

DARLA'S SECRET WISH



selena kitt

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Darla's Secret Wish

By Selena Kitt

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Two “Rock-a-Bye Babies” and four “Bears over the Mountain” later, Darla finally tucked her baby sister in and turned out the light. There was a Barney nightlight by her bed that glowed an eerie purple. It was cold outside, snowing lightly, and it was cold in here. Only Carrie’s blonde curls, shorter and a shade lighter than Darla’s sleek mane, peeked out from above the pink covers.

“Don’t let the bedbugs bite,” Darla whispered, easing the door closed. That’s what her dad had always said to her, when she was around Carrie’s age, and it came out of her mouth automatically. It made her suddenly sad.

“Not all the way,” Carrie piped up, her voice muffled. Darla left the door open a crack and went to see what her dad had to eat in the kitchen. She was hoping for ice cream, and hit pay dirt, a pint of Haagen-Dazs. It was probably Irene’s, and Darla took a great deal of pleasure in knowing that she might be eating the last of her stepmother’s favorite Rum Raisin as she settled in front of a rerun of the OC.

She glanced at the clock when the show was over. Only ten. They said they were going to be gone probably until midnight. She fantasized for a moment about what she was going to do with the babysitting money, doing the math in her head. The longer they stayed out, the more she would get paid. She might finally have enough to get the Ipod she wanted. Her mother had told her at Christmas that maybe by her next birthday but February third had just come and gone, she’d turned eighteen, but no Ipod was forthcoming. Of course, her mother blamed it on her father. He had all the money. Why didn’t he buy her one of the damned things, her mother wanted to know.

Darla sat and looked around the room, which was probably bigger than their living room and kitchen combined. The whole house must have been at least five thousand square feet. She had never even seen the whole thing.

That was something she could do. Time to do some exploring. Carrie's room was down a long hallway that included Darla's room, when she stayed over, and a separate bathroom. She had seen all of that. There were several guest rooms, another bathroom, her dad's office, and Irene's scrapbooking room at the back of the house. Upstairs beyond her dad's bedroom, though, she had no idea what was back there.

Their room was spacious and white. Everything seemed white—the rug, the bed, the furniture. She glanced at the bed, which was made but kind of rumpled on one side, as if someone had been sitting there. She lay down on it, gasping at the softness of the down comforter, the sinking of the mattress underneath her. Her eyes closed, and she let herself drift for a moment, feeling like she was lost and floating on a cloud in the darkness. She thought she could smell her daddy, his aftershave maybe, lingering on the sheets. When her eyes opened, she gasped again, seeing her reflection staring back at her. There was a mirror over the bed!

She lay looking at her own stunned expression, her long hair spread out beneath her head over the whiteness of the comforter like a gossamer river running through drifts of snow. What would you need a mirror on the ceiling for? She looked at her soft belly, exposed now with her arms flung carelessly above her head, a pale, white expanse of skin between her “American Idol” t-shirt and

the black miniskirt her mother kept having a fit about her father buying her for Christmas, which she insisted on wearing, even out in the snow. She rubbed her tummy somewhat self-consciously. It was smooth and flat, her navel the only dip in the surface, no other hint of a softening curve.

She lifted her shirt higher, then higher still, never having seen herself from such a vantage point. Her breasts weren't much more than buds, her pink nipples hardening as the cool air moved over them. She was slightly disappointed that they looked even smaller when she was lying down.

She had given up hope that she was going to develop something to fill the bras that had been waiting in her drawer since her thirteenth Christmas. Her mother had seen her just beginning to develop, and had insisted on buying them, and they had embarrassingly sat there for years. Other girls got curves, breasts, while Darla watched longingly, hoping for those things for herself.

She wondered at the mirror again. Probably her stepmother, she decided. Had to make sure she looked good, even at night. She hopped off the bed, going to explore the rest of whatever was down this hallway. She glanced in their bathroom, which was right off their bedroom. It was huge, too, of course, with a corner Jacuzzi tub surrounded by unlit candles, and there was a separate shower with a showerhead at each end. The mirror and sink and vanity ran the length of one wall. His and hers sinks, even. She saw her father's shaving stuff on the counter.

She was about to leave the room to continue her exploration when she glanced in their closet. Her stepmother had expensive taste. There were

dresses galore in the walk-in closet, a whole wall full. She ran her hands lightly over the fabrics, silks and satins and velvets. A shimmery green dress called out to her, and she plucked it from the hanger. It was short, with a plunging neckline, completely sleeveless, the top of it was just two pieces of material that tied behind the neck. The skirt would probably have come to her stepmother's mid-thigh. Maybe. It was completely backless.

Darla carried it over to the mirror at the end of the closet. It was one of those three way things, like they had in department stores, so you could see yourself at every angle. In the light it really sparkled, like the dress was made of thousands of iridescent emeralds. She was mesmerized. Suddenly, she was pulling off her t-shirt, unzipping her skirt and sliding it down over her white cotton panties. Considering for a moment, she slid those off too, standing there completely naked. She turned this way and that, admiring her slight figure in the mirror.

She turned, liking the view from behind, it was at least one place she had curves, in the soft rounded cheeks of her bottom. From the side, if she exaggerated and stuck her chest out, she could imagine her breasts were fuller and rounder instead of the barely emerging nodes they really were. She looked at the dress in her hands again, glancing at the tag inside. *Versace*. She slid it up the long length of her thin frame, moving her hair out of the way so she could tie it, gasping at the feel of it against her skin.

She piled her hair up on top of her head, admiring herself. The dress was too long and the front simply hung on her—her nascent breasts did nothing to fill

it. When she turned, she giggled, seeing the crack of her butt appearing above the back of the dress. It shimmered and shined deliciously when she moved.

She danced, sylphlike, her reedy arms stretched above her head, swaying willowy, back and forth, pursing her lips, widening her eyes at the mirror. Irene had hundreds of these dresses, and she wore them out every weekend. Darla felt suddenly very jealous. Her daddy, who she only saw a few times a month at the most, spent hours with the woman who filled these dresses. Who filled *this* dress.

What's he ever given me? Darla fingered the heart-shaped locket she'd had since she was little, the one thing her father had left behind. She sometimes imagined she had captured his real heart in it, keeping it like a secret from anyone else. Closing her eyes, she began to dance again, holding her father's heart in her hand.

What would it be like, she wondered, to have a man hold you, press you against him, kiss you? She closed her eyes and imagined dancing with a boy—no, a man. She found it was her daddy she was imagining, his large, strong hands guiding her, his eyes bright and full of love as he looked down at her. She was so lost in the fantasy she could even smell his aftershave.

"Kiss me, Daddy," she murmured, her eyes still closed, tilting her head up like she saw in all the movies.

"Darla." The sound of her name made her whirl around and stumble over her discarded clothes. She landed bone-jarringly hard on her bottom and she whimpered, leaning back on her elbows. Her father stood in the doorway, his

large frame filling it completely. She felt her whole body flush with embarrassment.

Oh no, oh god, this can't be happening.

They didn't say anything for a moment, and Darla found herself trembling. He cleared his throat. "Why don't you get your own clothes back on, sweetheart? I have to take you back to your mother's tonight."

She forgot what she was wearing, what she had been caught doing, she forgot everything at those words. "But... I thought I was going to stay here tonight, Daddy! You said...we were going to go to the movies tomorrow!" She struggled to contain her tears and lost, but at least she did it silently. She swallowed around the hard lump in her throat.

"I know, honey...but Irene isn't feeling well. She's downstairs lying on the couch. I'm glad she didn't come up here first," he chuckled. "I'll make it up to you, angel. I promise."

She nodded, looking down at his shoes, his dress shoes. They had gone to a play tonight. *Taming of the Shrew*. She didn't want him to see that she was crying.

"I'll get dressed," she said, wanting him to go before she really started sobbing. "Be down in a minute."

"Ok...and Darla, honey...don't forget your panties." He turned around, his voice sounding strained.

She snapped her slim thighs closed, her face burning. She had forgotten entirely that she wasn't wearing any.

* * * *

Darla put the dress back and hurriedly pulled on her clothes. She stopped in the bathroom to smooth her hair into a ponytail and wash her face, still wet, and gave herself a good talking-to in order to stop the tears. There was no way she was going to go downstairs crying. Now she was putting on her coat, and she smiled, pleased, as her father helped her while she pulled her hair out from under the collar.

“Lee, did you pay her? Darla, thank you for watching your sister,” Irene murmured from the couch where she was lying with her arm thrown over her eyes.

“Half-sister!” Darla hissed, surprising both of them and herself.

“Money’s in your coat pocket, sweetie,” her father said, looking sideways at her. “And you did a fine job, too. I told you she would, Irene.” There was a snort from the couch.

“Come on, let’s get going,” he said.

She followed him out the door, shouldering her backpack with all her school work and a change of clothes for the weekend she wouldn’t be needing anymore. Tears stung her eyes again at that thought. The two-seater Jaguar was still warm from their ride home. Darla turned the radio station first thing. He always let her. She turned it up loud. She didn’t want to talk.

When they pulled into the driveway half an hour later, the house was dark and her mother's car was gone. Her father swore under his breath and Darla looked at him sharply. He grabbed his cell phone out of his pocket and flipped it open, hitting the "talk" button. She heard the phone ringing, and the answering machine with her own voice saying, "You've reached the Somers residence, we're not here right now..."

"You didn't call her?" Darla sighed.

"I called her," he assured her, his mouth a thin line. "She said she'd be here."

"Figures." Darla shoved the door open and ran up the walkway. She fumbled in her jacket pocket for her keys, finding the money her father had left there to pay her for babysitting. It was far more than she'd really earned. She was crying in earnest now, and she tossed the money angrily into the snow. She got the door open, the warmth and familiar smell of home a dubious welcome, shrugging off her jacket and throwing her backpack in the foyer.

"Hey, Darla." Her father peeked his head inside and she turned her back to him, not wanting him to see her puffy eyes. "You dropped this, honey."

"I didn't drop it," she said lowly.

"Isn't this your babysitting money?" His voice was right behind her now. She could feel the chill from the outside that he carried with him.

"Yes, but I didn't drop it. I threw it there," she snarled, moving away from him and flopping onto the couch, crossing her arms over her chest and lowering her head to let her hair hide her face.

“Why?” He sounded genuinely confused. She struggled with a response, trying to speak around the tightness in her throat. *How can he not know, how can he not see?*

“I don’t want your money.” It was barely a whisper.

“What was that, sweetie?” He was sitting next to her on the couch, moving to brush her hair away from her face.

She jerked away, hissing. “I don’t want your money!” She shoved at him and moved to stand. She was off balance and he grabbed her arm to help steady her.

“Hey, hey.” He held both of her wrists now as she struggled to get away. “Come here.” He pulled her toward him and although she resisted at first, she finally relented and let him settle her onto his lap.

She repeated it over and over under her breath, like a mantra to keep her from breaking down entirely, “I don’t want your money.”

“Ok, ok,” he murmured. “What *do* you want, honey?”

“You!” she wailed, leaning into him and putting her arms around his neck. “You’re all I’ve ever wanted, Daddy. I never wanted anything else.” She feathered little kisses on his throat and collarbone, rubbing the smooth skin of her cheek against the whiskers on his chin.

“Oh, angel,” he whispered into her hair, stroking her back. “You have me. You’ve always had me.”

She was trying to get as close as she possibly could, wrapping her bare legs around him. He helped her, unbuttoning his coat so she could sidle closer, enveloping her in his arms.

“I’m so sorry it’s turned out this way, sweetheart. I never meant—” his voice was hoarse, pained.

“Hold me, Daddy,” she whispered, pressing her cheek to his. He did, rocking her gently, stroking her hair. “I miss you so much, you don’t know...it makes me hurt all over.” She wiggled in his lap and she heard him gasp and let out a small groan. His face was buried in her hair.

“Sweetie, maybe we better—” he started, but she lifted her face suddenly and kissed him just like she had fantasized about in front of the mirror earlier that night.

It wasn’t a sweet innocent little girl kiss, it was a real kiss, the way she imagined kissing Tommy Keys who sat behind her in math, the way she imagined kissing Simon Cowell from American Idol, the way she’d practiced kissing with Katie, pressing their tongues together and swirling.

He didn’t stop her, he seemed too stunned to try, holding perfectly still as her small tongue tentatively licked at his lips, his teeth. He tasted like peppermint and smelled like Old Spice. It was a familiar Daddy smell and it made her all tingly.

She felt something between her legs, and it took her a moment to realize what it was. His dress slacks hid nothing, and she realized the bulge pressing

against her panties was a very large version of what they'd seen illustrations of in health class last year.

She locked her legs behind him and squeezed, kissing him harder, and he moaned, his hands beginning to roam over her, slipping underneath her shirt in back. The feel of his large, warm hands on her skin made her shiver. This was just what she imagined this would feel like, even down to the pulsing ache between her thighs. Especially that.

He broke contact suddenly, looking wild-eyed and panicked. He tried to push her away, but her long, slender legs were locked too tightly around him. She bit her lip, pleading with her eyes. He cleared his throat and said sternly, "Darla, this is very, very wrong. We can't do this."

"It's not wrong to love me, Daddy," she whispered. "Please love me. Please."

He shook his head, but she saw his eyelids flutter when she moved against him, shifting that hard thing between them. It rubbed against the crotch of her panties, and she felt moisture there, like she'd wet herself. His response made her bolder, and she reached down between them to investigate, her searching hand indeed finding wetness.

Oh, it felt so good when she rubbed herself like this! Sometimes she would do it for hours and hours at night, twisting and turning the covers between her legs, aching for some sort of release that never came. She felt like that now.

"It feels good when I do this," she confessed, tucking the crotch of her panties between her fleshy lips, and moving her fingers over the material. His

breath was coming faster, his eyes half-closed as she rubbed herself, the back of her hand nudging that solid heat between them.

“I know,” he said reluctantly, his voice tight, but then he relented. “Darla, baby... you’re so beautiful when you do that.”

She glowed, soaking in the praise, eagerly kneading her flesh faster, arching her back. His hands moved under her shirt, his fingers meeting at her spine and his thumbs nearly touching at her navel, wrapping almost entirely around the narrow expanse of her waist. He pressed her gently down against his crotch, against the rigid heat there, and she smiled at him. He slid his hands upward, lifting her t-shirt, his thumbs moving over the small girlish protrusions there. She gasped when he thumbed her little nipples.

“Ohh! Daddy, I feel that right between my legs,” she whispered, her eyes widening and then half-closing again in pleasure. He made a low sound, unlike anything she’d ever heard, and she felt him lifting her skirt higher.

“Here?” He moved her hand from between her legs and pressed a thumb exactly there, where it felt the best. She nodded, shivering, opening her legs a bit wider. He eased her panties aside, and the cool air over her skin made her whimper.

“So tiny, so pretty...so wet!” he murmured.

Her lips were swollen and pink, and he spread her open with two fingers. She watched him inspect her, his fingers moving the dainty folds of flesh to and fro. He seemed transfixed, and she tried to hold her breath so as not to break the spell. Then he did something very surprising, something she had never done

to herself. He slid one finger between her soft, slender lips and curled it upward, pressing into her flesh. His finger was *inside* of her!

He started moving it, his eyes focused between her thighs, slowly in and out of her. It felt funny at first, but the more he did it, the more she felt her flesh move and give, the better it was. She started rocking with him, her breath coming faster and faster. His hand was huge between her legs, his palm rubbing over her young, delicate mound. She heard a wet noise between her legs, as if someone were smacking their lips.

"Do you like that?" he asked her softly.

She nodded, riding his hand now, her narrow hips beginning to move in circles. He slowed, almost stopped. She whimpered.

"Tell me," he said, his eyes meeting hers.

She hesitated. His thumb gently rubbed that spot at the top of her little crease and she shuddered, straining against him.

"Come on, Darla, tell Daddy how much you like it." He started rubbing it harder, and slowly began to ease another finger into her. She felt stretched open there somehow and she gasped.

"Oh Daddy, yes," she moaned. "Yes, I like it, I like it, please don't stop!"

"Good girl," he urged, moving his fingers faster to reward her.

She felt something tightening in her lower belly. Her thighs were spread as wide as they could be now, and she was grinding herself against his hand, making small, high noises that came out almost as squeaks.

"Come on, Darla, that's good... fuck Daddy's hand!"

She gasped at the harshness of the word, her eyes flying open, but the jolt it sent through her, centering and radiating out from between her legs, was incredible. His thumb rubbed her, his fingers moving in and out of her very quickly. She couldn't tell where he began and she ended, and that sensation of floating that she always got when she rubbed herself there was intensified beyond anything she'd ever known. She felt like she was flying.

"Ooooo Daddy, it feels so good," she panted, putting her hands on his shoulders to steady herself.

"I know," he murmured, using his other hand to tweak her hard, pink nipples, so small they were like wee pebbles, back and forth between them. She moaned and rocked, her whole body begging him for something. "I'm gonna make you come, sweetheart. Let Daddy make you come for the first time."

Her only thought was *how did he know?* but her body finally obliged, and she shuddered all over, the ache between her thighs released in a little flood of pulsing fluid she was embarrassed might be all over her daddy's pants. The shock at the overwhelming sensation must have shown on her face, because he chuckled.

"Oh sweetheart, I love you so much." He leaned in to kiss her mouth, easing his fingers out of her and she sighed. It sort of hurt between her legs, and it was all swollen and wet. She watched, wide-eyed, as he put his fingers to his mouth and licked them.

"You taste fantastic." His eyes were dark with something. He fumbled between them, unzipping his pants and revealing himself to her.

She'd never seen a hard one. She'd caught him naked out of the shower a few times, but the small dangling thing she'd glimpsed held no resemblance to the throbbing rod of steel he held in his hand. It seemed impossibly huge to her.

"Do you like Daddy's cock?" He watched her curiously. She didn't know what to say, so she nodded.

"You can touch it," he urged.

It seemed to wink at her. She reached for it hesitantly, wrapping her hand around it, mimicking him. Her slender, delicate fingers encircled its girth. He groaned and thrust gently, almost imperceptibly, into her hand. He moved her fingers up his shaft, so she was holding onto the mushroom-like tip, and showed her what to do, his hand covering hers at first, moving it up and down, again and again. He moaned when he let her hand go and she continued the motion. Excited by his response, she went faster, matching her movement to his breath.

"That's it, baby, god, yeah... good girl... faster," he urged.

Her arm was tired, so she switched hands and he shifted and threw his head back when she did. She found the tingly feeling coming back between her legs and she longed to touch herself there, but she didn't want to stop pleasing him. She found a quick solution, pulling her wet panties aside again and stroking him against her. The tip of him rested right against her tender button, and she rubbed it there.

"Oh no," he moaned, looking down to see his cock pressed against his daughter's little pussy. "No, no." His denial was weak, and she pressed him harder against her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered, her hand slick on him. “I want to be all yours, forever and ever.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying,” he said, his breath ragged. “What are we doing?”

“Please, please,” she whispered, her hand tugging awkwardly at his firm flesh.

He growled, relenting, grabbing his cock out of her hand. He positioned it at her tight, virginal hole, spreading her lips with his fingers.

“Don’t move,” he told her sternly. She obeyed him. He was using his daddy voice. He pressed his hips upward, easing her open. She whimpered, feeling a sting, a slow burning between her legs. He let the tip rest just inside of her, putting his hands on her hips.

“Honey,” he whispered. “This may hurt, just a bit at first... but it feels so good for Daddy... god... are you sure?” His eyes, dark with lust, convinced her. She so wanted to please him.

“Yes, Daddy, yes,” she said. “Put it in me.”

He used his hands to ease her hips down, sinking slowly into her flesh. Darla felt tears sting her eyes. He was stretching her so wide open! It felt as if she might tear in two! He did it slowly, inch by inch, watching her face the whole time, seeing her biting her lip, squeezing her eyes closed, and then held her still for a moment when he was as deeply into her as he could go.

“Ahhhhhhh god, you’re so tight,” he gasped, looking down at her smooth pussy lips wrapped around his shaft. “Oh Darla, it feels so good. I have to fuck you!”

“Yes, Daddy.”

It was she who began to move, rocking gently on top of him. His eyes widened at the sensation, jammed into that too-narrow fold that somehow was making room for his enormous hardness. She saw his hesitation, and she said something she thought might encourage him, although her face flushed and the words felt too big in her mouth.

“Fuck me, Daddy!” She wrapped her thin arms around his neck and pressed her little breasts toward his face.

He turned into an animal then, nipping at her breasts with his lips, thrusting up into her with abandon. Darla was taken aback at first at the violence of his movements, the way it made her teeth jar and her ponytail bounce, but she soon found herself overwhelmed with feeling, the sensation between her legs an achingly sweet cross between pleasure and pain, something beyond comprehension as her daddy’s big cock moved in and out of her tiny sheath, impaling her hairless pussy again and again.

He was grunting, growling, fucking her harder now, and he hissed, “Ahhh fuck I’m gonna come. God help me, oh, no, yessss, I’m gonna come in my daughter’s pussy! Darla! Fuck!”

She held him tightly, arching her back, and she saw a splash of headlights on the ceiling above. She knew instinctively it was her mother's car. Her heart lurched.

"Oh Daddy, hurry, I don't want mommy to catch us!" she urged, and he arched up to meet her with a yell, coming hard, his body convulsing. Her tiny cunt simply couldn't hold it, and it seeped back out of her immediately, pooling on his lower belly and running down his scrotum.

She jumped off him quickly, tugging her skirt and shirt down. "Daddy, hurry! Mommy's home!"

His startled look was almost comical, his cock and balls bunched up over his zipper. She could see what had impaled her still pulsing in a wet nest of black hair. He tucked everything back in, zipping himself up, and quickly buttoned his long coat.

"Oh god, oh my god, what have we done?" He sat forward on the couch, putting his head in his hands. Darla heard her mother coming up the walkway. She moved to sit next to her father, slipping her hand into his.

"It's ok, Daddy," she told him. Her heart was racing, knowing they didn't have much time. "I love you. I won't tell."

He gave her a pained look, swallowing hard and closing his eyes briefly. "I love you, too, Darla," he told her, his voice barely a whisper.

"I promise." She kissed his stubbly cheek just as her mother came into the house. She slipped upstairs, letting them argue it out, why her mother hadn't been home, how he constantly inconvenienced her like this, how she had a life

too, you know. Darla sat at the top of the stairs, her panties still wet with her father's cum. She knew she had him, now, in a way she never had before, in a way she'd always wanted. She'd wanted him completely, had watched with envy how he looked at Irene, even at baby Carrie, had ached to have him all to herself. She'd never understood his leaving, and now it felt as if he had finally come home.

Only she heard the tremble in his voice when he called up the stairs to say goodnight to her before he left, and she eagerly called down to him, "Goodnight, Daddy!" boldly standing and lifting her skirt, pulling her panties aside so he could see her put her fingers deep inside like he had done. She was unbelievably sore there. His face reddened, but his eyes glazed over slightly and he looked at her in a way he never had before. It made her flush, too. She blew him a kiss and turned, hurrying off to her bedroom to bury her hot, red face into her pillow.

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.

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's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

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* in 2008. 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](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. 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

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NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find 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.

EXCERPT from NAUGHTY BITS:

If my mum and dad found out about my collection of porn in the shed, I knew they'd both kick-off and I'd be sleeping under a bench in the Underground, buying papers to keep me warm—instead of buying them like I was now, looking for a job. As it

was, they were on at me to find something, and fast. I didn't get why I had to figure it all out, what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. What was the rush?

My sister, Dawn, got to preen around the health club at her summer job. So why was I supposed to find something "responsible?" Dawn had been living at home since she finished school, aside from a couple of disastrous attempts at living with a roommate that my parents had ended up paying more for in the long run, anyway.

My parents made all sorts of exceptions for her. I had hoped that her laziness, or as my mother put it, her "lack of focus," might pave the way for me to spend some time loafing off after I finished school, too, but no—apparently, Dawn got the welcome mat, but I got threatened with the boot. I didn't get it.

I shut the back door and looked up at the sky. We didn't get days like this in Surrey very often—so bright and blue and clear. We spent most of our time walking around in the usual London grey, looking at a hazy kind of film over the sun. Days like today made me remember being a kid, endless summers with no responsibilities, no cares, no worries. So much for that, I thought, flopping the paper down on the patio table and glaring at it.

I sat in one of the folding chairs and took a highlighter out of my pocket. The first thing I circled was a construction company. Maybe I could find something working outside—get a tan, build some muscle. That might lead to getting a girlfriend, I thought hopefully. That got me to thinking about Julie Entwistle, the girl rumoured to wear nothing under her skirts in sixth form. She sat right next to me in English, but I never did see anything—not that I didn't try. For a girl who was supposed to be a slag, she sure kept her legs together a lot.

Thinking about Julie's skirt, and more importantly, what might be found under her skirt, made my jeans uncomfortably tight. I shifted in the chair, shoving at my crotch and turning the page of the newspaper, re-focusing my efforts. The ad that caught my eye read: Exotic dancers wanted to perform at private, solo, and bachelor parties... I snorted—so much for trying to focus. Now my cock was officially hard. I glanced over at the shed, thinking of the boards my dad stored in there that “might come in handy” some day. They came in handy for hiding my porn collection.

I folded the paper up and tucked it under my arm, heading toward the shed. My dad's toolbox doubled as a step stool and was perfect for sitting on. I dug under the boards, pulling out my meagre collection. Two Playboys and a Penthouse, although the latter was a “Letters” edition, and the stories were pretty hot. The last one was my favourite, a magazine called Naughty Bits, which was way more hardcore than the others. I'd never seen another one before or since, although believe me, I'd looked.

I opened it up to my favourite page, and there she was. Blonde, although clearly dyed because her pubes were dark, a full-breasted and full-bodied girl—really unusual for most spreads nowadays where the models were like stick figures. This woman was, well... a woman.

The next best part was the layout itself—a girl all alone on her bed looking at porn. Did girls do that? I loved how she rolled over and spread her legs, revealing that there was nothing under her skirt. She started masturbating, and would you look at that, next page, here comes her brother. Probably it was her boyfriend, but I had this fantasy in my head that it was her brother. And the next thing you know, she's sucking him off.

God, how I wished it was that easy. Hi there, whoops, didn't mean to interrupt, but since I'm here, zzziiip, flop, here's this hard cock you can suck...

I unzipped my jeans and tugged them down a little, slipping my hand into my boxers. Nowhere near as big as the guy positioning his cock at her pink little hole (I loved that picture, her fingers spreading herself open for him like that. Gah! Did girls do that?) but respectable enough—nice and thick, and most definitely stiff. She did it for me, every time. I started masturbating, my eyes skipping from the wet pink of her cunt to her thick, dark pink nipples. I spent some time there, wanking away and staring at the slit between her legs. She spread it open with both hands, and there was a little hole there, right where I wanted to slide my cock, a small dark hollow leading to heaven.

I got myself good and worked up before starting to turn the next page, because it was my favourite, and it was the image I always came to—her ass up in the air, his cum sliding down her asshole and cunt. I was looking forward to that image, still staring between her legs. I only stopped for a moment, breathless, to turn the page, and I saw something that made my cock jump and my heart race. There was writing in the margin, near the page number. An arrow toward the girl (god, look how that thick cum slid down that pink slit!) and the words, “She looks like me.”

That was Dawn's handwriting—the fat, curly letters, the heart over the “i.” My sister had been looking at my porn? Why, I wondered? If she wanted to get me in trouble, she could have taken it to my mum. Instead, she just wrote in the margins. And what she'd written! I flushed. I knew the girl looked remarkably like my sister—the dyed blonde hair, the full body, the mischievous eyes, the slanted smile—that was Dawn. Was she just making an observation? Was she implying that I lusted after her?

I didn't have any more time to think about it. Someone was knocking on the shed door! I stood, tucking my cock back in and zipping up, shoving the magazines back under the pile of boards.

"David!" It was Dawn. Of course, who else? My parents wouldn't be home for hours—it was only ten in the morning.

"What?" I called, trying to sound impatient. I tucked my paper back under my arm, grabbed a can of insect spray off the shelf and opened the door.

She was standing there in a white bikini, the flesh of her breasts spilling over the top. My cock, with barely enough chance to wane as it was, jumped to life again at the sight.

"Jesus, Dawn!" I made a face. "Put some clothes on."

"It's gonna be sunny and warm all day." She put her hands on her hips and drew my eyes there. "I'm spending my time catching rays!"

"Whatever." I stepped out of the shed into the fresh air.

"What were you doing in there?" She smirked, peering into the dim shed.

I waved the insect repellant at her. "Big-arse spider out on the patio table."

"Sure there was." She moved toward the lounge chair where she had spread a towel. How long had she been out here, I wondered?

I put the can on the table. "There was. It's obviously crawled off somewhere. Maybe it's on your lounge chair."

She stuck her tongue out at me. "Quit being such a pain in the arse. I'm in a good mood and you're not going to spoil it."

Dawn positioned her chair, looking up toward the sun as she did, and then crawled on. Her bikini bottoms rode up between her cheeks and I flashed on the picture in Naughty Bits that I'd found the writing on—her arse up in the air, cum sliding down her slit. I sat down at the table, putting the paper in my lap to cover my erection.

"What's got you so perky?" I scowled.

She was lying on her back, now, and she lifted her sunglasses to look at me. "It's my first day on holiday, you git! Two whole weeks off work!"

I turned my chair away from her, opening my paper back up. My cock was still throbbing and watching her oil herself up out of the corner of my eye wasn't helping. She was slathering lotion all over, rubbing it into the creases, even between her toes. I could smell the stuff, like coconuts, as if a tropical smell was supposed to make you turn darker.

"You find anything in there yet?" She dropped the lotion next to her chair and leaned back. Her breasts jiggled in the white bikini top when she did, and I couldn't help watching. Seeing real flesh move was different from looking at a picture in a magazine. I found myself wondering what it would feel like to touch her there, just the top of her breast, all shiny from the oil. I flushed.

"No." I turned my eyes back to the paper. "There's nothing out there."

"Well, mum and dad won't let you scrounge off them forever, you know." She threw an arm up over her head.

"Sod off!" I rolled my eyes. "I'm not the one who's still living with my parents at twenty-five."

I stood up, deciding to go into the house. Maybe take another shower. I felt hot and sweaty, although it wasn't really that warm out here, yet.

"Hey." Dawn lifted her sunglasses again. Her eyes were soft, and so was her smile. "You wanna do something for me?"

"If it involves lotion and your back, forget it." I reached for the back door. "I'm your brother, remember?"

She stuck her tongue out. "If you're going in the house... maybe you could bring out one of dad's bottles of wine?"

I raised my eyebrows at her. "The good stuff?"

"Yeah." She grinned. "Why not? Let's celebrate my holiday..."

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ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

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.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

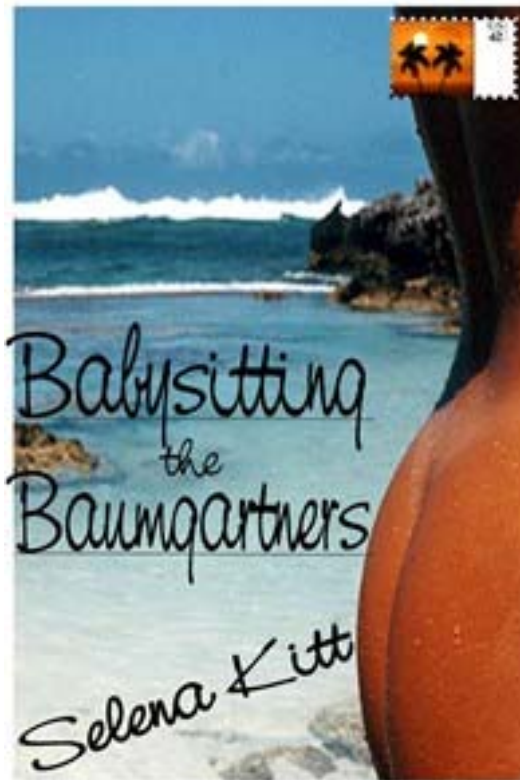
By Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Manic Readers Review from Nicole

"...A heartfelt love story...characters...well developed...the sex is hot and explicit. The professor's secret is a nice twist... Kitt earns a well deserved pat on the back for Paperback Romance."

Warning: This title contains graphic language and really hot sex.



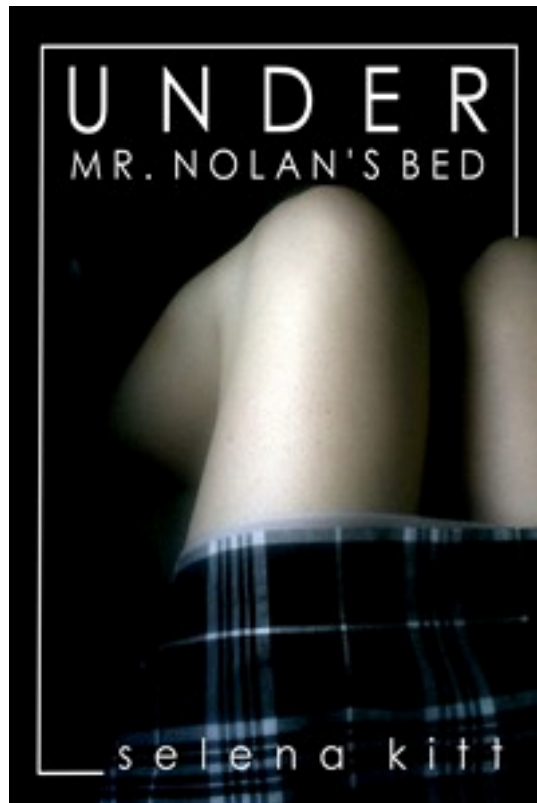
BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

A FICTIONWISE BESTSELLER!

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.



UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – 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

By Selena Kitt

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

By Selena Kitt

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.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untameable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



MERCY

by Selena Kitt

Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.

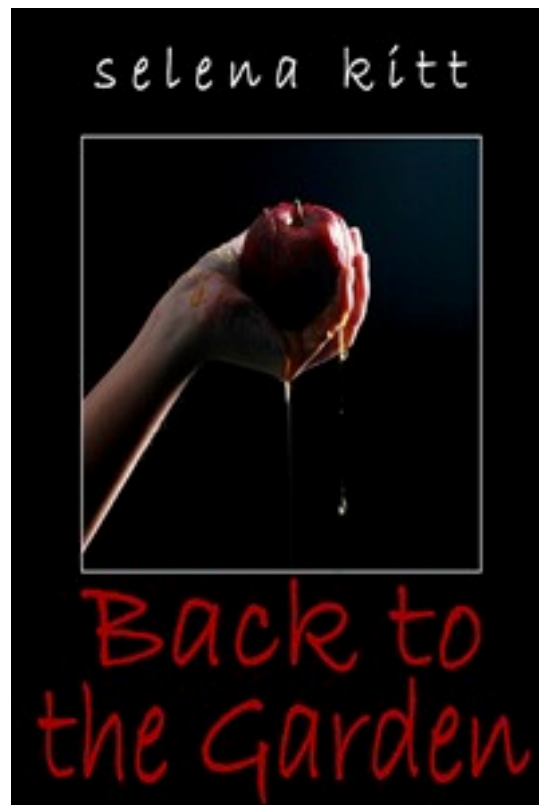


SILENT NIGHT

By Selena Kitt

Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family! Stories included: Lassoing the Moon, Garden of Eden, Lost Souls and Man of the House.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and incest.