.”

I couldn’t say anything. My heart was beating too hard in my throat.

“You girls be good,” he said, looking at me then. I swallowed hard and dropped my eyes to the floor.

“So who is this girl?” Erica cocked her head at him.

“Woman,” he corrected, straightening the collar of his jacket and glancing at me. My stomach was clenched and aching. “Someone from work.”

“And how long have you known her?” Erica pressed on, and I began rubbing furiously at the red nail polish spot on my skin.

“Long enough.” He gave her a smile. “No third degrees, alright?”

“Well, she must be pretty special.” Erica frowned, dipping the drying nail polish brush back into the bottle. “I can count on one hand the number of dates you’ve gone on since mom died.”

“She’s... just a girl.” He grabbed his keys off the rack on the wall.

“Woman,” he corrected himself, clearing his throat again. “And we’re meeting for drinks. Very casual kind of date.”

“Well, you look great, Mr. Nolan,” I said, holding my hand out as Erica started painting my nails again. I knew my heart was in my eyes, and something moved over his face when he looked at me, something pained and it made me want to cry.

“Thanks, Leah,” he said. “I won’t be too late. You girls be good.” He said it again, with an emphasis on *good*. “I mean it.”

“We will,” Erica assured him. “We’ve got chick flicks, microwave popcorn and nail polish—we’re set for the night.”

He laughed, reaching over and brushing Erica’s hair out of her eyes. “You two are something else.” I tilted my face up to look at him as he passed, wanting him to touch me, too, but knowing he wouldn’t.

“Well how about that,” Erica said as the front door closed behind him. “My dad, on a date.”

“He’s still a man.” I watched her hand tremble slightly as she moved the brush toward my nails. “I imagine he misses... women...”

Erica nodded, turning my hand a little for a better angle. “It’s been five years... I guess it’s about time.”

In spite of her words, she didn’t look any happier about the prospect of her dad going on a date than I did, and while we went through the motions, watching *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants* and eating popcorn and getting our newly-painted nails all buttery, both of our thoughts were elsewhere.

It wasn’t until I was tucked into the sleeping bag on the floor and Erica had turned out the light that one of us mentioned it again. “I wish my mom was here.” Erica sighed.

I nodded, feeling tears prick my eyes, but didn’t say anything. Mrs. Nolan had been like my second mom. I couldn’t remember much about that time, except that Erica missed a lot of school, and the few times I was allowed over that year, I remembered Mrs. Nolan wearing a scarf on her head, her face gaunt, but her smile and her voice were always the same.

“I guess this is how life goes on,” she whispered in the dark. I moved out of my sleeping bag and crept up into the bed, lying next to her. I couldn’t imagine losing my mother—I couldn’t for a minute know what it must feel like. I just knew I wanted to comfort her.

She sniffed and pulled my arm over her as she turned toward the wall. We fell asleep that way, her first—her breathing going from those soft little hitches to a deep, even cadence—and then me, drifting off to the rise and fall of her back against my chest.

I woke up twice that night. The first time, I heard voices. Erica was sleeping soundly, snoring a little, and I slipped my arm out from under hers and eased off the bed. When I opened her door, I could hear the voices more clearly. It was Mr. Nolan and a woman.

I should have closed the door and gone back to sleep, but I didn't. They were downstairs, so I crept onto the landing until I could see where they were sitting side-by-side and kissing on the couch. All of their clothes were on, but the woman had her leg up over his, and her skirt was riding high up her thigh. Mr. Nolan's hand was there, pressing it up further.

"Oh, wait," the blonde murmured, breaking their kiss. Mr. Nolan's mouth traveled down her neck, his hand moving further up her thigh. "Rob, wait, wait..."

He stopped then, his breath coming so fast I could hear it from where I was sitting, peeking through the railing.

"I... think I should go home." She extracted her leg from his and smoothed her skirt. "I like you, but maybe we should... go a little slower."

He sighed and nodded as she picked up her purse. "Are you sure you're okay to drive home?"

"I'm fine." She leaned over to kiss his cheek. "I had a good time."

“Me, too,” he agreed, standing and helping her up. I slipped further up the stairs as they started toward the door. “I’ll call you.”

“You better,” she purred, and I couldn’t see them anymore, but I could tell they were kissing. I went quietly back to Erica’s room with a tight, burning ball in the pit of my stomach. I climbed back into the sleeping bag and hugged my pillow. I thought I wouldn’t be able to sleep, but I drifted off before I even heard him come upstairs for the night.

The second time I woke up, I had to pee. I didn’t know what time it was, but I stumbled to the bathroom, still half-asleep. I pulled my panties down and sat, rubbing at my eyes, and I was about to flush when I noticed that flickering light under Mr. Nolan’s door again.

I knew I shouldn’t, but I eased the door open, seeing him stretched out on his bed, his cock in his hand while the television revealed a close-up view of some guy’s cock being sucked. That hot tingly feeling started between my legs as I watched, remembering Mr. Nolan’s hand in my hair as he shoved himself to the back of my throat like the guy on the screen.

I peeked through the growing gap in the door, letting it swing half open as Mr. Nolan’s hand shuttled up and down the length of his shaft. He stopped with a groan to squeeze the tip for a moment before resuming again. My palm cupped the hot, damp crotch of my panties and I took a tentative step into the room, the soft carpet a pleasant shock to my bare feet after the cold tile of the bathroom floor.

Edging past the closet, I heard his breathing now, fast and labored, his fist pumping hard. He couldn't see me and he didn't hear me, creeping up beside him, just like I hadn't heard Erica that day. He was too focused on his pleasure, watching the scene on the television. My fingers moved my panties aside, searching the soft heat of my pussy to find my clit and rub it as I crept closer still.

The movie's volume was soft, but audible, the moans and slaps of flesh clear as the guy knelt between the blonde's legs, aiming himself towards her pink center. I watched for a moment as he pulled out, slick and hard, and slid back in again with a moan. Mr. Nolan moaned, too, his eyes closing tight as he squeezed his cockhead again with a hiss.

Sliding my panties down over my hips, I left them on the floor, moving to stand beside Mr. Nolan's bed, my heart pounding, the heat and tingling between my legs too incredible to ignore. I didn't say anything, but he sensed me there, I think, because he startled even before he opened his eyes and saw me.

"Leah!" His instinct was to cover himself, but he was laying on the made bed, and his fingers futilely grasped the top of the comforter caught underneath his weight.

"It's okay," I whispered, spreading my lips open, showing him in the dim, changing light from the television.

"No," he said, shaking his head, but I saw that his erection hadn't waned at all. In fact, it seemed to swell as I parted my pussy and looked down at him, his eyes staying glued between my legs.

I slid a finger inside, then another, seeing his face change, caught between pleasure and pain. Then his hand moved between his legs to squeeze his cock, and I smiled.

“I’m not a little girl anymore,” I insisted, reaching for the edge of my t-shirt with wet fingers and peeling it off, pulling it over my head and letting it drop to the floor.

“Oh Leah,” he breathed, his eyes inching their way up my narrow waist, over the soft swell of my breasts, to meet mine.

“Am I pretty?” I bit my lip and ran my fingertips over my belly, circling my hardening nipples.

He groaned, his response hoarse. “Yes.”

“Do you want me?” My fingers trailed between my legs and I opened myself for him again.

“Yes.” His eyes closed against it, but I was still there when he opened them a moment later, my fingers working my clit in little circles.

“It feels good,” I whispered, rubbing it faster. “Touching it right here.”

“Yes.” He nodded, licking his lips and watching. His hand was moving on his cock again.

I moaned, reaching my other hand up to tug at my nipple, closing my eyes for a moment as I touched myself. It felt so good, too good to stop, and the minute I got lost in the darkness, I heard everything more clearly—the movie in the background, the soft sounds of lust, Mr. Nolan’s hand moving up and down his shaft and the wet sound of my fingers between my lips.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Mr. Nolan reaching for me, his fingers outstretched towards my pussy, but not touching. My heart skipped and my pussy clenched and I pressed forward so his fingers brushed my pubic hair.

“Feels good when someone rubs it for me.” I slid my fingers out from between my lips and nudged my mound toward his hand. He shook his head, swallowing, but he found me, making me gasp when his fingers sank into my flesh, exploring the soft, smooth walls inside.

“Yessss,” I moaned when his big thumb moved over my clit, back and forth, his fingers stretching me open.

The hand moving on his cock had slowed as he concentrated between my legs, making me rock and whimper against his hand. When I leaned over to touch him, grasping the shaft and rubbing the tip with my thumb, he gasped, his fingers pressing up into me hard. I wanted to make him feel good, too, and I pulled my long, dark hair out of the way as I leaned over to kiss the tip of his cock.

“Oh Leah,” he groaned as I twisted my body, trying to take him into my mouth from this angle. I could only get the tip in, sucking hard, making him jump. Frustrated, I put a knee on the bed, looking for a better position.

“Come here.” His hand slipped out of my wetness, making me cry out, wanting his fingers back.

He was pulling me, his hands on my hips, making me straddle his chest. I could reach his cock easily like this, and my mouth slipped over the head,

exploring it with my tongue. He made a low noise, grabbing my ass in his hands and pulling me back.

“Oh god!” I cried when his mouth moved between my legs, his tongue searching, hungry, between my lips. I tried to hold myself up, away from him a little, worried that he couldn’t breathe, but he wrapped his arms around my hips and pulled me in tight.

Groaning against my pussy, he started to lick and suck at me like he couldn’t get enough, no rhyme or reason to it, just pure lust on the tip of his tongue. I gasped and rocked, my fingers squeezing his cock, my mouth just over the head, liking the smooth, spongy feeling of it between my lips.

His fingers found me again, spreading me open, plunging inside. I twisted and bucked on top of him, feeling him suck my clit into his mouth, the sensation beyond heaven. I moaned, licking and sucking around that ridge of flesh at the tip of him—the better his tongue made me feel, the faster I pumped his cock into my mouth.

“Mr. Nolan,” I whispered, my hand stopping on him, tightening, feeling my pussy beginning to contract. “Oh that’s it!”

He groaned, sucking and licking at my pussy as I came, spreading me wide as I flooded him with my juices. The sensation made me gasp and arch and squirm against his face, not caring anymore if he could breathe, just riding the wave of my climax.

When it was over, I rested my cheek against his thigh, panting and breathless, awkward now in this position. I struggled to climb off him and he

helped me so that I was lying next to him on the bed, his face near mine. I realized that I had never even kissed him, but that didn't last long, because he was pulling my mouth to his, his tongue searching for mine.

I couldn't breathe, he was kissing me so hard, pulling me so I was stretched out on top of him now, his hands everywhere at once. It went on for a long time like that, kissing and touching, our mouths exploring, but all the while I was extremely aware of his hard cock trapped between our slick bellies.

When he dipped his head down to capture one of my nipples, I moaned, arching, my fingers gripping his hair. His tongue made circles, his hands cupping my breasts, and then we were rolling, him on top of me, his arms holding his weight off as he sucked and tongued my nipples. It was making me crazy with longing, and I could feel his cock lower, now, resting between my legs.

"Please," I moaned, reaching down to touch him. He was throbbing in my hand, like steel heat. I rubbed him over my pussy, and the sensation made me shiver and rub faster. He groaned, kissing me, his tongue plunging deep into my mouth.

"Whoa," he whispered, breaking our kiss, as I spread my legs wide and pressed the head of his cock against my pussy, right there, the place where I knew he could slide inside.

"Please!" I rocked my hips, squeezing my pussy around just the head of his cock.

"Are you sure?" His eyes met mine in the dimness.

I nodded, my hands running down over his back and my legs wrapping around his waist, trying to pull him into me.

“Okay,” he murmured, taking my hands and putting them above my head. He grasped my wrists in one hand, pinning them there. Puzzled, I looked up at him, feeling the shift of his cockhead between my lips.

“This is your first time.” It wasn’t a question—he said it like he knew, and I nodded.

“This... may hurt a little,” he explained, shifting forward as he said it, and I gasped, his cock enormous as it pressed its way into my flesh. “Only at first...”

“Ohhhh!” I cried, feeling something stretch and burn between my legs, and I struggled under him, but he kept his hold on my wrists, murmuring something into my ear to calm me.

“It’s okay.” He kissed my cheek, but he didn’t stop, pressing forward more and more, filling me with such an intense pressure I could barely stand it.

“Wait, oh god!” I squirmed under him, looking for a way out, until he was buried all the way inside of me, resting there, both of us panting with the effort. “Mr. Nolan, please!”

“It’s okay,” he whispered again, letting my hands go, and I grasped his upper arms, the fullness between my legs so incredible I thought I would die.

“Touch yourself, Leah. Show me, like you did before.”

Whimpering, I reached my hand down between us, unable to believe that I could feel good there again with him stretching me open so wide, but my pussy was wet, and I found my clit, rubbing it a little.

“That’s it,” he encouraged, beginning to move between my legs. He was making circles with his hips as I rubbed myself. “Rub it faster, baby.”

I did, that tingle beginning again, spreading through my pelvis and my belly, like a slow heat. He was moving slowly in and out, now, short, easy strokes, his eyes on my face.

“It feels good,” I murmured, looking up at him, and he smiled, sinking deeper next time, pulling out further. I let my fingers explore, touching the place where he was going into me with wonder and awe. He was inside of me!

“God, Leah!” He was moving, faster, deeper. “You’re so tight...”

“Does it feel good?” I watched his face change, seeing the pleasure there.

“Oh yeah,” he groaned, pumping harder.

Over his shoulder, I could see the movie still going, the two people on the screen a reflection of what we were doing on the bed, but I didn’t need to watch. Mr. Nolan was fucking me, his cock slipping in and out of my pussy, making the bedsprings squeak and the headboard bounce against the wall, but we were both oblivious to it, lost.

“More,” I whispered into his ear, arching up to meet him. My fingers on my clit and the feeling of being filled all at once was taking me to places I couldn’t have imagined.

He pounded me against the bed, grunting with the effort of every thrust. His breath was hot over my face and I kissed him, sucking his tongue like he had mine, making him moan and press into me deep.

“Leah,” he groaned, breaking our kiss, and I felt something in my body respond to his intensity, finally letting go.

I trembled beneath him, my eyes closing, rubbing fast and hard and taking myself right over the edge. My pussy began to flutter around the hard length of him, and I’d never felt anything so good as coming with a hard cock buried inside of me.

“Oh god,” he moaned as my muscles contracted around him, drawing him in deeper, and I gasped and whimpered when he pulled out of me, kneeling up between my legs and grabbing my hand.

“Take it!” He insisted, and I did, grasping the slick shaft and tugging on him. He moaned, jerking in my hand, and began to come, too. I watched, breathless, as he shot a hot stream of cum over my belly, then another, not as far, the white fluid falling onto the dark triangle between my legs. He gripped my thighs, his face twisted in pleasure as wave after wave of his cum erupted through my fist and onto my pussy. Collapsing onto me, he kissed me again, cradling me in his arms and rolling so that we were pressed together, side by side, our bellies sticky and slick with sweat and cum.

“Are you okay?” He touched my cheek, stroking my hair.

I nodded, snuggling closer to him, not knowing how to tell him that I’d never felt so okay in my whole life.

Chapter Six

The first time I saw him after what happened was in the supermarket. I was running back to get a head of lettuce for my mother and there he was, standing in the produce section with one of those hand carts, putting a quart of strawberries in. I almost didn't say anything at all, but the sight of him made me feel like melting and I couldn't help it.

"Hi, Mr. Nolan."

He fumbled his basket, turning. "Leah!"

We stood there for a moment, and I knew he was remembering the other night. I had an urge to touch him and fought it. His eyes moved over my uniform—mom had picked me up early from school for a dentist appointment and then we'd come here—lingering at the hem of my skirt and then moving up again.

I glanced into his basket. "Strawberries and chocolate?"

"Yes." He cleared his throat, letting the basket down to swing at his side, as if he didn't want me to see. He nodded toward what was in my hands.

"Lettuce?"

"My mom's making taco salad." I peered into his basket anyway. "For dinner tonight. She's waiting in line."

"Well, then." He turned and picked up a pint of blueberries—a clear dismissal, and my chest burned with it. "Guess you better get back."

"Wine?" I crossed my arms and nodded toward his basket. "And shrimp... and capers... and pine nuts?"

“Yes.” His voice was hard. “I’m making a nice dinner for Jennifer this weekend.”

“Leah!” It was my mother’s voice from behind me.

“She’s the one you came home with that night.” I frowned. Something thick was lodged in my throat. “The blonde?”

He nodded, putting the blueberries back and looking over my shoulder. His voice changed, becoming that fake tone that all the adults around me seemed to speak in. “Patty! How are you?”

“Hi, Rob.” My mother pushed the cart up beside me. “I’m good, how are you and Erica?”

“Great.” He smiled. It wasn’t his real smile. I tried to catch his eye but he was clearly avoiding me.

“Can you believe they’re seniors already?” My mother reached for the lettuce and I relinquished it. “I forgot the cheese, too, Leah. I don’t know where my head is lately!”

“They sure do grow fast,” Mr. Nolan agreed, still avoiding my eyes. “It was good seeing you both. I’ve got to run.”

“Mr. Nolan,” I said and he turned back, only halfway, his body stiff. “Erica and I need to work on our senior project this weekend. Can I stay over?”

“That’s due next week, isn’t it?” My mother put her heel up on the bottom rack of the cart. She was still in her work clothes and when she leaned forward, her blouse parted at the neck. I saw Mr. Nolan’s eyes settle there and I made a

face at him, but he didn't see it. "Maybe Erica can spend the night at our place, instead? I hardly ever see Leah anymore, it seems!"

Mr. Nolan raised his eyebrows. "That would be—"

"Oh, wait!" My mother sighed, opening her purse and glancing at me. "I forgot, your father and I are having that investment club thing at our place this weekend."

"That's all right." His jaw tightened and I noticed that his hand was gripping the handle of the basket hard—his knuckles were white.

"I'm sorry, Rob," she apologized, flipping through her date book. "Yep, it's this weekend."

"So we can do it at your house, then, Mr. Nolan?" I moved to stand slightly behind my mother and winked at him from there. "Since it's due next week and all..."

"That would be a favor to us, too." My mother smiled at Mr. Nolan, leaning forward again, almost like she knew he was looking. "I'd appreciate it."

His eyes went from her to me and when I knew I had his attention, I put my finger to my mouth and touched my lower lip, wetting it and rubbing it there, trying to tell him with my eyes how much I wanted him. I think he got the message—his face went white and he looked quickly back to my mother. His mouth opened to speak but nothing coming out.

Finally, he pursed his lips, blinking fast, and nodded. "Sure, Patty. That's fine."

I smiled, trying to get his attention, but he turned away, saying, “Good to see you.” He didn’t sound like he meant it, though, and he started walking away without even looking back.

My mother started pushing our cart in the other direction, heading towards the dairy section. I followed her, my head filled with thoughts of Mr. Nolan, my chest burning with the thought of him making dinner for some woman. I knew I had foiled his plan—and then I felt a twinge of guilt.

“Oh, damn,” my mother swore, holding the salsa. “Leah, this is mild, and I know you guys like the hot. Can you run back for one?”

“Sure,” I agreed, grabbing it and heading back toward where we had last seen Mr. Nolan.

He wasn’t there and I strolled down the end aisle, looking up and down the rows. I found him in the “International” section, putting pasta in his basket. Luckily, salsa was in the same aisle, and I replaced the mild, grabbing a jar marked “hot.”

“Hi, again,” I said, coming up behind him and tapping him on the shoulder. He turned, glancing past me, and I knew he was looking for my mother. “She sent me for salsa.” I held up the jar as explanation. “We like the hot stuff.”

“Uh-huh.” He raised his eyebrows and I realized what I’d said, blushing.

“Are you mad at me?” I cocked my head and frowned.

He cleared his throat. “No, Leah. I just...” His eyes fell to the tile and he shifted the basket from one hand to the other. “I don’t think we should... do this.”

My heart was pounding in my ears. “Talk in a supermarket aisle?”

“No, Leah.” He shook his head and sighed.

“Hey.” I touched his arm.

His eyes went to my hand and he gently took it off his forearm, and the look on his face was kind, but a little sad. “I’m sorry.”

He turned and walked down the aisle and I watched him go, willing him to look back, but he didn’t. I had this awful feeling, that same sensation I got when I knew I’d done something really wrong. I fought it, but it curled up in my belly and stayed there, even after I took the salsa back to my mother and we went through the checkout lane.

I saw him again in the parking lot and waved, but he didn’t wave back, although I know he saw me. I could tell, the way he slammed the trunk closed and got quickly into his car, like something was chasing him.

I couldn’t understand it. It made no sense. The more I thought about it, the more I knew what I had to do—as much as I didn’t want to. That’s how I ended up standing in line at the confessional after mass with all the rest of the girls, waiting my turn. I didn’t even have Erica for moral support—she had skipped mass altogether to go meet Bobby.

“Come on, go already,” the girl behind me whined, a little sophomore with stringy brown hair and braces.

It was my turn. I stared at the door and started forward and then stopped. “You go ahead.” I waved her past.

The sophomore rolled her eyes, pushing up her glasses as she swept by me. There were six more girls to go, and I slipped quietly down the line against

the wall, falling in behind the last. It had been two years since I chewed my nails, but I was seriously tempted by the time the line had dwindled to me and one other girl.

“Do you want to go?” she asked me as the confessional door opened. “You’ve been waiting the longest.”

“No!” I exclaimed. “No, that’s ok. I don’t mind waiting. Take your time.”

She gave me a funny look, going into the confessional. I paced the wall, up and down, chewing on one of my cuticles and sucking at it when it started to bleed. I secretly hoped that girl ahead of me had a lot to confess. I didn’t know her very well—maybe she shoplifted, or maybe she was a compulsive liar, or maybe she did something really awful, like murdering babies in their sleep or...

Or maybe she just slept with her best friend’s dad.

The door opened and she came out. Definitely not a baby killer—she hadn’t spent anywhere near enough time in the box. She practically skipped past me, and I knew, if I could just manage to get the words out in the confessional, that I would feel lighter, too.

“Bless my father, for I have sinned...”

Boy, have I sinned.

The darkness was engulfing and I could hear the priest’s slow, even breathing through the screen. I knew it was probably Father Michael—he was the one who almost always took our confessions.

“My last confession was two weeks ago...” Two weeks. Had it only been two weeks?! I couldn’t believe the things that had happened since then—it felt like a lifetime.

“Go on.” It was Father Michael’s soft voice. I could picture him in his robe, gray-haired and nodding. I could hear the smile in his voice. That’s gonna change in just a minute, I thought with a grimace.

“Father, I’ve done... I’ve really done some terrible things...” I admitted, twisting my hands in my lap. “Mortal sins. Lots of them. Really bad ones.”

There was a movement behind the screen, like he was sitting up straight in his chair. “Go on, my child.”

“I’ve... I’ve looked at dirty pictures, Father.” I decided to start at the beginning and work my way up.

“What do you mean?” His voice moved closer to the screen. “What kinds of dirty pictures?”

“Oh, Father.” I sighed. “All kinds. There were ones with men having sex with women in all sorts of ways, and ones with women having sex with other women...”

“How do you feel about looking at them, child?”

“I... guess... I feel guilty.”

“You don’t sound like you feel guilty.”

I sighed. He had me there. “Well... when I was looking at the pictures... the things I saw made me feel... funny.”

“Funny... how?” He shifted in his seat again.

I blushed, glad for the darkness. "Between my legs, Father. Down there."

He didn't respond, and I went on. "And it felt soooo good... I couldn't help it, Father. I had to touch myself."

"You touched yourself... down there?" His voice got even lower than the normal confessional tone.

"Yes," I admitted with a sigh. "I looked at those pictures, and then we watched the videos..."

"Videos?" he inquired. "Who is we?"

"Oh..." I swallowed. "My best friend and me. We found the pictures and the movies under her dad's bed."

"She watched them with you?"

"Yes, Father," I said. "That's another thing... we... we touched each other, too."

There was a long silence.

"Father?"

"Go on," he urged, clearing his throat. "Tell me everything."

"She had a vibrator," I continued, feeling the heat in my face. "And she showed me... how to rub it against... how to masturbate... with it..."

"Is that all?"

"No." I lifted my hands to my cheeks to cool them. "Not even close. Oh, Father, we were *so bad*..."

"How bad?" His voice seemed closer now.

“The first time, I just played with the vibrator, and then I watched her do it... and we both... we both had orgasms. Watching the videos, where all the people were having sex and touching each other and...” I gasped for breath, remembering it and feeling the heat from my cheeks spreading through my whole body. My nipples were hard and my pussy was tingling between my legs.

“Go on,” he insisted. “You should tell me everything.”

“Okay,” I agreed, closing my eyes. “The next day... we watched them again. This time there were two women who were licking each other in the movie. Down there.”

Something like a soft moan came from behind the screen.

“And my friend... she said... she would lick me... down there,” I went on. There was that moan again, and he whispered something, but I couldn’t hear it. “So I let her, Father. I let her put her tongue between my legs and lick me and lick me... oh Father, it’s so bad, I know, but it felt so good!”

I squeezed my thighs together, feeling that throbbing ache. The priest didn’t say anything, so I just kept talking.

“Then she asked if I would lick her. Oh Father, I knew it was wrong... but she wanted it so much, and I knew how good it would make her feel... I couldn’t help it. I licked her until she... she had an orgasm, too.”

Father Michael took a deep breath. “Is that all?”

“Oh, no, Father!” I leaned back against the wall. “I forgot to tell you... about her dad.”

“Your friend’s dad?” I could hear the frown in his voice.

“Yes,” I said, remembering that first night. “I saw him... that first time we looked at the dirty pictures, I got up that night to go to the bathroom, and I saw him touching himself.”

“He was masturbating?”

“Yes, Father,” I confirmed. “He had his hand... wrapped around it... and he was pumping it in his fist... while he watched three people have sex...”

“Three?”

“Two women and a man,” I clarified. “The women were on top of each other, and the man was... putting his... penis... into both of them...”

“Both of them?”

“Not at the same time,” I added. “One after the other... first one... then the other...”

“Oh good Lord,” he breathed and then cleared his throat. “Good Lord, please hear this girl’s sins so that she may be cleansed... go on, child...”

“I watched him... stroking himself like that...” My breath was coming faster in the dark. “And I touched myself, too...”

“Did you have an...orgasm?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “Right when he did. I’d never seen a man... not a real one... there was stuff everywhere... all over his hand and his belly...”

“Oh my child,” Father Michael breathed. “This is all... so... very naughty...”

“Yes,” I agreed. “That’s why I had to come tell you, Father. I never meant for it to go so far, but I couldn’t seem to stop... I can’t seem to stop...”

“How far?” He leaned in again.

“Too far,” I admitted, blushing. “All the way too far...”

He was quiet and so was I. Then, he asked, “You’re no longer a virgin?”

“Father, you... don’t understand,” I breathed. “He’s so... he makes me feel so good. Just being around him. And I know he really likes me, I can tell.”

“What happened?”

I sighed. “I saw him again... the next night. He was touching himself and watching one of the movies. This time... I didn’t just watch...”

“What did you do?”

“I... went into the room,” I told him. “He didn’t notice. He was stroking himself and moaning and watching the people on the TV having sex. I just wanted to be near him... and so I crept closer and closer... until I was standing next to the bed.”

“Then?” he prompted after a moment. I was too lost in my thoughts, remembering Mr. Nolan and the way he looked up at me, like a drowning man.

“Then I took my panties off... and I touched myself, too.” I felt my pussy respond to just the memory. “And I got down on my knees in front of him... and I told him... I wanted to make him feel good...”

Father Michael groaned, not softly this time. “Did you?”

“Yes.”

“Did you give him your virginity?”

I shook my head, even though he couldn’t see me. “Not that time. That time I only took him into my mouth.”

“You... what?”

“I... took him into my mouth and... I sucked it... until he came...” I didn’t know if he would know that word, but I was so distracted, and he didn’t ask for clarification. “He filled my mouth with all of that stuff... that I’d seen shooting over his hand and belly the night before... and I swallowed it all...”

“Oh,” Father Michael breathed, and I heard him make a low noise, and there was some shuffling going on behind the screen.

“It was the next time that I gave him my virginity,” I whispered. “I caught him again, just like before.”

“Did you... consider... that perhaps you shouldn’t—?”

“Oh, Father, I know.” I nodded in the dark. “I knew it was wrong, but I couldn’t help it. I wanted him so much. You don’t understand. I don’t understand.”

“It’s alright, child,” he soothed. “Tell me what happened. Tell me everything.”

“He was hard again,” I explained, closing my eyes and remembering, reliving it. “And he was stroking himself. Moaning and thrusting up into his hand. It made me so wet.”

“Wet,” Father Michael repeated, sounding dazed.

“Yes, sooo very wet,” I admitted. I was wet now—I could feel it on my thighs when I squeezed my legs together. “And I wanted him so much. I went over to the bed, and asked him if he wanted to touch me... we both knew, Father... we knew it was wrong... but the minute he touched my pussy, the moment his fingers slipped inside me, I knew we just couldn’t stop...”

There were no words from behind the screen, but Father Michael's breathing was audible—and fast. My own breathing was fast, too, and my pussy ached for me to touch it. I fought the urge, squirming on the hard seat.

“He pulled me on top of him, then,” I went on. “And he started to lick me... oh god, his tongue felt so good... I can't believe how good it makes me feel to have a warm, wet tongue between my legs... how can something so wrong feel so good?”

Father Michael groaned again, and I found my hand between my thighs, cupping the soaking wet crotch of my panties, before I could even think. I just had to alleviate some of the ache.

“And I started sucking him, too,” I whispered, pressing my fingers against my pussy, wiggling them a little. My clit was throbbing. “Taking him into my mouth, over and over. He seemed to really like it, when I did that.”

“Yes,” Father Michael gasped. “Oh, go on...”

I glanced at the screen, knowing he couldn't see me, and slipped my fingers under the elastic edge of my panties and started to slowly rub myself. “He kept licking me and licking me... until I came... I came all over his face, Father.”

There was a soft rhythmic sound behind the screen and I heard the old priest groan again. “Yes, child... please... tell me the rest...”

“Then he rolled on top of me,” I murmured, rubbing my clit a little faster. The heat of my blush was nothing compared to the fire between my legs. I couldn't ignore it anymore. “And I told him I wanted him. I wanted to feel him inside of me.”

“Did he... put it inside of you?”

“Yes.” I spread my legs wider as I touched myself. My nipples were hard under my blouse and I used my other hand to rub one through the material. “He was very gentle... it hurt at first... but then.... Oh, Father, it started to feel soooo good...”

“Did it?”

“Yes,” I breathed, closing my eyes and making fast circles around my clit. “He was so big and hard inside of me, and he started moving in and out of me as I touched myself... I couldn’t help it, I started moving under him, too... it felt so good—he made my little pussy feel so good with that big cock, the way he fucked me harder and harder...”

I heard Father Michael’s gasp and that rhythmic sound was growing faster. “Oh Jesus... help us...”

“Yesss,” I whispered, feeling the memory of my first time deep in my pussy, and I knew I was going to come—right there in the confessional. “He fucked me so hard, Father, it was so wrong and so right and it felt so fucking good, we just couldn’t stop...”

I moaned, my pussy beginning to contract. “We both came together, at the same time, just...like... that...”

I bit my lip to keep from crying out as I started to come, my orgasm coming in waves of pure pleasure in the darkness. Behind the screen, Father Michael grunted and groaned, whispering the words, “Oh god, oh god” over and over.

Panting, ashamed and afraid now, I whispered, “Father?”

“Yes, my child.” He swallowed his words and cleared his throat. “Is that all?”

I nodded, closing my eyes and lifting my sticky fingers to my mouth and tasting myself. “Yes.”

“Let’s pray together.”

We did—and he gave me fifty Hail Mary’s and thirty Our Father’s—and that, as Erica always said, was that.

Chapter Seven

I was okay as long as I could pretend it was just fun, or even fantasize that I was helping plan a romantic evening for *us*, but the truth kept hitting me, and it hurt. I was sitting in the Nolan's kitchen dipping strawberries in chocolate with Erica and watching the only man I had ever slept with cook dinner for some other woman. My jaw clenched again at the thought, but I licked some stray chocolate off my fingers as Mr. Nolan drained the pasta in the sink, glancing over his shoulder at us.

"Don't eat the chocolate," he warned, seeing Erica licking her fingers, too.

She made a face, dipping her finger into the gooey stuff when he wasn't looking and holding it out to me. I grinned, sucking her finger. The sweetness helped drown the bitter taste in my mouth and the way I was feeling about tonight.

"Now, you girls are going to be quiet as a church mouse, right?" he asked for the hundredth time that night.

"Yes, Dad." Erica sighed, taking another strawberry out of the bowl and dipping it. "You won't even hear our whiskers twitching."

"You promise?" He looked past her to me, raising one of his dark eyebrows.

"Not a squeak." I held up two fingers. "Girl Scouts honor."

"That's the Boy Scouts' salute, brainiac." Erica snorted, putting the strawberry down onto the waxed paper. "And we never did Girl Scouts."

“We didn’t?” I ran my finger around the edge of the chocolate bowl while Mr. Nolan was fluffing the salad. “Why do I remember selling cookies?”

“Brownies.” Erica dipped the last strawberry and I looked longingly from it to Mr. Nolan.

“We sold brownies? Where was I?”

Erica dipped her finger into the chocolate bowl again. “No, we were *in* Brownies for a year, remember?”

I shook my head. “All I remember is Thin Mints and Tagalongs. Yum!”

Mr. Nolan, cutting tomatoes, mumbled, “I was never a Scout, but I ate a Brownie, once.”

Erica and I both looked at each other, wide-eyed, and then cracked up.

“Dad!”

Mr. Nolan grinned, looking sheepish. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist.”

“I wonder if *Jennifer* was a Brownie,” Erica teased, offering the chocolate bowl to me for a taste before she took it to the sink.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Mr. shook his head, still smiling. “Thank you both for your help, but it’s time for you to scurry upstairs.”

My stomach lurched and I sucked hard at my finger, hoping to find some more sweetness. I couldn’t pretend it wasn’t happening anymore. He was hurrying us off so he could have a date!

“Come on, Minnie.” Erica reached for my hand. “Let’s go make like mice.”

“I don’t even like cheese.” I pouted, taking her hand and looking back at Mr. Nolan as she pulled me out of the kitchen. He was standing at the sink, his

arms folded, his eyes veiled. I wished I could tell what he was thinking, feeling, if it was anything close to the turmoil churning in my stomach.

Erica shut the door to her room behind us and I flopped onto her bed on my back with a sigh, putting my feet up against the wall. "Well, this sucks."

"You can say that again." She sat beside me.

I sighed again. "Do you think he really likes her?"

"I can count on one hand the dates he's had in the past five years," Erica said. "And I can count on one *finger* the number of *second* dates."

"Does that include this date?" I asked and when she nodded, I frowned, swinging my feet down and sitting up. "Well, I guess that must mean he really likes her."

Erica shrugged. "Either that or he's really desperate. Considering the amount of porn under the bed and how many dates he's been on, he's obviously not getting laid." I couldn't say anything, so I bit my lip, twisting my hands in my lap. "However..." Erica went on, leaning back on her elbows on the pillow and looking at me. "I can't say that much for myself...anymore..."

It took a moment for what she said to sink in as I stared at her. She grinned when she saw the dawning look on my face.

I squealed and clutched her leg. "You're kidding me? You had sex!"

"Very good!" She laughed, her eyes bright. "I'll take fornication for a thousand, Alex!"

My jaw dropped. "Oh my god. I can't believe it."

"Believe it." She looked pleased, even a little smug.

We were quiet for a moment, and I couldn't help remembering that night in Mr. Nolan's bed. I couldn't tell her about it, of course—and that bothered me. I told Erica everything.

She cocked her head, giving me a puzzled look. "Don't you want to know what it was like?"

"Yes!" I said quickly. "Tell me everything! Who, when, where, how?"

"Yesterday. Storm cellar of the church." She grinned. "It was Colonel Mustard with the candlestick."

I laughed. "Come on, have some sympathy for the Clue/less over here... gimme details."

"It was Bobby, of course." She curled around her pillow and propped herself up on her elbow. "He met me down there yesterday, and we were making out, just like we always do..."

While I was in confession, I realized. There I was, admitting to Father Michael that I had given my virginity to my best friend's dad, while my best friend was losing her own!

"He was licking me," she went on. "You know how I love that." I nodded, remembering just how much she loved it. "I was so close to coming... you know that feeling... so close, but not quite there?"

"Yes." I wiggled into a more comfortable position on her bed, squeezing my legs together.

“And he started telling me how much he wanted me.” Erica pulled at a loose thread on her bedspread, biting her lip. “Begging me, really... telling me how good it would feel to be inside me. I was so close... and I just... said yes...”

“Just like that?” I breathed, shaking my head.

She nodded, pulling at the thread. “So he put it in me...”

I closed my eyes, remembering that moment, the first time Mr. Nolan entered me. I thought I was going to die. I opened my eyes and asked, “Did it hurt?”

“Not really.” She shook her head. “I was so turned on by then... and the look on his face. Oh my god, Leah, it was like he’d just entered heaven.”

It was Mr. Nolan’s face I saw, that look of bliss. I had such a longing to tell her about it, to share my experience, too, but I knew I couldn’t.

“And then he started to fuck me,” she said in a low voice, her eyes bright. I made a little noise, squeezing my thighs together. “I can’t even describe it... it felt so good, having him inside of me, pushing into me like that. He was like an animal, groaning and shoving his cock in me.”

My pussy responded to her words. The crotch of my panties was already damp. “Did you come?”

“Twice,” she smiled. “I was rubbing myself off, and I was so close anyway, that I came almost the minute he slid inside of me. Then he started fucking me, and that... oh god...”

She moaned, throwing her arm over her head. “That was too much... I had to come again.”

“And did he...?”

“All over my belly and my pussy,” she assured me, leaning up on her elbow again. “He pulled out and came all over me.”

I sighed, remembering Mr. Nolan’s cock in my hand, how hard and throbbing it was when he came. Swallowing hard, I realized that he and the blonde might end up together in his room tonight, doing that very thing. The thought made me crazy.

“I bet your dad is going to have sex tonight.” I frowned.

Erica sat up, her mouth tight. “Not if I can help it. Come on.”

“What?” I sat up, cocking my head at her.

“I love him, but sex on the second date?” She made a face. “I made Bobby wait two years. Miss Jennifer Hot Legs can wait at least until date number three.” I followed her toward the door as she cracked it and listened. “If there is a third date.” She looked over her shoulder at me with a smile.

“What are you planning?” I followed her out the door.

She put her finger to her lips, moving across the hall and opening her father’s door. Downstairs, I could hear music and the sound of a woman’s laughter. The date had officially started.

“Erica?” I whispered as she turned on the light and shut his door behind us.

She was pulling the boxes out from under the bed, and I stared, my jaw dropped.

“The way I figure it...” She put both boxes up on the comforter and taking off the lids. There they were—hundreds of magazines and dozens of tapes. “If they come up here to have sex, they’ll have a little surprise waiting for them on the bed.”

I blinked, and then grinned. “Lucy, I don’t think Ricky is gonna like this. You’re gonna have some serious ‘splainin’ to do tomorrow!”

“Don’t worry, Ethel.” She smiled, hooking her arm in mine and leading me back toward the door. “Ricky will be so embarrassed at having a porn collection in the first place, that he won’t even mention it. Trust me.”

“Are you sure?” I whispered when we crept back to her room.

“Positive.” She shut the door and leaning against it. “He won’t say a word.”

“How do you know?” I pressed, shaking my head.

Erica came to sit next to me on the bed and cleared her throat.

“Because... he caught me masturbating in his room a few days ago, and just turned around and walked out and never said a thing to me.”

I stared, my heart beating hard. “Oh my god. You’re kidding.”

“Nope.” She got up and went to her drawers, looking through and pulling out a t-shirt. “Here, you can sleep in this.”

“So how is putting his porn collection on the bed going to work?” I started to unbutton my blouse. “I don’t get it.”

Erica, wiggling her skirt down, rolled her eyes. “If he was that embarrassed catching me masturbating... and he’s so ashamed of having a porn

collection that he won't even talk to me about it... do you think he's going to want to share it on his first night with Miss Easy down there?"

I sighed, getting undressed. Somehow there seemed to be a hole in her plan, although I wasn't sure where it was. It bothered me all night, while we tried to actually get some work done on our senior project, but every few minutes, I could hear the blonde laughing downstairs. She was really going overboard, I thought.

Erica fell fast asleep that night, but I rolled around on the floor in the sleeping bag, desperately wanting to know if Lucy's wacky plan had really worked. I hadn't heard them come up, at least, I thought I hadn't. But I couldn't hear them downstairs anymore, either. There was no more music, no more throaty laugh.

Had she gone home? Were they sleeping in his bed? The thought made my hands curl into fists, my nails digging into my palms. Finally, I couldn't stand it. I got up and crept toward the bathroom. There was no light in his room. That was a good sign—I hoped.

I turned the bathroom doorknob, easing the door open and reaching for the other door—the one that led to his room. I had to know. I didn't care if she was there, I just had to know. Okay, that was a lie, I cared, way too much, and I could feel how much in the way my heart pounded in my chest as I turned the knob.

"I'm not in there," Mr. Nolan whispered, stepping out of the darkness and putting his arm around my waist, pulling me away from the door. I would have

screamed in surprise, but his hand went over my mouth. “But that’s not what you want to know, is it?”

I gasped, whirling around in his arms. He must have been sitting on the edge of the tub in the darkness, I reasoned, my heart hammering in my chest.

“What are you doing?” I hissed as he shut the door quietly and turned on the nightlight over the sink.

“Waiting for you.”

I leaned back against the counter, staring up at him. I could see the truth of it on his face, raw and even painful.

“Did she go home?” I whispered, conscious of Erica sleeping in the other room.

He swallowed and shook his head. His eyes were pleading with me, trying to tell me something, but I couldn’t understand. “No. She’s sleeping in my bed.”

“Why?” I felt tears stinging my eyes and I willed them not to fall. “What did I do?”

He sighed, closing his eyes and running a hand through his hair. “Oh Leah... nothing. Everything. I don’t know.”

“Do you really like her?” I whispered, blinking fast and taking a step toward him. He didn’t move back, and we were almost belly to belly. “Is she... is she what you want?”

He opened his eyes and looked down at me, his arms hanging at his sides, his head down. He looked defeated. “No.”

"Then why?" I hissed, shoving at his chest with the flat of my palm. "You asked her out again! You cooked her dinner! You *slept with her!* Why?!"

"I don't know!" He shook his head. "Why did you do what you did? Putting the magazines and videos on my bed? Was it supposed to scare her off?"

I sighed, crossing my arms. "That was Erica's idea, not mine."

"Erica?" He frowned.

I shrugged, acting like I didn't care if he believed me. "This isn't fair."

"No," he admitted, moving forward a little, lifting my chin. "It's really not."

"I just want to know why." I met his eyes. I could feel my chin quivering in his hand and tried to stop it, but I couldn't. "Please just tell me why."

"You want to know why?" His eyes flashed in the dimness, moving over my face. "Fine, I'll tell you why. For the same reason I was sitting here at one in the morning, waiting for you."

I stared up at him, my eyes wide.

He shook his head, looking pained. "I can't stop thinking about you, Leah. Everywhere I go, everything I do, there you are. I can't get you out of my head."

My throat and chest tightened at his words and I nodded. I knew exactly how he felt.

"I thought..." He swallowed, his hand moving down my neck, over my shoulder, his eyes following the curve there. "I thought that if I moved on, I could stop this... crazy thinking. This feeling I have for you..."

"What feeling?" I pressed against him. "Tell me."

“Leah...” He whispered my name, using his thumb to rub over my lips. “I took her to bed tonight, yes, I did. I fucked her senseless, until I couldn’t see straight—” His words shot arrows into my heart and I felt the sting of them in my chest. “And every time I closed my eyes, I saw your face.” He pressed me back toward the counter with the weight of his body. “It wasn’t her I was touching... or kissing... or fucking... it was you, Leah. Every minute I was with her, I was wishing it was you.”

“Oh god.” I reached up and put my arms around his neck and pulled his mouth down to mine.

It was like sinking into something dark and warm and soft, the safest place I’d ever been. His arms pulled me against him, his mouth slanting across mine, hungry, sucking at my tongue. I moaned against his lips, pressing my thigh between his, finding his cock hard in his shorts.

“Please!” I tugged at my panties with one hand as he sucked at my throat, biting there, his breath ragged already.

His hands were lifting me onto the counter, yanking my panties down and probing between my legs. Just being with him made me wet and his fingers slipped inside as he kissed me again, his mouth taking me, his tongue pressed deep. I rocked against his hand, gasping for breath, spreading my legs wide and then wrapping them around his waist.

His cock was hot against my thigh, even through his shorts, and I reached for it, rubbing the material. He groaned against my mouth, panting as he broke the kiss and knelt on the floor between my legs, burying his face there.

“Oh god!” I grabbed his hair, pulling him into me.

“Shhhhh,” he urged, and I tried to be quiet, but his tongue was like liquid fire over my clit, licking me until I was straining against him, wanting more, more. I pulled my shirt off over my head, playing with my nipples as he sucked at the wet, pink flesh between my lips.

“Yes!” I put my feet up on his shoulders and leaning back on my elbows, exposing myself completely.

“Oh put your fingers in me!” I begged, and he did, fucking me with his hand, two fingers stretching me open, plunging deep into my pussy. The wet, rhythmic sound filled the bathroom.

“Your cock.” I sat up and slid down off the counter. “Put it in me.” He stood, kissing me again as I helped him with his shorts, grabbing onto the length of him and squeezing hard. That made him grunt and grit his teeth, his eyes closing a little. “Do you want me?” I tugged, twisting my hand, rubbing my thumb over the wet tip. “Do you want to fuck me, Mr. Nolan?”

“Brat!” He chuckled, grabbing my shoulders and turning me away from him.

I gasped, feeling his hand on my back, pressing my belly to the cold counter. I could see him standing behind me in the mirror, his cock hard and aimed toward my ass.

“You wanna be fucked, little girl?” He ran his hands over the swell of my ass, reaching between my legs and spreading my lips. His fingers moved up and down that slit, teasing my clit, my hole.

“Yes!” I nodded, meeting his eyes in the mirror, tilting my pelvis, going up on my tiptoes.

“Tell me.” The head of his cock rubbed up and down in my wetness, making me squirm and moan. “Shhh, Leah... we don’t want to wake them.”

I gasped, feeling the pressure of his cock there, right there. “Fuck me,” I whispered. “Fuck me good and hard.”

He grabbed my hips, sliding his cock in deep on the first try, making me whimper with the size of him. I took it all, and asked for more, as he started moving inside of me, pressing me against the counter with every thrust. I watched him in the mirror, his eyes moving over my body as he drove into me, my nipples grazing the counter, my breath fogging the mirror with my gasps.

I reached under my belly, between my legs, circling my clit with my fingers. It was swollen and aching to be touched, but I couldn’t help slipping my hand up further, feeling the place where he was pressed into my flesh, the skin taut around the shaft. His balls were heavy, slapping against my hand, and the only sound was our bodies coming together again and again in the dimness.

“You feel so good!” His hands tightened, gripping my ass and hips as he drove in harder.

“Yes!” I gasped, my fingers searching out my clit again, rubbing hard and fast, keeping up with his rhythm. It felt so good, I wanted to moan, scream, writhe on the bathroom counter underneath him, but I couldn’t. Instead, I just watched him fuck me through half-closed eyes, my breath steaming the mirror as I rubbed myself off, the sight of him, his eyes on me, filling me with lust.

“I’m close!” He whispered a warning, and I could see it on his face, the grimace, holding back, waiting. I rubbed myself faster, wanting to meet him, feeling my clit like a wet pulse under my fingers.

“Come for me!” I squeezed my pussy around his cock, making him hiss and bite his lip. “Come all over my ass.”

He pulled back and I almost cried out with the loss of his cock filling me, and then I felt him coming, and I could see it in the mirror, his cock thrusting into his fist, shooting streams of cum over my ass. I could feel the hot wet trails they made on my skin, pooling in my lower back, dripping down the crack of my ass toward my pussy.

“Oh god!” I pressed my cheek to the mirror and closed my eyes, his cum making a fast river between my lips toward my aching clit. It was the very moment that his hot cum touched me there that I came, rubbing the thick, white fluid into my pussy, my whole body convulsing with my orgasm.

When it was over, he pulled me to standing, turning me around and kissing me, hard, deep, desperate. I kissed him back, wrapping my arms around him, wanting even more.

When our breath had come back, he kissed my hair, holding me close, rocking me back and forth as we stood there in the middle of the bathroom with Erica sleeping on one side of us and his new girlfriend (*she’s not his girlfriend, I am!*) on the other.

“What are we going to do, Leah?” he whispered into my hair, squeezing me so tight I couldn’t breathe. “What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know,” I whispered back, and I didn’t.

Chapter Eight

“He wants you to what?” I hugged my books to my chest as we walked home.

“A lot of girls do.” Erica tucked her hair behind her ear and looking sideways at me. “I just thought... maybe we could do each other?”

I stopped and stared at her, my mouth open. She grabbed my arm, rolling her eyes as she pulled me along.

“It’ll be easier, you have to admit,” she went on as I stumbled after her.

“What if something happens?” I watched her take her key out as we approached her front door.

Erica turned the key in the lock, shoving the door open. “What could happen?”

“Oh, I don’t know, a freak razor accident?” I made a face as we stepped into the coolness of her living room. We both headed for the kitchen out of habit, like we did every day, looking for something to eat.

“It’s not like we’d be using a straight razor or anything!” Erica opened the refrigerator and frowned. “And it would be a heck of a lot safer than us trying to do it by ourselves!” She let the door go and opened a cupboard, but I grabbed the handle, keeping the fridge open to peer inside. “Besides...” Erica grabbed a banana off the counter. “It’s not like we haven’t seen each other... and stuff...”

I blushed, sticking my face further into the fridge. “Hey, can I have these leftover chocolate-covered-strawberries?”

“Sure.” She slid up onto the counter, kicking off her shoes and swinging her stocking feet against the cupboard below. “So, what do you say?”

I bit into a strawberry, chewing thoughtfully. “Guys really like it?”

She nodded, her eyes bright. “Guys *love* it. And I hear it makes things even more sensitive down there.”

“More sensitive?” I raised my eyebrows and swallowed sweetness.

“Especially when you’re being licked.”

My eyes met hers and she smirked, taking another bite of her banana. I wondered what Mr. Nolan would think, if he would find it more sexy. Then I remembered all the girls in the magazines and on the videos. Most of them were shaved smooth, or mostly, anyway. Would he be surprised? I imagined pulling my panties down to show him, spreading my lips, and felt a hot jolt between my legs at the thought.

“Okay.” I opened the fridge and grabbed another strawberry. They were starting to get a little soft, but they still tasted good. “Let’s do it.”

Erica slid off the counter, downing the rest of her banana and tossing her peel in the garbage. I followed her upstairs, licking chocolate off my fingers.

“This can’t be any harder than shaving your legs.” Erica looked in the bathroom cupboard for razors and shaving cream. “Will you get towels?”

I opened the linen closet, taking out two of them. “Who goes first?”

She stood, taking the towels from me. “You pick, since it was my idea.”

“Do me first.” I frowned. “Before I chicken out.”

“Okay.” Erica reached under the sink and got a little tub and filled it with water. “Put a towel on the toilet and sit down.”

I did as she instructed while she arranged everything next to me on the area rug.

“Um...” She smiled, cocking her head. “You have to take your panties off, at least.”

“Oh, right.” I blushed, standing and hiking my uniform skirt up to hook my thumbs in the elastic waistband of my panties and pull them down. “Should I take my skirt off, too?”

“Just hold it out of the way.” Erica pushed it up to my waist as I sat down, so she could look between my legs. “Are you ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.” I pulled my knees back with my hands and peered down between my thighs.

“Here goes nothing...” She shook the bottle of shaving cream and pointed it between my legs, squirting some on. I squirmed as her fingers rubbed it in, over the dark hair between my legs. “Now for the moment of truth... do you want any hair left at all?”

I shrugged. “How do you want yours?”

“Bald as a baby.” She grinned, the razor poised over my mound.

“Then let’s be twins.” I closed my eyes as the razor drew closer to my skin.

I tried not to jump when the razor began sliding down my pussy lips. I could feel the warm water Erica was using to rinse the blade dribbling down between my legs to dampen the towel. My curiosity got the better of me and I

had to open my eyes to see what she was doing, and I knew I was going to be my turn, eventually, to do this to her.

The razor was making a path over my mound, taking the long, curly hairs with it. She had to go over the same spot several times to get it smooth, and my hands, holding my knees back, began to ache. Her fingers followed the same path, first down my lips, and then upward again, rinsing the razor after every swipe.

When she spread me open and ran the razor along the edge of my lips, I bit my lip to keep from gasping. Her fingers moved between my legs and sent shivers through me. My clit was starting to throb for attention and I couldn't help watching Erica's tongue sneak out of her mouth as she concentrated.

"Feel." She cocked her head, frowning, as she took my hand and put it between my legs. I let my knees down and my thighs trembled as I rubbed my fingers over my now-smooth labia.

"Oh my god," I whispered, awed at the softness of the skin.

"Do you feel any rough spots?" She watched me caress my mound. I tried not to tease my clit, but I couldn't help it—just a little bit.

"No," I breathed, amazed at how good it felt to touch there now, with everything so open and exposed.

"Well, then I guess it's my turn." She stood, tossing the disposable razor in the trash and going over to the cupboard to get another one. I used the towel to wipe myself clean as she emptied the tub and refilled it with more warm water.

“What’s it feel like?” She spread the clean towel on the toilet and lifted her skirt so she could push her panties down over her thighs.

“Different.” I knelt in front of her and squeezed my legs together as she sat down. There was nothing between me and arousal, now, it felt like. It was always there, completely exposed.

She bit her lip, grabbing her knees and pulling them back like I had, opening her legs up for me. The moment I saw her pussy, I flashed back to that day on her dad’s bed, how I’d licked her until she came all over my face. The thought made my heart race and my hands tremble.

“Ready?” I rinsed the razor and put it up near the top of the shaving-cream covered mound. The curly blonde hairs there beaded with water as it fell off the blades.

“Go ahead,” she murmured, watching as I started, moving the razor over her skin.

I worked down first, the way she had, taking the long hairs off and rinsing them in the tub. Then I started upward, using my fingers to follow the blades, making sure I was getting it smooth. Soon there was nothing left, just her soft, open lips revealing the deep blush of her pussy inside.

“I think that’s it.” I moved my hand over her mound, checking for stray hairs. My fingers brushed her clit and I felt her jump, her eyes closing a little.

“Wanna feel?”

Watching her hand reach down between her legs made me want to touch myself, too. She rubbed her lips, up and down, with a lazy half-smile on her face.

“God, that feels good,” she whispered, teasing her clit. I nodded, swallowing, and tossed the razor into the garbage, wiping my hands on my towel. She brought her towel up between her legs, rubbing it there, drying herself off as I took the tub to the sink and started to rinse it.

“Wanna go test out that theory?” She came up behind me and pressed her breasts against my back, her crotch into my bottom.

“What theory?” I asked, although I knew.

“Let’s see if it really does feel better when it’s licked.” She slid her hand up under my skirt and probed between my lips. There was nothing to stop her, and her finger slipped easily inside of me, making me gasp.

“Here?” My eyes closed as she started to finger me. “Now?”

“No.” She reached around and found my clit with her other hand. “On my dad’s bed. We can watch a movie.” I didn’t need a movie, feeling her touch between my legs was more than enough to get me aroused, but I didn’t say anything. She licked her finger when she took it out of me, giving me a devilish grin as we went into his room.

Erica started undressing, pulling off her blouse, unzipping her skirt. I watched, fascinated by her body, her soft curves, the hard pink nipples standing straight up when she freed them from her bra. She was naked in no time and crawling onto the bed.

“Come on.” She spread her legs and started to rub herself. “Pick a movie and get undressed.”

I slid my hand under the bed, searching, and pulled out a box. When I opened the lid, instead of finding movies, I discovered pictures. I flipped through the ones on top, family photos of Erica and her mom and dad. They all looked so happy. I put the lid back on and slid it back under the bed, finding the movie box and grabbing a random tape.

“Your dad won’t come home?” I asked over my shoulder as I shoved the tape in. The thought of Mr. Nolan discovering us made my heart race.

“Tax season,” she reminded me as the movie started and I came toward the bed. “Get undressed, Leah.”

I could feel the heat in my face as I started unbuttoning my blouse. I’d gotten undressed in front of Erica a hundred times before, but she had never looked at me like this, her eyes full of a strange, hungry light. Her fingers rubbed her clit faster as I unzipped my skirt, turning around before sliding it over my hips. My knee socks were last, as I sat on the edge of the bed. My panties, I remembered, were still on the bathroom floor.

“You’ve got a really beautiful body.” Erica’s fingers grazed my hip as I turned to look at her. “Some guy is gonna be so lucky to have you.” I didn’t say anything—I couldn’t. She tugged my hand, pulling me down beside her on the bed. She turned towards me, so we were facing each other, belly to belly. “Remember when we used to practice kissing?” She smiled and touched my lips. They were still wet from her pussy, and I could smell her.

“Yes.” I nodded. “First pillows... then our hands...”

“Then each other,” she added, leaning over and touching her lips to mine. They were soft and warm and her tongue slid between my teeth, searching, making me moan. Her hands cupped my face, her mouth exploring mine as we pressed our bodies together, our legs tangling.

She rolled onto me, her hips rocking, her tongue making circles with mine, and I could feel the heat of her pussy between my legs and wondered if she was as wet as I was. In the background, the movie was playing—I could hear moaning and the sounds of slapping flesh—but it was just noise. All my attention was on Erica as she cupped my breasts in her hands, rolling the nipples with her thumbs.

I gasped when she broke our kiss, my head spinning as she sucked first one nipple and then the other into her mouth, as if she were taste-testing, trying to see which she liked the best. She decided on the left, licking and sucking as her eyes met mine and her other hand squeezed the flesh of my breast in her hand.

Her breasts were flattened against my belly, and I reached down to touch one, slipping a hand between us and tugging at her nipple. She moaned, raising up a little, giving me more access. I used my palm, around and around, first lightly, then harder, kneading her flesh. She seemed to really like that—it made her suck my nipple hard.

“Ready to test that theory, yet?” Erica settled herself between my thighs. I looked down at her, seeing her mouth poised above me, and my whole body was aching to feel her tongue again. I arched my back, lifting my hips, and nodded.

She didn't seem to be in a hurry, though. Her fingers slipped up and down between my lips, her eyes moving over my mound like she was seeing it for the first time.

"You've got such a pretty pussy." She slipped a finger inside of me. I wiggled and moaned, feeling my blush and not even caring anymore. I liked her touching me, looking at me, and I wanted her tongue—oh my god, I wanted it.

"That feels good..." I squeezed her fingers with my pussy as they moved slowly in and out. She started feathering kisses over my lips, up and down, and I knew I was already moist there. Then her tongue teased me, making circles up and down my labia, never slipping between.

A loud moan came from the television, and I glanced at it. It was a movie I hadn't seen, with a bleach blonde bent over a kitchen table and some guy fucking her from behind. Seeing his cock made me long for one buried inside of me, and I remembered Mr. Nolan bending me over like that, shoving into me, taking me.

"Do you think I have a pretty pussy?" Erica knelt up between my legs, spreading her lips. I moaned, seeing how pink she was inside.

"Yes." My fingers brushed the now-smooth skin. "Beautiful."

"I like our pretty pussies together..." She slid her knee over my thigh, straddling it and moving up.

"What are you doing?" I asked as she situated herself, moving her mound closer to mine, until our pussy lips were kissing as she rocked, her hand moving down there, too, spreading herself open, spreading me open.

“Oh, yes!” I moaned, the way our flesh melted into one another making me squirm against her, the soft, hairless skin of our pussies now like two mouths slanting across each other, our clits two sensitive tongues searching each other out.

“Oh, I like that!” Erica rolled her hips, faster and faster. I rocked to meet her, working my clit against her pussy, feeling her fingers moving, too. “Oh god, that’s so goooooood!”

I watched as she closed her eyes, her wet fingers moving up to her nipples, tugging and squeezing and pulling, turning them from pink to red. Following her example, I rolled my nipples, too, making my thumbs wet first, increasing the sensation. She slowed a little, pressing her pussy hard into mine for a moment with a moan.

Then she opened her eyes and smiled at me. “I like being shaved.”

“Me, too.” I smiled back.

“Let’s test that theory for real.” She climbed off and stretched out beside me, her legs up by my head.

She grabbed my hips in her hands, rolling me onto her. I squealed, laughing as we settled together, my face poised above her mound, my legs spread over her head. I couldn’t see the movie, but I didn’t care, I hadn’t been paying attention to it, anyway. Her fingers were exploring again, and her hips rocked, pressing her pussy up toward my mouth.

My tongue moved right between her lips, not teasing, finding her clit and licking. Her pussy was so smooth! No hairs to tickle my nose this time as I

plunged my tongue into the soft pink of her flesh, swallowing the taste of her. Erica moaned, her hands gripping my hips, pulling my pussy down to her face and starting to lick me.

I moaned against her clit, licking faster, spreading my legs for her. The ache was throbbing in my pussy, and the feel of her moving under me, the skin of her belly like silk against my breasts, urged me on. My hands pressed her thighs open, my fingers probing, slipping inside.

“Oh god!” Her cry was muffled against my pussy. “That’s it!”

I started moving my fingers slowly in and out, my tongue making circles around her clit. I swallowed and swallowed, but still my saliva mixed with her juices, slipping down to where I was fingering her, stretching her open.

“Oh Leah!” She moaned. “Fuck me harder, baby, please.”

The urgency in her voice made me crazy and I shoved my hand against her flesh, two fingers pressed deep, fucking her now, fucking hard. She rocked and moaned and sucked at my clit, making me feel so good I could barely stand it. My pussy was pulsing against her tongue, aching, and I could feel something tightening in my belly, low and hot.

“Oh, oh, oh!” Erica’s hands were wrapped around my hips now, her face moving back and forth between my legs, not focused, just wild, her body strung like a wire under mine. I moved my fingers faster, my jaw aching, swallowing her juices, not so much licking her now as I was just mashing my tongue against her clit, feeling her thighs trembling.

“Leah, make me come!” She moaned loudly now, her tongue nowhere near my clit anymore. “Oh fuck, that’s so good! I’m right there, baby.”

She was right there, in my mouth, her pussy contracting around my fingers as she came, fluttering under my hand. It went on and on, the smooth feel of her flesh under my tongue becoming hotter, even more moist as she shuddered under me. When she was done, still panting, I pressed my cheek against her belly and slowly slid my fingers out of her pussy, petting the soft, hairless skin of her lips with my wet fingers.

“That was so good!” She gasped, wiggling as I neared her sensitive clit. “I could barely stand it.” I kissed her mound, completely bare, her juices and sweat mixing, loving the taste.

“Your turn.” Erica squirmed out from under me. “Spread your legs.”

Rolling to my back, I opened my thighs with my hands, my pussy already halfway there, swollen and aching. She settled between my legs again, her mouth covering my mound, her tongue working back and forth against my clit. I could barely stand the intensity of it, how her lips kissed mine, how she sucked and lapped at me like she was never going to stop.

And I didn’t want her to. Even when she pressed her hands to my thighs, opened me wider, and made me pull them back so she could finger me, like I had done to her, I didn’t ever want it to end. It felt too good, I wanted it to go on and on, and I fought my orgasm, like trying to hold back a raging flood.

“Erica,” I moaned, grabbing her hair, my hands curling into fists. “Oh Erica, I can’t stop it.”

And I couldn't. I tried, but I couldn't—my body was quivering with it, reaching that inevitable peak, and she pushed me over, her tongue soft heaven between my legs as my climax rocked us both. Her mouth never left my pussy and she moaned as loud and long as I did, the vibrations moving through my whole body, making me tremble with it.

I groaned, pressing her away from me, rolling onto my belly and burying my face into a pillow. The sound of sex still filled the room, the movie playing behind us, and it made me feel funny, now. Looking over my shoulder, I saw Erica wiping her wet chin with her hand, crawling up beside me.

"What do you think?" She flopped over on her back and threw her arm over her eyes.

"Of what?" My breathing was still fast, my heart racing.

"The theory—does it feel better when you're shaved?"

I smiled, closing my eyes. "Yes."

Erica giggled. "Bobby is going to be so surprised."

So is your dad, I thought—but I didn't say anything. I felt a slight twinge of guilt, but what I felt most was excitement. I couldn't wait for Mr. Nolan to explore the new terrain between my legs.

Chapter Nine

"It's Friday night, do you girls want to go to a movie?" Mr. Nolan asked, popped his head around the door. I took my headphones off, hitting "stop" on my CD player.

"What movie?" Erica asked cautiously. "This isn't going to be another 'Mimic' is it? You always pick sucky movies."

"You choose, then." He laughed.

"Bobby said *American Beauty* was awesome." Erica was talking to me but then looked back at her father. "Popcorn and M&Ms, too?"

"Anything you want, doll." He leaned against the doorframe and slipped his hand into his trouser pocket. "We're celebrating."

Erica raised an eyebrow. "Really? Did you get a raise? Can I have a car?"

"We're celebrating the end of tax season." He snorted. "And no, you can't have a car, but if you're really good, I'll let you drive to the movies." Erica squealed, jumping off the bed and starting to shut her door.

"Hey!" Mr. Nolan stopped the door with his hand.

"Dad, we have to get dressed," she explained, rolling her eyes over to me. "Some privacy, please!"

"You look fine." His eyes swept over me as I sat on the floor, my knees up and a little open. I knew my panties were showing under my uniform skirt and I smiled at him over Erica's shoulder as I opened my legs wider. I was rewarded with a dark, wolfish look of lust.

Erica rolled her eyes. “With both of us around all the time—have you learned nothing about teenage girls?”

“Hurry up, okay?” He sighed, looking at his watch. “I’ll call and find out show times. *American Beauty*?”

“Yes.” She pushed him out with the door. “Now, shoo!”

We spent the next hour trying on outfits and doing our hair and make-up in the bathroom. Erica decided on low-rise jeans and a pink crop-top that showed off her navel. I went with a skirt, because instead of knee socks and Mary Janes, I could wear heels and show off my long, slender legs. We shared clothes constantly—half my clothes were already in Erica’s closet and vice versa.

“Are you sure I shouldn’t wear a bra?” I frowned at my nipples standing up under the black material of the spaghetti strap t-shirt I was wearing.

“You can’t wear a bra with that.” Erica didn’t even look away from the mirror where she was putting on mascara. Her blonde lashes turned magically dark.

“It’s kind of sexy.” I turned sideways in the mirror and smoothed the shiny brown skirt over my thighs. It had a soft, black paisley pattern on it, and the hem barely came to mid-thigh. With the strappy black heels, my legs looked even longer and I stood almost a head taller than Erica in her flat, black suede boots.

“It’ll make my dad blush.” She grinned, snapping her mascara closed and tossing it into her purse. “Are you ready?”

She was right—except that the heat in his face looked more like lust than embarrassment to me when we came down the stairs. Walking in heels always

made me feel sexy, and I was wearing a pair of black sheer panties under my skirt, the crotch already damp and molding to the smooth flesh of my pussy lips.

He was standing at the bottom of the stairs, calling for us, when we started down, and his voice just stopped, mid-sentence, as he stared up at us. I wondered if maybe he could see under my short skirt, the way his eyes were focused there, between my legs. I was glad I was behind Erica so she couldn't quite tell what he was looking at.

"You two finally ready?" He cleared his throat and pulled his keys out of his jeans pocket. I was thrilled to see that he was dressed similarly to that night when he went out with Jennifer, and when I got close, I could smell his cologne.

"Wasn't it worth the wait?" Erica pouted, holding her arms out and cocking her hip to one side.

He smiled, leaning over and kissing her cheek. "You betcha." He slid an arm around my waist as we started for the door. "I'll have the two prettiest girls in the theater on my arm."

Erica went out first, and Mr. Nolan's hand slipped down my waist, over the swell of my ass, and squeezed. I glanced up at him and smiled, my heart racing. His eyes had that same hunger in them when he looked at me, like he wanted to just eat me up.

"Keys!" Erica demanded, standing by the driver's side door. He gave them over, reluctantly. I got into the back seat, sitting behind Erica, and Mr. Nolan got into the passenger's side.

“Seatbelt,” I reminded, pulling mine across. “She’s likely to kill us on the way there.”

“Hey!” Erica protested, starting the car and putting it into gear. The car lurched forward toward the house when she pressed on the gas.

“Reverse, Erica.” Mr. Nolan winced.

She rolled her eyes, looking at me in the rearview mirror. “I knew that!”

I was glad that the theater was only a half-mile from the house. When Erica pulled crooked into a parking spot, I jumped out before she even had a chance to straighten the car—not that she intended to, since she was getting out, too, tossing the keys to Mr. Nolan over the Sable’s roof.

“So Bobby saw this movie?” I asked Erica as we headed off to the concession stand with a crisp twenty dollar bill from Mr. Nolan’s wallet. Her dad was getting tickets.

“Yeah, with his sister,” she replied. “I think it’ll be good. Better than *Mimic* or that awful *Starship Troopers* he made me sit through. Ugh!”

“Hey, *Starship Troopers* was your idea.” Mr. Nolan came up behind us as we got to the front of the line.

“Keep lying like that and your nose is gonna grow.” Erica rolled her eyes and started to rattle off what we wanted to the guy behind the concession stand.

“That’s not what’s growing,” Mr. Nolan whispered, leaning in to my ear so only I could hear him. His hands gripped my hips for just a moment, pressing into me from behind, and then he let me go, reaching for the popcorn and pop on the

counter. I stood there, breathless, trying not to look at him, but feeling a heat spreading through my whole body.

“Twizzlers.” Erica handed them over to me. “I don’t know how you can eat those things.”

The guy taking tickets smiled and winked at Erica, and his eyes skipped from her bare midriff over to my legs. Mr. Nolan saw him looking and came up behind us both, pressing two popcorn tubs to the small of our backs and steering us past him.

“Dad!” Erica protested, looking over her shoulder and smiling back at the guy, who was watching us walk away.

“Don’t ‘Dad’ me,” he said, still smiling. “Keep walking.”

Inside the theater, Mr. Nolan directed Erica in first and then followed her, leaving me to bring up the rear. The theater was practically empty, although the previews had already started, and we settled into our seats with all our goodies. Erica put her feet up on the seat in front of her, balancing her popcorn in her lap and munching away.

I noticed Mr. Nolan looking at my legs out of the corner of his eye and I crossed one knee over the other, moving a little to make my skirt slide up my slim thigh. I was rewarded with a raised eyebrow from him as he shifted in his seat. I glanced over at Erica, but her eyes were on the screen, watching a preview for *X-Men*.

“Want one?” I whispered to him, opening my packet of Twizzlers and putting one of the long, red licorice ropes into my mouth, sucking gently.

“Brat,” he mouthed, watching me suck on the tip. I flicked it with my tongue, my eyes never leaving his. He shook his head, but he was smiling.

When the movie started, I got drawn into the story, munching on popcorn and chewing on Twizzlers. Every so often, my arm would brush Mr. Nolan’s or his knee would nudge my bare leg and I would look over at him and smile. I could almost pretend that we were on a real date. I saw him looking at my top once, and realized that my nipples were poking through the material—it was cold in the theater.

I realized with dawning horror that the movie was turning out to be about some guy’s mid-life crisis and his lust for his daughter’s best friend. I bit my lip and tried not to look over at Mr. Nolan, sure that he was just as uncomfortable as I was. The tension was unbearable, with Erica sitting right on the other side of him, and I cringed when the daughter on the screen said to her friend, “Just don’t fuck my dad, all right, please?”

Sinking in my seat, I could imagine what Erica’s reaction would be to finding out that I was fucking her dad—somewhere in the realm of sheer horror and utter disbelief? It was a huge betrayal, and I knew it. I tried to make myself vow that I would end it. I knew it was wrong, he knew it was wrong. It had to stop.

I had almost made up my mind, when I felt Mr. Nolan’s hand on my thigh. It was just his fingers, inching their way up under my skirt. I stiffened, glancing over at Erica, but she was glued to the screen, her hand moving slowly from the popcorn tub to her mouth in a slow, rhythmic fashion.

I shifted in my seat, and my legs parted for him like the red sea. There just wasn't any "no" in my body when it came to him. My eyes closed as he reached my panties, his fingers petting the soft fabric, feeling the damp crotch and how my pussy lips were already swollen and parted.

Resting the popcorn tub on my knees, I hoped that would cover the fact that his hand was pressing my skirt up higher, nudging my panties aside. I swallowed hard, watching his face, but he was looking straight ahead, his fingers working along the elastic edge. His expression changed when he found the now-smooth texture of my lips, how slick they were, how soft.

His eyes met mine, widening in surprise, and then he closed them, his fingers exploring me in the dark, up and down my slit. It felt so good I nearly jumped out of my seat, but I didn't, staying as still as possible as he slid a finger deep inside of me. He was looking at the screen again, but I could see his chest rising and falling, his breath coming faster. So was mine.

He slipped another finger in, moving them slowly in and out, and I wondered if he was as hard as I was wet. His popcorn tub was balanced on his thigh, the one closest to Erica, and I hoped it would give me enough cover, because I couldn't stand not knowing. My hand crept over the armrest and under his arm, seeking the steel teeth of his zipper and slipping lower to the bulge under the denim.

I saw his eyes flutter closed for a moment as I rubbed my hand there, just barely noticeable, back and forth. He was hard as a rock and the feel of his cock throbbing against my hand made me crazy with lust. His fingers moved out of

me, slippery with my wetness, and his index finger found my clit, rubbing it in slow circles under my panties. My hand gripped him harder as he rubbed faster and his eyes met mine, so full of lust that I thought I would die. I wanted him so much I couldn't stand it.

Leaning in to me, he whispered, "I'm going to the family toilet, meet me there in two minutes."

His hand slipped out from under my skirt and I saw him suck his fingers as he stood, moving past me. Breathless, I pulled my skirt down, looking over at Erica. She was watching her Dad with a frown.

"Bathroom," I mouthed. She nodded and went back to watching the movie.

It was the longest two minutes of my life. My pussy was aching and I squeezed my thighs together, imagining the path to the family toilet in my head, down the hall, around the corner. It was a private, one-room bathroom, meant for use by families with small children. It had a pull-out changing table and a long counter with a sink—and a lock on the door.

"I'm going to get a refill," I whispered to Erica after what I hoped was a long enough wait, holding up my soda. It was still full, but she didn't need to know that.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I passed the guy who had been taking tickets. He smiled at me and I nodded, feeling his eyes on my legs as I turned the corner. The family toilet door was locked, but I knocked softly, waiting for it to open.

“Get in here,” he whispered, pulling me into the bathroom and locking the door again. I put my soda on the counter and bit my lip, not knowing what to say. “God, Leah, you look so fucking hot! I can’t keep my hands off you!”

And then he was kissing me, pinning me hard against the wall and pressing his thigh up between mine. His hands were under my skirt, cupping my ass and picking me up until my legs were wrapped around his waist, our tongues meshing, our mouths slanting, our panting breath and the wet sound of our kiss the only noise in the room.

“What if we get caught?” I gasped, rocking my hips against his, aching to feel his cock.

“I don’t care,” he growled as I slid my hand down to rub the bulge in his pants, making him groan. “I’ve been hard since you came down the stairs.” He turned and let me slip out of his arms until my feet touched the floor. “Sit down.”

I pulled my skirt up like I needed to pee, leaving my panties on as I sat on the toilet, watching as he unzipped his jeans and freed his hard cock with a groan. He pressed the head of it to my lips and watched as I sucked on the tip.

“I can’t stop thinking about you.” He slipped a hand through my hair and pulled my mouth in tighter. I sucked greedily, feeling his cock swelling as it slipped toward the back of my throat. I moaned around his shaft, my pussy like a hot pulse between my legs as I worked my head up and down his length.

“Easy, Leah,” he groaned, grabbing his cock out of my mouth and squeezing it tight. “Here, lick my balls.” I looked up at him, tentative, reaching my tongue out to touch one of the smooth sacs hanging underneath. He moaned

when I sucked it into my mouth, his hand moving slowly up and down his shaft, pulling the skin over the head of his cock.

“Good,” he breathed as my tongue wiggled over to the other one. I licked at it and then sucked, but it was drawn up tighter toward his body than the other and stayed there, stubborn. Eager, I opened my mouth wider, sucking harder, making him gasp.

“Whoa!” He grabbed my hair and pulled me back.

Surprised, I looked up at him. “What did I do?”

“Easy, there.” He smiled. “Very sensitive.”

I blushed. “Oh. Sorry.”

“It’s okay.” He pulled me to standing and kissed me again, making me melt. He pressed me toward the counter, reaching under my skirt and grabbing my ass, squeezing and lifting me up on the edge. He pressed my legs back and pulled my panties aside to look at my pussy under the bright light of the fluorescents. His eyes moved over my flesh, glistening smooth.

“I shaved for you,” I whispered, watching his face. “Do you like it?”

He groaned and leaned in to lick me in response, his mouth moving up and down my slit, his tongue dipping deep inside before slipping back up to my clit, making low noises in his throat as he sucked. I moaned, leaning back on my elbows on the counter and spreading my thighs wide.

“Oh please,” I whispered, watching his mouth working over my pussy, his tongue lapping back and forth over the sensitive bud of my clit. I had never been

able to watch him do it before and I found it beyond exciting, his eyes on mine as he squatted in front of me, his hand kneading the soft flesh of my inner thighs.

“That’s so good!” I pulled my t-shirt up to reveal the swell of my breasts, my nipples already hard. He watched me play with them, groaning when I tugged and made them stand up, the skin around them pursed. His tongue felt like wet heaven. I couldn’t stand it much longer, and my fingers rubbing my nipples increased the sensation even more.

“So close,” I whispered a warning, my head going back, and his tongue traced fast, furious and ecstatic circles around my clit. “Oh, now, now, now!”

I was coming, the force of my orgasm threatening to send me shuddering off the bathroom counter, my belly trembling with it, my thighs quivering under his hands as I bucked against his mouth. I didn’t even have time to recover before he was standing, leaning in and kissing me so I could taste myself on his tongue.

“Fuck me.” I reached down and grabbed his cock, aiming it for my pussy. “Please, fuck me.”

He groaned, sliding me down off the counter and turning me around. He bent me over the surface, pushing my skirt up and yanking my panties roughly down to my knees. His cock was sliding into me before I knew what was happening, pressing deep and pulling back fast before shoving in again right away.

“Oh!” I cried as he grabbed my hips, working the length of his cock between my legs, burying himself to the hilt. The jolt of it sent me ramming into

the counter, each thrust making my whole body quiver. And still, I wanted more. I squeezed myself around him, reaching between my legs to rub my aching clit.

“Oh Jesus,” he whispered as my muscles clamped down on him. My breasts were swaying under me as he drove forward, and I put my hand on the mirror to balance myself, watching his face change, become more tense and strained, the sound of our breathing filling the room.

“Oh god, yes, Mr. Nolan!” I moaned, my clit beginning to throb, my belly tight, something coiled there, ready to spring. “Fuck me, do it hard!”

“Shhhhh,” he urged, glancing at the door, but not stopping, his cock filling me completely, again and again, spreading my wet, pink lips and sinking deep into the tight tunnel of my flesh. “Have to be quiet, baby.”

“It’s so hard!” I pressed back against the saddle of his hips, working my clit faster. “I want it so much.”

“Oh god,” he groaned, squeezing my hips and bucking hard. “Oh fuck, baby, I’m gonna come!”

“Wait.” I pulled him out of me and whirled around to squat in front of him, my panties around my ankles and my skirt still up to my waist. “Come in my mouth.”

I rubbed my clit fast as I took his cock in my hand, milking the length and sucking the tip. He growled, grabbing the back of my head and thrusting hard, shooting a white hot blast of cum deep into my throat. My instinct was to gasp, but I knew I would choke, so instead I started to swallow, the taste of him sending me over, too, my body shuddering with the delicious heat of an orgasm

for the second time in ten minutes. When he was spent, he pulled me up and kissed me again, his tongue soft and exploring now. We were both still breathless and panting.

“What have you done to me?” He looked down at my panties still around my ankles. “I can’t stop... I just can’t stop.”

“Then don’t stop.” I kissed his cheek.

I pulled my panties up, turning to tug my t-shirt down, straightening and smoothing. I noticed my handprint right in the center of the mirror. Mr. Nolan was tucking and zipping, watching me.

“I’ll go first.” He grabbed me to him and kissed me again. “Are you spending the night again tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” He smiled and his look made me want to melt into a puddle on the floor. “Meet you in the theater.”

The door closed behind him and I locked it, going back to the sink and washing my hands. I don’t want Erica to suspect anything, I thought, picking up my soda that was still sitting on the counter. Closing my eyes, I took a shaky breath and unlocked the door, walking on unsteady legs back into the theater to where my best friend and her dad were waiting.

Chapter Ten

"I'm staying over! I don't care what you say!" I hissed into the phone, peeking around the corner into the living room where Erica and her dad were sitting on the couch watching *John Carpenter's Vampires*. Erica had her face buried against his shoulder, clutching his shirt, and I just knew I was missing a good part.

My mother sighed. "You haven't been home on a weekend for a month, now! I don't like how much time you're spending over there lately."

"But—"

She interrupted me, using her fed-up tone. "Leah, come home! Your senior project is over. There's no reason for you to be there all weekend. You stayed last night. You can come home tonight."

"Fine," I said coldly. "We're watching a movie. I'll be home at midnight."

I hung up without saying goodbye, glaring at the phone as I set it back in the cradle, daring it to ring, but it didn't.

When I joined them on the couch, I slid into the spot on the other side of Mr. Nolan.

"Problems?" He frowned at me.

I shrugged. "She wants me home tonight."

"Aww!" Erica pouted. "We were gonna go to IHOP in the morning for waffles!"

"Don't rub it in." I picked at imaginary lint on my jeans. "I'll just come over in the morning."

Mr. Nolan's hand moved over mine, squeezing briefly before letting go.
"I'm sure your mother just misses you."

"I guess." I shrugged again and curled my feet under me, pretending to watch the movie, but I couldn't concentrate. All day, I had thought about nothing else but how I was going to sneak into Mr. Nolan's room tonight after Erica was asleep, and now my own mother had foiled my plans!

"I'm gonna make popcorn." I got up. "Want some?"

Mr. Nolan's eyes met mine. "I'll help you."

"And leave me here alone!?" Erica gulped. "Hello! Vampires!"

"They won't bite you." I grinned from the doorway. "They're not into *fast* food."

"Bitch!" She laughed, throwing a pillow at me. I caught it and stuck my tongue out at her, throwing it back.

"Okay, girls!" Mr. Nolan pushed me towards the kitchen. "Erica, just call me if it gets too scary."

"Fine." She grumbled, drawing her knees up to her chin and tucking her feet in close to her body. "But hurry up!"

I was already opening the cupboard, stretching up to get the popcorn from the top shelf, when I felt him press me into the counter, pulling my hair aside so he could kiss my neck and shoulder.

He nuzzled my ear. "I want you so bad, I can't stand it."

The words made me melt and I turned in his arms, my lips meeting his, our mouths soft, wet heat as our tongues met. His thigh pressed hard between

my legs and I squeezed it, wishing I was wearing a skirt again so he could touch me. I rocked my clit back and forth over the seam of my jeans as I rubbed my pussy against his leg.

“I want to stay the night,” I whispered into his ear, pouting, feeling his hands moving behind me, under my shirt, touching skin.

“I know.” He squeezed me close with a sigh. His hand slipped under the waistband of my jeans, tugging at my panties. “I want you to.”

“I can’t stand not being with you.” I reached between us and rubbed my hand over the bulge in his crotch. There was too much fabric separating us and I strained against it.

“I know, I know.” He drew a shaky breath and then kissed me again, squeezing my ass as I rubbed my hand between his legs, creating a delicious friction.

“Hurry, you guys!” Erica called and I jumped, we both did, moving quickly apart.

“Popcorn,” he said, as if reminding us both, and I grabbed the *Orville Redenbacher* container while he plugged the air-popper in.

“Where’s the butter?” I asked in front of the open fridge as he poured seeds into the top of the machine.

He reached his arm around me, opening a little door on the side. “In here.”

I caught his arm, taking the butter and turning his hand up to kiss it. He watched me, his eyes following the path my tongue started to make—little circles over his palm, then tracing up toward the soft pads of his fingers. His face looked

pained when I took his index finger into my mouth and sucked it gently, rolling my tongue around the tip.

“Leah,” he whispered, watching his finger disappear into my mouth. “Oh god.”

And then we were pressed together again, kissing and touching, the soft sounds of our hungry mouths and groping hands lost in the whirl of the air-popper. He was grabbing my ass, lifting me, pulling me in to his crotch, and I wrapped my legs around him as he shoved me up onto the kitchen counter.

“Please, oh, please,” I whispered as his hands moved under my t-shirt, rubbing my nipples through my bra. My pussy was throbbing, a thick pulse between my legs, and I squeezed the butter so hard as we kissed that I left fingerprints in it.

I dropped the butter to the floor when his thumb moved over the seam of my jeans, rubbing my pussy through the thick material, and I moaned into his mouth, rocking with the rhythm of his hands. I unsnapped and unzipped him quickly, wiggling my hand in, finding his thick, hard length and rubbing it.

“Oh baby.” He cupped my mound and squeezed my nipple hard as I tugged on him. Behind us, the popcorn was popping, snapping loudly as each kernel opened up. “Oh fuck.”

“Yes!” I whispered, biting at his neck. “Fuck me, Rob.” The sound of the words, coupled with his name in my mouth, felt so adult, and he looked at me, his eyes searching mine. “Please!” I begged him, squeezing his cock, feeling it twitch in my hand. “Fuck me, right here, right now.”

He groaned, breathless, and pulled back, shaking his head. “Leah... no... we can’t.”

I sighed as he turned and started straightening, zipping and snapping, and I felt such an incredible longing I almost couldn’t stand it. I took a knife and cut the stick of butter violently in half, peeling off the paper and putting it into a dish to melt it in the microwave.

“I’m sorry.” He met my eyes as he held the bowl of popcorn out for the butter. I poured it on with a shrug.

“Never mind.” I shook my head. “You’re right.”

“Daddy!” Erica screamed from the other room, startling us both. “He’s the vampire, you idiots! Oh my god!”

I grinned, shaking some salt on the popcorn. “You better go save her.”

He leaned over and nuzzled my ear. “I’d rather save you.”

“I don’t know if I can be saved,” I replied with a little smile, feeling a twinge of guilt as I headed back to the living room. Erica was squealing at the bloodbath on the screen, half covering her eyes, but peeking out between her fingers. Mr. Nolan sat between us again with the popcorn on his knees and we all reached into the buttery softness at once.

“Did we miss anything?” His hand brushed mine in the bowl, making me tingle.

Erica started talking, explaining plot points, but I was lost already—lost in the hard edge of his jaw as he chewed his popcorn and the way the cuff of his

sleeve pulled up to reveal the dark hairs on his forearm and the curved wrinkles around his mouth when he smiled over at me.

I don't know how much of the rest of the movie I actually saw. If someone had asked me to tell them about it, I couldn't have. Luckily, Erica was asleep, curled up in the corner of the sofa, her head resting on the arm, and Mr. Nolan didn't seem interested in asking me about the movie as he stopped the tape and pushed 'rewind' on the remote.

"It's eleven," he whispered, glancing over at Erica, who snorted and shifted a little in her sleep. "Did you tell your mom midnight?"

I sighed, nodding. "I don't want to go."

"I don't want you to go," he agreed, putting his arm around my shoulder and pulling me close.

His lips brushed over my forehead, but I tilted my face up to him for more, letting out a soft whimper. He kissed me, just touching his mouth to mine, our lips buttery still from the popcorn.

"I want you," I breathed, taking his hand and putting it over my breast. He shook his head, but his fingers found my nipple, making it hard under my t-shirt as he rubbed it. "Please... we have an hour."

"Erica," he reminded me as I slid my hand between his legs, finding him already hard under the thick material. When I rubbed there, he shifted, his cock straining under the denim.

“She sleeps like the dead,” I murmured, grazing my nails over his crotch, arching against his hand. My pussy was so wet that my panties felt like they were sticking to me. “God, please... please...”

I was kneeling up, kissing him, moving his other hand between my legs so he could feel the heat there and how much I wanted him. His big palm rubbed my mound, his tongue sucking at mine, our breath coming faster. I straddled one of his legs, moving my crotch up and down his thigh, and both of his hands found their way under my t-shirt, thumbing my nipples through my bra.

“I want you to fuck me,” I purred into his ear, wanting to tempt him. “I want your cock inside my wet little pussy.”

“Oh Leah,” he whispered. “God, I want that, too... you have no idea how much.”

I unsnapped and unzipped my jeans, slipping my hand under my panties, between my lips, and then lifting my wet fingers to his mouth. I rubbed my juices there and he watched me, looking pained, tasting me on his tongue when I slid my finger between his lips.

“Then, show me how much,” I murmured, kissing him. “Please.”

He groaned, shoving his big hand down into my jeans, his fingers parting my soft, wet lips, probing deep and slipping inside of me. I moaned softly, trying to be quiet as he began to fuck me, plunging his fingers up into me as we kissed. Panting against his neck, I clutched him, rocking, wanting more.

Beside us, Erica shifted, sighing, and we both froze. I swallowed hard, glancing over at her, and he did, too.

“Take me upstairs,” I whispered, begging.

“Okay,” he panted, sliding his hand out of my jeans. “Let’s go.”

I moved off of him, going up as quietly as I could, avoiding the creaky fifth step, and he did, too. When we got to the top, he grabbed me, pinning me hard against the wall and plunging his tongue deep into my mouth. I gasped, sliding my arms up around his neck and arching against him.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard,” he growled, turning me and twisting my arm behind my back and holding it there. His other hand moved to my belly, pulling my ass into his crotch as he propelled me forward with his body.

He opened the door and shut it quietly behind him, pushing me toward the bed. I collapsed onto it, rolling to my back and already starting to wiggle out of my jeans. He pulled off his shirt, tossing it aside, and I watched in the low light of the lamp as he slid his jeans and shorts down, freeing his hard cock. It stood straight out, pointing right at me, as if it knew just where it wanted to go.

I wasn’t moving fast enough for him, and he grabbed my panties, yanking them down my thighs. My gasp was muffled in the material of my t-shirt as I slipped it over my head, and my fingers fumbled with the front hook of my bra as he knelt beside the bed and buried his face between my thighs.

“Oh god,” I whispered, opening my legs wide for him, his tongue probing deep into my pussy, moving up and down through the wet, pink folds.

His hands pressed my thighs, pushing my knees back toward my head, exposing me completely. His tongue moved up and down my slit, plunging into my pussy before tracing a path up to my clit and back down again. Moaning, I

cupped my breasts, pinching my nipples, making the sensation even more intense.

He sucked at my pussy lips, first one, then the other, making soft growling noises, raking them with his teeth, making me gasp. He jammed his tongue back into my pussy, making it hard, moving it in and out of my hole as he spread my cheeks with his hands.

“Oh yes,” I cried when he covered my pussy with his mouth, sucking my clit in and then teasing it with his tongue. He stayed right there, as if he knew how much I wanted it, his fingers twisting their way into my pussy and beginning to fuck me as he moved that soft, wet tongue back and forth over my little clit.

“Faster,” I begged, arching, rocking with him, feeling my climax coming. I’d been holding onto it, waiting for it for so long, and I couldn’t hold back under the sweet pressure of his tongue. “Make me come!”

He groaned, lapping at me, fucking me, harder and more, until I was panting with wanting it. Just when I thought I couldn’t stand another moment, he slipped his thumb down the crack of my ass and rubbed me there, right around my asshole. I jumped in shock, but the sensation was so incredible that I came immediately, shuddering all over with the force of it.

I bit my lip to keep from crying out as he worked my pussy with his mouth and tongue, his fingers pushed deep into me, his thumb probing my little asshole. I was coming and coming, my body bucking with the sensation. I was still trembling when he rolled me onto my belly, spreading my legs and shoving his cock between them.

“Oh!” I cried, feeling the head of it probe my ass for just a moment, pressing there, before sliding down, finding the soft heat of my pussy and sinking inside. He pressed me to the bed, his thighs opening mine, and his cock felt so thick and hard as he started to fuck me that I couldn’t help moaning.

“God, I love your tight little cunt,” he groaned, his hips moving fast, hard, pounding me into the bed. His words made me feel faint with lust and my pussy was still pulsing from my orgasm, so every thrust sent a delightful shiver through my body.

“Do you like that?” he whispered into my ear, leaning in until I could feel his weight on me. “Do you like being fucked hard?”

“Yes,” I panted, my pussy on fire, his cock driving into my flesh. “I love it hard! Please, more!”

He groaned, grabbing my hips and pulling me to my knees, giving himself more leverage as he worked his cock between my legs. I reached under to rub my aching clit, pressing my cheek to the bed and letting him take me, our bodies making a slippery wet sound every time we came together. He fucked me so hard that he was pushing me across the bed with every thrust, my breasts swaying beneath me, my nipples grazing the sheet.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned, grabbing my hips and pulling me in tight. I could feel him straining, trembling, and I whimpered, wiggling and squirming against him, wanting more. He groaned again, his hand slapping my ass, making me jump.

“Hold still,” he growled, and I did, my breath coming in a fast, harsh pant, feeling his cock swelling inside of me. After a moment, he slid slowly out, and I whimpered, wanting him back.

“Are you okay?” I looked back at him.

“Almost lost it there for a minute,” he gasped, squeezing his cock in his fist. “I don’t want to come yet.”

“I do,” I murmured, still rubbing my clit.

“Come here.” He smiled, his hand moving over my ass, which was still raised in the air. He settled back on the bed, holding his cock in his hand, and I couldn’t resist leaning in and kissing the head, sucking it into my mouth a little.

“Ahhhhh god,” he groaned, watching my tongue slip around the tip. “You’re going to be the death of me.”

“I like it,” I murmured before taking the length into my mouth, as much as I could, tasting my pussy juices on him. He let me do that for a minute, sucking him deep before teasing the tip with my tongue, running it along that tiny slit, the place where I couldn’t wait for all his cum to spill out. I thought I could taste it already and it made me suck harder.

“Hey, whoa,” he whispered, grabbing my hair and easing me up on him. “Come here.”

He pulled me onto him, kissing me, his hands settling on my hips as he rocked me down against his shaft, which was trapped between us. It was slick and hard and rubbing against my pussy—and I wanted it. Reaching down, I

grabbed his cock, aiming him, and he groaned out loud when I sank down onto his length.

“That’s a girl,” he murmured as I started to move my hips in little circles, amazed at how good it felt to rub my clit there, right against the base of his cock. “Ride me.”

I did, using my hands on his chest to keep myself steady as I slid up and down on him. His eyes moved over my body as I rocked, and his hands soon followed, cupping my breasts as they bounced with my motion. Lost in my own pleasure, I angled his thick length so my clit slid wetly up and down his shaft, moving faster as the sensation increased.

“Oh, I like that,” I whispered when he squeezed my nipples, rolling them between his thumb and forefinger. That made me ride him faster, harder, grinding my pelvis into his when I hit bottom. I was working so hard, wanting it, aching for it, my breath coming in gasps.

“Here,” he murmured, grabbing my hips and holding me still, and then he was fucking me from underneath, thrusting up into me, his shaft easing a delicious, wet path over my clit again and again. “Like that?”

“Oh yes,” I nodded, sitting up and pinching my nipples. His thumb found my clit, rubbing there as he fucked me, driving me up off the bed. “Fuck me, yes, yes!”

He grunted, his eyes half-closed as he drove his cock up into my flesh. The feeling between my legs was building, full to bursting, and I rocked, feeling

the head of him shifting inside of me, against the soft, smooth walls of my pussy, making him groan.

“Oh please, Rob,” I whispered, looking down at him. “Make me come all over you.”

“Oh Leah,” he murmured, and I felt him tense, his body tight beneath mine. “Oh fuck, Leah, you feel so good.”

“Now,” I purred, closing my eyes and feeling it take me, my orgasm like a wave of heat as I collapsed onto him. He wrapped his arms around me as he thrust up hard into my flesh, grunting with every burst of cum as he spilled hot waves of it up into my pussy. The sweet, rhythmic flutter between my legs seemed to be milking his cock.

“I love you,” he whispered into my ear, kissing me fiercely before I had a chance to answer. When the kiss broke, I had tears in my eyes.

“I love you, too.” I traced his lips with my fingers.

He smiled, sitting me up on him and looking up at me in the dim light. “You’re so beautiful.” I smiled back, my heart swelling in my chest. He ran his hands up and down my slender body, his eyes never leaving mine, and I was so lost in the moment that I never heard her at the door.

“I hate you!” Erica hissed, and we both jumped, moving to cover ourselves, but it was too late. Much too late. She was standing there, her face red, her eyes slits, her hands clenched into tight fists.

“I hate you both!” she screamed, turning and slamming the door behind her.

And just like that, the moment was gone

Chapter Eleven

The world outside was a blur as rain poured down in steady sheets. I leaned my forehead against the passenger side window, watching figures moving in soft-focus, dark blues and blacks scurrying together to get inside. No clusters of girls laughing and clutching their books to their chests stood on the front steps today—most everyone had an umbrella and they were hurrying, head-down, toward the front doors of the school.

“Are you going to Erica’s today?” my mother asked as she stopped the car as close as she could to the front entrance.

“No.” I grabbed my own umbrella off the floor, reaching for the car door handle.

“Is there something wrong, Leah?” she asked. “You haven’t gone over there all week.”

I shrugged my backpack over my shoulder, glaring at her. “First I’m over there too much and now I’m not over there enough—are you ever happy?”

Her hurt look made me stop and sigh. “Thanks for the ride, okay?”

“Stay dry,” she said in a small voice as I opened the passenger door and struggled with my umbrella.

“Bye, Mom.” I shut the door and fell in behind the rest of the girls who were trying to make it as fast as possible into the school.

That old saying about April showers was proving to be true this week—it had done nothing but rain, rain, rain. We were shoulder to shoulder as we moved

up the steps, and I waited while the girl in front of me closed her umbrella and shook it over the railing before stepping under the eave and doing the same.

“Leah?” The sound of Erica’s voice made my heart lurch.

I don’t know how I’d missed her, standing to the side on the steps. Her short blonde hair was plastered to her cheeks and the make-up she had put on this morning streaked down her face in black rivers. If I was a casual observer, I would have just thought that she was wet from walking to school in the rain, but I knew better—Erica had been crying.

“Are you okay?” I asked, the girls behind me jostling and grumbling as I stopped.

Erica shook her head and I slipped under the railing, moving off to the side and pulling her with me. There was nowhere to stand but in the rain, and it was coming down so hard that I was immediately soaked to the skin.

“He broke up with me,” she choked out over the downpour and her lower lip trembled under the weight of the words.

“Oh, no,” I breathed, moving to put my arms around her, and then remembering. I stopped, mid-hug, not sure how to proceed, but Erica came the rest of the way, clinging to me, and I could feel her silent sobs.

I didn’t know what else to do but hold on to her and we rocked back and forth, our backpacks and my umbrella sitting in a puddle at our feet, forgotten.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, feeling my own tears mixing with the rain. “I’m so sorry, Erica, I’m so sorry.”

“Me, too.” She hugged me tighter. “I missed you so much.”

I nodded. From the moment Erica had screamed, “I hate you!” until this one, it had felt like things were moving in geological time. All week, I felt trapped in some strange ice age—it was that cold. Life without the man I loved had proved awful, but life without my best friend, too!? It was beyond unbearable.

“You’re shivering.” I realized that I was, too, although inside, I felt warmer than I had all week. “Let’s go in.”

“Let’s go home.” Erica pulled back to look at me and squeezed my hands. “I can’t face school today.”

I glanced up the steps where most of the crowd of girls had already disappeared through the big double doors. Sister Mary Francis had been standing there moments before, but I couldn’t see her, now.

“Okay,” I agreed, grabbing my backpack. I opened my umbrella, pulling Erica under it as we headed back down the stairs. She sniffed, linking her arm with mine as we walked.

“What happened?” I asked. “Did he say why?”

“I told him I didn’t want to have sex anymore.” Her voice was so soft I could barely hear it over the pelting of the rain on the umbrella over our heads.

“Oh.” I stopped, pulling her up short, as we waited for a school bus to pass before we could cross the street. “Well... why?”

“After last week.” She jumped over a puddle. “After you and my dad...”

I winced and sighed. “Erica, I’m so sorry...”

“Can we talk about me?” Her voice turned back to that ice-age tone.

“I’m sorry,” I said again with a gulp. “Go on...”

“I went to confession,” she went on as we rounded the corner on her block. “And I told Father Michael everything.”

My stomach clenched, remembering my own time in the penance-box with Father Michael. I wondered, given the details of what Erica said, if he had put two and two together? I cringed at the thought.

“And I recommitted my virginity.”

I frowned, cocking my head at her. “Can you do that?”

“He said I could.” We slowed as we came to her house and turned up the walkway. “He said that my recommitment would help absolve me of my sins.”

“Funny,” I snorted. “He just gave me a bunch of Our Father’s and Hail Mary’s.”

Erica gave me a quelling look as she put her key in the lock. “This is serious, Leah.”

“Okay, okay.” I dropped my backpack in the foyer and followed her to the kitchen. Being in the house again was like coming home and my heart felt swollen and tight in my chest.

“I’m being punished.” Erica kicked off her shoes and grabbed an apple off the table. I sat at one of the kitchen chairs, watching her slide up onto the counter.

“Bobby breaking up with you is punishment?” I frowned.

“Probably that, too.” She chewed on a bite of her apple.

I toed off my shoes and pulled off my wet socks. “I don’t get it.”

“Everything we did, Leah,” she went on. “Watching porn, how we were with each other, me having sex with Bobby...”

“That was punishment?” I smirked.

“No, those were my sins.” She took another vicious bit of her apple. “You and my dad together—that was my punishment.”

I sat back in the chair, stunned. “Oh, Erica... no...”

“Yeah, that’s what my dad said, too.” She snorted, chewing noisily. “But after I confessed to Father Michael, I knew it was true. I was being punished for all the bad things we’ve done.”

Putting my hands to my cheeks, I shook my head at her. “Erica... first of all, why would God punish *you* for what... what *I* did with your dad?”

“God works in mysterious ways.” She sighed.

“I feel awful for hurting you.” My cheeks were burning even under the cool wetness of my fingers. “I didn’t mean for it to happen. I can’t explain it, and I don’t have any excuses.”

She rolled her eyes, biting into her apple. “You sound just like him.”

“Who?” I shook my head.

“My dad,” she replied through a mouthful of fruit. “That’s just what he said... except then he told me that he was in love with you.”

My heart leapt in my chest. “He did?”

“Yeah.” She snorted. “My dad in love with my best friend. How is this not some sort of punishment?”

I felt tears stinging my eyes and blinked them back. "I'm sorry you feel that way."

"How am I supposed to feel?" She slid off the counter, tossing the apple core into the garbage and flopping onto the kitchen chair next to me, her arms crossed. "You're fucking my dad!"

I nodded, feeling the weight of it in my chest. "I know how it looks... but, Erica... it's not like that..."

She frowned. "Don't tell me... you're in love with him, too?"

"Yes," I whispered miserably, the tears I'd been holding back starting to fall. I couldn't stop them.

Her face softened when she saw my tears and, leaning forward, she took my hands in hers. "Leah, you're like my sister... we've been best friends forever..."

"I know," I squeaked, my tears wetting my already soaked blouse. "I don't want to lose you."

She sighed. "I don't want to lose you, either."

"I didn't know what to do." My eyes searched her face. "I love him, Erica. I really love him... but I was so afraid that you wouldn't understand..."

Her hands squeezed mine. "I don't know if I understand. I thought I knew what love was... with Bobby..."

Now she was crying, too, her lip quivering again. "But I obviously didn't mean that much to him..."

"He's a jerk." I nudged her knees with mine.

“He didn’t love me,” she whispered, shaking her head. “I know that now.”

“I’m sorry.” I was really crying now and so was she.

Erica slid to the floor and put her head on my lap. “I was so mad at you...”

“I know.” My hand moved her wet hair off of her cheek.

“I wanted to hate you,” she went on. “I wanted to hate you both—but I couldn’t. I love you too much. You know that, right?”

“I do now,” I choked out, stroking her hair, her back. “I love you, too, you know.”

She drew a shaky breath, rubbing her cheek against my bare thigh. “I know. Do you know how I know?”

“How?” I whispered. Her lips touched my skin, warm and soft, and I shivered.

“Because you didn’t tell me,” she murmured, looking up at me. “You were both protecting me.” I held my arms out and we hugged. I sank to the floor beside her and we held on, both of us crying.

“You must really love him,” she said into my ear as we rocked. “You both risked so much...”

“I know it’s a sin,” I whispered, holding her tight. “But it feels so right. I don’t understand it.”

“God works in mysterious ways, I guess.” She squeezed me hard.

I sat back, frowning. “Do you really think we’re being punished?”

“I did.” Erica sighed. “Now...I don’t know.”

“I can’t help how I feel.” I pleaded at her with my eyes, feeling the tremble in my mouth.

She nodded. “I know. Come on, let’s go get changed and get warm.”

It felt like old times, like nothing had ever come between us, as we stripped out of our wet clothes and pulled on t-shirts and climbed, still shivering, into her bed to snuggle under the covers.

“Wanna watch a movie?” Erica touched her forehead to mine.

“Noooo!” I groaned. “That’s how this all started.”

She raised her eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“Me and your dad.” I flushed at the memory. “That’s how... we started...”

Her eyes were searching. “How? Tell me?”

“Are you sure?” I swallowed, rolling away from her. I didn’t want her to see my face.

“Yeah.” Her hand over my back. “What happened?”

I let out a slow sigh, closing my eyes. “I saw him one night when I got up to use the bathroom...”

“Doing what?” Erica rested her hand on my hip and she moved in so her body was pressed up against mine.

“He was... he was watching a movie... and...” I glanced over my shoulder at her, feeling her soft thighs against mine. “Are you *sure* you want to hear this?”

She nodded, moving my wet hair and kissing my neck. “Tell me. I want to know.”

“You’re not too weirded out?” I insisted, shivering when her lips moved down into the curve toward my shoulder.

“Yes,” she admitted with sigh. “And no. It’s hard to explain.”

“Tell me about it,” I breathed as her fingers edged their way under my t-shirt, stroking the soft skin of my belly. It was distracting. “Anyway... I saw him touching himself... and he was so... god, he was so hard, Erica...”

She made a little noise, her breath tickling the hairs on the back of my neck.

“I couldn’t help watching him and touching myself, too...”

Her fingers crept under the elastic of my panties, teasing. “Did you see him come?”

“Yeah,” I breathed as her hand moved to cup my mound. “All over his belly.”

“Then what?” she prodded, her hand rubbing slowly over my pussy.

“I don’t remember,” I murmured, squirming, feeling the heat of her crotch against my bottom.

I whimpered when she moved her hand away. “Fine, if you don’t want to tell me...”

“I do,” I protested, reaching my hand back and touching her bare thigh, pulling her hip in to me and wiggling back against her. “I just... it seems a little strange... telling you...”

“We tell each other everything,” she reminded me. “I told you all about me and Bobby...”

She had a point. "I wanted to tell you... when you told me about Bobby..."

"You'd already done it?" she gasped, her hand squeezing my ass hard through my panties.

I squealed, laughing. "Yeah... that's why I asked you if it hurt..."

"Did it?" she asked, inching my panties down over my bottom.

"Yeah, a little." I arched my back with a sigh, feeling her fingers probing me from behind. "But then... oh god... then it started to feel so good..."

"Is he big?" She pressed her thigh between mine, opening me more to her fingers as they slipped inside.

"Yes," I whispered, moaning when she started to move them in and out of my wetness. "Ohhh yes... that's good."

"Was he on top?" Her fingers curled inside of me, making me gasp.

"The first time..." I lifted my leg higher, feeling her push in deeper, faster.

"How many times?" Her thumb moved to find my clit, rubbing it slowly back and forth, teasing me.

"Oh god that's good," I whispered, rocking with her. "Just a few times... so far..."

"So far," she breathed, wiggling her fingers up inside of me. "So you think you're going to do it again?"

I sighed, closing my eyes. "I hope so..."

"Me too." She kissed my neck as her fingers plunged into me, making a soft wet noise between my legs. "Promise to tell me about it..."

“Erica,” I moaned, squeezing my pussy around her fingers, wanting more.
“That’s... mmm... god, that’s just so wrong...”

“I know.” Her lips moved over my neck, kissing and sucking the sensitive skin there. “But if I’m going to do this whole virgin thing, I might as well live through you...”

I turned to face her, sighing when her fingers slid out of me. “Are you really going to?”

“I don’t know.” She gave me a bitter smile. “I’m done with Bobby... and I’m not really into anyone else right now.” I touched her cheek and leaned in to kiss her. She tasted like apples and I licked her sweetness off my lips. “Except you.” She smiled, sliding her hand under my panties again.

“I thought...” My eyes closed as she probed between my swollen lips, her finger finding my clit. “Ohhh... mmm... I thought that you were recommitting yourself...”

“Well...” Her breath was warm over my face as she started rubbing me. “If I just do this with you, technically, I’m still a virgin...”

I smiled, sighing and opening my legs a little wider. “But isn’t it still a sin?”

“I guess there’s always confession,” she murmured, pressing her fingers up into me, making me moan.

“Oh, Erica,” I gasped, sliding my thigh up over hers. “If we keep confessing this stuff to Father Michael, he’s going to have a heart attack.”

She giggled, slipping down between my legs and pulling my panties all the way down. "You should have heard him huffing and puffing when I was in there. Surprised the whole thing didn't come down."

"Oh, god, that's good," I whispered as I watched her part my lips with her fingers and tickle my clit with her tongue. "I don't care if it's a sin..."

Erica's whole mouth covered my mound, her eyes meeting mine as she sucked and licked. Her tongue worked my flesh, back and forth, around and around, sending delicious thrills through me. I had been punishing myself all week and hadn't even touched myself, and now the feel of her mouth on me was almost too much pleasure to bear.

"Feel good?" She flicked my clit with her tongue and slipped a finger inside of me. I wiggled, moaning, grabbing my thighs and pulling them back so she could really fuck me with her hand, her fingers working in and out of my pussy as she licked me.

"Don't stop," I begged, pulling my t-shirt up so I could play with my nipples, sending extra waves of sensation down between my legs, right to the spot that she was teasing with her tongue. I gasped and moaned, rocking my hips up to meet her mouth and her hand, her fingers shoving wetly in and out of my hole.

"Ohhhhhh fuck," I whispered, feeling it coming, my orgasm cresting, reaching an incredible peak, and I grabbed her still-wet hair, mashing her face against my flesh. "Erica, yes, yes, make me come!"

She moaned, moving her face from side to side, her tongue rubbing back and forth, her fingers pressing hard inside of me as my pussy spasmed again

and again. I couldn't help moaning with it, the waves of pleasure rocking my body against hers. We rolled on the bed and kissed, giggling as we pressed our breasts together under the blanket.

"I missed you," she breathed, kissing me again.

"Me, too." I could taste myself in her mouth and it made me want to taste her, too. My fingers found their way between her legs, making her sigh and spread wider. "Your turn?"

"Please..." She pushed the covers down, pulling her knees back and showing me. She was glistening wet, still shaved completely smooth, her lips so fat and swollen that they spread all by themselves to show the pink heat inside. I kissed her knee, working my way slowly up, my eyes on hers. She licked her lips as she watched me edge my way up the soft skin of her inner thigh.

"Was he really big?" Erica murmured as I neared her pussy. I could smell her and it made me heady. I nodded, kissing her lips, tickling them with my tongue, tasting her. "Bigger than Bobby?" she asked.

I shrugged one shoulder. "I don't know... how big was he?" She showed me with her hands and I smiled. "Oh, much bigger. Almost as big as your vibrator, actually..."

Her eyes widened. "Get it." She nodded toward her dresser.

I did, bringing it back and wrapping my fingers around the base. "He's probably this big."

"How did it feel, going inside of you?" She reached for it and started to rub it up and down her slit when I handed it to her.

“Good.” I stretched out between her legs and watched her part her lips with the head, sliding it slowly inside. “Really.... really... good.”

“Tell me,” she whispered, her eyes half closed as she looked down at me.

“But...” I hesitated. “Are you sure? It’s your *dad*.”

“I know,” she moaned, starting to fuck herself, the vibrator making a wet sound as it pressed into her and came back out again. “Tell me...”

“What do you want to know?” I leaned in and kissed her clit, making her squirm.

“Everything...” she murmured, fucking herself faster. “Oh god...”

“He was gentle the first time.” I wet my fingers and rubbed at her clit. “But the time we did it at the movies...”

“The movies!” Erica gasped, stopping to stare at me.

I nodded, flushing. “When we both went to the bathroom?”

“I knew it,” she whispered, pushing the cock deep into her with a moan.

“That time he just took me...” I rubbed her clit faster, loving the look of pleasure on her face. “He put me on the bathroom counter and licked me... made me come so hard...”

“Oh god,” she cried, twisting the cock in her pussy. “Yes... tell me...”

“Then he bent me over the sink.” I feathered kisses over her clit as I rubbed it. She was squirming and moaning, her breath coming faster. “And he shoved that big, hard dick between my legs... hard... right into my wet little cunt...” Erica gasped at my words, working the cock so hard between her lips that it made a fast, wet squelching noise as she fucked herself. “And then he

fucked me.” I flicked my tongue over her clit. “He fucked me so hard I could barely stand up...”

“Oh yes,” she moaned, her eyes closed, completely lost now. I could tell she was close, her whole body was tense, her thighs trembling.

“Oh Daddy, yes, fuck me,” she moaned out loud, and I’m not sure she was aware of what she’d said, but a noise from the doorway drew my attention and I knew then that I wasn’t the only one who had heard her.

My eyes widened when I saw Mr. Nolan as I peered over Erica’s shoulder through the half-open door. His fist was wrapped around his cock, moving up and down the shaft. The sight of it made my pussy tingle and when my eyes met his, I saw the lust in them.

“Did he come all over you?” Erica quivered as she fucked herself, and I knew now, we both knew, that she was imagining her father’s own cock. The thought shocked and aroused me, and it clearly excited Mr. Nolan.

I leaned in and licked her clit for a moment, my eyes on his, and he watched with an almost pained expression, his mouth open, his hand a blur up and down his shaft. When I lifted my head, glancing from Erica to her father, he put a finger to his lips and I gave him a nod, something imperceptible.

“When he was about to come,” I went on, now telling them both and tickling her clit with my tongue as I rubbed her, pulling the hood back to touch the little bud directly. “I got down and sucked him and swallowed it all...”

That was it—Erica moaned, bucking her hips. “I’m coming, oh yes, Daddy, I’m coming!” I latched onto her clit, sucking and licking as she came, feeling the

tremble and quaver in her pussy. Through the doorway, I could see him coming, too, his cock exploding with it. He pointed the red, swollen tip toward his belly and it burst upward like a geyser, spilling down his hand in white hot rivers.

“I love the taste of his cum,” I murmured, kissing her clit and making her shiver. Her hands moved through my hair and I looked up at her with a smile. I whispered the words, even though I felt a twinge of jealousy as I spoke them. “I bet you’d love it, too.”

Over her shoulder, I saw Mr. Nolan shaking his head, but there was a light in his eyes. He backed away from the door, into the shadows, and I wanted to go after him, but I knew I couldn’t.

Erica wiggled away, flushing even more red and biting her lip. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Okay,” I agreed, hearing the soft sound of a door closing as I snuggled up behind her and kissed her shoulder. “Let’s take a nap.”

I listened for the sound of her drifting off, but it was a long time, I think, before either of us slept.

Chapter Twelve

"Patty, it's Rob... she's going to stay over here tonight."

I bit my cuticle and glanced nervously at Erica as I listened to Mr. Nolan talking to my mom on the phone in the kitchen.

"Yes, I know it's a school night," he said. "But I'm chaperoning the class trip to Cedar Point tomorrow, and we'd like to get an early start. I really don't want to have to come get her at five in the morning and wake you and Ralph."

Erica grinned at me and pinched my thigh as she flipped channels on the remote. "Told you he'd think of something good."

"Ouch," I protested, shoving her hand away and straining to hear. My mother had been adamant lately about limiting my time at the Nolan's, and I really didn't think she was going to relent.

"Great, thanks, Patty," he said. I relaxed when I heard the smile in his voice. My whole body responded to it, and I knew he was thinking exactly what I was in that moment. "I'll bring her home the day after tomorrow, safe and sound."

We were spending the night in a hotel room, all three of us. Michelle Kinnie was supposed to be in our group, too, but she had backed out at the last minute.

"All set!" He smiled at me from the doorway. "You've got your stuff, don't you?"

I nodded, my eyes meeting his and feeling something tingly in my lower belly. I patted the couch beside me and he came to sit down between us, putting his arm around me and leaning in to give me a kiss. I still felt a little shy around

Erica, but I couldn't resist kissing him back and wanting more. His hand slipped down my waist, squeezing there, and I knew he did, too.

"Ok, you two, get a room already!" Erica rolled her eyes and stopped her channel surfing at *Ed, Edd n Eddy*.

Mr. Nolan put his arm around Erica's shoulders and kissed her on the top of the head. "Well, you two better go get all dressed up, because it looks like we're going out tonight after all."

Erica frowned up at him. "Are you sure you want me tagging along?"

"Don't be silly." I reached over to pinch her thigh, like she had done to me.

"Somewhere yummy?" Erica stood and stretched, her blouse pulling out of her uniform skirt.

"Somewhere interesting... and expensive." He leaned back and looked at her as she cocked her hip at him. "Put on the dressiest thing you've got, both of you."

"Yay!" I clapped my hands. "Come on, Erica, let's go get dolled up."

He stood, giving me a hand up. "I have reservations for seven, ladies, so don't take too long in the bathroom, alright?"

Erica was already heading toward the stairs and I felt Mr. Nolan's hand move over my ass as I slipped by him, giving me a good squeeze. I smiled back at him and followed Erica into her room.

"Dressy, something dressy." She flipped through her closet. "Nuh-uh... too prom... too 80's... ugh. I have nothing. We can't go."

"What about this?" I pulled out a short, shiny red satin dress.

Erica raised an eyebrow at me. "Um... if you want to wear something that screams 'I am a whore'... all right then."

I rolled my eyes at her and hung it back up. "I think you just don't want to go."

"I do, too!" She folded her arms and leaned against the wall with a scowl. Then her eyes brightened, her face changing. "I got it!"

She grabbed my arm and I followed her across the hall to Mr. Nolan's office. It was a third bedroom, really, but it had a desk and a computer and filing cabinets. We didn't spend a lot of time in there. Erica opened the closet and started flipping through clothes.

"These were my mother's." She pulled out a short, light pink dress. It had spaghetti straps and criss-cross trim over the bodice. I watched as Erica stripped down to her white panties and slid it over her head. The skirt was layered asymmetrically, the underskirt barely coming to mid-thigh and the sheer layers almost touching her knees.

She twirled in it, smiling over at me. "Well?"

"It's adorable," I said. "You look like a fairy princess."

"A sexy fairy princess I hope." She frowned.

I laughed. "Yes. Definitely."

"Well, do you see anything you want to wear?" She waved me into the closet. I sifted through the material, soft, silky, velvety, trying to decide.

"Oooohh, look at this one!" I pulled out a gorgeous, strapless rust-colored dress, with a ruched bust and empire waist. It was a silk chiffon with a scalloped

hem, and the pattern on it was a cross between something oriental and paisley, I couldn't decide which.

"That's totally vintage." Erica held it up to me. "Try it on."

I did, straightening the bust, which I kept threatening to fall out of, and asking, "Well?"

"Perfect." She smiled. "My dad is gonna melt into a puddle when he sees you."

I beamed at her and we spent the next hour in the bathroom, putting on our make-up and doing each other's hair. I had a lot more hair to deal with, but Erica took the time to curl it and put it up, and when I put on heels and looked into the mirror, I really felt all grown-up.

Erica's blonde hair was finer and shorter than mine, but she had enough for me to pull up and make short little curls, which made her look even more pixie-like in her pink fairy dress.

"Let's go make an entrance." Erica pulled at my hand.

At the top of the stairs, I hesitated. "You first."

She went down, and I heard her father gasp and everything went very quiet.

"Daddy?" Erica's voice was trembling.

"Oh my god," he murmured, and I couldn't help peeking around the railing to see him coming toward her, his eyes sweeping over her. "You look... beautiful." He hugged her, tilting her chin up and kissing her mouth. It was a short

kiss, but it was a kiss and something clenched in my belly. “You look exactly like your mother.” He smiled down at her.

“Okay, stop.” Erica pulled away from him. “Before you make me cry and run my mascara.”

“Leah?” He looked up the stairwell, and I started down, careful in my heels.

Erica was standing beside him, smiling up at me, but I could only see his eyes, they way slipped up my long, slender legs, past the hemline of the dress, lingering on the bodice before meeting mine.

“Well?” I asked, twirling.

He cleared his throat, and the expression on his face was odd, almost perplexed. “You’re stunning.”

“Told you!” Erica grinned. “But I bet she doesn’t look like my mother.”

“No,” he breathed, touching my cheek. “She looks like her mother.”

I laughed. “I don’t know if that’s a compliment.”

“When she was young.” He returned my smile. “Are you ready?”

I frowned at him, cocking my head. “Yeah, let’s go.”

“I get to drive!” Erica held her hand out for the keys. We both groaned, but he gave them to her, and we managed to make it to the restaurant without a major accident, even though she blew through two stop signs and blamed it on her platform heels.

“Alinea’s!” I gasped when we got out of the car. I’d been too busy covering my eyes and praying on the way over to pay attention where we were going.

“I told you—expensive.” Mr. Nolan’s hand was pressed into the small of my back as he steered me into the restaurant and Erica followed.

“My mom loves this place,” I whispered as we were met by the maitre’d.

“You’ve been here?” Mr. Nolan looked disappointed as he gave the man his name.

“No.” I shook my head as he held out my seat. The maitre’d held Erica’s for her, and she smiled a thank you up at him. It was the first time I noticed that he was young—and cute. “She just talked about it until my ears were bleeding.” My voice was hushed as I stared around at the strange, modern décor.

“I feel like I’m on the set of Star Trek,” Erica whispered.

Mr. Nolan laughed and ordered a bottle of wine. When it arrived, he poured three glasses, and Erica and I grinned at each other but didn’t say anything as we sipped it.

“My name is Charles and I’ll be your server this evening. Have you been to Alinea before?” It was the cute maitre’d who had seated us and brought us the bottle of wine. I shook my head at him, but he was looking at Erica.

“I have.” Mr. Nolan smiled. “But you can give the girls the full treatment.”

“Oh yes, Charles,” Erica purred, practically batting her eyes at him. “I’d love the full treatment.”

“Subtle, Erica,” I whispered under my breath, feeling Mr. Nolan chuckling silently beside me.

“We have two options on our menu, the tasting experience, or the tour...” Charles went on, but I wasn’t listening to him, because Mr. Nolan’s hand had

found its way to my knee and his index finger was tracing lazy circles up the skin of my inner thigh, sending shivers through me.

I glanced at him, but his attention was focused on the waiter, or at least it seemed to be, except his hand kept pushing my dress up higher. His fingers reached my panties, brushing over the slightly damp crotch and I gulped, crossing my legs and turning slightly away from him.

He raised his eyebrows and, leaning in toward me, he whispered, "I want the tasting experience."

I nudged him playfully with my shoulder, turning my attention back to Charles. He seemed to be waiting for something.

"The tour," Mr. Nolan told him. "I'm giving the girls a real treat tonight."

He nodded, smiling at Erica as he passed and she looked over at me with stars in her eyes.

"Isn't he adorable?"

I looked after his retreating form. "You could do worse."

"We are not taking home any cute waiters." Mr. Nolan raised his eyebrow at Erica.

She laughed. "Oh come on, Dad, can't I keep him?"

"Shh!" I motioned with my eyes as Charles came back with three small plates and put one before each of us. I stared at the tiny white and pink blob balanced precariously on a delicate leaf. Erica met my eyes and I tried not to laugh at the look on her face.

"This is our first course of twenty-four." Charles smiled. "A frozen lozenge of sour cream, topped with a layer of shaved salmon, sitting on a sorrel leaf."

We were really supposed to eat it?! I looked over at Mr. Nolan and he nodded to me. Erica was poking at it with her fork, like she was sure it was going to spring back to life somehow.

"You can use the shoot as a handle." Charles leaned down to her, pointing out the leaf stem.

"Oh." Erica's eyes widened at me, as if she were asking me for a way out.

"After you," I said, watching her glance up at Charles and smile weakly as she picked the leaf up by the stem like she was holding a rat by the tail.

"Here goes!" She popped the whole thing into her mouth and began to chew. I watched, waiting for her to grab her napkin and spit it out, but she didn't. She looked up at him in surprise. "Hey, that's good!"

He nodded, looking pleased, and he said to Mr. Nolan. "I'll return in a moment with your next course."

"Try it." Mr. Nolan picked his up and put it into his mouth.

I didn't want to disappoint him, so I put it into my mouth, chewing quickly and grabbing for my water, but it wasn't half as bad as I imagined it would be. The sour cream and salmon made a lovely texture together on my tongue.

"How many courses did he say?" I saw him coming back with another tray of plates.

"Twenty-four," Erica said dreamily, her chin resting in her hand.

"We're going to be here all night!" I exclaimed, glancing at Mr. Nolan.

"I hope so," Erica agreed, sitting up straighter as Charles approached.

"Anticipation," Mr. Nolan whispered into my ear, his hand slipping its way up the outside of my thigh this time.

"Your second course is a two-toned spiral of paper-thin cucumber with a layer of dehydrated mango inside." Charles whisked away our empty plates and set down new ones with one appetizer on each.

"They must have to wash a lot of dishes," I whispered to Mr. Nolan and he chuckled.

Erica had already popped it into her mouth. "Mmmm! It's like a fruit roll-up!" I laughed, and when I tasted it, the flavor was mellow and sweet and quite good.

"Expensive fruit roll-up." Mr. Nolan shook his head at Erica when Charles left again, off to get our third course.

"Hey, what can I say?" Erica shrugged, sipping her wine. "That's my frame of reference."

"I suppose that's my fault," he remarked, leaning over and kissing her cheek. "I probably fed you too much Kraft macaroni and not enough brie."

"How many courses again?" I sighed, nudging him under the table with my foot.

He smiled back at me, leaning in to whisper, "None of this tastes as good as you do."

"Here he comes!" Erica turned in her seat and crossed her legs, so her dress rode up high on her thigh. I saw both Charles and Mr. Nolan glance at her

hemline, so while Erica listened with rapt attention as the waiter talked about snap peas and yuba and lemon puree, I slid my hand over Mr. Nolan's thigh.

He shifted in his seat as I used my nails to scratch lightly over the thin material of his trousers, inching up his leg. His body stiffened when I edged between his thighs, my fingers walking up his zipper under the table. There was no tablecloth to hide what I was doing, but the lights were relatively dim.

"What did you think of that one?" Mr. Nolan asked Erica, clearing his throat as Charles left to retrieve the next course.

"Yummy!" she said. "Did you see that little air-filled pillow thingie they were floating on? That was so cool! Totally Star Trek!"

"Yeah, we're eating tribbles next." I smiled as my fingers traced Mr. Nolan's growing length through his pants. Just feeling him get hard made my panties damp, and I found that sweet, sensitive ridge and rubbed it through the material.

"Leah," Mr. Nolan's voice was lower, a little more strained, and I petted him there a little faster, pressing harder. "What... what do think?"

"Who can say no to a gourmet meal?" I smiled, using my thumb there now, back and forth, imagining my tongue there and wondering if he was, too.

"Better than fast food!" Erica exclaimed, straining to see toward the kitchen.

"But I don't have any objection to fast food..." I leaned over to murmur into Mr. Nolan's ear, squeezing his cock hard enough that he made a low noise in his throat. Erica was still turned, waiting for Charles to reappear, and I took

advantage of the opportunity, my breasts spilling over the top of my dress as I pressed myself against Mr. Nolan and whispered into his ear. "Or a fast fuck."

His eyes widened as Charles reappeared with our next course. Erica was flirting with him again, asking him about the strange-shaped concoction on the plate, but I wasn't really listening. My hand was working over the bulge in Mr. Nolan's trousers, up and down the hard length of him. His hand slipped over the top of my leg, heading between my thighs, and I opened my legs for his probing fingers, biting my lip as he reached the damp crotch of my panties.

I smiled at Charles and murmured a thank you as he set my plate down while Mr. Nolan's fingers pet my pussy through my panties, rubbing my swollen lips through the material. His cock was throbbing under my hand, straining against the material.

"Oh Charles, this is fantastic!" Erica exclaimed and he smiled, moving towards her. She tilted her face up to him, motioning for him to lean in so she could talk to him.

I leaned over and nuzzled Mr. Nolan's ear and neck. "Meet me by the bathrooms."

"Leah..." He met my eyes, his finger nudging my panties aside and sliding between my lips. I rocked my hips, urging him inside, while I pressed his cock in a slow rhythm, squeeze, release, squeeze, release.

Erica was whispering something into Charles' ear and I stood, dropping my napkin onto my seat and brushing against Mr. Nolan as I passed. I didn't say anything to Erica, but her eyes followed me for a moment, so I knew she noticed.

I found the bathrooms near the back of the restaurant and I waited in the little alcove, my heart racing and my mouth dry.

I smiled politely to a tall, leggy blonde as she went into the women's bathroom, catching the scent of her perfume and beyond that, the clean, light smell of an expensive restaurant restroom. In the brief moment before the door swung shut again, I saw a lounge area with long, cushioned benches.

"Leah." I kissed him before he could say anything else, my tongue searching for his and my thigh seeking the stiff heat between his legs. He pressed me into the wall with a low grunt, his hands moving over me all at once, and I strained and arched against him, wanting more.

"Please," I begged as we rocked against the wall, his body blocking my view, his hands covering my breast, rubbing my nipples through the material. The wet throb between my legs was almost too much to bear.

"Where?" he chuckled, but just as breathless as I was, gasping into my mouth as I found his cock again, rubbing there.

"Anywhere," I moaned, his hand cupping my mouth through my dress. "Oh god, please..."

He looked at me, his eyes searching for a moment and then he grinned. "Stay here."

I leaned back against the wall, panting and squeezing my trembling thighs together. The women's restroom door opened at Mr. Nolan slipped into the men's room, and the blonde gave me a brief look as she passed, her heels clicking briefly on the tile before she moved into the carpet.

“Leah.” I turned toward his voice, still feeling dazed with the intensity of my own lust, and saw him peering through a crack in the door. “Come on.”

I glanced out into the restaurant and then moved toward the men’s room door. Mr. Nolan pulled me in, pressing me against the door as he kissed me, his hands pushing the top of my dress fully down, his hands cupping and kneading my breasts. I gasped when his mouth moved down to them, licking and sucking at my nipples.

“There’s no one in here now,” he murmured, making a low growling noise against my breast. “But we can’t count on that...”

“Oh god,” I whispered, arching my back and wrapping my leg around his. “Where? Please...”

“Yes,” he murmured, turning me and pushing me in front of him through the lounge and into a tiled room with sinks and urinals lining one wall and stalls lining the other. “In here.”

The black metal door swung open and he closed and locked it behind us. I sat on the toilet, my knees weak, looking up at him as I grabbed his hips in my hands, nuzzling my cheek against his crotch.

“We don’t have a lot of time,” he whispered as I unzipped and found him, freeing his stiff length and taking him into my mouth. I made soft noises as I sucked him, taking the length of him as far into my throat as I could while I worked the hem of my dress upward. My pussy was aching to be touched.

“Oh baby,” he murmured, his hand slipped behind my head and pulling me in deeper as I slipped my fingers past the elastic band of my panties and through the soft, swollen lips, searching for my throbbing clit. “That’s so good.”

My soft moan around his cock was my only answer as I started to rub myself in fast circles, letting him pull my head, use my throat for his pleasure. My eyes traveled up the swinging pattern of his tie, searching his face and finding the lust there irresistible.

“Oh wait,” he whispered, easing out of my mouth. His cock was so slick and wet with my saliva that it dripped onto the white tile between my open thighs.

“Think we can get back before the next course?” I smiled.

“Let’s find out,” he groaned, leaning down and grabbing me with one arm, pulling me in to him and kissing me before turning me around and bending me over the toilet, shoving my dress high up to my waist and pulling my panties down just enough so he could probe between my smooth, fat lips.

“Jesus, you’re wet!” He tickled my clit and making me moan.

“Oh, don’t,” I cried, wiggling back against him. “Please don’t tease... put it in me.”

“You want it?” He rubbed his cock up and down my slit, seemingly not in any hurry.

I pressed my hands to the tile wall, spreading my legs wider and looking back over my shoulder at him. I knew what I must look like—my dress bunched at my waist, my breasts swinging free, my ass up in the air, my long legs in their strappy heels spread wide on the tile—I knew I looked like a slut, and I was. I

wanted it, I wanted him, and I saw how much he wanted me, too, in his eyes, the way he looked at me.

“You know I want it!” I tilted my hips for him and pressing back, feeling the tip right there, teasing me. “Fuck me, Rob—fuck my tight little cunt as hard as you can!”

He groaned at my words, guiding the steel heat of his cock into my wetness, his hands moving to my hips for leverage. I gasped at the thick, throbbing invasion, but my back arched for more, my pussy squeezing him involuntarily as he went in to the hilt.

“Do it!” I rocked and felt the tip of him moving deep inside of me. “Hard!”

He started to move, burying the length of his cock into my flesh again and then again, working up to a fast rhythm, our flesh slapping together, the sound echoing in the large, tiled space. I used one hand pressed flat against the wall to keep my balance, but my other hand went between my legs to rub my clit as he pounded harder into me, making me moan.

“Harder,” I hissed, pressing back into the saddle of his hips and grinding there. “Oh fuck, Rob, harder!”

He grunted in response, driving deep, slamming into me so hard that it took my breath with each thrust, leaving me gasping, but I still wanted more. I couldn’t get enough of him. His fingers dug hard into my hips, his cock driving so deep it almost hurt, and I begged him for more—and he gave it to me.

“Oh baby,” I moaned, feeling that sweet, delicious heat spreading through my lower belly. “Oh please, come on, do it, make me come!”

“Yes!” He groaned, thrusting into me even faster. “Come for me, Leah.”

The door opened—I heard the tell-tale squeak and froze—but my body refused to cooperate. I was too far gone.

“I’m gonna come!” I whimpered, and I felt his body stiffen, too, at the intrusion, his movements slower. He slipped a hand under my belly, holding me still, and he must have known or sensed what was coming, because his other hand moved to cover my mouth.

I moaned, I couldn’t help it, as my body let go, my clit throbbing with my climax, my pussy squeezing, contracting, looking to milk his cock as I came and came, the sensation making me shudder and buck against him. My cries and gasps were muffled against his hand, and his cock was still buried deep into me as my orgasm started to subside.

“Shh.” He moved his hand away from my mouth and I shivered, looking back at him, hearing the sound of someone walking across the tile, unzipping, urinating.

He put one finger to his mouth, slowly pulling out of me, and I bit my lip, watching the look of pleasure crossed with pain as he eased all the way out. I turned, leaning in and kissing him, trying to quiet my breathing, my heart still racing, as I took his cock in my hand.

It was my turn to put my finger to my lips as I sat on the toilet, pulling on the length of him until he was wedged between my legs. The urinal flushed out there as I took him into my mouth, tasting my pussy and his pre-cum mixed

together while I swallowed him down, working him with my mouth and throat muscles.

My eyes never left his and he grabbed the back of my head again, his eyes closing as I sucked him deeper, feeling the swelling heat of him in my mouth. I knew he was close, and I was ready to swallow it, the ridges against my tongue seeming to expand, the vein underneath pulsing with his imminent release.

The sink started with a rush, and that's when he came, shuddering and thrusting into my throat. I started to swallow as quietly as I could, the rush of hot fluid down my throat coming in fast, rhythmic waves. His face was twisted in pleasure as I milked his cock with my mouth and tongue, still licking and sucking as his climax started to ebb. I smiled up at him, hearing the sound of the door opening and closing, as I licked the head of his cock clean.

"How many courses do you think we missed?" I kissed the head of his cock.

"Brat!" He pulled me to a stand and kissed me, hard. "You're too much."

"Never enough." I wiggled against him as I pulled up my panties and straightened my dress.

"You go out first." He sighed, shaking his head, but he was smiling. "I'll come after you."

"Isn't that how it just happened?" I teased, kissing his cheek and moving back so he could open the door.

“Go!” He slapped my ass like a horse out of the starting gate as I slipped by him out the stall door. “Try to be a good girl.”

“I keep trying... but it’s not working.” I laughed, smiling over my shoulder at him as I went through the lounge.

I checked my dress and hair in the mirror briefly before pulling the door open and heading back into the restaurant. I had lost all track or sense of time, and hoped that we hadn’t been gone that long. I also fervently hoped that Erica was still flirting with Charles and hadn’t really missed us.

“Leah?” I gasped, my hand going to my throat, and turned to see my mother coming out of the women’s bathroom. Her brow was knitted as she stared at the men’s room door closing behind me. “What...?”

“Oops, wrong door,” I said quickly. “Too dark in here, isn’t it?”

She frowned, cocking her head at me. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh...” I swallowed, knowing that Mr. Nolan was going to be coming out behind me any moment. “We just came for dinner. We’re over there.”

“Want to go say hi?” I moved out of the alcove and breathed a sigh of relief as she followed me.

“Mr. Nolan brought you to Alinea’s?” She sounded incredulous and stopped in the alcove doorway, forcing me to stop, too.

“What are you doing here?” I changed the subject. “Did you guys have reservations?”

“Your father’s boss did,” she said as the door behind us squeaked open and I felt my heart drop with a thick thud somewhere in my middle. “He couldn’t

make it, though, so he... Rob?" Mr. Nolan stood half in and half out of the men's room. He couldn't go back, and he didn't want to come forward, but there was nothing else to do.

He put on an immediately bright face, smiling. "Patty! What a surprise to see you here!"

My mother looked back to me, her mouth thinning for a moment. "Yes... you too."

"Well, Erica's waiting at the table." I edged sideways. "We should go..."

"Yes, your father's waiting." My mother's eyes danced between me and Mr. Nolan.

"Good seeing you, Patty." Rob nodded. "I'll bring her home safe and sound the day after tomorrow."

"Yes," my mother said again as he moved past her, steering me by the elbow toward our table. I turned and waved briefly over my shoulder, my stomach lurching at the look on her face.

"She knows," I whispered when we were far enough away. I saw the grim look on Mr. Nolan's face but he just nodded once.

"Hey, there you are!" Erica exclaimed, and I was relieved to see that Charles was still at the table, sitting in Mr. Nolan's seat and talking to her.

"My mom's here," I said, trying to tell her with my eyes, but she was too involved with the waiter to get it.

"It's okay," Mr. Nolan whispered as Charles moved and we sat. His hand squeezed mine under the table. "It'll be okay."

We ate our next course, and the one after that, nineteen more of them in all, although I lost count. It was just a blur of plates and strange-looking food after that and my stomach getting tied up in tighter and tighter knots.

When it was finally over, I saw Erica slip Charles her phone number. I also saw my parents as we were leaving the restaurant, but they didn't see us. They weren't talking. My father was drinking a martini and my mother had her chin in her hand and she was gazing at the floor, a distant look in her eyes.

Chapter Thirteen

Do you think she knows?" I whispered.

"Who?" He glanced down at me. "Sister Frances?"

I shook my head, thinking about my mother now that our senior trip was almost over and we were supposed to go home tomorrow. I looked past him to where Sister Frances was praying silently with her eyes closed, her fingers moving over her rosary beads.

"She thanked me, you know," he whispered into my ear, his hand sliding down the back of my jeans and tugging at my panties, pulling them taut between my ass cheeks. The crotch hugged my pussy and made me shiver. "Said she wouldn't know what she would do without me here to keep an eye on all of the girls."

"You're a bad man," I whispered, waving to Erica. She was sitting up front in the boat, because she wanted to get completely soaked. We, on the other hand, were at the back, and I was hoping not to get too wet—although from the way my body was responding to the gentle tug of my panties, I was probably going to lose that battle.

"But doesn't it feel good?" He drew my panties up a little tighter and beginning a rhythmic tug.

Swallowing, I looked up at him, biting my lip. My pussy lips were swollen and I knew I was soaked. We'd been teasing each other all day and now, as the sun was starting to set and we were on our very last ride, the anticipation of going back to the hotel was almost too much.

I glanced down at his crotch, aching to touch his cock, knowing he must be hard for me, but with Sister Frances sitting right on the other side of him, I didn't dare. His hand, tucked behind me, was obscured from view as he hugged my pussy with the damp twist of my panties. The material was slowly being wedged between my wet lips.

"Oh!" I gasped when he took up a little more of the slack and my panties bunched up tight, rubbing right against my clit. He smiled, giving a satisfied tug, making me close my eyes for a moment in the pleasure of it.

"Don't be afraid, child." Sister Frances reached over and patted my knee. I opened my eyes to look at her as Mr. Nolan resumed his rhythmic pulling. "The Lord will watch over us."

"Yes," I gasped, wiggling in my seat, the gentle heat of my clit being rubbed against my panties making me flushed and tingly. "Thank you, Sister."

"Although we may get a little wet, I'm afraid!" Mr. Nolan smiled.

"Will we get *very* wet?" Her eyes grew wide.

I muffled a moan. "Very wet," I whispered. Mr. Nolan tugged faster, making me squirm in my seat.

"I'm afraid so." He patted Sister Frances' hand. "But it won't last too long. The brochure said the ride down is 1.3 seconds."

"Maybe less." I shifted my hip to touch his, biting my lip and looking up at him through half-closed eyes. I knew they must be dazed with lust, and I was glad there was no one sitting on the other side of me, because I couldn't stop wiggling.

"It creates a 1,600 foot wave." Mr. Nolan talked as the boat neared the very top of the ramp. "And it sends us down at about a 50 degree angle."

I grabbed his thigh, biting my lip as he made my panties rub faster between my pussy lips. My nipples were hard and poking through my white t-shirt, and I saw him looking at them. My whole mound was aching, the friction building, and I couldn't believe it, but I was very close to coming.

"Well!" Sister Frances covered her eyes with one hand. "At least it isn't forty days and forty nights."

"Are you ready?" The friction between my legs was almost unbearable as my panties slipped through my wetness. "Here we go..."

"Yes!" I moaned, burying my face against his chest. "Here it comes!"

Then we were falling, and I heard Sister Frances screeching, and I jerked in my seat, my pussy on fire as I started to come, shuddering against him. He leaned in to shield me with his body, shoving his hand between my legs and rubbing hard, forcing my orgasm to the point of almost painful pleasure. I bucked against him and screamed, wrapping my arms around his neck, just before the cold shock of the wave hit us both. We were laughing as the boat rocked at the bottom, our arms wrapped around each other, and I wanted to kiss him, but I knew I couldn't.

"Oh goodness," Sister Frances muttered as she wiped her face. She wasn't wearing her habit, but her wimple was soaked and water was coming off of it in sheets. "Very wet! Very, very wet."

"Yes." I laughed, shoving my wet hair out of my face. "Very, very wet."

Erica waited for us to get off the boat, her eyes shining, her hair plastered to her head. "Oh my god, wasn't that the most fun you've ever had?!"

"Almost..." I glanced up at Mr. Nolan, who was grinning at us both. My pussy was still pulsing with my climax, and I was glad that everyone was soaked, because I was sure that there would be a wet spot on the crotch of my jeans otherwise.

"We should go get changed," he suggested, taking Erica's hand and mine.

"Thank you again, Mr. Nolan!" Sister Frances put her hand on his arm.

"You've been such a help today, keeping the girls out of trouble."

He smiled. "They're good girls. Have a good evening, Sister Frances."

I giggled when he leaned over and whispered into my ear. "Very, very good."

"I think I got sunburned." Erica adjusted the tube top she was wearing.

"Dad, did you bring any stuff?"

"Yep, back in the room." He led us toward the exit.

The hotel wasn't far, and Erica and I stripped down in the bathroom while Mr. Nolan changed in the room. I helped her put aloe on her sunburn. It wasn't too bad, but she was so fair that even with sun block on, she had burned a little bit.

"Do you want me to go out for a while?" Erica asked as I smoothed aloe over her shoulder blades.

"Why?" I played dumb as I closed the top to the aloe and put it on the counter.

"You know why." She met my eyes in the mirror and I flushed.

"Erica, I don't want..." I sighed, helping her put her t-shirt on and resting my chin on her shoulder. "I don't want you to feel left out. I'm not trying to take him away or anything..."

"It's no big deal." She shook her head. "I don't feel like that, honest. So he's your boyfriend... he's still my dad."

"Yeah." I kissed her cheek, smiling. "You're the best friend ever."

"You can sleep in the same bed." She turned to me. "I'm okay with it."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "It's either you and me in one bed, or you and him in one bed, right? It makes the most sense..."

I shrugged, feeling that throb of anticipation between my legs. "I guess."

"Besides, you know you want to." She grinned.

When we went into the room, Mr. Nolan had the TV on and was sitting on one of the beds in a pair of boxers. Erica went to the other bed and got in, curling under the covers and watching a movie. I sat in the cushy chair, neutral territory, still wary of crawling into either bed.

It was probably her sunburn that made her so sleepy, but Erica was snoring within fifteen minutes. I kept glancing over at Mr. Nolan, but he seemed engrossed in the movie. I wanted him to ask me to bed, but I was afraid he wouldn't, not with Erica there. Maybe I'd end up sleeping with her anyway, I thought morosely.

I sighed, putting my leg up over the arm of the chair and glancing at him again. His eyes were on the screen, but the chair was angled toward him a little, and I knew he must be able to see me. With a little smile, I pulled my t-shirt up, and nudged my panties aside. My lips were smooth and soft—I'd continued to shave them after that first time. I loved how swollen and wet they got, how easy it was to slip my fingers through them, now.

My clit throbbed gently and I touched it with my finger, rubbing it in circles before dipping my fingers down to gather some of my wetness. He didn't look at me, but I saw him glance at Erica, who had rolled away from us in her sleep. Wanting a reaction, I pulled my shirt up boldly over my breasts, my nipples hardening. He still didn't respond, but he shifted on the bed slightly.

There was no ignoring how turned-on I was, and I pulled my panties aside completely, exposing my pussy as I slipped first one finger, and then another, deep inside. Watching his face, I slowly fucked myself, imagining his cock. I saw his eyes shift to me, and he shook his head a little, glancing at Erica again.

I was rewarded when his hand moved over the crotch of his boxers, rubbing the stiff length of his cock through them. I spread my legs a little wider, angling myself to give him a better view. He groaned softly, his eyes on me now as I plunged my wet fingers into my flesh.

"Do it," I whispered, glancing at Erica and then back at him. "Stroke it for me."

He glanced at her again, too, but he slipped his cock out of his boxers and it stood pointing straight up to the ceiling, making me moan with wanting it. His

eyes met mine for a moment as he started moving his hand up and down the shaft, but then they fell between my legs again, watching my fingers slipping in and out of my pussy.

"Do you like watching me?" I whispered, sliding my other hand down to rub my clit as I fingered myself.

"Yes," he said hoarsely, stroking faster.

"Don't you want my pussy?" I teased, my fingers rubbing my lips, opening them, showing him how pink and wet I was inside. "Don't you want to fuck me?"

"Yes!" He groaned again, his hand shuttling up and down. I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. "Oh, god, Leah..."

"Don't you want to put your cock in here?" I whispered, sliding my fingers deep inside and spreading myself as wide as I could, pressing the walls of my pussy open.

"Oh fuck," he growled, glancing over at Erica. "Get over here and sit on my cock."

I leapt from the chair and practically ran to the bed, pulling my panties and t-shirt off on the way.

"Turn the light out," he murmured, using the remote to turn off the TV. I nodded, leaning over and hitting the switch, leaving us in the total darkness of a hotel room. We could both hear Erica's gentle snores.

"Suck it first," he whispered, his hand in my hair, which was still wet from the ride. I moaned around his shaft as I found it in the dark, licking and sucking

the head. "We've got to be quiet." He guided me down his length by pressing on the back of my neck. "I don't want to wake her."

I just nodded, unable to say anything with his stiff rod buried in my throat. I moaned when he pulled me around and onto him, his fingers and tongue searching for my wetness and finding it.

"Shh," he said again before his lips parted mine, his tongue probing through the soft folds of my flesh until he reached my center, licking there and making me shiver. His cock was steel heat in my hand and my mouth as I sucked him, working my head up and down between his legs as he buried his face between my thighs. He wrapped his arms around my ass, pulling me in tight, and I moaned again, I couldn't help it, when he shoved two fingers deep into my pussy.

"Oh god," I whispered as he fingered and licked me, smacking the head of his cock against my lips and tongue. "Don't stop, please..."

I felt him shake his head, but he didn't answer. His only reply was to lick me faster, working his tongue over my clit, back and forth, around and around, my pussy aching for release. I sucked the pre-cum off the tip of him, using my tongue to spread the slippery fluid around the head, letting it mix with my saliva.

His tongue was so good, I never wanted it to end, and his fingers fucking me made me want his cock buried inside of my pussy. I wanted it all, everything at once, and my hips rocked and bucked, even though his hands tried to hold me still.

"Oh fuck!" I hissed, trying to hold out, wanting it to last, but his tongue sent me over, that insistent lapping and his soft groans between my legs pushing me past the point of no return. I let it go, quivering on top of him and squeezing his cock as I came, my pussy clamping down on his fingers again and again. I could hear him swallowing me and I knew I was wetting him, his face, his cheeks, his chin, with my juices.

He didn't even give me a chance to think before he was flipping me onto the bed and searching for my pussy with his cock. His mouth was wet with me as he kissed me, his tongue probing hard, the head of his shaft slipping into the soft wetness between my legs.

"Oh!" I cried when he slid deep inside, driving me up toward the headboard, his mouth covering mine to quiet me.

His hips ground hard, fast, his cock plunging into my pussy as his tongue shoved its way into my mouth. I gripped his shoulders, my nails digging into his flesh as he fucked me, my legs spread wide and my hips lifting to meet him. There was no stopping him, it was like a driving force, something possessed, and I was completely taken by it.

My pussy clamped around him involuntarily, making him moan against my mouth, and I liked that so I did it again, harder this time. He broke the kiss with a gasp when I did it again, drawing his cock in even deeper.

"Brat," he whispered into my ear, pressing me to the bed with the full weight of him, grinding on me, into me, the wet sound of our sex filling the room. "God you feel so fucking good, baby."

"Yes," I whispered, biting his earlobe, raking my nails across his back.

"Fuck me, Rob. Fuck me hard, use my little cunt." He gasped and then groaned, driving harder into my flesh, and I squeezed around him again and again, trying to milk him. I could feel him holding back, and I smiled, knowing that feeling, loving it.

"Don't you want it?" I slid my hands down and grabbed his ass. I could feel the muscles there working. "Don't you want to shoot all that hot cum into my tight little cunt?"

"Fuck," he groaned, and I felt him starting to slow, so I squeezed my pussy faster, clamping down like a hot, wet vise around his shaft, again and again. "Ohhh baby, don't, I can't stop it..."

"Yessss," I purred, working my hips up against him, fucking him back, wanting it. "Fill me, baby. I want your cum!" That sent him over, bucking and growling and biting my neck as he sent white hot jets of fluid deep into my pussy. I could feel it surging up the underside of his cock as he came, his whole body jerking and straining with it. He collapsed onto me, panting, and I smiled, stroking his hair, kissing his damp cheek.

"Oh Leah." He turned his head to kiss me. "I can't get enough of you."

"I know." I snuggled up to him and pulled the covers up over us both as we drifted off together.

I don't know what time it was when I thought I heard someone crying. I jolted awake, not remembering where I was, that strange sense of waking

somewhere unfamiliar disorienting me until I saw the digital clock on the hotel nightstand. It was 3:12 a.m. and I definitely heard someone crying.

"Erica?" I whispered, hearing her sniff. "Are you okay?"

She drew a shaky breath. "I'm fine."

"Are you hurt?" I whispered, trying to make out her outline in the dimness, but the pitch black of the hotel room made it impossible. "Is it your sunburn?"

"No." She was quiet for a moment and then she said, "I guess I'm just... lonely."

"Oh." I could almost feel the silence, and I wondered if she had just pretended to be asleep earlier—if she had heard us. "Well... why don't you come here?"

"Are you sure?" She was sitting up in bed now, I could tell by the change in her voice.

"Yeah." I pulled the covers back a little and edged closer toward the middle of the bed. Mr. Nolan was sleeping toward the other edge. "Come on." Erica climbed into bed, turning her back to me and pulling my arm over her. I smiled, snuggling in close and curling myself around her. "Better?" I kissed cheek and felt her nod.

I think I was drifting off when Erica whispered, "Did it feel good?"

"What?" I startled, blinking at her in the darkness.

"When he was fucking you." She turned in my arms to face me. "Did it feel good?"

"Erica..." My voice caught, and I felt her hand moving under the covers, up over my hip.

"It sounded like it did." Her fingers trailed over my bare belly. "Did you come hard?"

"Oh god." I closed my eyes as her hand moved to cover my mound. "Yes..."

"I was touching myself." She leaned in to feather kisses over my collarbone. "God, Leah, it made my pussy so wet listening to you two..." I groaned as her mouth moved down my neck, taking a detour toward my nipple and sucking it between her lips.

"I'm sorry." I wiggled and parted my thighs for her probing fingers. "I didn't mean for you to hear..."

"I know." Her tongue made circles toward my other breast as she slid two fingers deep inside me, making me moan. "I think that made it even hotter..." She fingered me slowly, sucking greedily at my nipple. I shifted on the bed, hearing Mr. Nolan's deep, even breathing behind us and knew he was still sleeping. "He came inside you, didn't he?"

"Yes." I remembered him jerking against me, coming so hard, filling me.

"Mmmm." She slid her fingers out of me and sucked them. "Then this is my daddy's cum." My heart lurched toward my stomach, but my pussy throbbed as she licked my juices mingled with Mr. Nolan's cum off her fingers.

"Erica, we shouldn't..."

"Shh." She wiggled her t-shirt off over her head and pressed her naked body to mine in the darkness. "I want you to lick me and make me come... please... I want it so much..."

I sighed, listening for Mr. Nolan but unable to resist as she took my hand and pressed it between her legs. She was soft, smooth, and wet, her lips slightly parted already, the tender flesh inside drawing my fingers in.

"Yes!" She rocked against my hand. "Oh, Leah, that feels so good..." I fingered her in the darkness, dipping my head down to suck on her nipples, first one and then the other, feeling them harden under my tongue. She squirmed against me, gasping, and I could tell she was trying to be quiet.

"Please!" She begged, twisting onto her back and opening her legs wide. "Oh please, lick me..." I kissed my way silently down her belly, still rubbing at her nipples as I nuzzled my face between her thighs. She sighed, reaching down with her fingers and opening her pussy for my mouth. Her juices were thick and sticky, and I knew she must have come earlier, listening to me and her father have sex. The thought excited me, and I flushed with an incredible heat as I started to tongue her flesh.

"Oh yeah!" She rocked her hips to meet my mouth. Her clit was a hot little button of flesh under my tongue and I tickled it back and forth, making her squirm and moan softly. "Put your fingers in..."

I did as she asked, sliding two fingers deep inside, pumping them slowly in and out. She was so wet that I couldn't help making a soft kind of squelching

noise with every thrust, and I listened carefully to Mr. Nolan's breathing. I couldn't believe we were doing this while he slept only a foot away in the same bed.

"Harder!" She pressed her hips up. "Oh fuck me, Leah!"

"Shhhhhh!" I covered her mound with my mouth, working my tongue back and forth as I fingered her wetness. She was making soft whimpering sounds, little cries, and I knew she couldn't help it, but I also knew if she kept it up, she was going to wake up her dad.

"Fuck me hard," she whispered, her hands in my hair. "Fuck me like he fucked you, Leah. Fuck me like my daddy fucked you." I gasped as she pressed my mouth full against her flesh, shoving her hips up to meet my driving fingers. Next to us, I heard Mr. Nolan gasp, too, but I knew Erica didn't—she was too close to the edge.

My tongue worked around and around her clit, my whole face moving over her pussy, and I thought I could hear the sound of Mr. Nolan's hand on his cock, although I couldn't be sure. I wanted to reach over and feel, but I couldn't move. Erica had me trapped between her thighs as she started to come, her body shuddering with the force of it.

"Oh god, that's good!" she whispered. "Fuck me hard, Daddy, make me come!" Her climax overtook her, leaving her quivering and trembling and pulsing on waves of pleasure as I sucked her clit into my mouth, tickling it with my tongue again and again until she was begging me to stop.

"No more." She pulled me back by my hair. "Oh god, please..."

I rested my cheek against her thigh, kissing her there, feeling the tremble in the muscle. Mr. Nolan's breathing had changed, I was sure of it. I knew he was awake and had heard us. Without thinking, just acting on what I wanted, I slid my hand over and touched his bare leg, moving my hand between his thighs and feeling his hand wrapped around his shaft.

He didn't say anything, but I felt him shift away slightly. I rubbed my thumb over the tip, feeling pre-cum there, rubbing it into the soft flesh, making the head of his cock wet. His body stiffened as Erica shifted, murmuring something I couldn't quite hear.

"Were you thinking about your dad?" I whispered to her in the dark, kissing my way over her thigh.

"Oh god," she murmured. "Leah, I know... but I couldn't help it. Hearing you guys earlier... I kept imagining... what it would be like..."

"What it would be like?" I eased over her body, toward his. I could feel his panic, but he didn't move. "To what? Suck him? Be fucked by him?" His cock was in my mouth, and the hands in my hair were pushing me away, but I latched on tight, taking him all the way into my throat before coming back up on him.

"Both," Erica murmured. "Everything... Leah... are you...?"

"Come here." I reached my hand out and found hers, tugging her toward me.

"Girls," his voice was thick with sleep, or lust, I wasn't sure which. I wondered how long he had been awake. His cock was thick and swollen, his pre-

cum flowing freely, and I thought he must have been touching himself for a while.

"Girls, no..."

"Daddy?" Erica felt her way toward me in the darkness, settling herself next to me between his thighs.

"Oh god," he groaned, and I could hear the pain in his voice. "Erica... please..."

"Think you can tell the difference between us?" I smiled in the dark, licking the tip of his cock and pressing my hand to the back of Erica's head, leading her toward it.

"Leah!" he cried, half sitting, but I pressed him with my hand, holding his cock as she licked it. I knew he must have thought it was me, or maybe he was pretending it was, but it was definitely Erica who was sucking him. I could feel her mouth moving down his shaft, her lips touching my hand before moving back up again.

"This is... really... wrong," he croaked, groaning at something Erica was doing with her mouth. I moved up next to him, pressing my lips to his, and he must have known, then, that it was her and not me.

"Oh Daddy," Erica murmured from between his legs. "It feels so right..."

My tongue slipped between his lips as we kissed, cutting off any protest, and Erica moved my hand out of the way, then, too. The sound of her sucking him filled the room as she made little noises around his cock, hungry noises, soft mewls and cries. He groaned into my mouth, his hand tightening in my hair.

"I want some, too." I slid down between his legs again, nudging Erica's hip with mine so she would make room.

"You were right," she said. "He is big."

"Girls!" He groaned again as my tongue moved down to lick his balls, lapping at him like I was a kitten drinking milk. I sucked one gently and then trailed my mouth upward again, toward the tip of him where Erica was running her tongue around the head.

"Kiss me," she whispered, and our tongues met over and around the wet tip of his cock, making him groan loudly.

"You made my pussy so wet, Daddy," Erica told him. "Want to feel?"

"Oh no," he groaned. "Erica, honey... please... this is... we can't..."

"Feel, Daddy." She straddled his thigh, rubbing her pussy there, up and down, leaving a hot, wet trail. "Feel how wet you made me."

"Me, too." I slid over his other thigh, mirroring her movements.

"Oh my god," he murmured. "Please... you two... we need to stop..."

"Don't you like me?" Erica leaned in toward him, climbing up his body.

"Don't you think I'm pretty?"

"Oh baby," he whispered in the dark and I heard them kissing. "Of course I do... you're beautiful..."

"Don't you want me?" She straddled him now. I moved to stretch out beside him, pressing my breasts into his side.

He turned his face to me, and croaked, "Leah..."

"Answer her." I reached down between his legs and grabbed his cock. It was still slick with our saliva and I squeezed it, hard. "Do you want her?"

"Oh please," he cried as I stroked him upward, pointing his cock toward her wetness. Erica was wiggling back to find it and I held it for her, teasing her lips with the head.

"Daddy?" Erica reached between her own legs to hold him, too. "Please, I want you so much..."

"Oh hell," he murmured as we both squeezed and tugged on his cock. "Oh baby, yes... yes, I want you!"

"Oh Daddy!" Erica cried as we both aimed him, and I felt her flesh give as she sank down onto his cock. He groaned and thrust up to meet her, his hands moving to her hips.

"Oh Jesus! This can't be happening."

I leaned over and kissed him, exploring his mouth with my tongue as they started to fuck. Erica's hands were on his belly, balancing herself as she started to ride him.

"Doesn't it feel good?" I nuzzled his neck, tugging on his earlobe with my teeth. "Doesn't your daughter's tight little pussy feel good wrapped around your cock?"

"Oh fuck, Leah," he growled. "You are so bad..."

"Yes!" I nodded, my pussy throbbing as I covered it with my hand. "But it feels so good, doesn't it?"

"Fuck me, Daddy!" Erica moaned, grinding her hips deep against him.

"Yes!" He panted, the whole bed rocking with their motion. "You like that?"

"I want it from behind." She slowed down on him. "I want you to take me from behind."

"Oh no," he murmured, shaking his head, but then he was rolling her off of him, positioning himself behind her.

"Yes!" She rocked forward onto the bed, and they started that fast rhythm again. "Oh god, yes, fuck me hard!"

My clit was aching and I rubbed it faster, tugging at my nipples.

"Erica, would you lick me?" I whimpered, shifting my hips toward her on the bed.

She grabbed me, burying her face between my legs. I could feel the steady rocking as he fucked her from behind, both of them grunting with the force of it.

"Is it good?" I asked, my hand in her hair, guiding her tongue over and over my clit.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned against my pussy. "Fuck, yes! His cock is so good, baby."

I smiled, closing my eyes and rolling my hips up to meet her mouth. "I know."

She moved her mouth against my pussy, sucking and licking and moaning as he fucked her. He was like an animal, growling and grunting as he thrust deep inside of her, and the sound of him pushed me close to the edge.

"Do you like your daughter's tight little pussy?" I whispered to him, hearing him gasp.

"Yes," he panted, groaning. "Sweet little cunt, so tight, so wet..."

I moaned, grabbing Erica and shoving her against my own pussy. I was about to come and she knew it, her tongue moving back and forth like lightning. I squeezed my nipples, sending myself over the edge, listening to the sound of them fucking, feeling the thrust of their bodies as they drove themselves toward their own precipice.

"Leah!" Erica moaned, resting her cheek against my thigh. "Oh god, Leah, he's gonna make me come."

"Yeah," he growled. "Come for me, baby. Come for Daddy."

"Ohhhhh!" she cried, and I groaned as she sank her nails into my ass, her teeth grazing my thighs as she came. She muffled her cries against my belly, rolling with her climax again and again, twisting against me as the delicious waves of pleasure rocked through her.

"Girls," he groaned. "Oh god, I can't stop... I'm gonna come!"

"I want it!" I moved out from under Erica and rushed to grab his cock from her pussy. The first spurt hit my cheek and he moaned as my mouth covered the tip and I sucked for the rest, rewarded with another thick surge of cum onto my tongue.

"Me, too!" Erica protested, still panting as she grabbed his cock from my hand and pointed it toward her own mouth. He grunted and thrust as another rush of cum erupted from his cock, spilling over her lips. I leaned in toward her,

licking her lips, the head of his cock, and our tongues caught the last of it together as he bucked against us, filling our mouths with the heat of his cum.

"Oh god," he groaned, collapsing onto the bed.

"I don't know that he had anything to do with it." I smiled.

We both crawled up next to him on the bed, Erica on his right and me on his left, and the other bed remained empty that whole night.

Chapter Fourteen

"We're here." Erica reached into the back seat and poked me. I startled out of my doze, lifting my head off Mr. Nolan's lap.

"You drove all the way?" Mr. Nolan leaned in toward the front seat.

"You guys fell asleep." Erica shrugged.

I sat rubbing my eyes and blinking in spite of the darkness. I could see that my mother had left the porch light on.

"Do you want help with your stuff?" Mr. Nolan asked softly.

I shrugged. "Yeah, I guess."

We got out of the car and went to the trunk. It was cooling off, the heat of the day completely gone now, but I didn't want the memory of our weekend together to abate like the temperature. I think he felt the same because we stood there looking at each other until Erica pulled the lever from inside, making the trunk pop open and startling us both.

He reached for my bag with a sigh, and I grabbed his hand.

"I don't want to go." I met his eyes in the dimness.

He sighed again, glancing over to make sure the open trunk blocked the view of my house, and then pulled me in close. "I don't want you to go," he murmured against my cheek, kissing me when I tilted my face up to him.

"Don't make me." I hugged him and rested my head against his chest.

"It's not up to me." He stroked my hair.

"Well, who is it up to, then?" I frowned, meeting his eyes.

He shrugged. "I don't have any answers, Leah."

"I want to go home with you." I swallowed hard. I couldn't believe my own words, but there they were. "I'm eighteen now. I can make my own decisions."

His thumb traced the line of my jaw, and he shook his head. "I don't know."

"Why not?" My eyes searched his. "You said you loved me..."

"I do, Leah." He touched my lips with his fingertips. "More than I should, more than I knew I could... I can't stop thinking about you, I can't stop wanting you, I can't stop... I just can't..."

"I know." I felt tears welling up in my eyes. "I can't either. So why do we keep trying to stop?"

"I don't understand it." He shook his head. "I wish I knew why, how... it's like there's something so right about it in the midst of everything that looks so wrong from the outside..."

"It's not wrong!" I insisted. "Don't you see? I'm old enough to choose what I want!" He didn't smile or placate me, which I thought for sure he would. Instead, he leaned down and kissed me, his lips soft and full and warm, his arms wrapping me up tight.

"I can't fight it anymore," he whispered against my cheek, my neck. I could feel his arms trembling, and his voice was shaking.

"Is that a yes?" My heart took off, soaring in my chest. I cupped his face in my hands, searching his eyes for the truth, and found it. "Yes? Yes!"

"Yes." He smiled as I planted kisses over his cheeks and chin and mouth and nose. "Okay, okay, enough!"

I laughed as he grabbed my bag, tossing it into the trunk and closing it again. The porch light was still on at my house, but there was no one waiting up, I could tell.

"I'll call her tomorrow." I took his hand.

"She won't take it well." He sighed. "I'll talk to her, too, if you want."

"I'm more worried about Erica," I said, as he opened the car door.

"Worried about me?" she asked as I slid into the back seat. "How come?"

She took it better than I expected, asking, "So where will you sleep?"

"With me," Mr. Nolan replied, making her scoot over so he could drive. We were all quiet on the short trip around the block, and I was thinking about his bed—our bed—the whole way, my body alive and tingling.

"So... if you get married..." Erica said as the engine cut off and began to tick as it cooled.

"Whoa!" Mr. Nolan held his hand up. "She's moving in... no one said anything about marriage."

"I'm just saying." Erica glanced at me in the backseat. "You'd technically be my stepmom."

I laughed. "You ready for that, Cinderella?"

"I'm not ready for that." Mr. Nolan groaned, slapping his forehead. "Slow down, you two, alright?"

"Well, you do have to call Jerry Springer in advance you know." Erica grinned. "It takes months for them to book you on a show."

I snorted. "It's not that bad. Is it?"

"After last night?" Erica raised an eyebrow at me and shrugged, grabbing the door handle.

I was glad that her dad was already getting our stuff out of the trunk and hadn't heard her. I followed them both into the house. It had always felt like home to me, but there was a newness to it now that I knew it really *was* home.

"Should I call her tonight?" I asked as we headed upstairs to unpack. "So she won't worry?"

Mr. Nolan opened the door to his room and I followed, glancing over my shoulder as Erica went into hers, waving to us and calling "Goodnight!" It felt so strange that I made him leave the door open.

"I'm afraid she'll make a scene." He sighed, sitting on the edge of the bed and kicking off his shoes.

"I'll leave a message on her cell." I picked up the phone next to his bed. "She turns it off at night. It won't ring." He watched me as I dialed, and even though I turned around, I could still feel his eyes on me.

I edged toward the bathroom as the phone started to ring. "I'll just get ready for bed..."

Shutting the door behind me, I sat on the edge of the tub, hearing my mother's voice, "Hi, this is Patty, I can't come to the phone right now..."

My intention was just to say that we got in too late and I decided to stay the night, but that isn't how it happened. Just hearing her voice, remembering how angry she was at the restaurant when she saw us together, made something

wrench a notch too tight inside of me. When the "BEEP" came, I blurted it all out, probably because it was safer telling her voice mail than telling her face-to-face.

"Mom, it's Leah, I'm at the Nolan's, and I'm staying here. I'm... really staying here. For good. Mr. Nolan... Rob... we're... we're going to live together. I love him, Mom. I really love him, and he's asked me to move in, and I said yes. I'm eighteen, you know. I'm an adult, and this is my decision. I hope you can understand."

I hung up quickly, putting the phone down on the floor as if it were hot to the touch. I looked at it, waiting for it to ring, but it didn't, so I washed my face and brushed my teeth and stripped down to my t-shirt for bed before picking the phone back up again.

"Everything okay?" He was knocking on the door.

I opened it and peered out. "I told her."

His eyes widened. "Did you talk to her?"

I shook my head, moving past him into the bedroom. "I left her a message. But I told her I was going to stay here."

"Tonight," he said, coming to sit next to me on the bed. "You mean, tonight..."

"No." I shook my head, putting the phone back in its cradle. "I told her I was moving in with you."

He let out a breath, collapsing back onto the bed. "Well... I expect the phone is going to ring in the morning."

"Are you going to talk to her?" I snuggled up next to him. He was just in his boxers, and I rested my cheek against his bare chest.

"I will." He nodded, staring up at the ceiling.

"She's going to be mad." I traced circles over his belly with my fingernail.

He squeezed me with one arm, leaning in to kiss the top of my head. "It'll be okay."

"You promise?" I felt the weight of it now as we lay together in his bed.

Tilting my chin up, he kissed me. "I promise."

The kiss moved from a soft, reassuring thing to something deeper in just moments, our tongues meshing, my body pressing itself against him like I had no control over it at all. My hands, too, found their way down to his boxers, rubbing his stiffening length through them from base to tip, pressing the head against his belly.

He groaned against my mouth when I slipped my hand under the material.

"My god, Leah... I don't know what it is about you..."

I smiled, tugging at his shorts. "Is that a compliment?"

"Definitely," he murmured as I slipped down between his legs, pulling his boxers off and settling myself in front of his cock. It was straight up already, and I admired the gentle curve of it as I rested my head against his thigh.

"Do you remember that first night?" My fingertips brushed over his balls, working my way up the base.

"Yes." He shifted his weight a little as I leaned in to wrap my hand fully around him. "God, yes... just seeing you standing next to my bed, spreading that pretty little pussy for me..."

"I wanted you so much." I kissed the head of his cock, licking around that soft, sensitive ridge and feeling him swell.

"I wanted you, too." His hand moved to my hair, pressing me down his shaft, burying the tip of him near the back of my throat. I groaned, sucking greedily, making him moan. "Oh yeah, Leah... fuck... I couldn't stop thinking about you... I still can't... it wasn't the first time..."

"What do you mean?" I murmured, pausing to lick around the head again, lapping at him like he was a melting ice cream cone and I was trying to catch all the sweet, delicious dribbles down the side.

"Oh baby," he moaned as I sucked him into my mouth again, just the tip, moving my tongue back and forth. "I used to... god, the way you ran around here in practically nothing—and that damned uniform! Your little panties flashing all the time... I couldn't help it. I wanted you so much."

"Did you imagine me when you did this?" I stroked him upward, the skin caressing the head of his cock before I pulled it down tight.

"Yes," he admitted, moving his hips as I tugged on his cock. "I used to imagine constantly. In fact, there's a video I've got with a girl that looks so much like you... I can't count how many times I watched that one and dreamed of fucking you..."

"It's not a dream anymore." I knelt up between his thighs and pulling my t-shirt off over my head. "I'm all yours."

He groaned, shaking his head in disbelief as I straddled him, reaching for his hard length. I rubbed it up and down between my lips before settling him right at the entrance of my pussy and wiggling on the tip of his cock. His eyes were between my legs, watching me as I slowly started to sink down onto his thick shaft.

"Mmmmm yeah," he murmured. "That's a girl."

"I love it going into me," I breathed, sitting up on his cock and rocking around on it, moving my hips in easy circles. "Oh, god... rub my pussy... please..."

His fingers found my clit, moving it around in the same circles that my hips were making on his cock, sending jolts like livewires through my body. I closed my eyes, cupping my breasts and feeling the weight of them filling my hands. I started to squeeze my nipples as I rode him, a slow, rhythmic tug.

"God you're so beautiful." His fingers moved faster over my clit, making me rock a little more. I couldn't open my eyes and look at him, too lost in my own world, just using his cock for my pleasure. The thick shaft spread me open wide, and I rolled around and around, grinding my hips as I pulled on my nipples.

"Oh Rob," I moaned as his fingers slipped back and forth now in my wetness, rubbing my clit faster and faster. "Oh that's so good!"

"Yes," he urged me on. "Your little pussy is so good, baby. Come all over my cock!"

I gasped, biting my lip and feeling that gentle swell in my belly, pushing me up like the surge of a wave, the pleasure almost more than I thought I could possibly bear. I loved knowing it was coming, feeling that moment just before my climax sent me rocketing skyward, lost in the blissful heat of it.

"Now," I whispered, moaning and rocking, my muscles contracting all around the length of his shaft. He groaned, too, when the tight walls of my pussy squeezed his cock again and again. I leaned forward onto him, collapsing over his chest as I came, panting against his neck.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard," he whispered into my ear, his hands moving over the rounded curve of my ass and down the soft skin of my thighs. His cock was still inside of me, rigid and throbbing.

My eyelids fluttered open and I leaned up a little so I could kiss him, and he gave me all of his lust in that moment. He sucked hard on my tongue, grabbing my hips and shoving me down against him, grinding me there, his cock buried somewhere deep in my belly. I moaned when he rolled me, rolling with me, pressing me with his full weight down onto the bed.

I couldn't have stopped him if I wanted to, and I didn't want to. My pussy was still pulsing and swollen from my orgasm and his cock slid into me like I was butter, the soft, creamy sound of my wet flesh taking him in filling the room as he fucked me. I wrapped my arms around him, wanting all of him on me, in me, filling me, and he let himself collapse and just grind against me, working toward his own release.

"Yes," I whispered into his ear, taking the weight of him, taking the thick, stiff heat of his cock again and again as he lost himself, rutting in his own pleasure. "Oh yes, Rob, come on, fuck me, work that little pussy..."

He groaned at my words, shoving in deeper still, making me gasp. I loved urging him on, making my voice low and saying all the naughty words that made his cock swell inside of me. The heat of the friction between my legs was growing, and I could feel my own surge of pleasure rising with every thrust.

"Feel that?" I murmured, squeezing my pussy around his cock and hearing his breath panting faster in my ear. "That tight, wet cunt ready to milk to your cock?"

He groaned, pushing himself up on his arms and shoving into me, his knees pushing my legs back as he worked his cock deeper. I reached down to feel where he was going into me, all the slippery wet flesh against my fingers, and then slid my hand down to cup his balls as they slapped against my ass. They were drawn up tight, and I squeezed them gently in my hand.

"Ohhh god, baby," I whispered, looking up at him. "All that hot cum in there for me..."

He grunted, and a twisted look came over his face that told me that he was on the edge of an ecstatic agony. I spread my legs a little wider, thrusting back up to meet him as he fucked me, my hand massaging his balls.

"I want it," I purred, squeezing his length with my muscles, drawing him in deeper. "I want all your cum, baby. I want you to shoot it all over me!"

"Fuck, Leah," he moaned, pulling back, the hard length of his cock slipping out of my pussy.

I grabbed for it as he started to come, one hand still cupping his balls, the other squeezing the length of his cock and stroking it against my pussy as he began to erupt. Thick, hot spurts shot over my swollen lips, and I moaned, aiming and rubbing the tip of him against my swollen clit. Just the feel of his cum, like liquid fire against that tiny bud of flesh, sent me over the edge, too, and I shuddered, making his cock kiss my little clit again and again as I came.

We had cleaned up and were both snuggled together in bed when I whispered, "Was she prettier than me?"

"Who?" he murmured, and I could hear in his voice that he was drifting off.

"The girl in the movie that you said looked like me."

He chuckled, kissing my forehead. "Go to sleep, Leah."

I did, letting myself think about my mother's reaction to this new arrangement for only a moment before forcing the thought away. I wasn't going to let her ruin what I had found here in this man's arms. Nothing could come between us now.

It was the rocking of the bed that woke me, a slow, gentle movement. Disoriented, dreaming of waves, I blinked at the ceiling in the darkness, trying to decide if I was still asleep. Then I heard him moan softly and call my name.

"Rob?" I whispered, rolling toward him, reaching my hand out.

"Leah?" His voice had a surprised edge as my hand made contact with the soft skin of Erica's thigh. I slipped my hand up to her hip. She was straddling him and I knew he was inside of her.

"Oh god," he groaned. "Erica?"

I felt Erica's whole body tense and I eased in next to them both, murmuring, "Shhh."

"I was asleep—" Rob started, but I kissed him quiet, moving my hand up Erica's side and cupping her breast in my hand.

"Does it feel good, baby?" I murmured, thumbing her nipple and hearing her moan.

"Yeah," she whispered, rocking again on top of him. "His cock is so big!"

"I know." I reached down to feel the point where they were merged in the darkness, the thick base of his shaft slippery with her wetness. I wondered how much I'd slept through and felt a twinge of jealousy, but shoved it away.

"Erica, please, we really shouldn't," he murmured, groaning again. "Oh, god, don't squeeze like that, baby!"

"Don't you like it?" She bounced faster on him.

"I... oh... oh, fuck... please," he moaned as she fucked him harder.

"Shhh." I kissed him. "It's okay... doesn't she feel good?"

"Yes," he admitted, sounding pained.

"Maybe we should just give your father something to do with his mouth," I said to Erica, smiling as I moved to straddle his face. He moaned, but didn't resist

as I lowered my mound down to his mouth, rubbing my pussy over his chin, and then his tongue.

"I couldn't help it," Erica said as we embraced. I kissed her shoulder and neck, moaning when he found my clit and started to lick me there. "I heard you earlier... and I kept thinking about the other night..."

"It's ok," I whispered, kissing her mouth and pulling her closer, my breasts pressing into hers. We rubbed them together, sucking at each other's tongues as she rode her father's cock and I rode his face, both of us moaning softly into each other's mouths.

Sliding my hand down, I found Erica's clit and rubbed it. She was still smooth as a baby, her lips swollen and slick, stretched around her father's cock. I made fast little circles, like I knew she loved, making her gasp and clutch at me.

"Oh yessss," she cried. "Oh Daddy, I'm gonna come all over your cock!"

His mouth was busy, but I heard his muffled groan, the gentle buzz of it against my pussy sending ripples of pleasure up my spine. Erica was fucking him hard now, slamming her pussy down and grinding it, doing it again and again. Her excitement, so close to the edge, made me want it, too, and my pussy throbbed against the lapping tongue that pushed through the soft folds of my flesh.

Erica was whispering, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," over and over, her breath short and panting in my ear, and then she was shuddering with her orgasm, throwing her arms around me, her back arching with it. I held her quivering body

to me until it subsided, her racing heart beating against mine, her limbs suddenly like liquid, her body boneless as she sank toward the bed.

She rolled off of him, now whispering, "Oh god, oh god," over and over. I leaned forward as her father's hands grabbed my ass and pulled my pussy in to his probing tongue. It was snaking up into my little hole, pressing the smooth, pink walls, back and forth, side to side.

"Mmmm." I took his slick cock in my hand. He was full of her juices and I began to lick them off. "He tastes like you, Erica."

She couldn't resist and soon we were both licking and sucking his shaft, taking turns leisurely stroking and lapping at his cock until he was groaning and bucking underneath me, his tongue poking haphazardly between my pussy lips, distracted by his own pleasure.

"Which one of us do you want to fuck, now?" I whispered, rolling off him onto the bed.

He groaned. "Leah... god..."

I leaned over and turned on the low lamp next to the bed and we all blinked at each other. Erica was still stretched out between his legs and he looked down and met her eyes

"Do you want to fuck your daughter... or her best friend?" I teased, crawling back toward them both. "Or maybe both of us? How about that?"

Erica grinned at me, her eyes bright. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

I nodded, stretching out on my back and holding my arms out for her. Mr. Nolan stared as Erica crawled between my legs and kissed me as we pressed

together, the softness of her breasts flattening against mine, the heat of her pussy a sweet, wet pulse.

"Turn over," I murmured against her mouth.

She smiled, biting her lip as she wiggled on top of me, and I helped her by grabbing her hips as she turned onto her back, pressing her bottom against my crotch.

"Now you get to decide." I spread my legs and Erica's with them. "Whose little pussy do you want?"

"Jesus, Leah," he murmured, but he came to kneel between our thighs, looking down at us spread out for him.

I moaned when I felt the head of his cock pressed against my pussy, slipping up and down between my soft, swollen lips. Then Erica was moaning and wiggling on me, and I knew he was rubbing there now, up and down he went, first me, then her, his eyes between our legs.

"Do you like that, Daddy?" Erica reached her fingers up to tweak his nipples.

He shook his head, but his dazed eyes still focused at the apex of our open legs, and he gulped, "Yes, baby... Daddy likes it... very much."

Erica gasped as he slid inside of her, his hands covering mine on her hips as he moved in and out. It was a slow, easy rhythm at first because he was watching himself go into her, and Erica rocked on top of me, her head going back against my shoulder and her eyes closing as she was carried away with the sensation.

"Faster, Daddy!" She cupped her own breasts. "Ohh yes... harder!"

He let out a low groan, moving my hands so he could really grab her hips as he fucked her, and I slipped my arms around Erica, cupping her breasts, too. Just watching his face and hearing Erica's soft cries were making my pussy drip. I could feel my wetness leaking down the crack of my ass toward the bed, and I arched a little underneath them, whimpering.

"Me, too," I cried, and he groaned, pulling his cock out of Erica's pussy. She whimpered then, too, turning her face to kiss me.

"Pull your legs back a little," he instructed, and I did, feeling him aiming and moving forward, his cock sliding blissfully into my pussy. I wiggled happily, kissing Erica as he started to fuck me, his hands gripping the backs of my thighs.

"Ohhh yes," I cried, rolling Erica's nipples in my fingers, feeling her squirm on top of me. "Fuck me, baby!"

"You feel so good, Leah," he gasped, looking down at Erica's fingers moving through her swollen slit. She was fucking herself, too, sucking my tongue into her mouth as we all rocked together.

"Better than me, Daddy?" Erica murmured with a smile right against my mouth.

I pinched her nipples, making her squeal. "You're so bad."

"You're both bad," he groaned, thrusting harder into my pussy, making me arch and grind my clit against him. "Very, very bad."

I gasped when his hand smacked my ass, then Erica's, then mine again as he drove us both together toward the headboard, really working my pussy now, the wet slap of him against me filling the room.

"Oh god," Erica moaned, her hand working between her legs. "Oh god, I'm gonna come again."

"Good girl," her father murmured, his eyes half-closed.

"I thought she was bad," I teased, squirming when his hand came down on my ass again.

"Ohhhh my little pussy feels so good," Erica moaned, bucking on top of me as she came, her belly undulating as the waves swept through her body.

"Your turn," he said, and I felt his thumb against my clit, rubbing back and forth, teasing me toward orgasm. I tried to fight it, wanting the sweet swell of anticipation to go on and on, but his touch was practiced and skilled, making me moan in submission.

"Oh now," I whimpered, my pussy already beginning to contract around his cock, getting ready for the real thing. It was coming. I could feel it building like some enormous tidal wave about to break through me, and he was determined to have it, rubbing and fucking me into oblivion.

"Come on, sweet baby," he panted, his eyes meeting mine. "Come for me."

I whimpered and knew I couldn't resist. My body responded immediately, my climax pulsing through me in a hot, wet rhythm. My pussy grabbed his cock

and held on, squeezing his thick length again and again and I arched underneath Erica, trying to press even more of him inside of me.

"That's my girl," he murmured, giving me a few more strokes before pulling out of me and stroking it himself over Erica's belly.

I watched as he grunted and thrust his cock through his fist, the first stream of cum jetting so far that it landed over Erica's cheek and breast, making us both gasp with the force of it. The next spurt managed to make it to her navel, and he continued to stroke it, moaning as his cock still spewed hot, white fluid over her wet pussy that dripped down toward mine.

I stretched my tongue out, licking Erica's cheek, sweeping through the wet splash of his cum as I made my way toward her mouth, kissing her, and we shared the taste of him together.

"You two..." he groaned, crawling over to the other side of the bed and collapsing. "Are going to kill me..."

Erica rolled off me, looking down at herself. "I'm going to go clean up."

"Are you coming back to bed?" I watched her walk toward the bathroom.

She smiled over her shoulder, her eyes meeting mine. "That's not my bed... it's yours."

His hand was moving over my hip, pulling me towards him, and I turned out the light and snuggled up close, hearing the shower start to run. I wondered what time it was, but my eyes were closed and I was asleep before I could even glance at the clock.

It was the phone that woke me. The bed was empty and the shower was running, and I reached for the phone on the night stand, but it stopped ringing when my hand touched it. I snuggled back under the covers, hugging my pillow in the early morning light. My chest felt so full with something, and I realized after a moment that I was happy, really happy. I smiled and closed my eyes, waiting for him to come back to bed.

"I've got to go out." I turned toward the sound of his voice. He was already dressed and standing in the doorway. I realized that it must be Erica still in the shower.

"Awwww, it's Sunday..." I turned over, pulling the covers aside and spreading my thighs a little. "Can't you stay a little while?"

He groaned. "I'll be back in a flash, I promise."

"Okay," I sighed, parting my lips and showing him, slipping my fingers up and down my slit. "Maybe I'll start without you..."

"Just don't finish without me," he said with a grin. "Be right back, okay?"

He shut the door and I sighed, my clit aching for attention again, even after our long, ecstatic night together. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw him, felt him, and my whole body wanted him. I couldn't believe I was in his bed, the same bed I had watched him stroke himself in—how long ago was it, now?

I could still see him, his cock in his hand, watching the screen. I wondered if he really had been thinking about me when he was watching that little dark-haired girl on the TV. Sliding down onto the floor, I reached under the bed for the

box of videos, putting it up on the mattress and pulling off the top, realizing I'd grabbed the wrong one when I saw the family pictures inside.

There was Erica, blonde, blue-eyed little girl perfection, standing on a beach in a pink bikini and mugging for the camera. I flipped through, smiling as my fingers sifted through holidays, birthdays, and trips up north.

They were in no particular order, and Erica changed in age from newborn to teenager and back to toddler. Mr. Nolan grew a beard, a mustache, sideburns, gained a few pounds and lost them. There were a few photos of Erica's mother when she was sick near the bottom of the box, her face so gaunt, and it made me sad to look at them. I was about to close up the box when I noticed an envelope stuck all the way at the bottom.

It was sealed, and I frowned, hesitating, but then I shrugged and opened it, expecting to find baby teeth or locks of hair. It was just more photographs. Erica wasn't in any of these, and Mr. and Mrs. Nolan looked very young. Maybe they were honeymoon photos? There were pictures of them kissing, laughing, and then I came to a picture that stopped me.

My mother? I frowned, peering closer. She was much younger, but it was definitely my mother with a beer in her hand and Mrs. Nolan in a short skirt pulled into her lap. I knew they'd been friends, of course. Flipping through the pictures, I found more of them together in what looked like some sort of cabin. The last picture was blurred, Mr. Nolan with his arm around them both. Who took that one? I wondered.

I heard the shower turn off and shoved the pictures back into the box and the box back under the bed. I grabbed my clothes and started getting dressed. I was pulling my t-shirt on when Erica opened the bathroom door.

"Whatcha doing?" she asked, standing naked in the doorway, towel-drying her hair.

"I'm gonna run to my house." I pulled my hair out from under my collar. "Get some of my stuff."

Her eyes widened. "What about your mom?"

"I won't see her," I said with a wink and she gave me a knowing look. My room was on the bottom floor of our split-level, and I couldn't count how many times I'd snuck in and out of my room after my parents were asleep, or when I was supposed to be grounded. "Be right back, okay?"

The walk to my house was short, but I checked all the windows in the back to make sure I didn't see anyone before sliding my screen and window open. My room was untouched—clothes still all over the floor, my books strewn on my desk. I shoved those into my backpack and then grabbed a bag out of the closet, quietly emptying my drawers into it.

Kneeling to get my jeans out of the bottom drawer, I heard my mother's voice drifting through the heating grate. My room was right on the other side of the kitchen, and I realized she must have company.

"You can't do this," she said. "You don't understand!"

It was a man's voice responding to her, too soft for me to hear.

"I know you care about her," my mother went on. "But you are making a huge mistake. You have no idea!"

I froze, my heart leaping in my chest. Who was she talking to?

"Rob, you have stop this!" my mother screamed—screamed! "You can't be with Leah, you just can't!"

Oh my god. I stared at the heating grate as if I could see them, and this time I heard his voice, raised enough for me to make out his words.

"Patty, I love her," he said, his tone firm.

"It's impossible!" my mother screamed. I winced, wanting to cover my ears, but I didn't. "It's illegal!"

"It's not impossible," he replied. "And it's not illegal. She's an adult, and this is what she wants."

"Rob, no!" My mother's voice, pleading. Was she crying? "Please, don't do this, you can't do this..."

"Give me a good reason why?" he demanded and my heart swelled, hearing the determination in his voice. He really did love me!

"Because," my mother choked. "Oh god... because she's your daughter, Rob. She's your daughter..."

The only sound I heard was the sobbing coming through the heating grate and the scream in my own head, like a siren going off. I remembered the pictures under the bed, the look in his eyes when he saw me wearing his dead wife's dress, when he told me, "You look like your mother," and knew it was true. I just knew it.

A sudden calm came over me and I stood, dropping my bag and opening my bedroom door. They didn't see me pass the kitchen or go out the front.

I didn't realize I was crying until I reached the front doors of the church. It was Sunday and early mass had let out. There was a line in front of the confessional and I went to the front of it. The woman standing there waiting took one look at my face and took a step back, waving me on.

The confessional was dark but I closed my eyes anyway, wiping at the tears running down my face, but it was no use— they kept coming.

"Yes, my child?" The Father's voice urged me to speak and I opened my mouth, but no words came out. What could I say?

I took a shaky breath, bowing my head, and whispered, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned..."

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

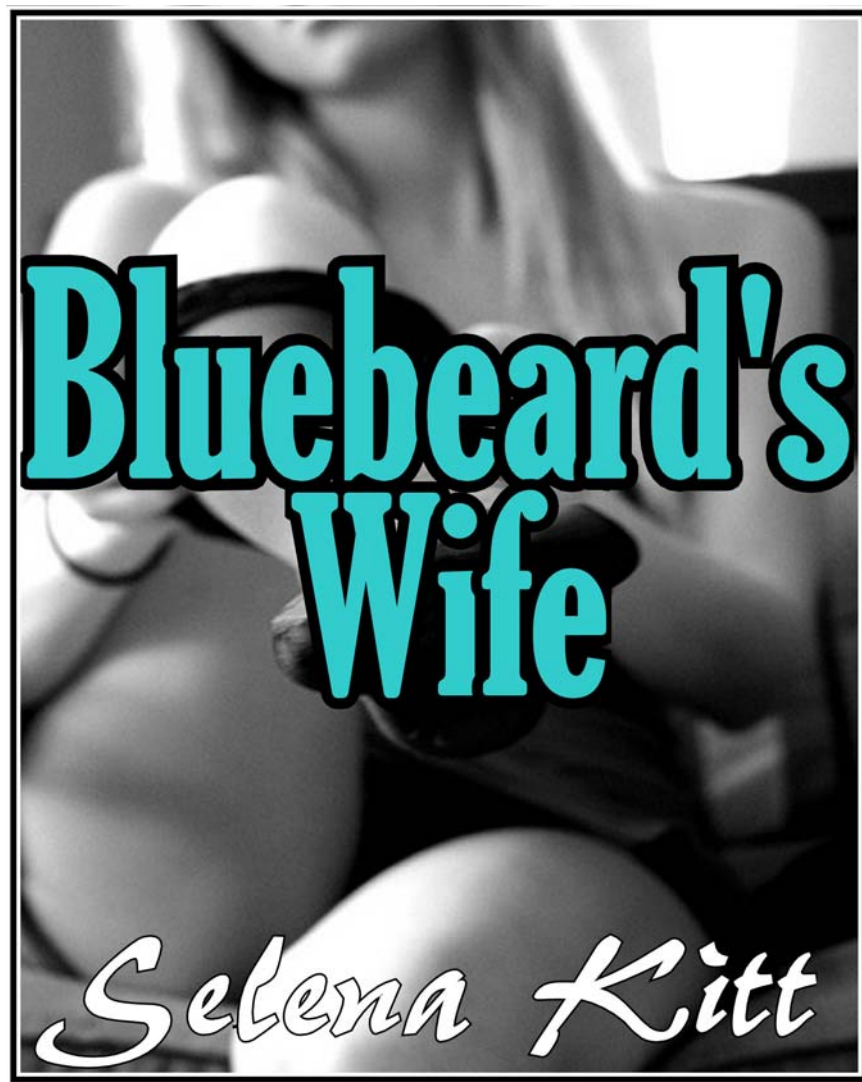
This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

Her e-publishing credits include: [*Rosie's Promise*](#) published by [Samhain](#) and *Torrid Teasers* #49 published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman*. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, *Sacred Spots* and *Happy Accident*, will soon be published by [Phaze Publishing](#), as well as her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus*. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.)

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com or email selena@selenakitt.com

If you liked [Under Mr. Nolan's Bed](#), you might like:



BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and lesbian and anal sex.

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Just gorgeous—incredibly erotic, but also a beautiful exploration of a woman's sexuality. Keep up the great work.

EXCERPT from BLUEBEARD'S WIFE:

We ended up closing the place down, John and I. Kelly and Chris headed home about midnight, and I sat and finished another bottle of wine while I watched John move among the tables, talking and laughing. He helped me on with my coat when it was time to go, and held my elbow as we walked to the car.

“Are you drunk?” he asked me as he got into driver's side.

I looked over at him in the dimness. “Are you mad?”

“Am I mad that you're drunk? Or am I mad that you were out dirty dancing with your girlfriend at my company Christmas party?” John started the car and put it in reverse.

“Um... that, or... whatever,” I said, struggling with my seat belt. I couldn't seem to find the slot to put it into. John accelerated hard and I was propelled back against the seat. I was still trying to get my seat belt fastened when John hit the brakes at a stop sign and I jolted forward, reaching out my hand to the dashboard to catch myself, but my reflexes were slow, and I missed.

“What were you thinking?” John asked with a sigh, reaching over and doing my seat belt up for me.

I felt tears sting my eyes and looked out the passenger window so he wouldn’t see them. “I don’t know,” I whispered. “I guess maybe that you might think I was sexy.”

We didn’t talk again until John backed the car into the garage. He always backed in, so he could pull out in a hurry in the morning. Then he turned to me in the dark of the car, his voice low. “Tara, do you know what I wanted to do to you when you came downstairs in that dress?”

I shook my head, turning a little toward him.

John reached a hand out and fingered the soft, satin hem that was riding high on my thighs. “I wanted to tear it off you.”

“You did?” I asked, my eyes wide. He was looking down at where my dress ended.

“I wanted to tear it off you and take you, right there, up against the wall in the hallway.” His voice was hoarse, and I swallowed hard.

“You did?” I squeaked.

“Seeing you dancing out there with Kelly—you don’t know how sexy you are, do you?” he asked, leaning over to me, his hand running up from my knee to my thigh. His breath was warm on my face, and I could smell the 7&7’s he’d been drinking all night. My own head was still swimming with wine.

“You two rubbing up against each other, seeing your red little dress riding up and up,” he whispered, his hand pushing my dress up further as he sought higher ground on

my leg. “You looked just like you do when you come, with your eyes half closed and your mouth open and your legs quivering.”

I moaned, tilting my face up to him, and then he was kissing me, his tongue forcing its way past my teeth, down my throat, as he pressed me into the door. “I wanted to fuck you right there on the dance floor,” he growled against my neck, biting and sucking at my flesh. “I wanted to fuck you both.”

I gasped, his hands groping me in the dark, everywhere at once. My dress was pushed up to my waist now, his fingers rubbing fast and hard between my legs. We kissed, our mouths meshing together as he leaned over the gearshift to get to me. When he pulled my panties aside and plunged his fingers into me, I hissed, putting one foot up onto the dashboard to give him better access.

He was trying to climb over onto me but there wasn’t enough room—not in his little Roadster. When I whispered that fact to him, he grunted, pulling his hand away from me and moving to open his door. A moment later, he was opening mine, and I was still sitting there with my panties askew, my heels off, and my dress shoved up to my waist, struggling with the seatbelt.

He leaned over me and popped the button, pulling me out of the car and crushing me to him, his tongue digging deep into my mouth. I clung to him, wrapping my arms around his neck, feeling his hands roaming over my ass, squeezing and lifting me, pressing my crotch to his. I could feel how hard he was through his trousers.

Then he was turning me around, pressing me over the hood of the car, shoving my dress up higher on my waist. His hands moved over my ass, my thighs, and I heard his zipper and the felt his cock pressing against my panties. He shoved those aside, his

fingers finding me again, moving in and out of my wetness—and I was wet, soaking wet, my panties moist with my heat.

He didn't bother to take them off, he just replaced his fingers with his cock, shoving himself deep inside me with a growl. I moaned, pressing my cheek to the metal, the engine still ticking as he started to fuck me, my hands out in front of me, just letting him take me. I could see the Christmas lights of the neighbor's house across the street, a blurred red and green glow as he rocked me against the Beemer's electric blue hood. He hadn't even shut the garage door.

"You like that?" he whispered, grinding his pelvis into me, his cock buried so deep it almost hurt. I couldn't catch my breath to answer, I just whimpered, but I arched my back and pressed against him in response.

He reached over me, grabbing my arms and twisting them behind my back. I gasped, wriggling and moaning, as he held my wrists with one hand, still fucking me, harder now, driving me against the cold side panel of the car. He slapped my ass with the other hand, making me squirm. The hot sting felt good in the night air.

I could see my breath, panting out in white streams toward Mr. Klein's house across the way—and I could see Mr. Klein, walking across his living room. I wondered if he might be able to see us, and the thought was beyond exciting.

John was grunting with every thrust, his breath ragged. My panties were snug between my legs and every time he shoved into me, he pulled them up tight between my lips and effectively massaged my clit, the friction building up as he fucked me, really rapidly now, all the way into me, working hard.

“Oh god,” I cried, feeling his hand tighten around my wrists, pulling me back against him and driving deeper, deeper still, into my pussy. “John, make me come!”

I could still see Mr. Klein, and I think he was at his window, but I didn’t care. I ground myself back against John’s cock, wanting more and more, until I couldn’t breathe, I couldn’t think. I was dizzy with wanting, feeling the ache between my legs moving toward release.

John grabbed my hip with his other hand, forcing himself hard up into me, growling and grinding, “Ahhhh god, baby, take my cum!” Feeling the first wave of him, hot and pulsing, coupled with his hips pounding against mine, forced me over, too, and I came hard, my pussy squeezing him, milking him.

“Ohhh yes, ohhhh!” I moaned, thrashing on the hood of the car, quivering beneath him.

He pulled out of me, and the cold of the night rushed in, making me shiver. He didn’t let go of my wrists, turning me around to kiss me, his mouth a little softer now, but not much, his tongue still probing deep, his bare thighs pressing me back against the car, my ass resting against the cool edge.

“Now,” he whispered, keeping me pressed against him, his hand still tight around my wrists wrapped behind my back. “Do you believe me, that I think you’re sexy?”

I smiled, feeling dizzy, wrapping my leg around him, digging my heel into the back of his thigh. “Yes,” I breathed, kissing him and holding on tight...

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And look for these other titles from Selena Kitt:



ESCAPING FATE

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she's a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it's no wonder! But it isn't just Karma she's curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam's job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam's interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she's been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

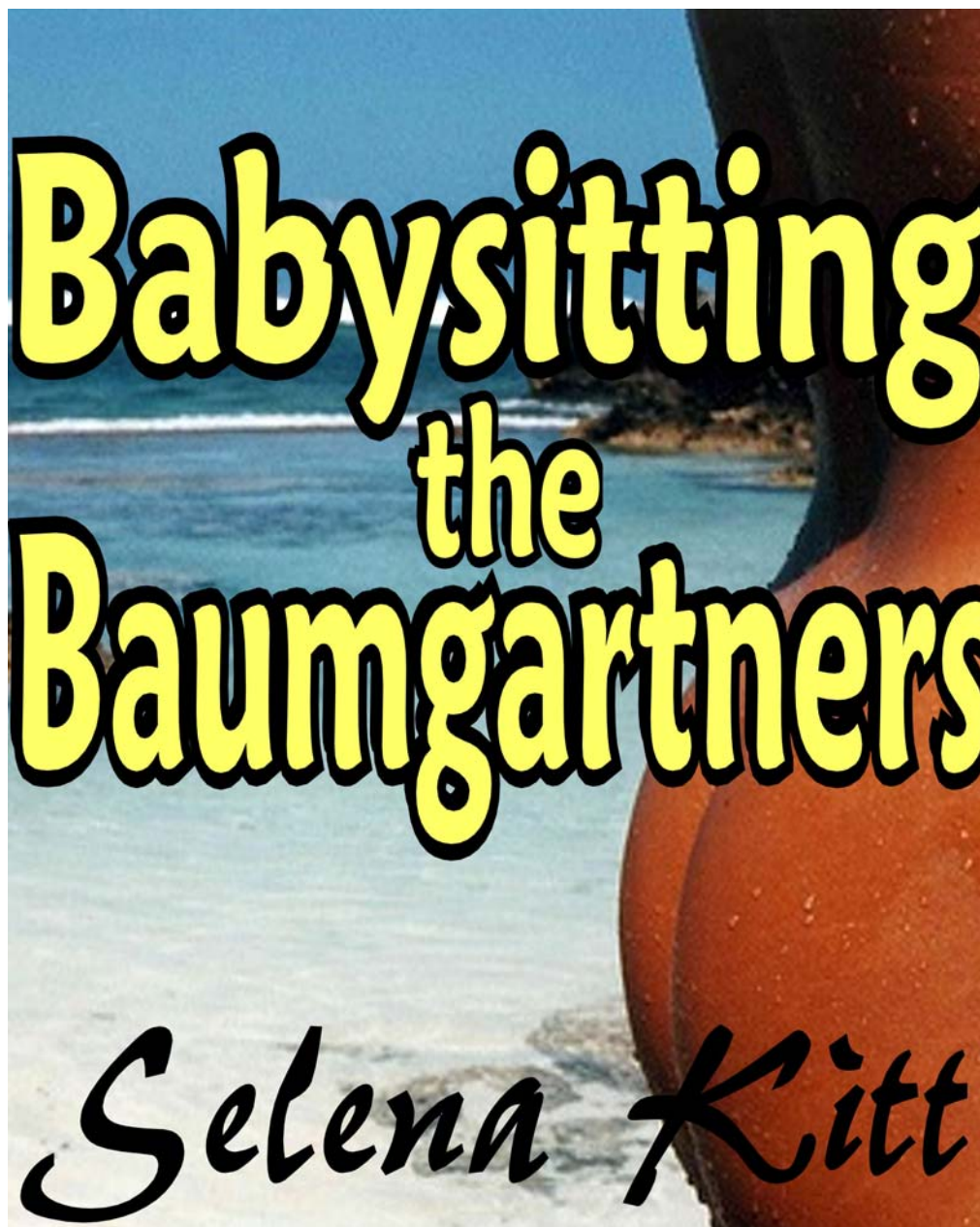
Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



NAUGHTY BITS

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he finds that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

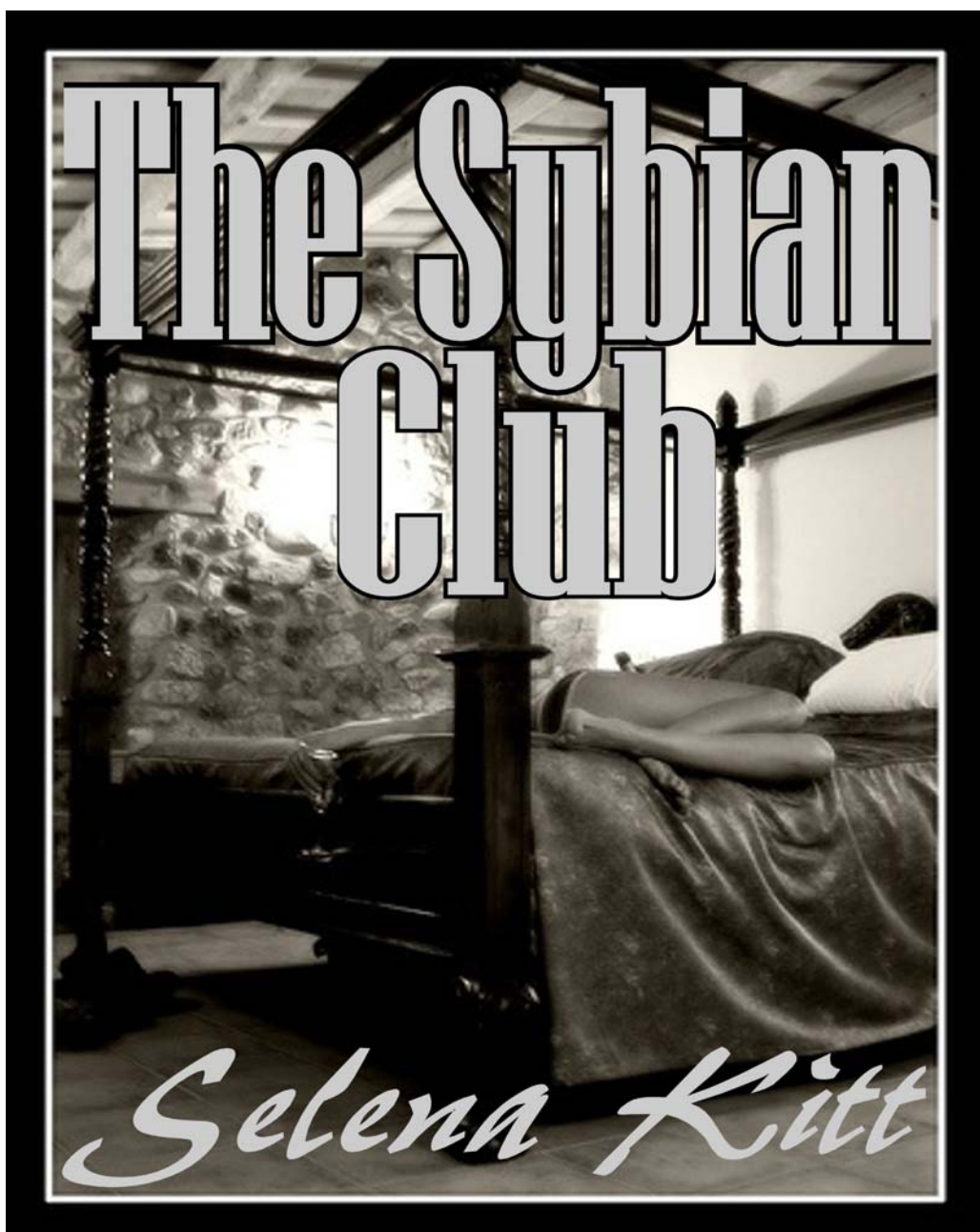
Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a Sybian, but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

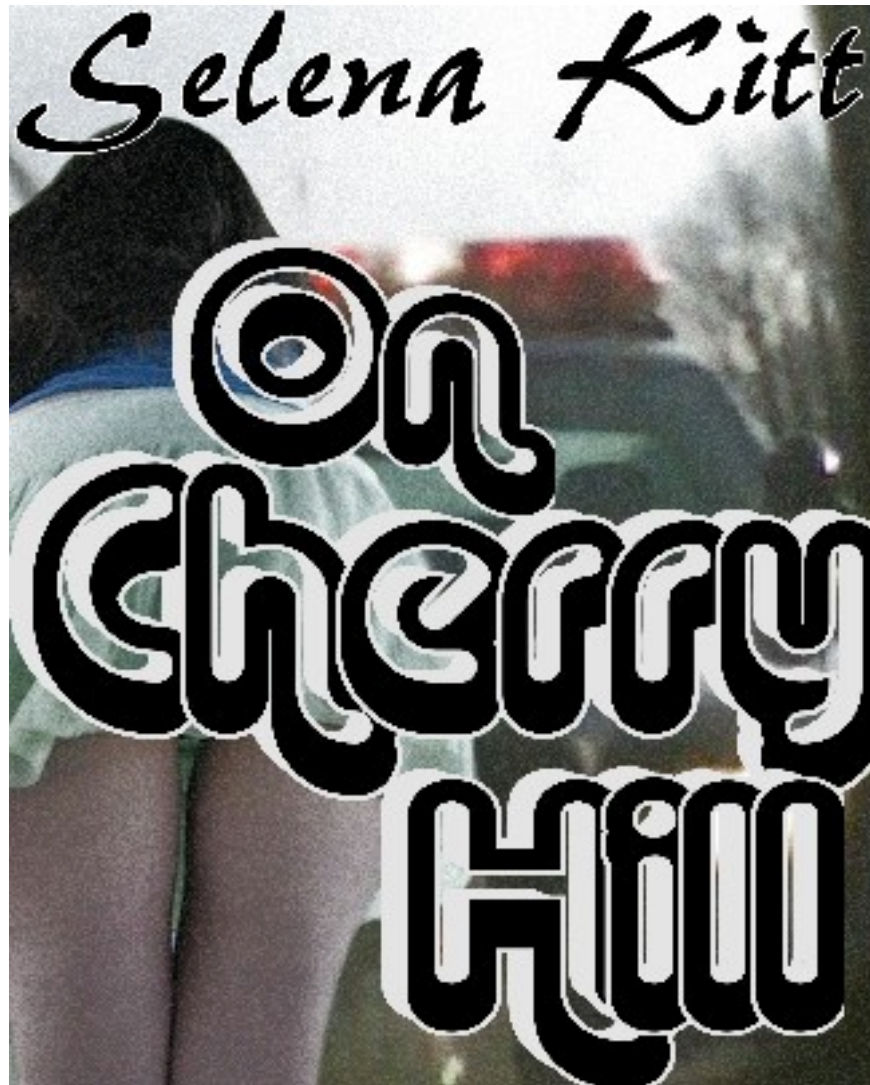
Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



[ON CHERRY HILL](#)

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.