

SELENA KITT

A  
DIFFERENT  
ANGLE



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# *A Different Angle*

*By Selena Kitt*

It was a 1978 Nova, technically a classic according to Paj. It was all hers, a summer waitressing job at Denny's later—only she couldn't bring it home. It sat in the school shop, dark green looking almost black in the garage. She liked to visit him. She called it "him." In fact, she named him Stu. She knew it was weird to name a car but it had just come to her. Paj said it happened that way sometimes with cars. He'd been working with them all his life, and some just had names that they liked to be called, he said. She often sat on Stu's hood and commiserated with Paj about parents and grades and SATs and what a bummer they all were. Bummer. That was Paj's word, but she liked it, she found it apropos, considering her situation. Apropos wasn't Paj's word, however, it was a vocabulary word in the SAT study book.

Ted was determined that she was going to U of M next fall—his alma mater. She didn't care. The University of Michigan was as good as any school, as long as she could work on cars somewhere. Of course, he wanted her to be pre-law or pre-med. She was going to be pre-whatever until she could figure out how to wrangle her way into the racing circuit and begin qualifying. As long as she was keeping up her grades, her stepfather didn't seem to care. It was the SATs that were killing her. Her verbal pretests were top notch, it was her math that was the problem. Geometry to be specific. Until she made a solid 500 on her math SAT, Stue was stuck in Paj's garage. No score, no car. She found it rather unfair, and ironic, considering Ted the real estate attorney didn't know the difference between an isosceles triangle and a parallelogram, but she couldn't argue with him. At least, not while her mother was around.

"Paj, they're getting me a tutor," Cat lamented, sprawling her books on Stu's hood and using the bumper to hoist herself up into the midst of them. "I feel like such a failure, like I'm some Special Ed reject or something." She sighed.

"Well hey, maybe they'll letcha bring Stuie home so you can drive yourself to the tutor?" Paj hadn't looked out from under the Neon's hood. Rebecca Watson's car—she recognized the retro bumper sticker she thought should have gone out with the Reagan era: If You're Rich, I'm Single. Brilliant.

"Ha! I wish. This guy lives around the corner. They made sure I could walk and no one would have to be bothered to drive me, or that I would have to, god forbid, drive myself. Eighteen years old and I still ride the friggin' bus to school. It's pathetic. Isn't that Becky's car again? What'd she do to it this time?" Cat swung her long legs down, and came over to inspect the engine, interested.

"Forgot to put oil in her... again."

"Cheerleaders suck." Cat snorted. Paj grinned and shrugged. *Yeah, that's exactly why she's getting her car fixed for free, too.* Cat rolled her eyes.

Paj glanced over at her, then raised his eyebrows. "Hey, you don't wear skirts. What is it, national suck up to your math teacher day?"

"Do you like it?" Cat did a little twirl, flaring the navy blue pleats a little, exposing one pale, thin thigh. "It's my English school girl outfit. Navy skirt, white button down, knee socks, Mary Jane's." He cocked his head, as if waiting for a punch line. "The new tutor is English. You know, from England. Thought it might help."

Paj chuckled, ducking his head back under the hood. "Girlie, he's not the one giving you the test. How's it gonna help you get a better score?"

"Well it can't hurt." Cat pouted. "It works for girls like Becky."

Paj cleared his throat, flipping the wing nut back on the oil pan. "Well sweetie, and I'm going to say this with all honesty and as much tact as this old man's got—Rebecca Watson has...a figure."

Cat crossed her arms over her admittedly small chest and frowned. "Gee thanks, Paj. You think just because a girl doesn't have big tits, she can't turn a guy on?"

Paj shrugged, his face turning slightly red as he cleared his throat. "Cat, we prolly shouldn't be talking about this. I know the bell rang already, but technically I'm still a teacher, and you..."

"I'm just some skinny girl who can't get a man's attention, yeah yeah." Cat hurriedly collected her books. "You know, being a teacher never stopped you from taking favors from Becky Watson."

"Hey, Missy, I never—" Paj started, turned redder.

"Yeah, sure, whatever you say." She brushed past him toward the door.

"Cat!" he called after her, but his only answer was a bright rush of sunlight into the dim garage followed by a slamming door.

\* \* \* \*

"Are you Mr. Slater?" Cat peered curiously over her books at him. Taller than she'd expected. Older, too—she noted a few silver streaks in his dark hair as he leaned forward into the sunlight to open the screen door. It was his eyes that were interesting, though—dark blue and quietly watching.

"Miss Warren?" he inquired, and she couldn't help but smile to hear his accent. She found accents so interesting.

"You can call me Cat." She stepped into the foyer as he waved her in.

"Is that actually your name?" He looked a little surprised and slightly disappointed.

"Well, no... technically, no. It's Catherine. Although everyone calls me Cat, since I was little."

"Ah. Well, good to meet you, Catherine. Would you like some tea?" he offered. "You have to be cold in that." He nodded to her skirt and bare legs. She flushed, remembering her conversation with Paj. It was March, and she had run out of the garage without stopping at her locker for her jacket. Her books and crossed arms covered her chest, but she could feel how hard her nipples were from the cold.

"I am a little," she admitted. "I forgot it was going to be so cold today. I should have worn pants." He stopped, and she looked curiously at his bemused expression and raised eyebrows. "But I don't really drink tea. Do you have Coke?"

"Sorry, I don't have any soda." His eyes flitted briefly back to her skirt hemline, waving her further into the house. She thought proudly that her little

English schoolgirl outfit must be the reason for the sudden interest in her skirt, and she was glad that she didn't know that it was actually her reference to not wearing "pants." In England, she later discovered, they called underwear "pants."

It was sparsely furnished, but nice anyway, somehow. Huge book shelves lined one wall, but there were no other real decoration. Sparse. That was another vocabulary word. "Besides, soda wouldn't keep a girl very warm when she's not wearing pants, would it?" He smiled then, and she found herself smiling back, warm already. "Come on, live a little! Experiment...try life on the edge."

"Ok." She realized he was teasing and unable to come up with some witty reply, but wanting to. He winked and went into the kitchen, and she followed.

"So, geometry... your father says you'd like a little help?" He ran water into a kettle and lit the gas burner.

"Pul-eeze. Get real." Cat snorted, forgetting herself and plopping down into a kitchen chair. "Is that what he told you, Mr. Slater?"

"You can call me David." He glanced at her wide sprawl and crossed arms with something that bordered between interest and amusement. "So what are you telling me? You don't need any help?"

"Well no, not exactly. I mean, geometry is not my best subject, I admit. Ok, so it's my worst. It's just my SATs. He wants my SAT score to be up to a certain level." Cat eyed some sort of cinnamon bakery confection sitting on the kitchen table.

"Ah. So we're really here to help you *improve* your geometry skills, hm?" He had his own arms crossed now, leaning back against the counter.

"Hey, that looks really good, I'm starving." She pointed to the puffs of pastry, her finger touching the frosting. "Oops." She licked her finger, and she gave him an appreciative look. "Mmm, that's yummy."

"Would you like some?" he asked a little wryly.

"Sure!"

When he sat at the table with their tea, watching with a small smile as she licked her fingers, he remarked, "Well I hope your enthusiasm for geometry is as fervent as your enthusiasm for Danish pastries."

"Highly unlikely," Cat replied moodily, mouth full. "But I guess we have to get to it, huh?"

"Well, I do have another student at five." He glanced at his watch. "Let's see how much we can do over frosting, hm?"

Cat reluctantly finished the last of her sweetness, downed the rest of her cup of tea, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She glanced over at him looking at her, his mouth fixed in a funny little smile, and was struck again by his eyes, how they seemed to miss nothing. She felt suddenly self conscious and tucked her short brown curls nervously behind her ears and cleared her throat.

"Geometry?" she asked.

"Yes," he affirmed. "Let's see your book, and we'll start there."

And so that's how the torture began every day, with a little sweetness, washed down with a warm dose of tea, following by an excruciating hour of math-induced hell. Cat threw books across the room, tore papers in half, swore—although she always apologized to him, somehow it didn't feel right to swear in

front of someone who was British—and slammed her fists on his kitchen table. She knew he was being patient with her—really his patience was beyond human comprehension—but his sighs, his attempts to show her yet again, a different way this time, something new, somehow it just never sank in. She was a senior in high school, and yet she couldn't seem to grasp middle school geometry concepts.

She didn't know how many hours she spent in his kitchen trying to use some guy named Pythagoras' theorem to figure out some strange angle. Long enough for Paj to start asking where she went every day, since she wasn't hanging out in the garage now. Long enough to know that, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, he had a boy named Stephen who came to learn algebra, and on Wednesdays it was a girl named Christine who needed help with Trig—who Cat thought looked like one of those kewpie dolls you win at a county fair. On Mondays and Fridays, thought, David was all hers.

On those days, after the books were thankfully closed, she would linger as long as she could, eyeing his shelves, picking up his trinkets. He seemed to be collecting more of them, odd things, small statues, strange metal objects, and she liked exploring his house, her fingertips brushing the perimeters, as if testing the boundaries every time she came. And he always watched her. He would sit quietly in the large black easy chair, or on the soft leather sofa, and just watch her wander around the room. He looked casual, his arm across the chair or sofa back, his leg crossed the way guys do, his ankle resting on a knee, but his eyes were like beams that followed her wherever she went.

And they would talk. In fact, she tried to keep talking, or keep him talking, just so the time would pass, hoping he wouldn't notice her lingering. She told him about her mother and stepfather and the pressure of getting ready for college. She told him about Stuie, and Paj, and even hesitantly revealed her dream of becoming a race car driver. She had expected him to laugh, like everyone else did, but he hadn't. He'd just nodded appreciatively and probed a little more. She loved him for that.

And then she hated him. That was a Friday, and she stayed quite late, until it was actually growing dark. The doorbell rang and their eyes met quickly, furtively, as if they had been caught doing something secret. David made some comment, she couldn't hear what, but it was a woman—a very tall, very blonde, very beautiful woman—at the door. He had apparently forgotten he had a date—Cat took some pride in that, she wanted to believe she'd distracted him— but she found herself rushed out the door with a brief "see you next week" and a wave.

She stood at the end of his street in the orange fluorescent haloed glow of a streetlamp and watched them get into her car filled with a feeling she didn't quite recognize, something that burned her eyes and her throat. She watched the blonde laugh, lean over and touch his thigh. When she put her hand on the back of his neck and fingered the hair there, a familiar gesture, Cat seethed, surprising herself with the heat of her outrage.

And so she didn't go to his house on Monday. She told her stepfather that David couldn't meet her, but she hadn't counted on him calling to ask where she was. On Tuesday, because Ted insisted, she met David at the door, but she

wouldn't meet his eyes. She refused tea and some new delectable treat—she later found out they were called scones—and just opened her book and pointed to the problems they were on. Pythagorean again. She hated that guy. Almost as much as she hated David as he sat with her and attempted, once again, to explain the reasoning behind the mathematical mysteries of the universe.

"Cat, you can tell me off the top of your head just exactly what Pythagorean's Theorem is, word for word, can't you?" David looked at her curiously. She managed to reach the tip of one of her dark brown curls to her mouth and sucked on it, concentrating hard on not looking at him. She just shrugged. "Well, tell me then."

"The sides of a right triangle are related by the equation  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ , where  $a$  and  $b$  represent the lengths of the legs and  $c$  is the length of the hypotenuse," she muttered, turning her right shoulder toward the opposite wall, away from him.

"Right." David shook his head, thoughtful. "I don't understand... you're so smart..."

"Well obviously I'm an idiot when it comes to geometry, ok?" Cat stood up fast, the chair clattering over behind her. "Just put a dunce cap on me and put me in a corner, all right? There is *no point* to any of this! I'm done with geometry! I'm done with Pythagorean's Theorem...and I am most especially done with *you*, David Slater!"

She kicked the chair as she passed it, heading for the front door—no books, no coat—

tears making the world fill with sudden prisms. David caught her arm, and she tried to jerk away, but he was too strong. She stood there, head down, tears falling onto the hardwood floor between them. David saw them, and tilted her chin up. When she met his eyes, his quiet, watchful eyes, she simply burst into tears.

"Catherine, Catherine..." He folded her into his arms and held her, rocking with her. "Beautiful Catherine...you are so bright, please don't ever believe I don't think the world of you." He murmured into her hair, words and more words—brilliant, lovely, smart, delightful, wise and wonderful. She found herself holding onto him, wrapping her arms around his waist, resting her cheek against the buttons of his shirt. The more he whispered, the harder she cried. He finally eased them both down to the floor of the foyer, leaning against the door while she attempted to curl her long limbs into a small enough shape so she could fit into his lap.

She found her forehead pressed against the side of his neck, her fingers hesitantly rubbing at his collar, grazing the skin at the hollow of his throat. His rocking slowly subsided with her tears. She sniffed as quietly as she could. She was afraid to move. She thought if she could match her breath, even her heartbeat with his, he might forget she wasn't a part of him, that they shouldn't be tangled here in a heap on the floor together, that this was the way it should be. And then his hand crept to her hair. At first she thought he was just brushing the unruly mess out of his face to keep it from tickling him, but slowly, as the

sensation of being petted tingled from her scalp down her spine, she realized he was doing it intentionally.

She very bravely lifted her head to meet his eyes. She didn't want it to stop—

didn't want to break whatever spell they were under—but she needed to see him. It was all there, in the way his lips were slightly parted, the way his eyes moved over her face. She held her breath and leaned into him and did it quickly, without thinking, just letting her body lead her. His mouth was soft and he tasted like oranges and cloves. The feel of his tongue, the jolting realization—*he's kissing me back!*—made her squirm in his lap for more. His mouth slanted across hers as he pulled her head closer, his hand now a fist in her hair,. He made a soft, hungry sound in his throat when she rolled her lanky frame to stretch out between his legs and press fully against him.

The angles were all wrong, with David leaning against the door and Cat trying to arch her back to keep her mouth on his and still have every single part of her body touching him all at once. Cat sucked greedily at his lips and tongue, oblivious to the discomfort, but David found a solution. He grasped one of her thighs with his hand, hooking her knee, and pulled it toward him. It forced her to pull her other leg up, too, and she found herself straddling him, discovering the frustrating friction of denim against denim as his hands pulled her tucked-in t-shirt out at the waist and slid up the length of her back.

She delighted in running her hands through his hair and especially thrilled at touching that spot at the nape of his neck where she'd seen that woman touch

him the other night, feeling as if she were defiantly telling someone a deeply kept secret. She was all arms and legs, trying to encircle him completely now at odd angles. David hoisted her a little higher on his waist, using his legs as leverage against the door to lift them both to standing. Her eyes opened in surprise and she looked at him in wonder as he smiled and carried her wrapped around him across the room. Her mouth sought his again, aching for more of the sensation, and he obliged, kissing her deeply into a reclining position onto the sofa.

She sank, the weight of him making it harder than it was already to catch her breath. His mouth slid hotly across her neck, his hands working her t-shirt slowly up as she arched against him. She pushed at him a little, gasping for breath, and tugged his shirt out of the waistband of his jeans, working at the buttons with one hand. He kneeled up to give her easier access, watching her flush more deeply as she fumbled with each upwardly successive button. As he watched her, his eyes darker and even more serious now, she realized he was letting her do this— this was David's very clear "yes." This was not a drifting, or an accidental staying-too-long, an errant kiss or glance or touch. He meant this. He wanted this.

That realization made her hands shake as she exposed his belly, his chest, her hands as awed as she was when they met smooth skin. His eyes closed at her touch and he drew in a deep breath. Her hands explored him eagerly, with unskilled wonder, fascinated by the smooth planes of muscle, hard in all the places she was soft. Her breath caught as her finger found his navel and followed the length of dark hair that disappeared below his belt. She lifted her

eyes to his and found him watching her intently again. She bit her lip and smiled a little mischievously, her attention drawn to the silver buckle that had found its way into her hand. She tugged at it, shivering at the sound of the snap and zip that followed. Boxers. She smiled, pleased.

"Catherine, wait." He caught her hand, moving to stretch out beside her, propped on his elbow. She shook her head and he smiled. "I know, but listen..." He traced slow circles on her bared belly with his index finger. "If we don't stop now, we may not be able to stop..."

"But David...don't you...you don't want me?" Her voice was very small.

He groaned, dropping his forehead to touch hers. "You have no idea how much, girl, and how long... no idea!" He closed his eyes and drew a deep, shaky breath. "Bloody hell! Do you know the amount of self-restraint I have to maintain around you? Your flashing eyes, your bouncing little curls, the curve of your neck, your cheeky smile, the way you pout and fight and spit...my god, you are just like a little cat sometimes, all sleek and purring."

She was blushing now, still shaking her head. "I don't understand. So you do want me?"

"Want you?" He groaned again, pressing his hips against her thigh, and she could feel him through his jeans, a clear pronouncement. "Do you feel that? That's all you, Catherine. Since the very first day you walked into my flat... bending over to get another biscuit with your knickers showing under your skirt..."

"

She blushed more, her face on fire. "But listen to me," he continued. "I'm your tutor, and as such, I'm in a position of a bit of responsibility here. One of us has to keep our wits about us... while we still can."

"So you don't want to... do anything?" The look of disappointment on her face must have been clear.

"Don't be daft, girl," he teased, kissing her again, softly now, a sweet apology. "Of course I want to. But I want you to be clear, and I want to be clear, before we get carried away. I don't know that you are used to having a man, and I am most definitely not some high school boy who will simply fumble with your bra strap and settle for sloppy wet kisses." His hand rested fully open and warm at her navel. The heat was incredible.

"I'm not wearing a bra," she whispered, smiling a little lopsided smile. He laughed and the sound rumbled through her like the beginning of a storm.

"Minx..." He kissed her forehead. "You know what I meant."

"Ok, I guess you should know... that I'm a virgin," she admitted quietly after a moment. "And I... oh, I don't know, part of me wants to wait until I find the person I'm going to spend the rest of my life with. And... well, you know, guys don't much like the flat-chested types who hang out in the shop at school... so..." She left it there with a shrug, avoiding his eyes again.

"So are you telling me you haven't because you haven't had the opportunity, or because you are afraid?" His fingers brushed the fine hairs on her belly. It made her wiggle, as if she were a cat being petted the wrong way.

"I don't know, maybe both."

"Well, let me say this then... we will go slow... and I will stop, whenever you want me to stop. I don't want to hurt you, it's the very last thing I want to do." He brushed a tendril of hair away from her forehead.

"Ok," she breathed, grateful and simultaneously more afraid and more eager than she had been before.

"And Catherine... if I do nothing else in the time we spend together, I am going to convince you of one thing..." His mouth against her ear made her nipples harden immediately.

"Yes?"

"Those shop apes are daft, because you are beautiful." His eyes trailed down her body. "Every glorious inch of you...and I'm desperate to see all of you." The urgency in his voice made her tingle. She slid off the couch and stood, turning her back to him. He settled back into the sofa, watching. She eased her t-shirt up over her head, looking back over her shoulder at him with a wicked little grin, and then tossed it at him. He held it to his face for a moment, breathing in the smell of her, then dropped it to the floor.

Pants were next and, with her back still to him, she found the snap and zip and slide of them over her hips more challenging with his eyes on her. She wiggled the jeans down and toed them off, tugging at her panties to keep them up. She bent over, one hand over her chest, and tossed her jeans behind her. He grinned, catching them, and dropped them to floor. She hesitated, half turned toward him, and he eyed her panties, yellow—like her t-shirt—with little white

flowers. He nodded, and she noticed his hand moving down to cup the bulge in his jeans. That made her flush, and she shook her head, shy now.

He curled his finger at her, and she moved closer, still sideways, until he could touch her. His hand moved over her hip and thigh, tugging at the elastic of her panties. "Come on, sweets," he said hoarsely. "Take your knickers down and show me your naughty bits." Her eyes widened slightly, but she smiled, turning to face him, his hand easing over the angle of her hipbone to rest on the soft inward curve at her navel. She hooked her thumbs in her underwear, giving him a full view of her breasts and, within moments, all of her, as she dropped her panties down onto his chest.

He picked them up, his eyes never leaving hers, and lifted them to his mouth and nose. She flushed, seeing his hand moving over his growing erection, his face buried in the crotch of her panties. He dropped them to the floor and sat up, moving her back with his hands on her sides, arranging her. Her hands went immediately to his head, lost in his dark, thick hair, as he kissed her belly—soft, light kisses that made her stomach flutter and her insides burn.

"Catherine, you are so beautiful." He slid his mouth up further to capture one of her small, dark nipples. She gasped when he did, clutching at him, pressing, and tried to crawl into his lap. He chuckled, sucking her other nipple into his mouth, his fingers finding the wetness of the first, making her whimper and claw at him. She found his mouth with hers, eager and hungry, and he kissed her openly, running his hands up and down her body as if to warm her.

"I want to see all of you," he reminded her, pressing her to stand again. "Open your legs," He slid one hand between her thighs. She did, trembling slightly, her eyes seeking his, finding the approval she was looking for. His fingers eased open her flesh, parting her soft down, exposing her pink heat. His breath was coming faster as he explored her, pressing a finger up inside. "Has anyone ever kissed you here?" His eyes moved over the mound in front of him. She shook her head. A few boys had touched her there, unzipped jeans and groping hands in the dark. One had even rubbed her until she was gasping and shaking and begging for relief, which had followed soon after like a tidal wave, an immediately shocking release.

He smiled a little, and then leaned forward to ease his tongue slowly through her slit, working just at the top of her mound with the flat of his tongue, back and forth. Cat found she couldn't control her breath or the way her fingers dug into his shoulders or the arch of her back. Finally, she put her leg up on his shoulder, wanting to give him more access. She heard his groan, felt the shift of him moving to take her weight. She was unsteady, but didn't care, and she grabbed his head and pressed him into her further, moaning his name again and again.

"Easy..." He pulled away slightly, and her eyes flew open in panic. He smiled, leaning back onto the couch, pulling her with him.

"Wha—?" Before she could finish the question, David had easily positioned her again over his mouth. She balanced herself on the arm of the sofa, feeling his welcome tongue again, lost in her softness. Her cries were low and frequent,

and she found herself moving her hips, begging his mouth to find her again and again. His hands slid up the long length of her torso, finding her nipples and pinching them. She shuddered, moving faster against him. The world was spinning, and she dizzily put her other hand out against the wall. David pressed her hips back, smiling at her disappointed groan as his mouth left her.

"I thought you might want to turn around," he suggested. "Lay on top of me."

She flipped over quickly, positioning herself over his mouth again, even reaching her hand down between her legs to spread her lips, pressing her finger—there—showing him the spot. She felt laughter rippling through his chest which was pressed against her bare belly. She blushed, pressing her hot face against his crotch. He moaned then, no longer laughing. She smiled, rubbing her cheek against the denim and then used her soft, warm hand. He lifted his hips slightly so she could pull them down—jeans and boxers—enough to expose him.

She was free to look, to touch, free of his eyes watching her, and so she did. Her fingertips grazed the head, the shaft, her short nails lightly scratching his scrotum. He shifted when she did that, but didn't tell her no. She lifted their curiously heavy weight in her hand, and then let them fall. The tip of him was wet, and when she kissed it, she could taste him. He groaned then, arching his back and pressing against her mouth.

"Patience, kitten," he murmured. "The longer we do this, the better it feels." His fingers had found her now, rubbing the length of her wetness, and then his tongue found her, too, and she whimpered, spreading her legs wider. She started licking at him, just the tip at first, then the shaft, loving the feel of his response.

She wrapped her hand around the base and tugged at him, easing the skin up over the tip and back down again. He seemed to like that. His hips moved with her, and when she put the whole head of him into her mouth, he moaned right against her clit and made her shiver.

It was hard to concentrate on touching him while his tongue was lapping at her, his fingers spreading her open, but she tried, finding herself matching him. Sometimes she would take him out of her mouth entirely and rest her head against his thigh, lazily stroking him while his tongue pressed into her hole or his fingers probed her there. When his tongue moved back toward her clit, flicking it again and again, she found her hand and mouth eagerly attached to him, moving with the same persistent rhythm.

His fingers found their way into her, and at first she stiffened. David felt it and slowed, whispering, "It's ok, I won't hurt you, it's just my finger." She slowly let him slide one in and out, and then add another. Soon, she was whimpering when he removed them. The feeling of being filled was delicious, but it was the motion—the harder he pressed, the deeper, with more and more force—the more she seemed to want. It was addictive.

"Please, don't" she whispered, when his fingers slipped out of her while his tongue moved over her slippery little clit. "Please, put them back in me."

"Here?" He slid a finger back inside. Her hand tightened and jerked on his cock in response and he groaned.

"Harder," she urged. "More." He obliged, sliding another finger into her. "Ohhh David, please, finger me hard!" She thrust back, her hand working him

furiously. The combination of his tongue on her clit and the sensation of his fingers pistoning in and out of her were too much. She gasped and writhed, and the urgent noises he made deep in his throat pushed her even further, making her squeeze and suck him in earnest.

Then he slowed his fingers, just slightly, his tongue still tickling her clit, faster there now, and she could feel something building, soft and low in her belly. She said his name, his cock firmly pressed into her mouth, into her throat now. She was nearly choking on the length of him, oblivious, focused only on the surge and ripple that was beginning to bubble to her surface. Without losing his rhythm, one of his fingers slid upward, finding the small, puckered hole of her ass and pressing there, just lightly. The naughty surprise of it sent her quivering and moaning directly to some incredible summit—sent them both, David exploding like a molten volcano in her mouth—and she found herself swallowing the burning heat of him again and again as she whimpered and shuddered against his length.

She was suddenly glad for their position, thankful he couldn't see her face, which she pressed into his belly, hiding as she rolled off him to the side. His hand found her hair and stroked her—shoulder, arm, side, thigh. She found her breath returning with her senses. The taste of him burned at the back of her throat, and she wanted to tell him something, but couldn't find any words.

"Come here." He pulled at her until she maneuvered herself around to put her head on his chest and her leg up over his. He kissed her forehead, once,

twice, and pulled a blanket from the back of the couch to cover them both. "Are you ok? Are you cold?"

They were two different questions, but she said, "Yes" to both anyway, unsure, and snuggled closer. "I have to go soon."

"I know. Your parents, who are paying me to teach you geometry, are expecting you home for dinner, I imagine," he said smartly and she giggled.

"Should I tell him I already ate?" she teased, running her hand under the blanket and over his belly down toward his flaccid penis.

"That's a beastly idea." He snorted, then groaned as her small, soft hand squeezed a little life into him. "I think we need to keep this to ourselves, luv."

"So first geometry, then.... this?" she asked, hopefully, pressing her breasts into his side and enjoying the response between his legs, a slow but steady stiffening.

"Nothing like a rewards system." He chuckled. "Let's see how it works?"

Cat found herself living for the heaven and hell of her time with David, the vexation of her personal math struggles, the frustration of trying to think with his thigh brushing hers at the kitchen table, and the inevitable dissolution of his adamant insistence on separating work from pleasure. There was no stopping them once it started, it seemed.

He would be trying to help her with a proof, leaning over her, his large hand working the pencil and she would remember how his hand worked her and it would all immediately become garbled nonsense, not that it usually wasn't anyway. The minute that happened, she became unable to focus and would

whimper and press back against him in the chair. At first, he could simply shift and look sternly at her, and she would attempt to concentrate again, wanting to please him. Eventually, though, she discovered she pleased him a great deal more if she slid her hands up her thighs—Paj kept remarking on her wearing skirts all the time now—and pulled her panties aside to finger herself.

She grew more and more bold with every encounter, and so did he, as they faced the issue of her inexplicable but tightly held fear of letting go of her virginity. She had learned to suck him, stroke him and rub him from every angle, with every part of her, but she couldn't let him inside of her. Every time he got near, the throbbing stretch and heat of him impossible, she would panic and tell him no. If he would groan and beg and press a little more, she would cry and say, "But you promised you'd stop if I said..." and so he would.

They both had their own frustrations now, and both were keen with a growing need for resolution. She would sit for her SATs in two weeks, and she still didn't really understand what Pythagoras was theorizing all about. David's panting and increasing dissatisfaction of not being buried inside of her was driving him to distraction, and in fact causing her a great deal of inner turmoil, as she feared another big, beautiful blonde might show up who would be more than willing to ease his ache.

One afternoon she rushed to his place, so eager for him that she hadn't even changed her coveralls from working with Paj in the shop. She didn't knock anymore, just let herself in. She made her way through the house until she found him up in his room, stretched out on the futon that was positioned underneath the

loft that served as his bed. He looked up at her, surprised, and suddenly lustful at the sight of her. "Nice boiler suit," was all he said, but he'd left it mostly on her while he thrust himself to completion in her mouth, her face still streaked with oil and engine dirt.

That was the first time he'd really pushed her for an alternate solution, and it coincidentally aligned with the resolution of her problem with Pythagoras. She decided to wash away all the dirt and grime in the little shower off of David's loft bedroom and when she came out, wearing a towel turbaned around her hair and nothing else, she found him standing there, fingering her coveralls thoughtfully.

"Want a pair?" She teased him, knowing he didn't know the difference between a fuel injector and a timing belt. "You could come help me put the finishing touches on Stuie. He's almost street legal now that he's got a new muffler system."

"Catherine, I'm a bleeding idiot!" David stared at her in awe, probably the first time he'd looked at her naked without a hint of lust in his eyes.

"Huh?" She flipped the towel off her head and quickly dried her hair with it.

"You're a kinesthetic learner. Of course you are. How thick can I bet?" He shook his head, laughing to himself. "You can take an engine apart with one hand tied behind your back, but you can't learn Pythagoras' theorem? What's wrong with that picture?"

"Oh, I'm just not a math person, David. I've accepted it." She tossed the towel and reached for her t-shirt.

"Buggar that!" he growled, pulling her to him. "You are absolutely brilliant! You are the smartest, most amazing woman I've ever met, and I'm going to prove it to you!"

Her breath caught and she stared at him, bemused. "Catherine, you've heard me talk about the universe having like a geometric blueprint, a cycle that repeats over and over..." She nodded, but shrugged. He'd talked and talked about it, but she'd never really understood it.

"It's in everything—the shape of a sunflower, in crystals, in the center of the Milky Way, in our very cells and DNA—we all have this sacred geometrical pattern." He sat on the futon was opened flat from earlier, pulling her into his lap. "And it all starts with a basic angle, one simple equation."

He flipped her into the futon and she squealed, laughing, as she sprawled out before him. His excitement was catching, and she was admittedly curious.

"You, my little duck, are a hands-on kinda girl, hm?" He smiled down at her, rubbing her ankles with his thumbs. She shrugged, still smiling a little dreamily up at him, her body tingling like it always did when was displayed like this for him. He opened her legs, and said, "Don't move." She raised her eyebrows, but she didn't.

"Let's start at the beginning... first define an angle," he said. "Tell me."

"When two lines intersect in a point, called a vertex, the circular span between the lines is called an angle," she quoted. She could have probably quoted the whole text, and yet she didn't have any real comprehension of it. The minute the pencil went to the paper, she was lost.

"Yes, such a good girl," he murmured. She saw his gaze fixed between her thighs, his eyes growing darker. "When two lines," he repeated, his hand starting at her ankles and sliding up the impossibly long, smooth length of her legs. "Intersect in a point." His hands stopped at the bend of her thighs, his thumbs below, his fingers above, framing her dark brown triangle with his hands. "A vertex." He grinned, slipping his finger through the center of her, making her shiver. "This, right here... this is the vertex... do you feel that." His finger moved gently over her clit, sending an immediate rush of blood there.

"Yes," she breathed, her eyes closing for a moment.

"So the angle is this circular span between the two lines." He rubbed his hand over the futon beneath her. She propped herself on her elbows, looking down at the cushioned surface, her head cocked. "This is a 90 degree angle." He arranged her legs just so. "With a third side, this is a right triangle. An angle, if it's less than 90 degrees, is an acute angle." He slid her legs nearly closed by the ankles. "And I have to admit, this angle is pretty damned cute." He looked fondly at how her lips pressed together in a sweet little pout. She was giggling, now. "An angle larger than 90 degrees, now... that's an obtuse angle." He pressed her legs open, out, out, wider. She gasped, wiggling, until finally she cried, "Ow, ow, ow, ok I got it, stop!"

"Good girl." He smiled. "Now...you can understand Pythagorean's theorem..."

She shook her head, already pouting. "David, no. There's no way. I try and I try, but *I just don't get it.*" She turned onto her belly and moving to get off the futon. "I think I'm just mathematically challenged."

David watched her moodily cross the room, leaning back, a small smile playing at his lips. He started unbuckling his belt. Her head snapped toward him immediately. She heard that sound in her dreams sometimes, followed by the slow click of his zipper, the push of material, and—oh, yes, the freeing of his cock—which always made her ache with longing. She settled cross-armed against his dresser, and she knew he could see her reflected in the mirror, her bum propped on the edge. The sight of her leaning there made him visibly harder, and he reached down and tilted his cock toward her, an offering.

She smiled, biting her lip, and slipped to her knees. She was crawling toward him, grinning, unable to resist, and he knew it. She settled herself between his legs, watching his hand move steadily over his cock. He looked at her through half closed eyes, reaching his other hand to cup and fondle her breast, pulling gently at her nipple and making her sigh softly and arch her back. She loved watching him, feeling the motion and urgency of him touching himself. She leaned in to kiss the tip and he grabbed her head and pressed, seeking her throat, finding it. She gagged a little and he growled at the sound, easing up somewhat. It served to do little but make her more hungry for him, and she knelt above him to prop herself at a better angle to take him more deeply into her mouth.

He pulled her bottom around so he could spread her open with his fingers as she sucked him. She moaned, edging closer, and she knew that he was waiting, even though he must know how much she wanted his mouth, his tongue. He waited, exploring from the edges to the center of her, letting his finger disappear slowly in and out. She wiggled and pressed back again, moaning around his cock. "Harder," she begged. He gave her another finger, picked up the pace, and she moaned louder, "Ohhh David, yessss!"

He worked her faster, deeper, his fingers making a soft squelching sound against her flesh. She slid closer still, her whole demeanor begging for his tongue. Her mouth slowed on him, although her hand didn't.

"Will you lick me?" She glanced back at him.

"Will you let me fuck you?"

She groaned, pressing her forehead to his thigh, shaking her head. "I can't."

"God, Catherine, you have the most beautiful little pussy." His fingers moved deeper still, his thumb finding her aching clit. She shuddered. "I want you so much. I promise I won't hurt you."

"I can't, I can't," she whispered, starting to disengage, moving away. His hands on her hips stopped her, pulling her back and centering her over him.

"I want to be inside of you."

She whimpered. His fingers petted her, spreading her wetness, which was considerable, everywhere. "You love my fingers inside you... imagine how it would feel to have my prick here." Her hand tightened on him at the thought and he moaned.

"David, please," she begged.

"Ok." He sighed. "I'll tell you what."

"What?"

His tongue found her then, expertly teasing her clit, and she sighed, and then started making soft little cries as he wrapped his arms around her hips, pulling her closer. She started moving against him, whispering, "Yes, yes," again and again. She could feel it beginning to tighten, like something deeply coiled within her, edging closer to being unsprung.

"Please!" She was begging him now, his stiff cock in her hand all but forgotten.

Then his tongue teasingly slowed, and stopped. She groaned, glancing back at him, her eyes half closed and a little wild. He smiled slowly, his face full of her, and gently eased her down onto the futon. He kissed her, and she could taste herself in his mouth, pungent and a little musky. She was dizzy with wanting him, her hand seeking his cock without even looking, just wanting to feel the swell of it in her hand.

"Do me a favor?" He smiled. She looked at him quizzically. "In the bathroom. Top left drawer. K-Y jelly." She cocked her head and frowned, but she obeyed him, curious. Sometimes they used it when she asked him to stroke himself for her until he came. It was one of her favorite things, she'd discovered, and she loved to watch, the surge and flow and buck and growl of him. The thought warmed her as she pawed through the drawer.

"It's not here!" she called, still searching.

"Oh, wait, did I say top drawer? I think it's in the bottom drawer," he called back. Finally, there it was, behind the aloe vera gel and under an old, worn copy of *Parabola*.

"David?" She stood at the doorway, tube in hand, surprised at the empty futon.

"Up here!"

She glanced toward the ceiling. The loft. They didn't go up there much. The loft had 12 foot ceilings, but there wasn't a lot of room between ceiling and the bed. Whoever had built it liked close quarters, or had needed the space underneath. She walked to the loft and stopped, puzzled, where the ladder should be.

David peeked over the edge, still smiling that funny secret smile. "Coming up?"

"Yeah, where's the ladder?" She waved the K-Y at him. He grinned.

"Mmmm god baby, I need that." He rolled out a little so she could see him, holding his hard cock. She watched him for a moment, all hungry eyes. She could hear it, the sweet sound of skin on skin.

"Well then here..." She tossed it up, a good throw, and it landed on the other side of him. "Now put the ladder down."

"Well..." David propped himself on his elbow, grinning. "Just one more thing." She shook her head, rolling her eyes.

"Now what? Do you want me to get handcuffs, a blindfold, maybe some whipped cream? You've clearly got *something* planned!" She stood with her hands on her hips.

"If I ask you to, you'll really get it?" he asked. She nodded, growing exasperated. "Ok, in my desk over there, get a piece of paper, a pencil, the calculator and the measuring tape. Top drawer."

"Are you sure it's the top drawer?" she asked, doing what he asked, finding them.

"Ok...now comes the hard part," he admitted, still grinning. "See the X on the floor under you?" She stepped back, noticing for the first time a masking taped X on the carpet. The roll of masking tape was sitting on the floor. "That's the point where the ladder meets the floor. It's four feet out from the loft base, and the loft is 9 feet high. Tell me how long the ladder has to be for you to get up here."

She stood there aghast, seriously considering throwing the tape measure at his head. "You have got to be kidding," she said flatly. "What makes you think I'm going to do this?"

"You want me." David said confidently, his hand still wrapped around his erection. "And you want this."

"Not that much I don't!" Cat hissed, turning toward the door.

"And I have your clothes," David added, calling after her. Cat stopped, swearing. Even if she took some of his clothes to get out of the house, she knew

she wouldn't be able to explain their appearance—or her own clothes' disappearance—to her curious parents. He had her, and he knew it.

"I hate you!" She sat cross legged on the futon.

"I know," he said. "But I know you can figure this out. And now you have a really good incentive." She glared at him. "Me," he added, as if she hadn't quite understood.

"If I figure this out, you will let the ladder down?"

"Yes, and you can climb up the ladder of love." He wiggled his eyebrows.

She rolled her eyes, sticking her tongue out at him. Sighing, she picked the paper and pencil up and leaned over the dresser. She grinned mischievously, and then gave him a good view of her behind, spreading her legs a little. She heard him groan, and she smiled slyly, sliding her fingers between her pussy lips and spreading them.

"The sides of a right triangle are  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ , where  $a$  and  $b$  represent the lengths of the legs and  $c$  is the length of the hypotenuse," she murmured.

"Set it up like I showed you," David called over the side. She could hear him working his cock. "And hurry!"

"Bite me!" She chewed lightly on the pencil eraser and arched her back more. Eyeing him up in the loft, making sure she had his attention, she turned back to the paper. "A... we can make A... the height of the loft... 9 feet... and then B would be..." She hesitated, putting her head on the table. She felt her

body flush with the familiar shame. "I'm stupid," she called, her voice muffled. "I just totally blank. David, it's useless."

"Get the tape measure." David pointed. "Go ahead, get it." She picked it up, showing it to him. "Good, now, put your end on the X...and hand the other end to me." She did, catching the end of the tape measure with her toe so she could pull it out and meet David's outstretched hand. He had to hang halfway off the loft to reach her. He eyed her lengthened limbs, her muscles taut. She knew she was quite a sight.

"Nine feet, seven inches," he reported.

"So?" she shrugged.

"So now do the equation."

She put pencil back to the paper with a sigh. "Nine feet ... squared... is eighty-one... four feet squared... is... sixteen... eighty-one plus sixteen... is ninety seven. So, it's ninety seven," Cat sighed. "Obviously I did it wrong again!"

"Remember your equation," David hinted.

She glanced back at the paper. "C... oh, squared. The square root of ninety seven... oh I'm supposed to do THAT in my head?" She looked up at him, exasperated.

"Calculator," he reminded her.

She punched in ninety seven and hit the square root key. "9.84." She shrugged, looking up at him quizzically. "So?"

"So it's 9.84. Which is roughly nine feet seven inches," he assured her, and waited.

Her jaw suddenly dropped. It was a true Helen Keller moment. Something incredibly simple that had taken her so long to actually comprehend. "That's what we measured? Nine feet seven inches?" she gasped. He nodded, his eyes bright with the light of her.

"Oh my god! David, I did it, I did it!" She squealed, double checking the paper, then looking back at the loft and the ladder. She insisted on measuring it again, and he obliged, grinning. He lowered the ladder for her then.

"You'd better get up here before you catch cold."

She climbed up, still slightly dazed, blissfully excited. He caught her into his arms and he rolled her onto the bed, squeezing her hard enough to make her gasp. She settled, pressing her bottom back and snuggling against him. He slid his hand over the hard plane of her hip bone, down into the soft dip of her belly, pressing her there. She was smiling dreamily, just floating, content.

"You are so precious." He whispered it against the curve of her neck. "So brilliant, so beautiful, and so very, very mine." He kissed her there, sucking gently at the soft, tender skin of her neck, making a mark. Her heart lurched. "I want you more than anything I've ever wanted in my life."

"I want you, too." She closed her eyes as he kissed her shoulder blade alive. "I'm just scared."

"I will be so gentle."

"I know, I know, it isn't that. I just... David, this is going to sound so dumb." She closed her eyes against his reaction. "I want it to be with the man I'm going to spend forever with. I don't think you're ready to give me forever, and I don't

know that I'm ready for that, either." It hung there, like a sour note played at the end of a perfectly orchestrated concert.

"Ok," he relented finally. "You're right. I'm sorry, Catherine." They lay there spooned together, and Cat thought she may have slept, because the light from the skylight seemed to have changed and shifted when she felt David's cock pressed against the small of her back again. He was slick—he could hear his hand on it. KY, she thought sleepily, smiling. The wet sound woke something in her that her body attempted to catch up to in her re-emerging consciousness.

"Wanna help?" he asked quietly, and she nodded, reaching back to feel him. She couldn't remember him being any harder. He slowly thrust into her hand, easy, slow, his breath getting just a little faster when she squeezed or pulled him. "Between your legs," he insisted. She hesitated, but then lifted her leg slightly, sliding him toward the apex of her thighs. Vertex, she thought dreamily, happily. He slid there between her legs, not entering her, just allowing the places where her flesh parted to spread and give and make room for him. The head of his cock rubbed her clit and the length of him eased through her slit again, again, again. It was like sex, but he wasn't inside of her, not really.

He reached for her breast, cupping it, tweaking it. She responded, moving faster against him. He slid his hand down the stretch and pull of her, the muscles moving under her skin as she writhed against him, to cup the rounded flesh pressed against his groin, pulling her cheeks apart a little. She gasped at that sensation, feeling his fingers ease her open there, probing the small puckered hole of her ass.

"Ohhh no no..." She shook her head, her eyes closing against it. It was too naughty, too nasty, too wrong. But he pressed his wet finger there, the moisture allowing an easier entry. She tensed, her breath caught. "Noooo..."

"Shhh, it's ok. Just relax." His finger eased just a little deeper into her there. "See... oh that's a good girl... when you relax like that, I can get two fingers in you." And he could, gently turning them against the soft flesh, the single tight band of muscle a little less snug around his fingers.

"David, we can't." She pulled away slightly. "Please." The sensation was strange and compelling. She had no idea she would be so sensitive there.

"If I put my prick here," David explained softly. "You will remain a virgin, hm?" She gasped, her eyes flying open. "Shhhh," he reassured her. "We won't if you don't want to. If you say no, we'll stop."

It was enough reassurance to let her ease back a little, letting him resume his slow exploration of her ass. His cock jumped against her thigh. She pressed her face into the pillow, feeling him ease her further open, two fingers moving slowly in and out now, or maybe three? It stretched, burned a little. He was technically right, of course, although it felt all wrong. Still, she knew how much he wanted to be inside her in some way, and she so wanted to please him.

"Is this ok?" His voice was a little hoarse and the sound of it made her dizzy. She nodded, a muffled yes. He groaned at her relenting, moving her so that her hips were raised, her face still buried in the pillow. He kneeled behind her, still gently moving his fingers into her. Slowly sliding his fingers out, and he pushed the tip of his cock there. Cat gasped loudly when she felt him start to ease in, her

eyes flying open in terror, her hands clutching the pillow, the sheets, scrambling. David reached underneath and held onto her belly, steadying her, his cock still poised at the entrance of that tender spot.

"Easy, easy." His hand slipped down further and touched her clit, rubbing there. She relaxed slightly, and began to rock a little and moan. Then he leaned into her, just a slight shift, pressing, and she gasped, wiggling, trying to move forward and away from him. Cat found that when she did, his hand would slip away from her clit and she would ache for it, and so finally, she would push back on him so his hand could reach her.

She didn't know how long they danced this way, the sweet and awful sensation of pleasure, then pain, pleasure, then pain. She was growing hot, sweaty, her face still pressed into the pillow to muffle her cries. And then she felt it, as if there had been no easement, no build up at all, the tip of his cock was inside of her, stretching her to some ultimate maximum. She shrieked into the pillow, asking him, begging him, "David no, please, take it out, take it out!" He tried to hold her still, one hand reaching to grasp her shoulder so as not to give up any hard earned ground as she writhed under him, the other hand going for that sweet button of flesh at the top of her mound.

"Cat, cat, kitty cat." He was almost chanting it, barely above a whisper. "Easy now, just relax." She panted against the pillow, shaking her head, the sensation of being stretched open there so incredibly foreign. He didn't move any further in, just held firm, but his course was set—she could hear and feel it in his

words, "Ohhh, you feel soooo good." That, and his fingers making easy circles over her swollen clit, eased her open.

She wiped at her face, sweat and tears, with her hand, and pushed herself up fully onto her hands and knees. She looked back at him, her color high and her cheeks lined with pillow imprints. "Ok," she said, determined now. "Ok ok ok, let's do it." She felt his cock jump in her ass, as if she'd shocked him, and she thought she rather had. He was half smiling at her, his eyes filled with nothing but pure lust.

"Put it all the way in me," she rasped, and pushed back against him. He grunted in surprise, shifting to take the pressure, and she felt a deeper sinking, another inch of him inside of her. She groaned, feeling the hole there tighten in protest. Relax, relax, she thought, and it eased. She pushed back again. Another inch. Her hands were fists on the sheets. More. Another inch. *Jesus God, does it ever end?*

She glanced back, searching. "More?" He nodded and she winced.

"Here, let me do this." He reached for the KY, putting some on his fingers and slipping them over his shaft. He rubbed more against the sensitive flesh she knew he had every intention of rending. "Now, slow..." he reminded her, pushing in and getting another bit of him inside of her.

"Ohhh, god, I can't stand it!" She moaned, and backed against him hard, as hard as she could, letting out a high pitched shriek as she did. David made a sound, low and guttural, his hands gripping her hips and moving her, just slightly, from side to side. He was fully in her now.

*Over, it's over*, she thought gratefully as he began to move out of her. Her whole body started to relax, and then, just as the tip of him nearly slipped from the hole, he started pushing himself slowly back into her flesh. It had just begun.

"You feel incredible." David eased his way back in. "Just relax, open up." She was trying. She'd forgotten, in the sudden hope that it was ended, that there might be some respite. He began an easy, rhythmic movement, moaning when the taut muscle of her sphincter rubbed the rim of his cock on the outstroke. She made mewling sounds with every thrust, her eyes closed tightly.

"It this ok?" He pressed fully into her. She nodded, breathing fast, and moaned when he slipped his hand down and cupped her mound. His fingers followed her wetness, finding the fissure there and caressing the tiny zenith at the top of the crease. He held himself still for a moment, petting her toward insensible, and then began to move again. She tightened, the tremendous expanse of the pull and push still peculiar and remarkable to her, but his expert touch rapidly gave her a ready distraction.

He was moving freely into her now, the pace of his thrusts beginning to catch up to the furious motion of his fingers on her clit. He groaned when she started bucking her hips, lifting her ass higher into the air, the point of entry shifting slightly at this angle. "Ahhhhh god, I'm close," he panted, and she moaned softly, reaching back and grasping his hand that was digging into her hip, squeezing hard.

"David, please," she begged. "Please, please." She simply wanted release, some sort of finale to the relentless ache between her legs.

"Do you like my prick in your tight little arse?" His words pushed her towards her climax and she nodded, the admission rushing color to her cheeks. "Do you like to be fucked?"

"Yes!" She lifted her ass higher and pressed her shoulders to the bed, the driving force of him propelling her forward again and again, sliding them nearer and nearer to the edge of the loft and the edge of infinity. "Oh god yes, fuck me! David, make me come for you."

The sound of the words in her mouth were enough for both of them, and he slid his cock reluctantly out of her shamefully dilated sphincter, growling a little with every surge that erupted from his member. Cat felt the fluid heat of him pulsing onto her swollen, fleshy folds, oozing downward, thick and viscous, where his hand was still working her, determined, persistent. The simultaneous sensation of the sudden void where a moment ago there was an aching stretch and swell, coupled with the moving liquid fire of him reaching its clear destination at her clit sent her over, her hand clamping down on his hand between her legs, riding the wave of pleasure with her rolling hips.

They snuggled down under the covers afterward, and slept for a while. It was the first and only night she spent with him. There would be many more days of geometry lessons and she would even take him for a ride in Stuie before he left to go back to England for a teaching post there. But there would be no more nights quite like that one, nested together in the loft, gazing up through a skylight that revealed a small sacred expanse of their universe, a window to the stars.

***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 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 has also been an EPIC Award Finalist two years in a row (2008 and 2009) with [EcoErotica](#) and [The Real Mother Goose](#).

She can be reached on her website at [www.selenakitt.com](http://www.selenakitt.com).

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## **PAPERBACK ROMANCE**

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

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and really hot sex.*

EXCERPT from PAPERBACK ROMANCE:

She heard him come in, and she found herself hesitating to go back out, staring at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and her whole body tingling, like a limb that had gone to sleep and was just waking up.

What was happening seemed so out of character for both of them—it seemed too fantastic to be real. Was she really sitting in her Ancient History class right now,

looking out the window, chewing on a pen cap, and dreaming all of this? Part of her thought that must be the case. When she opened the door, he was standing by the open window, looking out at the lake. He smiled at her and held out a hand. She took it, still marveling at his touch, and joined him. The sun was brilliant on the water as it rippled toward shore.

“Look.” He pointed toward the mallards that were paddling toward the reeds. As she watched, she saw a mother duck leading her little downy ducklings all in a row for a swim out on the lake.

She watched them in wonder, all too aware of James’ body, his hip against her hip, his hand moving around her waist. “I wonder which one is going to grow up to be a swan?”

He smiled down at her, his attention shifting, his eyes falling to her mouth. “This one.” He tilted her chin up and kissed her. This wasn’t like the tentative kiss in the car. This one was full of passion and an eager longing that matched her own. She whimpered against his lips, seeking his center with her tongue.

He breathed her in—she could feel the expanding of his chest as he pulled her in tight, his hands seeking the bare skin of her back under her t-shirt. The bed seemed miles away as they kissed and touched their way towards it, peeling off clothes and exploring each other as they went. His mouth seemed to want to devour her and she met him like a lifetime of pent-up breath until they were gasping, collapsed, his body pressing her to the floor still five feet short of the bed.

Her t-shirt was pulled up, his jacket off, shirt unbuttoned, and they were pressed belly to belly, but it made the thickness of her jeans too much—she couldn’t feel the

heat of him like she wanted. Her fingers fumbled with the snap and zipper, wiggling out, and the writhing of her under him as she exposed her panties and bare thighs brought a growl from his throat that sent a shiver through her.

She toed her jeans the rest of the way off, wrapping her legs around him when they were free, digging her heels into his lower back and arching. He fumbled with the front hook of her bra and she brushed his hands away, impatient, rolling on top of him and sitting. His eyes were full of lust as he looked up at her peeling off her t-shirt, unhooking her bra and letting her breasts spill out into his hands as she leaned forward to kiss him, her mouth hungry.

She rocked her hips, her thin panties rubbing against the material of his trousers, the bite of his belt a shock as he grabbed her sides and slid her up so he could lick and suck at her nipples like a man who had never tasted flesh before. The eagerness of his mouth made her hips rock hard and she wanted more still. She slid up his belly and sat on his chest, pulling her panties aside to show him the red fuzz between her legs. The groan that elicited was so gratifying that she gave him a little more pink, spreading her lips open so she could rub her clit...

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