

# MEET THE BAUMGARTNERS



SELENA KITT

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# *Meet the Baumgartners*

*By Selena Kitt*

The guy had the most beautiful cock she had ever seen.

Not that she'd really seen that many. Carrie had seen her father's and her brother's, of course, but neither in a sexual way. There had been four boys, though—two in high school and two during her freshman year in college. All of them had rather average penises—although the last one, Mike, had been very proficient in using his.

But this guy...

He was exquisite. The sight of him made her ass clench and her belly thrum with excitement.

And that just wasn't okay.

Because she'd sworn off men during her freshman year, had even thought about switching teams—she loved women, and was attracted to them almost as equally as men. At least, that's what she'd told herself after Mike, and for three years, she'd believed it—until she saw the guy with the gorgeous cock stroking it in the dorm bathroom.

And it was all her own damned fault.

They had co-ed dorms, each gender separated by floors. She was on the third, in a room on the end, and the bathroom was all the way at the other end of the long tiled hallway. At three in the morning, snuggled under the covers with an aching bladder full of beer and an already-throbbing head, Carrie would fight her body, listening to her roommate, Maureen, snoring softly in the darkness, until she couldn't stand it for another minute.

By that time, the distance down the hall to the left seemed like miles. It was much faster to sprint down the short flight of stairs to her right where, just inside the door at

the bottom, the first floor bathroom sat empty and oh-so-accessible. If it just happened to be the men's bathroom, well, she could always feign intoxication, apologize profusely and skedaddle—she had, on one occasion, interrupted a guy at a urinal, whose surprise had nearly caused a horrible zipper accident.

But most of the time, she simply slipped in, quickly relieved herself, and was back in her own bed before anyone spotted her. Besides, it was summer now, and only a fraction of the school's student body was even on campus. The odds of her getting caught went down considerably during summer term.

She probably would have slipped in and out unnoticed that night, too, except she heard his low, soft moan. She sat, her bladder throbbing blissfully in relief, and listened, her breath still in her throat. At first, she assumed it was some drunk guy moaning to the porcelain god, about to toss his cookies. Then he moaned again, and she distinctly heard him whisper hoarsely, "Yeah, baby, fuck me!"

The words made her flush with heat, and when she wiped herself, her pussy was moist with more than just urine. She sat frozen, barely breathing, her whole body attuned to the sound. She couldn't quite tell where it was coming from. It wasn't any of the six bathroom stalls—like most men's rooms, none of them had doors, and she was in the very last. So where was he?

Carrie stood and, instead of flushing, crept out of the stall in pink stockinged feet, pulling her robe more tightly around her. The stalls were behind a wall—at least it gave them some modicum of privacy—and the sinks were on the other side of that. She'd peeked in before heading toward a stall and hadn't seen anyone.

"Oh god, yeah! Gimme that hot little pussy!"

Carrie stopped and blinked, her own little pussy suddenly quite hot, looking at the row of sinks, which all stood empty, the mirror above the first one reflecting her smeared mascara and a disheveled blond mass of hair. Then she glanced at the row of shower stalls across from the sinks with a dawning realization.

“Oh that’s so good! Fuck me hard!” The guy made a low growl in his throat that sent shivers through her as she crept closer to the showers. The bathrooms in the building were all the same, and the showers down here were no different than they were upstairs, six stalls across with dark brown curtains you could draw for privacy. Only one of them was pulled closed, and that’s where she was sure the voice was coming from. It was the biggest shower stall, the handicapped-accessible one.

*The one with the bench.*

That’s when she knew she had to see him. Just the image of him stretched out on that tiled slab, cock in hand, had her gulping with lust. She could hear his breath now, fast and harsh. The shower wasn’t on and the tile under her feet was dry as she neared the curtain, listening to him moan and grunt behind it.

“Don’t stop,” he whispered—a true whisper this time, but she could hear it. He was just on the other side of the fabric barrier. Did she dare? “You like that cock? You like it up inside you like that?”

She actually had to bite her lip to keep from moaning her agreement, and without another thought, her hand slipped between the slit in her robe to cup her mound through the cotton stretch of her panties as she used just one finger of her other hand to inch the edge of the curtain aside.

That was all she needed.

It took all of her willpower not to gasp at the sight of him, like some bronzed Greek god. The bench was long enough for him to stretch out, and he was completely nude, a pair of boxers beside him on the floor, a dark-colored material—a robe—spread out beneath him over the tile's surface. His eyes were closed—thank god—the hair on his head dark and curly, his mouth slightly open as he pumped his fist between his legs.

She took in all of this in an instant, the overhead fluorescents, which stayed on throughout the night, giving her a clear view of the lewd scene, and while she noted and appreciated the defined muscles in his arms, chest and stomach and the dark line of hair that extended from his navel downward, her real focus centered solely on his cock, thick and hard and fucking the fist wrapped around it.

She recognized him, of course—he was in her Comparative Religion class, and had been in her Psychology class two years before. She'd seen him coming and going, they'd even nodded “hi” to each other in passing. Her roommate Maureen had talked about him a few times—he was on the soccer team with Maureen's boyfriend, James. What was his name again? Steve...something...Brumbaugh? She couldn't remember.

Leaning against the wall, she watched, unable to ignore the insistent pulse between her own legs. Her fingers slipped under the elastic leg of her panties, noting the wet cotton crotch, before parting the dark blonde tangle of curls that barred the way to her core. The heat of her pussy was incredible, and she slipped her fingers inside as she watched him thrust into his own fist.

She usually didn't use any sort of penetration when she masturbated, preferring just to circle her clit to completion, but his cock made her weak with longing. He was imagining some girl fucking him, she knew, and she found herself wanting to be that girl,

aching to climb on top of him and go for a long, wet ride on that magnificent thing. She rocked her hand, back and forth, fingering herself, catching his rhythm, her thumb teasing her clit, and it took everything she had not to whimper in pleasure.

“Ohhh fuck! Don’t make me come yet!” He moaned, his head going back, his hips rocking up, his hand still now, squeezing so hard the tip of his cock practically turned purple. Carrie watched, trying to control her breath, as he slowly released his death grip and a thick trickle of pre-cum slid down the glorious length of his dick.

“That was close,” he whispered and she nodded in agreement, swallowing hard and leaning her hot forehead against the cool tile. He shook his cock a little from side to side and then slapped it gently against the hard muscles of his belly. Seeing him do that was both sexy and embarrassing—he thought he was completely alone, having a private fantasy, and she damned well knew she should get back to her room as fast as she could. Not only was she in danger of him seeing her, there was the added threat that anyone could walk into the bathroom at any minute.

“I want your mouth.”

Carrie groaned inwardly, her salivary glands already working overtime. If there was one thing she loved, truly loved, it was giving head. She may have made it through high school a virgin, but none of her boyfriends could complain they weren’t satisfied. All of them had praised her oral skills, even the very first one, and she’d only gotten better with time.

“Suck me off, baby, while I lick your sweet little cunt.”

Oh yes. That was her other favorite thing. It was no wonder she’d decided batting for the other team wasn’t such a bad idea, given how much oral sex she’d shared with



girlfriends in high school and college. She loved the taste of pussy almost as much as she loved sucking cock. Maybe more. God, it was so hard to choose.

“That’s it, alllll around the tip,” he urged, and her eyes widened as he licked his hand and made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, easing it over the already slick head of his cock. He began to stroke it that way, no fist this time, just the circle of his finger and thumb moving over the head.

Right where I want my mouth, she thought, her fingers busy again, this time back at her clit instead of inside. She’d stopped worrying about him seeing her—he was too focused on what he was doing to notice or probably care—and hell, so was she.

“Oh god, I love the taste of your pussy,” he murmured, and Carrie flushed as she quickly tasted herself, musky and pungent, before slipping her fingers back into her panties. They were soaked now, and she didn’t dare rub herself too hard, or he would hear the wet sound of her pussy. “Yeah, baby, come all over my face!”

Oh god. She rocked her hips, biting her lip hard as she did as she was told, imagining his tongue, his hands gripping her hips. Her clit throbbed with her climax, her pussy clamping down hard, and she wished, for the first time in a long time, that she had a cock inside of her as she came—*his* cock.

“Ahhhhhh god, I’m gonna come in your mouth!” he growled, bucking up, his fist taking over, pumping so fast it was all a blur. “Take it! Swallow it!”

Carrie did, lifting her wet fingers to her mouth again and sucking deep, watching a hot flood of cum spill over his knuckles. His belly clenched and rolled as he moaned with pleasure, his cum frothing over the head of his dick as he thrust hard into his hand.

“Oh fuck,” he murmured, his other arm thrown over his eyes. He was panting now, catching his breath, and she was glad, because so was she, and she didn’t want him to hear her. When he sat up quickly, she nearly ran, but then he was standing, tossing his boxers onto the bench, his back to her as he quickly washed off in the shower.

She dared to linger, knowing she shouldn’t, appreciating this new view, his ass cheeks clenching as he lathered his cum-covered cock with the soap from the dispenser on the wall. I could use a shower, she thought, watching the water bead on his tanned skin. The sight of him was mesmerizing, and she blamed her slow response on her fixation when he quickly twisted the knob to turn off the water, twisting to grab his robe.

The sudden motion startled her, and it would have been fine if the tile beneath her feet hadn’t been wet and soapy from his quick shower, the second drain behind her designed to capture the runoff. She didn’t just step back, she leapt back, and slipped, going down hard on the tile—so hard her teeth rattled.

“What the hell?”

The curtain flew open and he stood there in his robe, his boxers in hand, gaping down at her.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized meekly from the floor, her whole body burning with embarrassment. It was horribly awkward, but she scrambled to her feet, making a bee-line to the exit.

“Hey!” he called after her, but she straight-armed the door, tearing up the stairs and into her room.

She stood there, panting harshly in the darkness, waiting for Maureen to wake up and ask what in the hell was going on. When she didn't, Carrie slid out of her robe and stripped off her wet socks, shoving them shamefully under the bed before climbing into it and hiding under the covers, hoping morning would never come.

\* \* \* \*

Carrie hated working in the cafeteria. Nothing screamed "I'm poor!" more than serving her classmates food every day. But she was poor. And they all had wealthy parents. Hell, they all had parents. That was more than she had.

"Where's Juliana?" Carrie poked her head out of the kitchen to see her staff sitting at a table together eating Frosted Flakes and scrambled eggs. She'd been the student manager since her freshman year.

"Sick," was the reply someone mumbled through a mouthful of granola and Carrie rolled her eyes. Sick, translated in college-speak, meant hungover. Great. She was going to have to work the register.

It wasn't that it was a hard job—it was actually the easiest job description in the world. You just had to sit there and run cards through the machine. Still, she hated it. She hated the way they looked at her. Maybe she imagined the looks of pity, but it was the glassy not-there looks that bothered her the most. She was invisible, other, not a part of them.

At least it was mindless. She opened the doors when her staff had cleared their dishes and moved off to their stations. There was a power in that, seeing her hungry classmates lined up outside the locked glass doors, waiting to be let in. Still, it felt hollow, and it was.

Carrie sat and ran the first glut of cards as quickly as she could, the line backing up behind her, the chatter inane. And still, she envied them. She wanted to stand in line, too, oblivious to the concerns of the service worker sliding her I.D. through the card reader as she talked with her friends and worried about her finals.

Well, she *was* worried about her finals—but she was always worried about her grades. She'd lose her scholarship if she didn't, and in spite of Maureen's urging, she often turned down invitations to go out with the gang on a Friday or Saturday night because she had to study.

Two more weeks, she told herself, running another card through the reader and handing it back without even looking. At least the summer semester was slower than most. There would be a two week break between the end of the summer and the beginning of fall term, and she usually dreaded that brief break, with nowhere to go, no home to go to, but this year Maureen had talked her into coming with her to Key West. She'd been saving all year for the trip. And it was just one more year of school after that and she'd be free.

She reached for the next card—the line had thinned out now, and students were coming in sporadically—but it stuck fast in the hand holding it. Carrie looked up in surprise and felt her stomach drop when she saw *whose* card it was. Her eyes moved up to meet his. He was smiling.

"Hi, Carrie."

*Stephen J. Baumgartner.* That's what it said on his card, she could see it printed next to the picture his thumb was half-covering.

“Uh, hi,” Her cheeks felt like they were on fire. Last night was a dream. That’s what she told herself when she’d turned off her alarm this morning and Maureen had pulled a pillow over her head as Carrie started getting ready to work the breakfast shift. It was all a fuzzy dream through the haze of Friday night drinking—she hadn’t really slipped into the men’s bathroom downstairs and watched a guy jerking off in the shower.

Except here he was, and just seeing him standing next to her, wearing the unofficial campus uniform—jeans, a preppy Polo shirt and loafers—brought it all back in a rush. She’d seen him out of those clothes, and the image of him sprawled on the shower bench, his cock in hand, was burned into her memory like a brand.

“So...” He let the word dangle and she flushed, willing someone to come in the door behind him. He’d finally let his card go and she ran it through the machine, handing it back when the indicator light went from red to green. The picture on it was a good one—he was photogenic, apparently, his dark hair a curly mop, a mischievous, lop-sided grin on his tanned face. Who took a good school I.D. picture, for pete’s sake? No one! She had her eyes half-closed in hers, her honey-colored hair pulled back into a severe ponytail.

“There’s gonna be a frat party tonight in our dorm.” He took his card back, slipping it into his wallet.

So they were going to pretend nothing had happened. Okay, she could do that. It was a relief to at least have a direction. But why was he telling her about it?

“Yeah, I’m sure Maureen will be there.” That was all she could figure—he was interested in her roommate. Maureen never missed a frat party, finals be damned,

especially one so close to home. Of course, Maureen didn't have to worry about her grades, either. Her parents hadn't sent her to a small, prestigious New England school to get good grades—they'd sent her to find a suitable husband. And she'd already practically done that. As long as James and frat parties never crossed paths, Maureen was golden.

"What about you?" His smile was infectious and she had to fight the urge to smile back.

Instead, she shook her head. "Finals coming up."

"So you're gonna be all alone in your room studying all night?"

"I guess." She shrugged.

"Want some company?" Damn that smile. She thought he couldn't get any better-looking and then he went and smiled.

"I study better alone." It was usually enough of a rebuff for most guys.

He leaned toward her, palms flat on the table she was sitting at, his gaze fixed on hers. "Could be more fun with a partner."

Were they still talking about studying? She took a deep breath and looked away, behind him, where someone was coming in for breakfast. Thank god.

"I don't need a study-buddy, but thanks for the offer," she said, waving her hand dismissively as she reached past him to take an outstretched card.

"Ouch." The guy who gave her the card—she didn't know his name but recognized him by the bright red shock of hair on his head and a matching beard—slapped Stephen on the back and grinned. He must have overheard. She gave him his

card back as he steered Stephen past her table, toward the cafeteria. “Come on, Doc, they don’t call her the *Ice Queen* for nothing!”

Carrie sat there, all the air sucked from her lungs. Ice Queen? Did they really call her that? It was so far from the truth it was almost funny, but she wasn’t laughing. In fact, she found herself on the verge of tears.

She heard laughter as the two of them got into line. Her face burned and her eyes stung. She just sat there, motionless, her breath stuck somewhere in her chest.

*Ice Queen, am I?* she thought, her eyes narrowing, her mouth drawing into a tight bow. *We’ll see about that.*

\* \* \* \*

Carrie was still wet from her shower—she always took a long, hot shower after a shift at work, even a breakfast one—wrapped in a towel and just sitting on the edge of her bed when Maureen came back from her morning class.

“James called,” Carrie informed her friend as Maureen tossed her books on her bed. “Wanted to know what you were doing tonight.”

“Spoilsport.” Maureen rolled her eyes. “Did you tell him we were going to the library?”

“Of course.” Carrie watched as Maureen headed for their little refrigerator to grab a soda. “Hey Mo?” Carrie used her pet name.

“Hmm?” Maureen pulled the tab on the soda and tossed it into the garbage, already gulping.

“Do you think I’m frigid?”

A sugary spray of Pepsi came out of Maureen's mouth and she gasped, blinking her watery eyes and wiping her face with the back of her hand. "What?"

Carrie frowned, trying to make the quiver in her lower lip disappear. "Do they all really call me the Ice Queen?"

"Oh sweetie..." Maureen put her soda on the dresser and came over to sit next to Carrie on the edge of the bed. "It's just something they say to make themselves feel better...I mean, you're kind of cool with the guys, you know?" She slipped an arm around her friend's waist, resting her dark, curly head against Carrie's shoulder. "They just don't know you like I do."

"But they're right." Carrie sighed. "I am an Ice Queen."

Maureen made a small denying noise in her throat, pushing her roommate back onto her little twin bed. The towel came undone easily and Carrie didn't move to cover herself as Maureen stretched out beside her.

"No, Care-Bear...it's not true. They're blind." Maureen's mouth covered Carrie's nipple, sucking hard. Oh god, that was good. They'd been very drunk and horny and had been up practically all night talking about sex the first time they'd done anything like this together their freshman year, but it was something they fell into easily now, without even thinking.

"Look how hard your nipples get." Maureen tugged gently at the other one between thumb and forefinger. "And I bet you're already wet."

Carrie sighed softly, her hips shifting. She was wet, had been wet all night and all morning, just remembering Steve and his delicious cock. Running into him had only made it worse.



“Maybe I just forgot how to be with men.” Carrie welcomed Maureen to her breasts, her hands moving through her dark spiral curls as Maureen’s tongue lashed against the pink ache of her nipples, one after the other.

“Maybe you should give it another shot,” Maureen murmured, her bare thigh wedged nicely between Carrie’s legs, the button of her jean shorts biting into the soft press of her friend’s belly.

“Something happened last night…” Carrie confessed, wiggling in anticipation as Maureen’s hot mouth made a trail from her breasts down to her navel.

“What?” Maureen’s fingers were deft, practiced, sure. She knew just what her lover wanted, parting her glistening blonde curls and circling Carrie’s clit with her thumb. “Tell me.”

Carrie did, hesitantly at first, embarrassed, but her words and her breath came faster the more she remembered—and the more urgently Maureen’s fingers worked between her thighs.

“Did it turn you on?” Maureen’s mouth had found her center, her tongue teasing the little ridge of Carrie’s clit. “Did you want his cock?”

“Yes.” Carrie flushed, closing her eyes and imagining it—his fingers, his mouth, his gorgeous fucking cock. She was crazy for it, obsessed. She couldn’t help herself, even with Maureen’s tongue making sweet circles just where she liked it, her long, delicate well-manicured fingers spreading Carrie’s pussy lips wide.

“Do you want it more than you want my pussy?” Maureen teased, moving quickly to stand next to the bed and wiggle out of her shorts, leaving her pussy exposed near Carrie’s eye-level. She had a beautiful cunt, her dark pubic hair sparse, her outer lips

swollen, but the inner ones were pink and puffy and always peeked out a little. Her clit hid at the top, the button of her pleasure center that Carrie loved to control with her fingers, her mouth, her tongue.

“Come here.” Carrie reached her arms out and Maureen assumed their favorite position, straddling her friend’s face while burying her own between Carrie’s already open thighs. They settled in together that way, making little noises in their throats, both of them enjoying the giving and receiving at once.

Maureen’s tongue moved back and forth over that choice, sensitive spot, and Carrie rubbed her palms over her own nipples, sending pleasure waves down through her belly toward her hips. Everything centered where Maureen’s mouth licked and sucked, soft, wet friction that made her wiggle, wanting more.

Carrie loved the taste of Maureen’s pussy—it made her even more excited, feeling flesh against her tongue, tasting the sweet juices as they ran down her chin. Carrie grabbed Maureen’s hips, pulling her against her mouth, licking and sucking, wild and unrestrained. Maureen’s tongue flicked faster and faster and Carrie made low, guttural sounds in her throat, spurring her friend on as Maureen licked her little, swollen spot too, back and forth, again and again.

Maureen was making plenty of noise now, and Carrie loved her sounds and how her thighs tightened and her hips rocked while she used her tongue for Maureen’s pleasure. Carrie found herself fast approaching orgasm. It wasn’t a sweet, slow spiral upward anymore, now she was flying, racing headlong toward that profound release. Maureen’s tongue and mouth were a soft, wet, glorious push. Carrie moaned and twisted underneath her, wrapping her arms around Maureen’s hips, feeling her mash

her hot, pink cunt against Carrie's face, tongue buried in the folds of her flesh until she could barely breathe, but she didn't care.

It started like a small earthquake, rumbling through Carrie's pelvis and shuddering her hips as she bucked and arched. Maureen was making little noises, knowing the sound and feel of Carrie at her pinnacle, licking faster than ever.

Carrie gasped and moaned and forgot about her friend spread over her face for a moment, lost completely in her own pleasure.

"Oh, god, Mo," Carrie whispered, Maureen's fingers moving there still, sending jolts through her, and she put her whole mouth over Maureen's pussy, rolling with her until she was on her back. She gasped and wiggled, her breath fast and hips gyrating as Carrie licked and licked and licked. Maureen's hands gripped her bottom, her nails digging into flesh, but she didn't care. Carrie could hear her making that "ah, ahh" noise she made when she was close.

"Oh yes, yes!" Maureen cried, gripping Carrie's hips and arching her back. She quivered, her belly convulsing, undulating, the little bud of flesh under Carrie's tongue pulsing with her pleasure. Carrie didn't stop, still teasing her relentlessly with her mouth.

Maureen was quick to orgasm again, her nails digging into Carrie's sleek, tanned thighs this time, but she was also quick to recover, insatiable, always wanting more. Carrie moved slower, her journey toward another climax building and then receding, the world tilting in sway at the moment she reached her summit, her hips jerking and thrashing so hard Maureen had to grab them to hold her still, her mouth fixed tightly over Carrie's trembling cunt.

It was like a dance, the two of them moving together, back and forth, their bodies becoming slick with sweat and each other's juices and saliva, neither of them paying any attention to the sounds of girls running up and down hall, the music coming from the dorm room next door. They were lost in each other, tongues and mouths and fingers and breath, dizzying pleasure cresting again and again, until finally, they were both breathless, cheeks pressed to thighs, faces wet and eyes closed, like two naughty nursing kittens finally sated.

They'd been doing this together for three years, and no one suspected. Not even Maureen's overly-protective boyfriend, James, the some-day minister. Of course, it helped that he went to another school several miles away and wasn't on their campus all the time. It made this easier. It made a lot of things easier for Maureen—including things like going to frat parties.

"Mo?" Carrie's fingernails gently stroked her friend's long legs, making her shiver.

"Hmm?" Maureen's reply was small, dreamy, faraway.

"I'm coming with you to the frat party tonight."

Maureen's head shot up. "But finals—"

"Fuck finals." Carrie grinned as her friend sat up, turning quickly around to face her.

"Who are you and what have you done with my roommate?" Maureen grinned, too, her eyes shining.

"The Ice Queen?" Carrie shrugged, trying hard to look nonchalant. "She's dead."

\* \* \* \*

The Ice Queen might be dead, but I'm freezing, Carrie thought, looking at the five completely mismatched cards in her hand. She glanced over at Maureen, who was still wearing everything but her damned socks, while Carrie shivered next to her in just a bra and panties.

"Okay, pony up. Whatcha got?" Mark—the red-headed guy from the breakfast line that morning—grinned at her from across the table. Steve Baumgartner—"Call me Doc, everybody does"—was next to him, a lazy half-smile on his face. He had played almost as poorly as she had and was down to a pair of boxers and his socks.

"Two pair," Maureen declared, slapping her hand down. Mark raised his eyebrows and his beer, taking a long swig. "Funny, I only see one pair."

"Oh, I see two," Steve countered, glancing across at Carrie, her cleavage prominent even in a plain white cotton bra. She felt very exposed, just between the four of them at the table, but there were people all around them, talking, drinking, dancing, making out in corners or draped over couches, and she knew some of them were watching too.

"Ha!" Mark splayed his hand dramatically. "Three-of-a-kind! Read 'em and weep!"

"What about you?" Steve looked at Carrie and she sighed, putting down her cards.

"Nothing." That's what she'd been dealt all night—a whole lot of nothing—and it was getting her further and further into trouble. *Strip Truth or Dare* was proving to be a dangerous game.

Steve put his cards on the table slowly and Mark groaned when he looked over at them. "Flush—in spades."

Damnit. Carrie squirmed in her seat, taking a full swig of beer. She hated the taste of the stuff, but she needed the liquid courage, because she knew what happened next.

“Okay, everybody strip something.” Mark came up with a sock. Maureen reached up and pulled out her ponytail.

“No fair!” Carrie protested as she reached awkwardly behind her own back to unclasp her bra. “Mo, will you help?”

“Yeah, Mo, give the girl a hand,” Steve encouraged, beaming as he watched the dark-haired girl undo her friend’s bra.

“I can’t do this,” Carrie murmured so only Maureen could hear. Her friend leaned in and whispered two galvanizing words, *“Ice Queen.”*

That brought Carrie up to her feet like a shot and she slid her bra straps down her arms, letting her breasts fall free, a heavy shift. Mark hooted but Steve just smiled. When his gaze moved up from her chest to meet her eyes, she flushed with heat, but she thought she might burst into flame when the whole crowd began hooting and catcalling at her newly undressed state.

She quickly sat, crossing her arms to cover herself.

Steve leveled his gaze at her, his eyes moving down to her cleavage, even more pronounced now that she was pressing her breasts together. “Truth or Dare?”

“Who?” Maureen asked, smirking. It was a stupid question. Every question he’d asked that night had been leveled at Carrie.

“Carrie?” Steve’s eyes were bright with excitement.

She sighed. “Truth, I guess.”

“What were you doing in the men’s bathroom last night?”

She gasped, her eyes widening, and then yelped, “Dare! I mean Dare!”

“All right.” He chuckled, leaning back in his chair, looking contemplative. “Kiss Maureen.”

Carrie visibly relaxed, turning to her friend. Maureen smiled, leaning in to whisper, “Make it a show. I think he really likes it.”

That thought, for some reason, made Carrie squirm in her chair.

Maureen’s fingers played in her hair and she moved in slow, her lips barely brushing at first, then her tongue moved in, lightly licking, seeking entrance. Carrie moaned softly, forgetting herself, her arms slipping around Maureen’s neck, leaving her breasts fully exposed. The women pressed against each other, their tongues and limbs entangled, and Carrie gasped when Maureen’s hands moved to cup her breasts.

“Jesus.” Mark whispered the word but Carrie barely registered it as Maureen’s thumbs moved aching slowly against her nipples, sending bright flashes of pleasure down to her pussy.

“There,” Maureen murmured, breaking the kiss and turning back to the table suddenly. Carrie gulped, her eyes still half-closed, her breath coming too fast.

“Deal, man,” Steve said breathlessly as Carrie remembered where she was, crossing her arms over her chest again. “Just deal.”

Somehow they’d drawn even more of a crowd. There was a ring of spectators surrounding them now, mostly guys, and Carrie noticed at least one of them absently rubbing at his crotch, as if he had an itch there.

Please, let me get a good hand, she thought, holding her cards in close, still trying to cover herself at the same time. It didn't do any good, though—she had everyone's gaze glued to her mostly-naked flesh.

She had a pair—it was a good start, the best she'd had all night. She gave back three cards, and turned over the new three with high hopes.

“Oh man, that's it, that's all she wrote!” Mark hooted as Steve laid down a royal flush, pulling off his other sock and slapping it on the table, too. “Take them off, sweetheart! Let's see that bush!”

“Hey, man.” Steve shook his head, nudging Mark. “You don't have to.” He met Carrie's desperate gaze. “Really.”

“Come on!” a voice called from the back. “The Ice Queen thaws! I gotta see this!”

“You really want to see, boys?” Carrie stood, hooking her thumbs in the elastic edge of her panties to a growing crowd of hoots and howls. But that wasn't good enough—if she was going to do it, she might as well go all the way. Shoving her chair forward, she used it to step up onto the table.

She heard the sounds of the crowd and was aware they were mostly guys, but her gaze fell onto Steve—Doc—as he stared up at her, almost hypnotized. She was topless, nearly nude except for the last wisp of white cotton material between her legs. She turned around, her backside to Steve, slowly letting her panties roll down her ass. They stuck slightly between her thighs and she tugged gently, bent almost in half, knowing he could see her pussy now from behind as she stepped out of them.



She stood up quickly, flipping her hair over her shoulder and swinging her panties around a finger. The crowd had moved in, making a close circle, the yowls and whoops growing even more excited now that she was completely exposed.

“Is that what you wanted?” Carrie turned and dropped her panties in Steve’s lap, seeing the unmistakable look of lust in his eyes—it was the same look they were all giving her, surrounding her.

“Come on down,” Maureen pleaded, standing to help her, and Carrie stepped onto her chair, then to the floor.

“Who’s the ice queen now?” Carrie turned to her friend and kissed her without provocation, bodies pressed together, tongues entwined. The crowd literally cheered.

“Okay, enough.”

Carrie barely heard the words, but she felt big, strong hands on her shoulders, and then Steve was separating the two women, pulling his t-shirt over her head.

“What are you doing?” Carrie tried to twist away from him but he caught her up against him tightly.

“This is going to get out of control,” he growled into her ear. “You’re drunk and have no idea what you’re doing.”

“What in the hell is going on here?” The voice that truly broke things up was James’—Maureen’s boyfriend. “You said you were going to be at the library!”

*Uh-oh.* Carrie saw Maureen’s look of sheer panic.

“James, I—” Maureen moved to cover herself, as if she were the one who was nude, while in reality she was almost fully dressed, except for her divested socks.

“Come with me. Now.” James grabbed Maureen’s arm and pulled her through the crowd—they were hissing and booing at the interruption in the show. Carrie called after her friend, but Steve pulled her in the opposite direction, leaving Mark, their last *Strip Truth or Dare* player, sitting alone at the card table surrounded by a drunk and pissed off crowd.

“Where are we going?” Carrie tried again to yank out of his grip, but he was too strong, dragging her down a hallway and up a flight of stairs. She thought she heard voices following them, but the noise of the party was too loud for her to be sure.

“In here.” He unlocked a dorm room with a key he dug from his jean pockets—he was still just wearing his boxers, but he’d grabbed his jeans, and it looked like he’d managed to snag most of their other clothes as well.

“Hey, baby, where did you go?” Carrie heard voices in the stairwell now for sure. “Come back and dance for us!”

Steve pushed her into the room and shut the door behind them, locking it and flipping a light switch.

“Where’d she go, man?” They were in the hallway now, pounding on doors.

“Fuck if I know, but I want some of that!” More pounding.

“What—?” Carrie started, but Steve’s hand over her mouth stopped her as the crowd passed, thumping loudly on the door and then moving to the next. It was only when the voices had moved to the end of the hallway that he let her go.

She gasped and glared at him. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Probably saving you from a gangbang.” He tossed their clothes onto one of the twin beds and sat on the other one. “That got totally out of hand.”

Carrie felt her face flush, and wasn't sure if it was embarrassment or the effect of the alcohol she'd consumed all night. He was right—she was more than a little drunk, and remembering the show she'd just put on made her wince.

"I can handle myself." She crossed her arms over her chest and sat on the other twin bed. The voices had faded, but she could hear them, downstairs now, calling. She was still wearing just his t-shirt and she pulled that down over her bare knees. He looked at her, amused.

"I guess we're even now," she said, peering around his dorm room. It was redolent with masculinity, the smell of aftershave and sweat. Her eyes met his questioning gaze for just a moment before skipping away. "Now you've seen me naked."

"Not exactly even." He grinned, leaning back on the bed and lacing his hands behind his head. "I haven't seen you masturbating."

Her spine straightened, eyes flashing. "Do you want to? I'm not frigid, you know."

"I never said you were." A smile still played over his lips. "If you were a prude, you never would have stayed to watch me."

She blinked at him and then flushed. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not." His gaze held hers, bold.

"Where's your roommate?" The more she looked around the room, the more she took in—the medical books lining a bookshelf in one corner; huge, oversize art books lining another. There was an easel on this side of the room, and a desk with drawing pads and pencils. The other desk was messy, full of papers and open texts.

"He's out with his boyfriend."

“Boy...friend?” She nodded then, understanding.

“He’s uh...well, I think he’s kind of got a crush on me.” Steve looked a little embarrassed at the admission.

“Which is why you were down in the showers that night instead of here in your room?”

“Something like that.” He shrugged, looking at the ceiling. “So tell me something...what were *you* doing in the men’s room that night?”

“It’s closer,” she confessed. “I hate going all the way down the hall...”

He laughed. “Naughty girl.”

“Sometimes.” She hoped the dim lamp light hid some of the heat rising in her cheeks.

“And you found me jerking off and decided to watch?”

The heat was spreading from her cheeks down her chest. “Something like that.”

“Did it turn you on?” That look in his eyes was familiar. It was the same look he had on his face when he was watching her take off her panties.

“Yes,” she confessed.

“Did it make you wet?”

She didn’t have breath to speak now. She just nodded.

“Did it make you want to touch yourself?”

“I did.” The confessions just kept on coming. She couldn’t seem to help herself.

“You did?” He raised his eyebrows, looking even more interested.

She nodded, finding it hard to catch her breath, as if the air in the room had grown suddenly thin.

“Show me.”

She was remembering, the sound of him, the way he moaned and bucked and fisted himself into a frenzy. The way she'd rubbed her little clit raw while she watched. *Naughty girl.* Yes, she was.

“Just like this.” Carrie stood, her breathing shallow already, and lifted the end of his t-shirt up over her thighs, revealing the soft mound beneath. Her fingers slipped between her oh-so-very swollen pussy lips, looking at his face as she made circles against her clit, just as she had that night.

At first he just watched, his eyes glazed, mouth slightly open. Then his hand moved slowly down to touch himself through his boxers, rubbing there. She could see the outline of his cock and it made her touch herself even faster.

When he slipped his hand under the elastic band of his boxers to grab himself, she moaned, biting her lower lip. “Please...” she whispered. “Can I see?”

He smiled and nodded. “Come closer.”

She did as she was told, moving so her thighs touched the edge of the bed, her gaze falling between his legs as he slid his boxers down.

“Oh god.” His cock was just as incredible as she'd remembered. “It's so beautiful.”

He chuckled and that made her blush, but she was too far gone now to care.

“Can I touch you?” She was already reaching her hand out and he let her, groaning softly as she wrapped her small hand around the hot, swollen shaft.

“Can I?” He nudged her wet fingers aside, replacing them with his own. She gasped at the sensation, his hand probing between her legs. She sighed softly when his thumb strummed against her clit, his fingers pressing deep inside of her.

Her hand moved on him, squeezing at first, then tugging, rubbing his pre-cum onto the tip of his cock with her thumb. Her breathing matched his, her hips rocking, eyes half-closed.

“I want to see you.” His fingers curled inside of her, as if drawing her closer. “All of you.”

She pulled his t-shirt off her head with one hand, letting him have what he wanted. His cock swelled in her fist as he looked at her, chest heaving, breasts swaying as she stroked him faster, faster, hips rolling against the plunge of his hand between her legs.

“You’re so fucking hot,” he groaned and she bit her lip, squeezing him in response. The sound and feel of him, his breath coming so fast as she moved her hand over his cock, the shift and plunge of his hand between her thighs. It was all too much.

“Oh god, girl,” he moaned, his eyes rolling back, his hips driving up hard. “Wait...wait...”

She couldn’t. Not even if she tried. His fingers buried inside of her were bringing her closer, faster, than she’d ever been. Her pussy clamped down on his hand, her clit throbbing under his thumb, and her orgasm rolled through her like a seismic event, shaking them both.

“Oh fuck yeah,” he groaned as her eyes closed and her cunt spasmed “I’m gonna come for you, Carrie!”

Her name in his mouth! She pressed her hand between her legs, forcing his thumb hard against her clit, rubbing herself furiously.

“Gonna come!” he announced again, grunting, groaning. “Ohhhh fuck!” His hips thundered up to meet her strokes, spilling heat and wetness over the friction of her fist. She felt her knees wanting to buckle because she was coming, too, again, again, but she held on, her breath coming too fast, her hand squeezing the length of his cock as she aimed him and he splattered his bare belly with even more cum. Carrie shuddered with her climax, cupping his hand against her mound, both of their fingers buried in her sopping wetness.

When his eyes opened, he half-smiled and gasped out, “You are definitely no Ice Queen.”

Carrie stood fully then, ears still ringing and body flushed from orgasm, grabbing blindly for her clothes.

“Hey,” he protested, half-sitting as she pulled on her shorts, her shirt, grabbing her bra—her panties were nowhere to be found. “Where are you going? What—”

But she didn’t give him a chance to say anything else, pulling open the door and fleeing down the hallway.

\* \* \* \*

“I know, James.” Maureen stretched out on her bed, her arm thrown over her eyes, phone crooked next to her ear, while Carrie sat on her own bed, studying for her last final of the year. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have gone.”

Carrie flipped pages in her macroeconomics book, not really able to concentrate on interest rates in relation to the current state of unemployment. She knew James was

preaching. She'd been roommates with Maureen long enough to have heard a sermon or two herself.

"Yes, James." Maureen rolled over, the phone cord wrapping around her body. "Yes...I know...yes, 'the good seed are the children of the kingdom...'"

Carrie almost laughed when Maureen covered the receiver with one hand and buried her face in her pillow to let out a scream. Then she put the phone back to her ear with a resigned sigh.

"No, Carrie didn't make me." Maureen rolled her eyes. "She is not a bad seed, James. Don't blame her. It was my fault."

Ah of course, Carrie thought, flipping another page in her economic book so fiercely it tore. I'm the one to blame—the sinner, the atheist, the one who renounced God and led his poor little lamb astray.

It was true she didn't have anything to do with church anymore—being fostered in what couldn't have been called anything else but a "cult" had swayed her far away from any formal study of religion. But that didn't mean she was bad, or wrong, or even that she wasn't what she thought of as "spiritual."

Not that James would care about any of her explanations or excuses anyway. She was a convenient scapegoat.

"I promise I'll be a good girl in Key West," Maureen assured him. "And you'll be there, remember? You've got that retreat..."

Carrie closed her book and tossed it onto the floor. She'd been looking forward to going to Key West with Maureen all year, and now James had sprung some sort of



religious retreat on them—he was going to Key West with them and already threatening to spoil any of their fun.

“Sorry, sweetie, the other line is ringing, and Carrie’s waiting for an important call...”

Carrie gave her a sharp look and Maureen stuck her tongue out. Steve—Doc—had called three times that day already. Carrie had been ignoring his calls all week.

“I’ll talk to you later. Love you too!” Maureen made kissing noises into the phone before clicking over. “Hello?”

Carrie knew who it was, just from the sly look on Maureen’s face. She waved her hands, warding off the phone, mouthing, “I’m not here!”

“Yep, she’s right here. Hang on.” Maureen held out the phone, grinning.

“Bitch,” Carrie whispered, grabbing the receiver and putting it to her flushed ear. “Hello?”

“Hey.” Damn his voice. It was like liquid velvet. “How’s my sexy little exhibitionist?”

She wasn’t even going to touch that. “Fine.”

“Good.” He sounded like he was smiling. “I thought maybe you might be avoiding me.”

“No,” she insisted, feeling her cheeks go crimson. “Just busy. Finals. You know.”

“Getting ready for Key West?”

She frowned into the phone. “Are you going?”

“I wasn’t,” he admitted. “My roommate kept trying to convince me to go, but I kept turning him down.”

She breathed a sigh of relief. "So you're not going?"

"Actually, I am," he replied. Carrie thought she felt her heart stop for a moment. Maureen was flipping through an issue of *People*, but she knew her friend was listening to every word. "My parents have a time-share down there and turns out that week is free."

"How convenient."

"I thought so." He laughed. "Maybe we can hang out?"

She looked away from Maureen's gaze. "I'm sure I'll be busy."

He was quiet for a moment and she waited, twisting the phone cord around her finger.

"Carrie, I like you." The words made her bones melt and she sank to the floor, curling up against her bed with the phone crooked against her ear. "And I'm pretty damned sure you like me."

She swallowed, her back to Maureen now, but feeling her gaze. "Things are complicated."

"We can make them simple," he suggested.

Carrie shook her head. "I don't think so."

Another pause. Then he said, "I've been thinking about you."

That made her smile. She'd been thinking about him, too. But she wasn't going to tell him that. "What have you been thinking?"

"I've been thinking about your hands."

"My hands?"

"Yeah, your hands...and how good they felt wrapped around my hard cock."

“Ohh,” she breathed, her body temperature instantly rising two degrees at least.

“And your mouth,” he added. “And your sweet little pussy.”

“Hmm.” That was all the sound she dared to make. She was remembering, too, the pulse of him, the dark look of lust in his eyes.

“I haven’t just been thinking, to tell you the truth,” he admitted.

“No?”

He cleared his throat. “I’ve had to take a few cold showers in the middle of the night...”

She blinked at the phone, knowing just what he was talking about. “Really?”

“I have to admit...” His voice dipped lower, into an even sexier range, if that was humanly possible. “I was secretly hoping maybe you’d show up...”

“Steven...” She gulped.

“Call me Doc,” he said.

“Everybody does,” she finished with him, smiling.

“And of course, now that you’ve deigned to talk to me, I’m sure I’ll have to make another visit to the showers tonight.”

“Is that so?” She knew an invitation when she heard one.

“Probably around three. Just F.Y.I.”

“St—Doc...listen...”

He made it official. “Just in case you wanted to join me.”

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” she said slowly, sounding sad, and she was. But did she really want to get involved? Things were, as she’d said, complicated. Did she want to complicate life even more?

He sighed. “Does this mean the Ice Queen has returned to her throne?”

Carrie froze and she could almost hear his grin, see the challenging look in his eyes. “I’ll be there,” she snapped and hung up.

\* \* \* \*

Carrie’d had to explain away her “I’ll be there” comment to Maureen. “I’ll be in Key West,” she said to her friend. “That’s what I meant.” Of course, Maureen was thrilled that Doc would be coming along, at the prospect of double dates and Carrie not feeling like a third wheel when James was around.

Carrie didn’t know how she felt about it.

She still didn’t know as her alarm woke her at two-fifty-five a.m. and she reached for it before it woke Maureen. Her friend was breathing deeply, still asleep.

What am I doing? Carrie thought, pulling on her robe and sliding out of her room, closing the door quietly behind her. The dorm was silent, eerily so. Bars closed at two, so even those breaking the midnight curfew were probably sleeping it off in their beds.

She padded down the hall and slipped down the stairwell. It was only when she neared the men’s bathroom that she hesitated, her eyes still adjusting to the overhead fluorescents, her brain fuzzy from sleep.

Was he there? Cock throbbing and hard in his hand, thinking about her...? She was already soaking wet—had been, since he first suggested this clandestine meeting.

She crept into the bathroom, barely breathing, trying to listen. Nothing. Just one of the sinks dripping water, a tinny “plink, plink” sound. She dared to venture a little further, glancing behind her just in case—if some guy decided to come in to take a drunk piss, she was going to take off running.

“Oh yeah, Carrie, your little pussy is so tight!”

The sound of her name in his throat made her freeze—he was here. Same shower stall. She was sure, although she couldn’t see him—yet—that his cock was hard in his hand, and this time she knew exactly who he was imagining. It was both exciting and embarrassing, to know he was picturing her.

“Come on, baby, please, I want you so bad.”

*Oh god.*

It was as if her cunt had a mind of its own, propelling her forward. She inched toward the closed brown curtain where she now heard the distinct sound of his jerking off, his hand shuttling up and down his stiff length.

“Ohhhhhhhh fuck,” he groaned, sounding pained, and she held her breath as she drew the curtain quietly aside, wanting to see him, needing to, before he knew she was there.

He was laid out on the bench, still now, his fist wrapped tightly around the tip of his dick, squeezing hard. His lower lip was drawn between his teeth, arm thrown over his eyes. Slowly, he released the vice-grip he had on his cock, letting out a shaky breath. The tip was wet with pre-cum and she had a sudden urge to lick it off.

“That’s it, baby,” he urged, whispering, his hips beginning to thrust up into his hand. “Squeeze my dick with that hot little cunt.”

She bit her lip, moving in to get a closer look, her pussy more than sopping now. If she wasn’t wearing panties, her juices would be dripping down her thighs. As it was, the crotch was soaked—she knew, not only because her pussy felt swollen, but because she was cupping her mound through her panties, idly rubbing herself.

“Yeah, that’s it,” he groaned, his hand moving faster again now. “Fuck me. Ride that cock. Oh god yeah, just like that.”

She swallowed, hearing the click in her own throat, waiting for him to feel her presence, but he was too engrossed in his fantasy—his fantasy of her. She stood fully in the shower stall with him now, right beside his thrusting hips, watching his cock appear through the clench of his fist again and again. His balls, she noticed, were drawn up tight. He’d been at this for a while, she realized.

“Oh baby, I want your mouth,” he whispered, rubbing his thumb over the head, spreading pre-cum everywhere. “Please, suck me off.”

Carrie couldn’t resist. She dropped quickly to her knees, taking the head of his cock between her lips and sucking. Doc let out a gasp, half-sitting up on his elbows, and she gave a throaty laugh, taking him in as deep as she could manage, her eyes meeting his.

“Jesus,” he croaked, his hand moving in her hair. “Don’t do that!”

“You want me to stop?” She sat back on her heels, biting her lip. “Are you sure?”

He groaned and pressed her head back toward his crotch. “No, not that. Don’t ever stop doing that.”

She smiled and slid her fist down his shaft, following with her mouth and tongue, breathing in the fully masculine scent of him, letting it fill her senses. He reached for her, lifting her t-shirt and cupping a breast, rubbing her hard nipple with his palm. She gave a soft moan, her other hand wedging the crotch of her panties between her swollen lips, gasping when her fingers reached her clit, throbbing and aching for release. But she didn’t want to climax yet. Not yet.

Just the feel of his cock in her mouth, the way his hips pressed up, his hand groping her breast, made her want to come. She sucked him eagerly and, using just her index fingernail, began to scratch her itch through the crotch of her panties—faster and faster over that little nub, back and forth, scratch scratch scratch.

She could barely concentrate on what she was doing, his cock moving wildly, a thick, wet frenzy as her breath came in hot, quick pants. Her finger was pressing now, rubbing her clit in delicious, familiar circles, her pussy pulsing. Close. Too close.

“Oh Doc, I’m gonna come for you,” she gasped, her hips jutting toward the bench, and he grabbed her, holding on tight as her whole hand scissored between her legs, shoving her panties deep between her sopping pussy lips. She let him hold her up, clenching her between his thighs, supporting her with strong arms as her orgasm seared through her and she faded to black for a moment, nearly collapsing from the pleasure.

“Oh yes,” he whispered, pulling her close, his cock like a brand against her belly. “Oh my god, yes, yes.” He rained kisses against the top of her head as she shivered in his arms.

“More.” She reached between them, seizing the swell of his cock. “Please.”

“Anything you want,” he murmured as she took him back into her mouth, licking all around the head. “Oh god, you’re really fucking good at that...”

She smiled even though her mouth was full, giving him the full treatment, using her tongue, her lips, her hand. He gasped in surprise, his eyes opening wide.

“Your pussy,” he insisted, leaning back on the bench and pulling her up onto it with him. “Please, I have to fuck you.”

She wasn't sure she was ready for that. It had been years since she'd had a cock inside of her, and while she wanted it—wanted *him*—she was also a little afraid. Instead, she slipped off her panties, turned around and straddled his face. He moaned his approval, burying his face between her legs as she continued to suck his cock.

“Oh Doc,” she whispered as his tongue found her clit, flicking it back and forth, teasing. “That’s so good.”

“Mmmm,” he agreed, his lips closing over her, sucking gently, making her quiver on top of him. He was distracting her, making her almost forget the pulsing cock thrusting into her mouth, pumping in her fist. Oh god, he was too good, his tongue relentless, his fingers parting her, sliding easily into her wetness.

“Please,” she begged, eyes closing, her cheek resting against his thigh, using only her hand on him now, led too far astray by the sweet press of his tongue. She couldn't believe he could make her come so fast, but he was, he was... “Ohhhh god, Doc, you're gonna make me come all over your face,” she moaned loudly, not thinking, not caring where they were, that they could be caught at any moment. She didn't know anything but the feel of his mouth covering her slippery wet cunt.

“Ooohhhhh now now!” she cried, convulsing on top of him, his hands gripping her hips hard, fingers digging in deep, her whole body on fire as she climaxed, grinding her wetness against his face. She couldn't stop—he was making her come and come, the hot whip of his tongue not letting her go.

“Oh my god,” she gasped, shuddering as his tongue made wet trails over her pubic hair, his nose nudging her now overly-sensitive clit. “I can't... please...”



She felt him chuckle, but that turned to a groan when she grabbed his cock in both hands, giving it a tight squeeze.

“Your turn,” she insisted, sliding around to face him and straddle his thighs. His gaze met hers as she began to pump his slick cock, two-fisted, a low growl escaping him. He wasn’t passive, though—he lifted her t-shirt over her breasts, fingering her nipples, making her squirm when he tugged gently and twisted.

“I love your cock,” she whispered, watching the tip appear between her fingers over and over, feeling the hard rise of him in her hands. “I think about it all the time. Sucking it. Fucking it.”

He groaned, his fingers searching out and finding her wetness, shoving two fingers up inside of her, making her whimper.

“I want to fuck that little cunt,” he murmured, fingering her, deeper, harder. She bit her lip, imagining him pounding into her, fucking her right here in the men’s bathroom shower stall until she was screaming, begging to come.

“I can’t,” she pleaded, stroking him faster. “Please, oh Doc, please come for me.” She put her face down by his cock, licking him as she stroked, pressing her tongue flat against the head. “Please, please, I promise I’ll swallow it all like a good girl.”

That did it. He let out a low groan and grabbed her hair, shoving his cock deep into her throat and letting go with a cry of utter, final release. She couldn’t do anything but swallow the thick spray of his cum as it filled her mouth and wait for the next, which came with a fierce cry from him and another deep thrust, depositing the next fiery stream of the stuff way back her throat. She gagged a little but managed to take it, swallowing around his length. The next rush of cum was smaller, his body rigid as he

gave her the last of it, holding her head there until for a moment, making a low noise in his throat.

“Oh my god.” He grabbed her and pulled her on top of him, hugging her close and burying his face in her hair. “You are something else.”

She just smiled, snuggling up against him so that no part of her was touching the bench and she was curled up against his chest.

“You’re not running away this time.” He wrapped his arms around her as if he were trying to bundle her up into a tight little package.

“Doc, I—”

“Shh!” He quickly pressed his fingers to her lips, shaking his head. Then she heard it—the distinct sound of someone urinating. Her body went stiff, her eyes wide as the toilet flushed. There was no sound of water running—he didn’t wash his hands—but they both heard the door swing shut. Clearly, both of them had been too distracted to hear it open when he came in.

“I have to go,” she whispered, rolling off him so quickly he didn’t have time to grab her.

“Wait,” he hissed back, reaching for her, but she slipped out of the curtain and toward the bathroom door, opening it a crack to make sure there was no one in the hallway before hurrying back to her room.

\* \* \* \*

“A man that beautiful has to be gay,” Maureen slurred, watching the admittedly gorgeous bartender drawing a draught of beer at the other end of the bar.

“We’re in Key West.” Carrie sipped at her fruity girl-drink and winced as she watched her friend tip back another shot of tequila, straight up, no chaser. “Half the island is gay.”

“Goddamnit!” Maureen slapped the bar, her voice rising even above the jukebox in the corner playing Jimmy Buffet that was competing with the band playing their last set on stage. “I told you we should have gone to Cancun!”

Carrie inwardly cringed again and looked over at the bartender who had caught her friend’s interest, wondering if she looked as helpless as she felt. “At least we can drink the water in Key West.”

“That’s not what I’m drinking,” Maureen muttered, holding up and studying her empty glass, her mouth drawn tight. Her words came out more like “Thas nawot I drinkin,” the liquor anesthetizing her speech much better than the emotions she was attempting to drown.

“Come on, Mo,” Carrie encouraged gently, putting her drink down and slinging her purse over her shoulder in an effort to sway her friend. “Let’s go back to the hotel.”

“Night’s not over.” Maureen’s dark eyes were red-rimmed and watery. “Tell that choice hunk of beef down there I want some more.”

Carrie sighed, sitting back on the stool and calling him over in spite of her better judgment. “Bartender!”

He made his way down slowly, stopping to wipe down the counter and fill the order of a busty blonde in Daisy Duke shorts and a crop top. Carrie noticed her plump feet were bare when she turned to take two beers back to a table in the corner near the jukebox where a guy in a leather jacket was waiting. Hot for leather, she thought, but

then again, it was Key West. It was always hot—and there was a plethora of leather pretty much everywhere.

“What can I get you?” The bartender’s gaze flicked over to Maureen who had pulled out a compact to thickly paint on cherry lip gloss.

“Hey girls!” The familiar voice startled Carrie, making her forget the bartender altogether. It was Steve Baumgartner, his smile bright and easy, creating the sweetest dimples.

“Uh, hi, Doc...” Carrie blinked, surprised in spite of the fact that she’d known he was part of the group going to Key West. She hadn’t really expected to run into him—had, in fact, avoided seeing him altogether as much as possible.

The bartender cleared his throat impatiently and she remembered the reason she’d called him in the first place. “I...uh...can we get another shot? Tequila, straight up.”

“Two!” Maureen drew the word out loudly, “Tooooo!” and snapped her compact closed, smiling at the bartender and batting her eyelashes. Jesus, she actually bat her damned eyelashes at him. “Bring me two, stud!” Of course, it came out, “Brimmetwo, stuhhhhd!”

The bartender sighed and shook his head. Doc took one look at Maureen and leaned into Carrie, close enough she could smell cinnamon and Polo—gum and aftershave, respectively. He smelled as delicious as he looked. And she didn’t want to look. “Don’t you think maybe she’s had enough?”

Carrie looked over at Maureen, who had her compact back out again and was trying, not too successfully, to apply eyeliner under her lower lashes, the effect more

raccoon than not. Still, she was a beautiful girl, even drunk and pissed and looking for trouble.

“We can walk to our hotel.” Carrie sounded apologetic, and she was, finding herself trying to explain. She leaned closer, whispering into the shell of Doc’s ear, “Her boyfriend broke up with her tonight.”

But the bartender agreed with Doc. “Are you sure she *can* walk?”

Carrie shrugged. “She might need a little help...”

Doc glanced at his watch. “They’re closing up shop here in half an hour.”

She gave the bartender what felt like a sheepish smile, avoiding his eyes, and said, “One last call for alcohol?”

Doc crossed his arms over his chest—his t-shirt was black and it did nothing but accentuate the meaty flex of his biceps. Carrie didn’t look at his face. She didn’t even want to look at her own watch. Her body told her it was beyond-late. James and Maureen’s fight had been loud and public at two in the morning somewhere between the last bar and this one.

“No driving?” The bartender looked genuinely concerned, but it was probably just his job. “You promise?”

“Scouts honor.” Carrie held up two fingers by her forehead.

“That’s the boy scout salute.” Doc laughed and the sound made her spine straighten, her ass clench.

“I had a little brother and a case of boy scout envy,” she confessed as the bartender began to pour the shots.

“That’s silly,” Doc insisted “You would look fantastic in a girl scout uniform.”

She couldn't resist. "Hey Mister, do you want to buy some cookies?" Doc grinned and was about to reply when the bartender interrupted them.

"Uh-oh, looks like your friend is about to toss some..."

Maureen was up and stumbling in the direction of the bathroom. "I think I'm gonna ralph!"

"Oh crap." Carrie guided her quickly into the women's room, barely getting her into a stall before Maureen did, indeed, toss her cookies. Carrie held her hair back until she was done and then helped her wash her face. Mascara and eyeliner smeared everywhere.

"He's never going to marry me now." Maureen groaned, banging her head gently back against the tiles. "I'm so stupid. Why am I so stupid?"

"Are you sure he's what you want?" Carrie tried to clean up Maureen's smeared make-up with a wet paper towel. "I mean, he's got some pretty strict standards." This wasn't the first time they'd had a conversation about James and his moral values.

"I'm not fit to wipe his boots." Maureen sniffed, pushing Carrie away. "I need to straighten up and fly right. That's what I need to do."

"Maybe you should start with sobering up." Carrie took her friend's hand. "Come on, let's go back to the hotel."

"I'm going to accept Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Savior," Maureen declared as Carrie led her out of the bathroom. "Right here and now!"

"Can't it wait until we get back to the hotel?" Carrie muttered, seeing Doc waiting outside the door.

He grabbed Maureen's other side as she was about to go down. "Whoopsie daisy," he said, getting a shoulder under her arm. "Need some help?"

"Jesus loves me, this I know..." Maureen sang over the jukebox, practically over the band. "For the bible tells me so..."

Doc looked at her, surprised, and Carrie almost laughed. "Crisis of faith."

"Perfect place for one," he agreed, bending low and getting Maureen up over both of his shoulders in a fireman's carry. "Show me the way and we'll see if we can lead this little lamb back home to Jesus."

"I'm going to be a minister's wife!" Maureen called out to the bartender, waving at him, upside down. "Tell me the truth—are you gay?"

The bartender just waved them out and Doc followed Carrie down the street toward their hotel.

"You guys are at *The Reach*, right?" Steve asked, wincing when Maureen belched loudly in the middle of her second verse of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

"Yeah. It's right around the corner."

"I know." He adjusted Maureen's flailing body over his shoulder. "Hold on there, girl, we're almost to the Promise Land."

"We'll take her to my room." Carrie used her key card to open the outside door. "It's closer." It was also significantly smaller than Maureen's room, but at least this way she didn't have to dig for Maureen's key card.

"You didn't room together?" Doc leaned against the wall as Carrie used her key card once again to open the room.

She shrugged. "Mo likes a little more luxury than I can afford."

Carrie pulled the covers back on the one queen-sized bed and Steve put Maureen in it.

"Where's James?" Maureen slurred as Carrie took off her shoes. She left on the mini-skirt and blouse because Doc was still there.

"You'll see him later," Carrie soothed, smoothing Maureen's hair away from her forehead. "Go to sleep now." She leaned in to kiss her friend's forehead and Maureen sighed, rolling over and pulling the covers with her.

"Thanks for your help." Carrie turned to Doc with a tired smile and caught a glimpse of the clock. It was four in the morning.

"Anything for you," he said, going to the door wall and peering out of the curtains. She was on the first floor, no balcony, no ocean view. She flushed, trying not to remember the last time they'd been together and not succeeding very well. "Why did you run away?"

She sank into one of the chairs with a sigh, not answering him.

"What are you afraid of?" He turned from the window and came over to stand near her chair.

"I don't know," she admitted, closing her eyes and leaning her head back. "Everything."

His hand moving over the bare skin of her thigh made her look at him. She was wearing a mini-skirt as well and it didn't cover much. He was sitting in front of her chair now.

"Look at her." Carrie nodded to where Maureen slept, moaning softly in her sleep. "She's so in love, she's going to give up everything she is for him."



“So you’re afraid of love?”

“No.” Carrie shook her head, reaching out and tentatively touching one of his curls. His hair was as soft and silky as she’d imagined it would be. “I’m afraid of loss.”

“What have you lost?” He rested his cheek against her thigh.

She shook her head. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry.” She moved to get up but his hand pressed her thighs, keeping her in the chair. “You should probably go.”

“What if I told you I don’t want to go,” he murmured, kneeling up so he could look into her eyes.

“It’s late...” She tried to avoid his gaze. “I need sleep.”

“So sleep.” He stood, holding out his hand and helping her stand. “Come on, let me tuck you in.”

He put her to bed in the same way she had tucked in Maureen, slipping off her shoes and pulling the covers up. He even leaned in and softly kissed her forehead, breathing in her scent and murmuring, “Goodnight, Carrie,” before standing to go.

But she couldn’t let him.

Instead, she grabbed his hand, tugging gently. “Wait. Stay.”

He looked doubtfully at the queen sized bed. “Is there room?”

She slid over, her back against Maureen’s. “I’ll make room.”

He turned out the light and got into the bed. When he wrapped his arms around her, she rested her cheek against the rise and fall of his chest, and they stayed that way, fully dressed, not talking, just breathing together until sleep came to them both.

\* \* \* \*

“What are you doing?” Doc whispered.

“What does it feel like I’m doing?” Carrie unzipped his jeans and slid a hand inside. She couldn’t resist him so close, feeling him long and lean against her.

“Carrie,” he warned, glancing over at Maureen. She was curled up beside them, snoring, oblivious.

“Shhh,” she whispered, feeling him getting hard in her hand. “Let me jerk you off. It will make me happy.”

He chuckled. “Hard to say no to that.”

So they fumbled in the darkness, undressing each other, groping until they were both breathless and wanting more.

“God, I want to fuck you,” he whispered as she straddled him, his cock like steel as she pressed it against his belly with the wetness of her cunt.

“No,” she murmured, sliding her hips forward, back, slipping his cock up and down her slit. “Like this.”

He groaned, holding her hips, letting her rub against him. It was so good it made her head spin. She could feel every vein in his cock as she rode those ridges, up and down, back and forth, wetting his crotch with her juices. When he pulled her to him and took a nipple into his mouth, she moaned and arched, making him urge her quiet, “Shhh!”

But Maureen was still sleeping it off, and neither of them wanted, or could, stop.

“Please,” she begged him, rolling, grinding. “Oh Doc, you make me feel so good.”

He gave a soft grunt as she centered her clit right against the head of his cock, making fast circles, and she knew he was close, his breath coming fast, his fingers digging into her hips.

“Come with me,” she insisted throatily, burying her face against his neck. “Now... oh god yes now now!”

She felt the fiery hot gush of his cum against her clit, sending her immediately over the edge, falling into bliss, meeting him with every delicious, trembling thrust as she thrashed on top of him and he tried, unsuccessfully, to keep her still.

Finally she rested her cheek against his chest, still straddling him, and murmured, “Now I can sleep.”

He laughed silently, kissing her forehead. “Goodnight.”

That was all she remembered until Maureen was slipping into bed again, hair still wet from a shower, sandwiching Carrie between her and Doc in the little bed. She’d left the bathroom door open, the light on, but it was still dark outside and dim in the room.

“Mo?” Carrie murmured, feeling Maureen’s body against hers, fully nude, her little breasts pressed into her back, her nipples hard, probably from cold.

“I’m sorry,” Maureen whispered, kissing Carrie’s cheek in the darkness. “I was an idiot. A very drunk idiot.”

“S’okay.” Carrie snuggled back against her friend, feeling Doc beside her on the other side, his breathing deep and even.

“So looks like you brought a friend home.” Maureen kissed Carrie’s shoulder, her little tongue teasing a little. “Want to share?”

“Oh...yeah...” Carrie flushed and was glad for the darkness. “Doc helped me carry you home.”

“Sorry about that.” Maureen sighed. “Maybe I should make it up to him.”

Carrie felt Doc go rigid beside her, his breath catching, and it took her a moment to realize that Maureen had reached across her to touch him.

“What do you say?” Maureen’s mouth moved over Carrie’s ear to her chin, her little tongue seeking entrance to a kiss. Carrie hesitated at first, but the weight of Maureen’s body, the press of her breasts, the heat of her pussy as she straddled Carrie’s thigh, made her give in. She could never say no to Maureen.

“Oh god,” Doc whispered in the darkness, and Carrie reached down to feel Maureen’s hand moving over his shaft. He was half-hard and quickly moving toward fully erect. “Carrie.” He gulped. “Are you...is this...?”

“Yes.” Carrie joined Maureen, their soft hands groping and tugging at his dick. He groaned as Maureen threw off the covers and settled herself between his thighs, tonguing his balls as Carrie slid her hand up and down his shaft.

“I like this,” Maureen giggled, her tongue sliding up to meet Carrie’s and they kissed deeply over the head of his cock. Carrie felt his hand in her hair. “Sit on his face. I want to fuck him.”

Doc helped her, moving her thighs so she was straddling his face and Maureen settled herself in his lap. Carrie saw her reaching down, grabbing his cock and stroking it against her pussy.

“Let me.” Carrie took him in her hand, guiding, aiming him. He gasped when she parted Maureen’s swollen lips with his cock and put the head right at the entrance of her

pussy. Maureen leaned over and kissed her friend as she slid down his length, moaning softly and rocking on him. “Does it feel good?” Carrie asked, wrapping her arms around Maureen, their breasts pressed together, nipples kissing.

“Oh god yes.” Maureen began to fuck him, slow at first, using his cock for her own pleasure. Carrie felt the pleasure of it in his mouth as he licked and sucked at her pussy. He was trying hard not to get distracted by Maureen, but he was failing miserably.

“Do you like his tongue in your cunt?” Maureen’s breath was hot in her ear, panting.

“Yes,” Carrie agreed, working her little clit against it, making circles with her hips.

“More than mine?” Maureen smiled, reaching down with one hand to spread Carrie’s pussy for his mouth. “She’s got a gorgeous pussy, doesn’t she, Doc?”

“Mmmm!” That’s all he managed.

“I know, she tastes so fucking good.” Maureen lifted her fingers to her tongue, sucking Carrie’s juices and then hooking her fingers in Carrie’s mouth, making her taste herself. “I love licking her until she comes for me.”

Carrie moaned softly, moving her hips even faster.

“Come on, big boy, help me get her off.” Maureen slid Doc out of her pussy and Carrie heard him groan softly. Then Maureen pressed Carrie into the pillows, settling herself between her thighs. Doc joined her and both of them began to kiss and lick her mound. She couldn’t tell where one began and the other ended. A tongue lashed at her clit, another probed her hole, fingers spread her wide, oh god, there was even something—a finger? a tongue?—pressed against the pucker of her ass.

She whimpered, one hand fisting Doc's dark curls, the other tangled in Maureen's long hair as they worked together to make her come. Carrie tried to resist, wanting it to last, wanting it to go on forever, but there was no holding back. Maureen's fingers curled inside of her, Doc's tongue flicked at her clit, and she was lost, her belly clenching and then releasing, giving them her orgasm, the very thing they wanted.

"Good girl." Maureen kissed her trembling thighs, her belly, and Doc trailed after her, both of them settling, one on each side of her.

"She's right," Doc agreed, burying his face against Carrie's neck. "You taste fantastic. "

"Do you want his cock, baby?" Maureen already had her hand on it, stroking him against Carrie's hip. He was harder than she'd ever felt him before. "Do you want him to fuck you?"

"Mo," she whimpered, turning to hide her face against her friend's breasts. "Don't."

"She hasn't been fucked by a cock in..." Maureen grinned over at Doc. "Three years?" Carrie sighed, closing her eyes, and Maureen laughed. "Fine, I'm going to have to keep him all to myself then...while you watch."

"Come on, Doc." Maureen got up on her hands and knees, situating herself so that her mouth was over Carrie's pussy, and vice versa, giving herself a playful slap on her own ass. "It's all yours. Wanna go for a ride?"

Doc leaned in to whisper, "Are you okay?" in Carrie's ear. What could she say? Maureen wanted what she wanted—and she always got what she wanted.

"It's okay." Carrie nodded. "I want to see you fuck her."

Oh god, it was true. She did want to see him fuck her. What was wrong with her?

Doc moved behind Maureen and Carrie had a clear view, even in the dimness, his cock hard in his hand as he pressed it against the wet stretch of Maureen's pussy. Carrie reached up and spread Maureen's swollen lips, making her gasp.

"Do it," Carrie whispered, biting her lip when Maureen's mouth fastened gently over Carrie's aching mound. "Fuck her, Doc. I want to see you fuck her."

He took a shuddering breath as he slipped the head of his dick into her, just the tip, hesitating, maybe just savoring the feeling. Maureen moaned and rocked back, moving her hips, taking him into her further.

"Christ, that's good." Doc's hands moved to her hips, caressing her ass as she arched, giving him an even deeper angle. "Oh god..." Carrie cupped his balls, her fingernails lightly grazing them as he began to thrust, loving the weight of them in her hands.

"Ohhhh yes, Mo." Carrie lifted her hips as Maureen's tongue began to work its incredible magic. "Lick it. Oh fuck, I love your mouth on me."

Somehow she knew Doc wasn't going to last long—being with two women at once had to be pushing him to the limits. He was fucking her valiantly, and Maureen was loving it—Carrie could tell by the way she was grinding her hips back—but he couldn't keep up that pace for long. Carrie's fingers spread Maureen wider, her thumb focusing on her clit, giving her a little more incentive. She was sopping wet, her juices flowing heavy and strong—Carrie could smell her musky scent.

"Oh wait," Doc groaned, slowing. "Oh fuck. Wait."

But Maureen wasn't waiting. She was fucking him back, fast and furious, her pussy quivering and ready to come. Carrie nudged her over, using her thumb as leverage, seeing Maureen's flat, muscled belly clench and release, knowing her pussy was milking Doc's cock.

"Oh damnit, I can't stop—" Doc moaned, and Carrie grabbed his cock, sliding it quickly out of Maureen's cunt. The first blast of his cum landed there on the hot pink flesh of her pussy and began to drip down toward Carrie's waiting mouth, but she didn't want to wait. Instead, she covered the head of Doc's dick with her mouth and sucked, feeling the next wave of his orgasm exploding against her tongue, her thumb never moving from Maureen's quivering clit.

"Naughty girl," Maureen gasped, turning around and grasping Doc's cock, her hand over Carrie's. "Taking all that cum." Then Maureen kissed her, her tongue searching and finding the residue in her mouth, the last blast of the white stuff slipping between their lips, wetting their kiss.

"You're bad, Mo," Carrie whispered as Maureen giggled and settled on one side of Carrie, Doc on the other, pulling the covers over them.

"Sinner extraordinaire. Going straight to hell," Maureen agreed sleepily, snuggling close. "That's me."

\* \* \* \*

"Open up, Carrie!" The pounding on the door jolted the three of them awake far too soon after they'd all drifted off. "I know she's in there! Maureen! Open this door!"

"James," Maureen mumbled, rolling out of bed to the floor with a low groan.



"You better get it before someone calls the front desk." Doc nudged Carrie, who was already rubbing her eyes and fumbling her way out of the morass of covers.

"Maureen, do you want to see him?" Carrie's voice was hoarse and tired as she looked at her friend, now crawling her way toward the bathroom.

"Five minutes," Maureen croaked. "Tell him I'll be out in five minutes."

Carrie unlocked the deadbolt but left the chain on. "What can I do for you, James?"

"Get her," was all he said, his mouth barely moving with the words.

"She'll be out in five minutes." Carrie shut the door, leaning against it and waiting for him to pound on it again, but he didn't. She could hear a flurry of activity in the bathroom, accompanied by an occasional soft moan of pain. She had no doubt Maureen was at least severely hungover, if not still actually somewhat drunk.

"You okay?" Carrie knocked softly on the bathroom door.

"Fine!" Maureen called, loud and overly cheerful. She opened the bathroom door, upright this time, and looked fairly good for rolling out of bed just a few moments before, although the Jovan Musk she'd sprayed only served to cover the smell of tequila underneath, in spite of her late night shower.

"Are you sure you want to go?" Carrie searched her friend's eyes and tried to hug her, but Maureen shrugged her off.

"I have to." She found her shoes next to the bed, slipping them on. "I'll call you later, okay?"

Carrie nodded, sitting on the edge of the bed where Doc was half-up on his elbow, just watching.

“Maureen!” James’ voice vibrated through the door.

“Gotta go!” Maureen whispered, leaning over and kissing Carrie on the cheek, giving her a quick squeeze. “Love you!”

“Love you, too,” Carrie murmured as she watched her friend sail out the door.

“Hey now...” Doc moved behind Carrie as her shoulders sagged. She was fighting tears—but she didn’t want to cry in front of him. In front of anyone. “Are you okay?”

“I’m going to lose her.” Her voice came out strangled, choked with the emotion she was trying to hold back.

He slipped his arms around her waist. “She’s not much of a friend if she lets some guy come between you.”

“She’s...” Carrie sighed, letting herself lean back against him. “She’s not just a friend.”

“Yeah, I gathered that.” He gently kissed her neck. “And James is obviously not okay with your...relationship.”

She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled wryly. “He doesn’t share well with others.”

“Come on.” Doc stood, holding out his hand. “I know something that will cheer you up.”

“I doubt it.”

“Trust me.” He caught her hand, pulling her up. “What do you have to lose?”

*Everything*, she thought, but she followed him anyway.

\* \* \* \*

They'd only managed a few hours of sleep, so the sun was just coming up over the horizon in a burst of molten orange, a brass and copper symphony playing out in reflection on the water.

Doc's hand clasped Carrie's as they walked barefoot along the edge of the beach. She had changed into a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, her sandals swinging from her other hand as the lacy edge of the water chased their footsteps down the shoreline. Doc was still wearing last night's clothes—they both needed a shower and a good night's sleep, but neither of them cared.

"Well, you were right." Carrie snuck a glance up at him, smiling at the tousled mess of his hair.

Doc laughed. "Wow, I think that's the first time I've ever heard a woman say those words out loud."

She stuck her tongue out at him. "This did cheer me up."

"Oh, I'm not done cheering you up yet," he said, stopping and putting his arms around her waist.

"No?"

"You can't see it, but..." He touched his finger to her lips. "Your mouth is still turned down a little at the corners."

"Is it?"

He nodded seriously. "That means my job isn't done yet."

"Well I guess you'd better get to work..." She felt her mouth curling up into a smile.

“Agreed.” He leaned in so close she could feel his breath, her eyes closing in anticipation. “I think I’d better start here.”

His mouth captured hers, a sweet, gentle kiss, nothing demanding or insistent, but it still made her knees weak.

“That’s a good place to start,” she breathed as they parted.

“But not the best place to finish.” He grinned. “Come on.”

“Where are we going?” She had no choice but to follow him down the beach as he led the way around a patch of sea grass and up toward a house. “What is this place?”

“It’s my parent’s place.” He dug into his jeans and plucked out a key.

“Nice.” It was cool inside, the air conditioning on—even the dew-wet mornings in Key West were warm and humid. It was large and spacious and utterly quiet.

He led the way, up a flight of stairs, opening a door to a bathroom. “Would you like a shower? Or maybe a bath?”

The tub was huge, black and marble and Carrie’s eyes lit up when she saw it.

“A bath,” she said immediately.

Doc took some towels out from the linen closet and put them on the counter. “I’ll get us some breakfast.”

She ran a hot bath and added the bubbles sitting at the side of the tub as well, melting into the water. I’m dreaming, she thought, floating lazily, eyes closed, her thoughts filled with Doc. She should have been worried about Maureen—and she was, a little. But the man downstairs cooking them both breakfast had somehow stepped into her life and obliterated everything else.

This is crazy, she decided, washing her hair and rinsing it, then running a soft, fragrant bar of soap over her curves. She was imagining him, his hands on her, touching her like that. This night—morning, now—wasn't going to end without sex. They both knew it, but the anticipation was exhilarating.

She found a large, fluffy white robe hanging on the back of the door and wrapped herself in it, making her way downstairs. Doc was in the kitchen, the radio on—a blues station—flipping pancakes in one pan and worrying eggs in another.

"It smells fantastic." She curled herself into one of the kitchen chairs, plucking a banana from a bunch on the table and peeling it. "Can I help?"

"You sit." He slid pancakes onto their plates and then scrambled eggs. "I'll serve."

"That's a switch." She smiled as he put a plate in front of her. His dark curls were wet—he'd obviously taken the time to take a shower and he was still wearing boxers, but they were a different pair.

"I hope it's okay." He nodded at her food, already halfway through his eggs.

"Yummy," she agreed, pouring syrup and licking some off her fingers. His gaze was on her, although his fork didn't stop moving from plate to mouth.

"So why do they call you 'Doc?'"

"Pre-med." He swallowed and then grinned. "And I used to, uh...be the guy you could get stuff from."

She raised her eyebrows. "Used to?"

"Yeah well..." He grabbed a bottle of ketchup and squirted more onto his eggs. "Once you start med school you really get an education about what better living through chemistry can do to you in the long run."

She nodded, making a happy noise when she took a bite of pancakes.

“Chocolate chips!”

He smiled. “So what about you? I know you work in the cafeteria. I know you’re graduating next year. What’s your major?”

“Business administration.” She took a sip of orange juice and made a face—too sour after the sugary sweetness of pancakes.

“Really?” His eyebrows went up. “I didn’t figure you for a business major. I thought you’d be into something more creative...art major or something...”

“If I had a choice, I’d be a creative writing major,” she admitted, sopping up syrup with the last of her pancakes.

“Don’t you?” He frowned. “Have a choice, I mean?”

“Not if I want to get a job when I graduate.”

He nodded. “Family pressure?”

The silence stretched for a moment and then she said quietly, “I don’t have one.”

“You don’t have a family?”

“My parents and little brother were killed in a car accident when I was sixteen,” she explained. She didn’t talk about it often, mostly because she hated the sympathy. She hated anyone feeling sorry for her, and of course she knew he was going to say it...

“I’m sorry.”

She nodded. “Thanks.” She was already used to the awkward pause that followed.

Doc cleared his throat and said, “So tell me about you and Maureen.”

“We’re roommates.” She wiped her mouth on a napkin—linen. “Best friends since freshman year...”

“And lovers,” he added.

“Yes,” she admitted, flushing.

“But you’re not just into women...” He looked at her quizzically. “I mean, unless I’m crazy, I get a pretty strong vibe that you like men, too. At least, some of us...”

She smiled. “I’m an equal opportunity lover.” Glancing up at him, she asked, “Does that bother you?”

“Hell no.” He gave a short bark of a laugh. “After last night, you have to ask?”

She stopped short of rolling her eyes. “Ah, the whole lesbian fantasy thing.”

Grinning, Doc leaned back in his chair. “Well come on...I don’t know a straight guy who doesn’t get off on that.”

Carrie wiped her finger around the edge of her plate, capturing the very last of sweetness. “Talk to James.”

Doc rolled his eyes. “Well, I meant outside of the puritanical future ministers of the world.”

“I’ve never been with a man and a woman at the same time before,” she admitted.

He tipped his chair back down, leaning his elbows on the table. “Did it turn you on?”

“Yeah.” She smiled. “You?”

“Being with two women?” he scoffed. “Like I said, might as well die and go to heaven now.”

Carrie frowned. "Don't you think one woman is enough?"

"She could be..." He laced his hands behind his head and looked at her. "If she was the right one."

They were playing a game now, cat and mouse. "How would you know?"

"I'd know."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "So you haven't met her yet...?"

"I didn't say that." He laughed. "Come here." He held a hand out and she took it, letting him pull her toward him. He situated her, standing, between his knees. "Carrie, I have to tell you something."

"Hm?" She was distracted by the way his hands cupped her hips, even through the thickness of the robe.

"But I don't want to scare you away again," he admitted, looking up at her.

"You won't." Her fingers tangled themselves in his hair. Standing so close to him, feeling the flex of his thighs against hers, was making her crazy.

"Well...the first thing is..." He looked up at her sheepishly. "The poker game was fixed."

She gaped at him. "You cheated!"

"Can you ever forgive me?" He looked like she was about to hit him, and she thought about it for a minute. It would serve him right.

She smirked. "What's the second thing?"

"The second thing is...I can't stop thinking about you." He reached out, playing with the tie on her robe, tugging gently. "And it's taking every ounce of my self-control not to just take you right here, right now."



She swallowed, looking down at the tie in his hand. It was undone, but the robe was still closed. "You don't need to stop."

"Are you sure?" He pressed his index finger to her chest, at the V the close of the robe made, and began to trace down the opening.

"Yes." She shifted, letting the robe fall open for him, seeing his eyes darken with lust. "Please. Don't stop."

He groaned, giving in, and she did, too, drawing his head to her breasts, arching her back. His tongue made fat circles against her nipples, sending sweet pulses through her, straight to her sex.

"God you're gorgeous," he moaned, cupping her breasts and pressing them together, his tongue trying to span the distance between her nipples as quickly as possible, back and forth, making Carrie dizzy with wanting him.

"So wet," she murmured, taking his hand and pressing it between her thighs. He kissed his way down her belly, his fingers moving, parting her swollen pussy lips and exploring.

"Yes you are," he agreed, slipping his fingers from her cleft and sucking them. She grabbed his hand and lifted it to her own mouth, making him moan as she licked her own juices from his fingers. "Oh, god, I'm so fucking hard for you."

"Let's see." She smiled, sinking to her knees before his chair. His boxers were nicely tented and she tugged them down, grasping him in her hand. Gorgeous, thick and hard—very hard. She leaned in and licked the head of his cock, slowly exploring him with her tongue. His hand moved in her hair, eyes half-closed, watching her take him into her mouth.

“Easy, girl,” he murmured as she began to pick up the pace, greedy for him, sucking hungrily. “I want to fuck you.”

She moaned at the thought of his cock inside of her, sliding her tongue down his shaft to circle the tightening sac of his balls. His hands moved down to cup her breasts, fingering her nipples, making her wiggle between his thighs.

“Upstairs,” he instructed, helping her stand, kissing her deeply before turning and marching her up the stairs.

The bed was a cloud oasis and they both stripped down to nothing before crawling in together, kissing and rolling and groping each other in the early morning light.

She found herself on top of him and turned around to grasp his cock, longing to feel it in her mouth again. He throbbed against her tongue, swollen and thickening in her throat as she began to suck him again. He groaned and his hips moved in time with her motions, his hands moving over her ass, drawing her down to his mouth.

“Mmmm!” was all she could vocalize when his tongue parted her pussy lips, lapping gently through her wetness. Her hips rocked, giving him better access, a new direction. His tongue found her clit and she gasped, grasping his cock and squeezing it, stroking instead of sucking as he focused his energy on her hot, swollen nub.

“There,” she urged, moaning louder as his fingers parted her flesh, plunging inside. She was thinking about his cock, already wishing he was inside of her, but his mouth worked magic against her pussy, drawing every last bit of pleasure from her possible. “Oh my god, yes, yes, please, don’t stop!”

He made a noise in his throat, licking her faster, fingering her harder, giving her just what she wanted.

“Oh baby, make me come! I’m gonna come!” She cried out as she hit the point of no return, grinding her hips, mashing her pussy against his face. He grabbed her hips and drank her in, moaning and thrusting up into her fist. She’d almost forgotten about his cock, she was so lost in her own pleasure, shuddering and gasping on top of him.

“Fuck,” he murmured, kissing her wet, trembling thighs. “That was incredible.”

“Mmm,” she murmured, turning around and kissing him, sucking at his tongue, tasting herself. His hands moved down over her curves, rocking her hips, sliding the slit of her pussy up and down against the hard length of his cock. She wanted him inside of her—she had to have him.

“Fuck me,” she murmured, reaching for him, guiding him, aiming him. He let her, moaning softly as she slid down the length of his dick, burying him inside of her. “Oh. God.” Her eyes flew wide when he was fully into her, pressed as deep as he could go.

“Okay?” His hands gripped her waist, watching her face.

“Oh yes,” she whispered, eyes closing again. “Definitely okay.”

She began to rock on him, back and forth, round and round, finding an easy rhythm, working her way upward again. It had been so long. So very long. He let her lead for a while, biting his lip, but when she got too exuberant, he grabbed her hips, slowing the pace.

“Let me,” he said finally, rolling her to her back, his cock working between her thighs, his hips thrusting. She gave herself over, curling herself around him, arms and

legs wrapped tight. The feel of him, so thick and hard and pounding into her like that, was more than enough to take her over the edge.

“Ohhh now,” she managed to whisper, her pussy clamping down around him, making him gasp and thrust deep, grinding her to another orgasm. Her nails raked down his back and over his shoulders, her teeth sinking into his neck, and still he didn’t stop, taking her further, deeper, harder.

“Wait,” she gasped, using both hands to push him far enough away so she could see his face. “Please...oh god...”

“I have to.” He kissed her mouth, her cheek, her chin, desperate. “Please let me...”

“Wait.” She moaned softly, reaching down and sliding him out of her. He sighed, but she turned around for him, looking back over her shoulder. “Like this.”

“Oh Christ.” Doc’s eyes moved over her ass and thighs before grabbing her hips and sliding his cock back into her. “You feel so good.”

“Yes,” she whispered, arching back for him, meeting him. “Fuck me. Oh yes, yes, fuck me hard! Harder!”

He grunted, driving in deeper, his thighs spreading hers. There was no stopping him now and she didn’t want him to. Her fingers found her clit, rubbing in fast circles as he pounded into her.

“Don’t stop,” she begged, her cheek pressed against the sheets, eyes closing, feeling the insistent pull of another climax in her lower belly. “Oh please, fuck me until I come all over your cock!”

He groaned and gave in, his swollen length throbbing as he came deep inside of her, still thrusting, grinding, giving her more. Carrie met his final onslaught, shuddering beneath him as his weight collapsed her onto the bed, her pussy spasming around his thick length.

“Holy god,” he groaned as he rolled off of her, pulling her into his arms.

“You can say that again,” she gasped, sliding a wet thigh up over his.

“Yeah, but can we do it again?” He grinned, tweaking her nipple, making her squeal.

“Give me five minutes,” she laughed.

“Ten,” he countered, closing his eyes, still smiling.

“Okay,” she conceded, letting herself drift to the rise and fall of his breath. She thought he was sleeping when he squeezed her close and whispered, “So who’s your favorite writer of all time?”

“Hemingway,” she said without hesitation.

He snorted. “Hemingway was a giant misogynist.”

“I know,” she agreed dreamily. “But he could write his ass off.”

“Can’t argue with that,” he replied, smiling and pulling the covers over them both.

\* \* \* \*

It was almost dinner time when Carrie woke and remembered Maureen.

“What is it?” Doc murmured, his eyes still closed. He’d sensed she was awake.

“I have to call the hotel and get my messages.”

“Want me to get the phone for you?” Doc asked when she gave no indication of moving out of his arms.

“No, I’ll do it.” When she finally untangled her limbs from Doc’s, she discovered her assumption had been correct—Maureen had left her a message. “Mo wants me to meet her at Captain Tony’s in...” She glanced at the digital clock on the night stand. “An hour.”

“Did she say anything else?”

Carrie shook her head.

“Well let’s go then. Besides, there’s something I want to show you.”

Doc insisted on making them something to eat—sandwiches—before they left, and she hadn’t brought any extra clothes, so she insisted they stop by her hotel so she could change. Doc flipped through the TV while she fussed in the bathroom, and he gave a low whistle when she came out wearing a white sun dress and sandals.

“Nice.” He sat up, admiring her, first with his eyes, and then with his hands, running them up the backs of her bare thighs.

“Let’s go before we end up staying...” she murmured as his hands cupped her behind.

“I wouldn’t mind...” He tilted his head up and she leaned down to kiss him, briefly, then grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the door.

The bar wasn’t too crowded yet. Doc ordered them some “pirate’s punch” which proved to be fantastically good and had Carrie relaxed in minutes. They sat at the bar and talked for a while, but every time Doc touched her arm or her hip, she would remember the morning they’d spent together and her whole body felt lit up.

“So, I told you I wanted to show you something.” Doc helped her off the bar stool and led her through the bar. There was a tree—a live tree—growing up through the floor. They passed it, coming to a roped-off out-of-the-way corner. “Guess what that is?”

“A bar stool?” She stated the obvious.

“Not just any bar stool.” He grinned. “Guess who sat on that bar stool?”

“Ernest Hemingway.” The deep, booming voice came from behind them and Carrie turned to see a big, gray-bearded man wearing a Hawaiian shirt and khaki shorts. “Every day for twelve years. Three o’clock on the nose.”

“Hey Cap’n!” Doc exclaimed, clapping the old man on the back. “I was hoping I’d run into you.”

“Where’s your mom and dad?” the old man inquired.

Doc shook his head. “Just me this time—came with a bunch of friends for summer break.”

“And who’s this?” The gray-bearded man turned his attention to Carrie.

“I’m Carrie,” she replied, holding her hand out.

Doc made introductions. “Carrie, this is Captain Tony.”

“*The* Captain Tony?”

“Yes ma’am.” He tipped his white sailor’s hat at her as he shook her hand.

“Meetcha.”

“I can’t believe Hemingway actually sat here.” Carrie turned her attention back to the vinyl-covered barstool.

“Would you like to sit on it?” Captain Tony asked.

Her eyes lit up. “Could I?”

“Well, you have to make an offering,” Doc said, grinning.

She gave him a sideways look, already suspicious. “What kind of offering?”

Captain Tony cleared his throat and pointed at the ceiling. She hadn’t noticed before—although how she’d missed it was beyond her—but the entire ceiling was full of bras of all shapes and sizes.

“You’re kidding me.” She stared at them both, then up at the ceiling, then back to Hemingway’s barstool.

“Okay...okay, fine.” She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra through her sundress, pulling one strap off, and then the other, slipping the entire thing out through one of the arm holes.

“Here.” She held it up, not realizing until that moment that they were being watched. The whole bar cheered and the bartender snapped a Polaroid of her holding up her underthings. Then he hopped over the bar holding a staple gun.

“I’ll take that.” He stepped up onto one of the stools and stapled her white cotton bra to the ceiling overlapping a leopard print bra and another made of red satin lace.

Captain Tony opened the red velvet rope and waved her through. “Have a seat!”

Carrie wasn’t going to give up her prize, and she made sure Doc got the Polaroid camera from behind the bar to take a picture of her on Hemingway’s barstool.

“Worth it?” he asked, still grinning.

Carrie glanced up at her bra, up there for all to see. “Totally.”

Doc ordered more pirate’s punch for them both and then asked, “Shouldn’t she be here?”

Carrie sipped her drink and nodded. “She’s notoriously late.”



“High maintenance sort of girl?”

“I love her, but she’s...” Carrie shrugged one shoulder.

“Spoiled?”

She smiled, but she couldn’t help but think of her friend fondly anyway. “You could say that.”

“But you’re not.” He took a drink and looked at her. “Spoiled, I mean.”

“I don’t know.” Carrie looked thoughtful. “I probably would have been if...” She let the rest of her thought trail off, but Doc filled in the blanks.

“The accident?”

“Foster families don’t really spoil their kids,” she said. “Especially when they’re very...religious. Very fundamentally, evangelically religious.”

“Don’t look at me.” Doc held his hands up in a warding off gesture when she glanced over at him. “My parents are both lapsed Methodists. No fire and brimstone here.”

She smiled. “That’s good.”

“Hey you.” Maureen breezed in, all cleaned up, wearing a respectable navy blue sun dress and a matching hat with a little white daisy on the front. “Sorry I’m late.”

“That’s okay,” Carrie waved her apology away as Doc slipped off the barstool beside her.

“I’ll be back,” he said, excusing himself, and Carrie knew he was just giving them time.

“Guess what, Care-Bear?” Maureen’s eyes were over bright, even in the dim bar. Carrie knew, somehow she just knew, but she played dumb.

“What, Mo?”

“He asked me to marry him!” Maureen squealed, holding out her left hand and showing off the biggest diamond Carrie had ever seen.

“I’m so happy for you.” Carrie hugged her friend, swallowing hard. What else could she do? “If you’re happy...are you happy?”

“Of course I’m happy!” Maureen exclaimed, waving her left hand around again. “He’s going to seminary next year, and we’ll live in married housing.”

“Good thing he’s not Catholic,” Carrie joked, sipping her pirate’s punch. “So I guess we won’t be roommates next year.”

Maureen’s eyes softened and she leaned in, touching her forehead to Carrie’s. “Well, we knew that would have to end some time.”

“Right.” Carrie managed to smile. “Well, I’m happy for you. Really, I am.” Who was she trying to convince?

“He’s waiting for me outside.” Maureen waved the bartender—the same one she’d been ogling the night before—away when he asked what she wanted to drink. “I’m leaving with him today. Tonight. We’re going to Vegas.”

“But your ticket...”

“It’s transferable.” She shrugged.

“Your parents are going to have a heart attack.” Carrie tried to imagine Mrs. Holmes—Maureen’s immaculately dressed and coiffed mother—when she discovered her daughter had eloped to Vegas. “And I won’t get to be your maid of honor...”

Maureen laughed, putting her arms around Carrie’s neck and kissing her cheek. She smelled just of Jovan Musk now—no more tequila. “We’ll have a big wedding next

year. I just want to seal the deal. If I don't do it now..." Her voice trailed off and Carrie's thoughts completed the sentence in her head, *You'll never do it at all.*

Part of her wanted to beg Maureen to reconsider, to stay in Key West, hell, to spend another night with her and Doc for that matter. It felt as if her friend was heading down a road she couldn't travel...and vice versa.

"I promise, you will get to wear a godawful bridesmaid dress." Maureen giggled into Carrie's ear. She pressed her lips there, just behind Carrie's ear, making her shiver.

"Come on, Maureen." It was James, standing tall behind them. "I'm double parked out there."

Maureen slipped off the bar stool, leaning in to whisper, "I love you Care-Bear...I gotta run."

"Love you, too, Mo..." Carrie's words never reached her friend's ears. Maureen was already halfway to the door by the time she got them out.

Then Doc was there, putting his arms around her, holding her up. "Are you okay?"

"She's marrying him. Tonight. They're going to Vegas." The words were a shock, said out loud that way.

"I heard." So he hadn't been far. "I'm sorry."

Carrie swallowed, looking toward the door where Maureen had disappeared. "She's got to live her own life."

"We all do," Doc murmured against her ear.

She nodded, resting her head on his chest. "I just kind of hoped we might be going the same direction..."

“Well, maybe you’ll find someone else who’s going your way,” he whispered, his arms tightening around her.

She smiled, hugging him back. “Maybe I already have.”

*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.

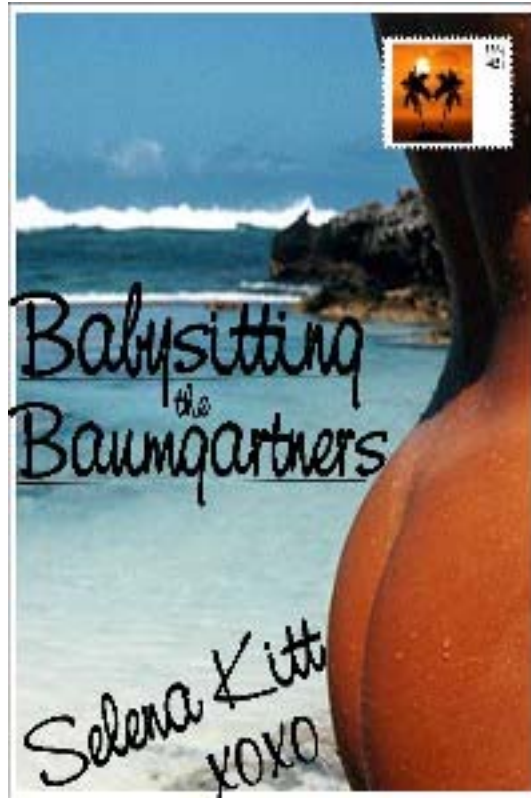
Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out-this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company ([www.excessica.com](http://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 book, *EcoErotica*, was a 2009 Epic Award Finalist; her book, *The Real Mother Goose*, was a 2010 Epic Award Finalist; 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](http://www.selenakitt.com).

**If you enjoyed MEET THE BAUMGARTNERS,  
you might also enjoy:**



## **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

By Selena Kitt

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.*

Excerpt From BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS:

When my legs felt steady enough to hold me, I got out of the shower and dried off, wrapping myself in one of the big white bath sheets. My room was across the hall from the bathroom, and the Baumgartner's was the next room over. The kids' rooms were at the other end of the hallway.

As I made my way across the hall, I heard Mrs. B's voice from behind their door. "You want that tight little nineteen-year-old pussy, Doc?"

I stopped, my heart leaping, my breath caught. Oh my God. Were they talking about me? He said something, but it was low, and I couldn't quite make it out. Then she said, "Just wait until I wax it for you. It'll be soft and smooth as a baby."

Shocked, I reached down between my legs, cupping my pussy as if to protect it, standing there transfixed, listening. I stepped closer to their door, seeing it wasn't completely closed, still trying to hear what they were saying. There wasn't any noise, now.

"Oh God!" I heard him groan. "Suck it harder."

My eyes wide, I felt the pulse returning between my thighs, a slow, steady heat. Was she sucking his cock? I remembered what it looked like in his hand--even from a distance, I could tell it was big--much bigger than any of the boys I'd ever been with.

"Ahhhh fuck, Carrie!" He moaned. I bit my lip, hearing Mrs. B's first name felt so wrong, somehow. "Take it all, baby!"

All?! My jaw dropped as I tried to imagine, pressing my hand over my throbbing mound. Mrs. B said something, but I couldn't hear it, and as I leaned toward the door, I

bumped it with the towel wrapped around my hair. My hand went to my mouth and I took an involuntary step back as the door edged open just a crack. I turned to go to my room, but I knew that they would hear the sound of my door.

"You want to fuck me, baby?" she purred. "God, I'm so wet ... did you see her sweet little tits?"

"Fuck, yeah," he murmured. "I wanted to come all over them."

Hearing his voice, I stepped back toward the door, peering through the crack. The bed was behind the door, at the opposite angle, but there was a large vanity table and mirror against the other wall, and I could see them reflected in it. Mrs. B was completely naked, kneeling over him. I saw her face, her breasts swinging as she took him into her mouth. His cock stood straight up in the air.

"She's got beautiful tits, doesn't she?" Mrs. B ran her tongue up and down the shaft.

"Yeah." His hand moved in her hair, pressing her down onto his cock. "I want to see her little pussy so bad. God, she's so beautiful."

"Do you want to see me eat it?" She moved up onto him, still stroking his cock. "Do you want to watch me lick that sweet, shaved cunt?"

I pressed a cool palm to my flushed cheek, but my other hand rubbed the towel between my legs as I watched. I'd never heard anyone say that word out loud and it both shocked and excited me.

"Oh God, yeah!" He grabbed her tits as they swayed over him. I saw her riding him, and knew he must be inside of her. "I want inside her tight little cunt."

I moved the towel aside and slipped my fingers between my lips.



He's talking about me!

The thought made my whole body tingle, and my pussy felt on fire. Already slick and wet from my orgasm in the shower, my fingers slid easily through my slit.

"I want to fuck her while she eats your pussy." He thrust up into her, his hands gripping her hips. Her breasts swayed as they rocked together. My eyes widened at the image he conjured, but Mrs. B moaned, moving faster on top of him.

"Yeah, baby!" She leaned over, her breasts dangling in his face. His hands went to them, his mouth sucking at her nipples, making her squeal and slam down against him even harder. "You want her on her hands and knees, her tight little ass in the air?"

He groaned, and I rubbed my clit even faster as he grabbed her and practically threw her off him onto the bed. She seemed to know what he wanted, because she got onto her hands and knees and he fucked her like that, from behind. The sound of them, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the room.

They were turned toward the mirror, but Mrs. B had her face buried in her arms, her ass lifted high in the air. Doc's eyes looked down between their legs, like he was watching himself slide in and out of her.

"Fuck!" Mrs. B's voice was muffled. "Oh fuck, Doc! Make me come!"

He grunted and drove into her harder. I watched her shudder and grab the covers in her fists. He didn't stop, though--his hands grabbed her hips and he worked himself into her over and over. I felt weak-kneed and full of heat, my fingers rubbing my aching clit in fast little circles. Mrs. B's orgasm had almost sent me right over the edge. I was very, very close.

"That tight nineteen-year-old cunt!" He shoved into her. "I want to taste her." He slammed into her again. "Fuck her." And again. "Make her come." And again. "Make her scream until she can't take anymore."

I leaned my forehead against the doorjamb for support, trying to control how fast my breath was coming, how fast my climax was coming, but I couldn't. I whimpered, watching him fuck her and knowing he was imagining me ... me!

"Come here." He pulled out and Mrs. B turned around like she knew what he wanted. "Swallow it."

He knelt up on the bed as she pumped and sucked at his cock. I saw the first spurt land against her cheek, a thick white strand of cum, and then she covered the head with her mouth and swallowed, making soft mewling noises in her throat. I came then, too, shuddering and shivering against the doorframe, biting my lip to keep from crying out.

When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, Mrs. B was still on her hands and knees, focused between his legs--but Doc was looking right at me, his dark eyes on mine.

He saw me. For the second time today--he saw me.

My hand flew to my mouth and I stumbled back, fumbling for the doorknob behind me I knew was there. I finally found it, slipping into my room and shutting the door behind me. I leaned against it, my heart pounding, my pussy dripping, and wondered what I was going to do now.

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