

I'LL BE YOUR SUPERMAN



SELENA KITT

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I'll Be Your Superman

By Selena Kitt

“He wants you.” His hand moved over her hip under the covers.

“So?” She turned toward him in the dark. “You’re saying because Ben wants me he should get to have me?”

“And you want him.”

There was a long silence before she slid over and put her head on his shoulder. “Why do you think so?”

“I know you.” Evan stroked her hair. “I’ve seen you look at him...the way you are around him. You do that little laugh with him.”

“I have a laugh?”

“Yeah, it’s the ‘You’re so funny, I wish you’d fuck me now’ laugh.”

She snorted. “I do not.”

“Yes, you do,” he countered. “You want him, he wants you...and I want to watch.”

“Why?” She shook her head.

“I don’t know.” He shrugged. “Let’s just say I want to live vicariously.”

She sighed and kissed his shoulder. “Aren’t you worried?”

“About what?”

“What if I fall in love with Ben? Or Ben falls in love with me?”

He kissed the top of her head. “You already love each other. That’s the point.”

“What if I decide to leave?” she mock-threatened.

It was his turn to snort. “Baby, if you were going to leave, you’d have done it three years ago, when I went all Christopher Reeves on you.”

She rolled her eyes. “So you’re Superman now?”

“It’s a bird, it’s a plane—no, wait, it’s a wheelchair!”

She shoved him with her hip. “Besides, Christopher Reeve was a *quadraplegic*, you idiot. And he...well, they had a baby together, after his accident.”

“I know.” He sighed. “His parts worked, even if he couldn’t feel a damned thing—mine don’t. Luck of the draw, babe.”

“Evan, I love you,” she said. “Doing this makes no sense.”

“Yes, it does,” he argued. “And you know it.”

“I’m perfectly satisfied, you know.” She pressed her breasts against his side. “You do have a tongue, remember?”

“Yes.” He chuckled. “And I’m rather talented with it, if I do say so myself.”

“I don’t know,” she purred, slipping her leg up over him. “Let’s try it out again, just to be sure.”

He cradled her ass as she slid up his chest. “Only if you say yes.”

“To what? Sex with Ben?” She reached down and spread her lips open.

“Yes.” He pushed her fingers out of the way to explore for himself, up and down her slit. Her hands moved her breasts, playing with her nipples.

“And what if I’m perfectly happy with my Amazing Vegetable Tongue-o-Matic?”

He laughed. “You’re such a bitch.” He reached up and twisted her nipples, making her squeal.

“I want you, not Ben.” Her voice was quiet.

“You can’t really have me.” He slid a finger up inside of her. “That’s kind of the problem.”

She made a noise deep in her throat as he started to finger her. “Oh, shut up and lick me.”

He did, slipping his hands around her hips and guiding her toward his tongue. She shaved for him because he loved it—her skin there was soft and completely bald, admitting his probing tongue without any resistance at all. She had come twice tonight for him already. He loved pushing her until she couldn’t stand it, until she was begging him to stop, pleading, “No more, I can’t! No more!” There was usually at least *one* more...

“Ooh!” she squealed when he found her clit, grabbing onto the headboard and rocking her hips.

He loved her enthusiasm and the way she responded to him and how he could always take her a little deeper than she thought she could really go. Sliding another finger in to join the first, he held them stiff as she moved against his tongue, letting her fuck his hand.

“Another one.” She spread her legs a little wider. He smiled, sliding a third finger into her, feeling her slip down toward him, shoving his hand in deeper.

“Mmmmmm,” she hummed, and he could feel her squeezing her muscles. Her voice was a whispered plea. “Lick, lick, lick.”

His whole mouth covered her mound now, his tongue flat and sweeping, the way she liked it at the beginning, back and forth over the tender bud of her clit. He could feel her muscles deep inside around his fingers, tightening and releasing, and he knew what she wanted, how much she missed what she kept saying she didn’t.

He sucked her clit, starting to move his fingers in and out of her pussy, fast, making her moan and buck on top of him. Keeping a constant suction on her clit, or else she would just writhe and wriggle right away, he pistoned his fingers into her, driving hard, making her moan.

God, he loved fucking her. He missed fucking her—shoving his cock so far into her that she gasped and tried to twist out of his grip. He had no feeling left there at all...his cock was simply a bathroom tool now. Still, he felt arousal. It wasn’t centered in his genitals anymore—it was more like an overall flush, like his whole body became an erection and he was fucking her completely.

“You want a big, hard cock shoved up in there, don’t you?” He pressed his fingers into her flesh. She moaned and whimpered. “Tell me, Stef.”

“God!” she gasped, as he used the fingers on his other hand to pull back the hood of her clit and rub it—that always made her whole body shudder.

“Fingers just aren’t the same, are they?” He worked her clit faster now. Her thighs were trembling. “And a dildo isn’t the same either, is it?” Her juices were

flowing down over his hand and wrist, and she was gripping the headboard so hard it rocked along with her, banging into the wall with her movements.

“A big, hard cock...” He twisted his fingers inside her. “Hot flesh driving up inside of you...filling every part of you...”

“Oh, please,” she begged, slamming her body down onto his hand, his fingers working her clit in fast circles. “Oh, Evan, use your tongue.”

“Tell me you want it,” he said. “Tell me you want to be fucked. Tell me the truth.”

“No,” she pleaded, trembling on him. “Please, don’t...”

“Tell me.” He teased her clit for a minute with just the tip of his tongue and then pulled it away.

She moaned. “Oh, God!”

“You know it’s true.” He did it again, just a tease over her clit, his fingers moving slow now, the wet squelch of her pussy filling the room.

“Oh, fuck!” She shuddered against him, grabbing his head, trying to get him to put his tongue where she wanted it.

He jerked back. “Tell me you want a cock inside you, Stef.”

He felt her relent, her muscles going slack. She stopped fighting him, fighting it, whispering, “Oh, I hate you for this.”

“No, you don’t.” He feathered kisses on her clit now. “Tell me.”

“Yes!” she moaned. “Yes, yes, yes! I want to be fucked!”

Her admission sent a jolt through him as she went wild, gasping and moaning, thrusting her hips against his face and tongue until she came, her muscles fluttering around the fingers plunged deep inside her pussy.

When she was spent, she crawled off of him and buried her face in her pillow. He thought he heard her say, “I hate you,” but he wasn’t sure. He used the incredible strength in his arms to move himself up onto his elbow beside her, stroking her long, sweat-dampened and tangled blonde hair.

“I’m going to invite Ben to dinner,” he said.

Stef turned her face to him. “Is this what you really want?”

He leaned in and kissed her shoulder. “It’s what you need.”

* * * *

“More wine,” Stef said grimly, holding her glass out to him.

Evan filled it without even raising his eyebrows, knowing how much she hated the stuff.

“How’s the roast?” He watched her down the liquid with a grimace and a shudder.

Putting her glass down on the table, she turned to the oven, bending to open it just a crack. He admired the way her green dress pulled across her hips and rode up her thighs when she did, knowing just where her black thigh-highs ended and where the crotch of the matching black panties began under that dress. The thought made him dizzy with lust.

Stef slammed the oven door shut with a gasp when the doorbell rang. Evan whirled his chair around expertly, heading to answer it. She grabbed the handgrip on the back, and he looked over his shoulder at her.

She was shaking her head, her eyes wide. "I can't do this."

"No backslides." He grinned.

"I'm not kidding!" She pinched his shoulder and made a face.

He pushed off again toward the door, calling back, "It'll be okay."

When he and Ben came back into the kitchen, she was pouring herself another glass of wine, but the roast was out of the oven and ready to be carved.

Evan saw the awkward and slightly fearful, but definitely excited look that passed between them as Stef leaned in to kiss Ben's cheek and hug him hello. He noticed his friend's hands linger a little longer over her hips, and the flush in his wife's cheeks that hadn't been there five minutes ago, wine or no wine.

"So how's business, Ben?" Evan watched Stef turn back to the roast, grabbing the knife out of the block. She took another sip of wine before she started carving.

"I'm tired." He sank into one of the kitchen chairs with a sigh, running a hand through his brown mop. His cheeks were scruffy and he rubbed them as he watched his friend's wife. "This time of year, it's constant."

"Feast or famine," Stef remarked as they both watched her struggling with the knife. "Seasonal work is always like that. You've got a good tan going, though. There's a nice perk."

Ben smiled, standing and coming up behind her. "Do you want help with that?"

She didn't turn, but she handed him the knife. "Thanks. Do you want something to drink? Wine, beer?"

"Wine would be great." He started to make quick work of the roast. Evan sat back in his chair and watched his wife pour the wine, noticing the slight tremble as she handed the glass to Ben, their hands touching briefly.

"So how's your latest idea coming, Ev?" Ben transferred meat from roast pan to platter.

"Great, actually." He tipped his wine glass toward Stef. She filled his glass. Half the bottle was gone already. "Been pounding out a good four to five thousand words a day."

"It's really good." Stef's eyes moved lovingly over her husband's face. "You should read it."

"You're the only one who gets that privilege." Evan winked.

"I see." Stef was staring into her wine glass. "*That* you'll keep between us?"

"Whoa." Ben set the carved roast platter on the table between the potatoes and peas. "Listen, we don't have to do this."

He sat on Stef's other side, his eyes searching her face, but she wouldn't look at him. Her face was even more flushed now. Ben looked over at Evan, who shrugged.

“We might as well talk about the elephant in the middle of the room.” Ben poked at Stef’s forearm. “Not that you’re an elephant. Hippo, or rhino, maybe...”

“Shut up!” She made a face at him then, and couldn’t help smiling a little. She reached for the potatoes and plopped some onto her plate, passing the bowl to Ben. “I just... I guess I’m a little scared.”

“Fair enough.” Ben handed the potatoes to Evan, who had rolled his chair up to the table. “Me, too.”

“Yeah?” She cocked her head at him, tucking a long stray strand of blonde hair behind her ear. “Of what?”

“I guess the same things you are.” Ben took the peas from her. “What if this jeopardizes our friendship?”

“God, these things are always so messy.” Stef slid the platter of meat toward Ben.

“Life is messy.” Evan pierced a bloody piece of meat. “People walk out in the street and get hit by buses. People get blown up by terrorists in their own office buildings. People crash their motorcycles and end up paralyzed.”

Stef and Ben looked at each other and then at Evan, who was attacking his slice of roast.

“What?” Evan asked, chewing furiously.

Ben leaned back in his chair. “Well, what if we set some...ground rules?”

“Like what?” Stef chewed thoughtfully.

“Whatever makes us the most comfortable, I guess.” Ben shrugged. “Or maybe just ruling out the things that make us uncomfortable?”

Stef made a face. “Sounds so clinical.”

“For now,” Ben replied, his dark eyes piercing hers. “This is just the preliminaries.”

“You know what I want,” Evan said. “What I really want is for you to give Stef something I obviously can’t.”

“Evan—” Stef frowned.

“Ben, listen,” Evan went on, as if she weren’t there. “I think we already know the ground rules. I talked to you about this before. You pretty much know how I feel.”

Ben nodded.

“And Stef knows how I feel. And I know how Stef feels—even if she says she doesn’t.”

She fingered the edge of the tablecloth, not looking at either of them.

Ben frowned. “I don’t want to do this if she doesn’t want to, though, Ev.”

“She does,” he insisted. “Don’t you, baby?”

Stef bit her lip, looking first to her husband, and next to Ben. Then she picked up her glass of wine, nodding slowly. “Yes.”

“I guess that settles it.” Ben let out a pent-up breath.

Stef stood, taking her plate to the sink. She stayed there, loading the dishwasher, while the conversation turned once again to the two men’s work.

Evan watched his wife as she stooped to load the plates and glasses, the shimmery green dress sliding over her curves. He noticed Ben watching her, too.

When Evan grabbed his plate and, with one hand, turned his chair and wheeled toward the sink, Ben took the cue and started clearing the table.

“Thanks,” Stef murmured to both of them, but she was smiling at Ben as she took the platter of meat.

Evan knew that smile well.

“Nature calls!” Evan backed his chair up and turned it toward the doorway. It was just an excuse to leave them alone for a while. He could empty his bag whenever he wanted. He stopped by the living room to turn on the stereo. By the time he got back, the dishes were done, the food was put away, and Ben and Stef were sitting on the sofa talking. It took him a hell of a lot longer in the bathroom than it used to, that was for sure.

“What are we talking about?” Evan asked.

Stef smiled and Evan noticed that her hand was on Ben’s. “You.”

“Guess that’s why my ears were burning.” He smirked. “Nothing too terrible?”

“Just making fun of your scrawny chicken legs.” Ben grinned and stretched.

“Hey, I take offense to that,” Evan scoffed. “They were always scrawny.”

Stef laughed. “It’s true. Scrawny and pale.”

“Not like Ben over here.” Evan rolled his eyes at him. “Mr. Outdoors, right?”

“Night and day.” Stef smiled. Evan could tell she was feeling the effects of all the wine they’d had tonight. She was leaning back into the couch, curled up like a cat, her feet tucked under her. “Oh, God, I love this song!”

“I know.” Evan smiled.

Stef grinned and winked at Ben. “The blues always makes me want to take my clothes off.”

“Don’t let us stop you!” Evan laughed.

“Dance with me.” Stef held her hand out to Ben and he took it, following her to the middle of the living room floor.

She began to dance, her hands above her head, her body undulating to the music. Ben put his hands on her hips, watching the shift of her dress over them, like green fire under his fingers. He barely had to move at all, she did all the work, like she was putting on a show for him—for them.

Turning so she was facing Evan, she wiggled her behind into the saddle of Ben’s hips as she danced, her eyes half closed and her lips parted. Evan thought she had never looked so beautiful before. She rocked her hips back and forth to the beat, and when Evan met Ben’s eyes, he could see the lust burning there. He didn’t blame him in the least, but it made his throat tight and his chest hurt to see it.

The song was a true blues lick with a mean harp playing over the steady beat. “Goin’ up, goin’ down... Anyway you want me...”

Stef's body moved up and down to the song's lyrics, her skirt rubbing against the denim of Ben's jeans, making it ride high up her thighs. Evan watched as the hem of her dress played peek-a-boo with the elastic tops of her stockings, his whole body filled with a white heat.

Stef turned back toward Ben, snaking her arms around his neck as she moved her belly against his, and Evan watched her ass moving in the same little circles she used to make when she was sitting up on top of him and riding his cock. Watching the motion made him feel dizzy. He hadn't seen her do it in years, and it made him grit his teeth with lust and envy.

Ben made a small sound in his throat, and his thigh moved between hers as they danced together, their bodies moving in unison now. Evan watched his friend's hands moving slowly over the rounded globes of his wife's ass, his fingers slipping over the smooth material, edging it up and up and up. Stef was sliding up and down Ben's thigh, her head so far back that her long, honey-colored hair almost touched the hands groping her behind.

Evan watched as Ben found the smooth skin of his wife's thigh between panty and stocking, his fingers gripping her there. Stef moaned, turning her face up to him, and Evan watched them kiss. He had seen them touch lips before—a perfunctory caress—but this was no brief thing. It went on and on as they rocked together, their mouths slanting, greedy, tongues meshing. Evan's knuckles were turning white on the wheelchair handgrips, but he couldn't take his eyes off them.

Stef moaned against Ben's mouth, and the sound send a shiver through Evan. She was most definitely enjoying herself. The way she rolled her hips and how her hands gripped Ben's upper arms made Evan sure she had really wanted this, even as much as she had denied it. She hadn't wanted him to feel slighted. He understood that—but he had somehow suspected she wanted more, and now he was sure.

“Jesus,” Ben whispered as their kiss broke. “Stef...”

“Come on,” she murmured, and Evan saw her hand slip between Ben's thighs to rub the bulge there. She turned and took his hand, leading him. Her eyes met Evan's and he smiled at her as she leaned down to kiss him, something hard and fierce and briefly deep. He was grateful for it.

“Aren't you coming?” She looked over her shoulder to Evan as she led Ben toward their bedroom.

Evan's hands were trembling on the wheels of his chair as he rolled slowly after them.

“Unzip me.” She turned around and held her hair up out of the way. Both men admired the smooth curve of her shoulder and the small curls at the nape of her neck as Ben slid her zipper down, exposing her bare back and the lace edge of her black panties.

She turned toward them both, slipping her dress down off her shoulders and shrugging it to the floor.

“Oh, my God,” Ben breathed, closing his eyes for a moment and then opening them again in wonder. He looked back at Evan, his face a question.

“I know.” Evan’s smile was caught between something grim and sad, looking at her full breasts, the way her panties hugged her hips and how slim and long her legs looked in thigh-highs. “Shame to let it go to waste, isn’t it?”

“Christ, Ev!” Stef shook her head. She sat on the edge of the bed and crooked her finger at Ben. “Come here.”

He came toward her and, when he was close enough, she grabbed the loops in his jeans, jerking him a little, popping his button and unzipping him. The bulge there hadn’t lessened at all. She edged the pants down his hips, cupping her hand over him in his boxer-briefs. His sharp intake of breath was followed by a groan as she rubbed her palm there, looking up at his face.

“This is what he wants,” Stef whispered. “And I can’t say I don’t want you, Ben. What do you want?”

“Are you kidding me?”

“We can’t undo this.” She leaned in to kiss his shaft through the thin material.

“I know.” Ben’s hand stroked her hair, almost tentative. Her tongue teased the head of his cock through his briefs and he moaned. “Oh, hell. Let’s keep undoing it.”

She pulled his briefs down to his knees along with his jeans, freeing his cock. It stood pointing directly at her mouth. Her eyes caressed the length of him.

He had a beautiful cock—long, thick at the base, and it curved a little to the left with a slightly engorged bounce that she steadied with her hand.

Her eyes met Evan's as she slid her tongue over the tip of Ben's cock, wetting him with her saliva. She took her time, easing him slowly into her mouth, seeming more interested in her own sensation than his, just enjoying the feel of him against her tongue.

Rubbing him over her lips, she looked over at her husband. "Remember this?"

"Yes." Evan swallowed and nodded, his response slightly hoarse. "Did you miss it?"

Nodding, she looked back up at Ben, whose eyes were dark with some emotion. Maybe it was lust, but perhaps it was something else. She took him fully into her throat, then, no hands now, and that made him close his eyes altogether.

Evan watched as his friend's fingers tangled in his wife's hair, seeing Ben's wet shaft disappearing into her mouth again and again. Evan's hands were gripping the hand rails of his chair as he watched her suck him, seeing her nudge her panties aside to slip her fingers underneath as she did. He knew she was wet—he could hear her fingers working through her pussy.

"Whoa," Ben groaned, pulling her off his cock. "Can't take much more of that."

“Think you can take some of this?” She leaned back onto her elbows, putting her feet up on the edge of the bed and slipping her panties aside to reveal her shaved mound.

Ben let out a pent-up breath in a small “whoosh” as he sank to his knees next to the bed. His hands circled her ankles, running up her calves, over her knees, spreading her thighs with his palms as he leaned in to kiss her fingers and her mound where she had her panties pulled aside.

“No,” Evan whispered from his chair, watching Ben’s tongue finding its way through her flesh. Stef’s eyes were half-closed, watching him. “Not that.”

Understanding, she edged back onto the bed, slipping her panties and stockings off as she went. “Get undressed.” She opened her pussy, showing him, sliding her fingers into her wetness.

They both watched as Ben unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a broad chest and back, with arms sharply defined in muscle, all made strong from heavy labor. Stef played with herself while she watched him drop his shirt and pants to the floor. Then he climbed up next to her on the bed, naked.

She turned toward him, pressing belly to belly, slipping her silky thigh up and down his. They stayed that way for what felt like a long time, and Evan thought, for a moment, of calling it all off, telling Ben to get dressed and go home. It was a painfully intimate moment, and in spite of all of his emotional preparation for this, he hadn’t expected that.

Then she leaned in and kissed Ben, soft at first, a tender thing, but that didn't last long. The heat of their bodies together drove them both onward, their hands roaming over each other. Stef reached down between his thighs, her hand pulling and tugging on his cock, and Evan heard Ben groan against her mouth.

Ben rolled onto her, pressing a thigh between hers, and Evan watched as his wife ran her red-painted nails down his friend's broad, tanned back. Ben's hands were cupping her breasts, his tongue flicking her pink, sensitive nipples, making her moan and writhe underneath him.

"I want you in me," she murmured, loud enough Evan could hear the urgency in it.

"Yes," Evan whispered from his chair, seeing how her hand stroked Ben, guiding him toward her waiting pussy. He had flashes of memory, remembering how that felt, how small and warm her hand was, the heat of her flesh as she slipped him up and down her slit.

Her cry when Ben pressed into her filled the room—a sudden, shocking thing. Everyone and everything stopped for a moment, and Evan saw her trembling underneath Ben, who kissed her cheeks, her closed eyelids, her quivering mouth.

"Are you okay?" Ben whispered, and when she opened her eyes, Evan could see tears glistening there. She nodded, slipping a hand around behind his neck and pulling his mouth to hers, kissing him fiercely, threatening to swallow him.

She wrapped herself around him, arms and legs, shoving herself up into him as he began to move in her. They rocked like that a while, grinding their pelvises together, and Evan could hear her excitement growing, could see it in the way her face and chest began to flush with arousal.

“More.” She moved against him. “Harder.”

Ben grabbed her legs, pressing them back and kneeling up so he could drive harder into her, taking full, long strokes now. Evan could see his cock and how wet it was with her juices. She was moaning, her fingers rubbing her clit, her breasts bouncing with the gentle motion.

“I want it deeper.” Stef pressed her hand to Ben’s hard, flat belly, stopping him. She groaned when he pulled out, and she turned over, lifting her ass in the air. “Like this.”

Evan could see her completely now, her smooth pussy, pink and swollen, glistening with wetness. Ben ran his hands over the soft, rounded swell of her ass, his fingers slipping between her legs for a moment, finding her.

“Yes!” She pressed her shoulders to the mattress, lifting her bottom even higher in the air. “There. Put that big cock in me, baby.”

Evan watched, a lump growing in his throat, realizing that he’d never slid into her when she was completely shaved that way. He didn’t know what it felt like to slide into her sweet, bald flesh. Ben sank deeply into her in one long stroke, making her hands curl into fists against the covers.

“That’s it!” Stef opened her eyes and looked over at Evan for the first time since they had really begun. “Fuck me!”

Ben did, and, using her hips to hold on, he began thrusting into her, his cock making wet noises in her. Evan could see the muscles in his friend’s arms and thighs working as he grabbed the flesh of his wife’s ass and drove himself deep into her pussy. She was moaning, her hand tucked up underneath her, and Evan knew she was working her sweet little clit. He wanted to taste her—his mouth was watering with wanting it.

“Don’t stop,” she begged, panting now, her eyes still locked on her husband. “Fuck me until I come.”

Ben groaned at her words, slowing only slightly, and Evan knew he must be close. Stef’s face was rosy, her teeth biting her lower lip as she neared her own edge, and as he watched, he saw her mouth the words, *I love you*. It made his heart swell. His whole body felt flushed, and he swore he could feel things in places he hadn’t in years.

“Stef...” The warning in Ben’s voice was clear.

“It’s okay.” Her eyes were on Evan.

Ben was thrusting deep, grunting as he came, and Evan watched his wife’s beautiful climax, her face twisted into an expression that could have been mistaken for pain out of context.

Her hands pulled the covers, her back arched, and she shuddered against Ben. Evan could hear her whispering, “Oh, oh, oh,” over and over as she came.

And still she never stopped looking at him. He knew she was coming for him—with him—somehow. When he looked down, he saw that his hand was gripping in vain at his own crotch, as if he could feel something there.

“Jesus,” Ben whispered, sitting back on his heels.

Stef let out a breath, stretching out on her belly on the bed and hugging a pillow. There were tears slipping down her cheeks as she mouthed, *I love you*, again to her husband.

“Are you okay?” Ben touched her thigh, moving to stretch out beside her. He looked over her to Evan, his eyes a question. Evan nodded, wheeling his chair slowly over toward the bed.

“Stef?” He stroked her hair.

She leaned up to kiss him, and he tasted her tears.

“I love you,” she whispered. Glancing back at Ben, she held her hand out to him, and he took it, looking dazed. She kissed his palm. “Life is so fucked up.”

“It’s okay.” Evan wiped at her tears with his thumb. “I’ll be your superman, remember?”

“You are my superman.” She smiled, shaking her head at him, her tears falling onto his hand. “Don’t you know that? You always were.”

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



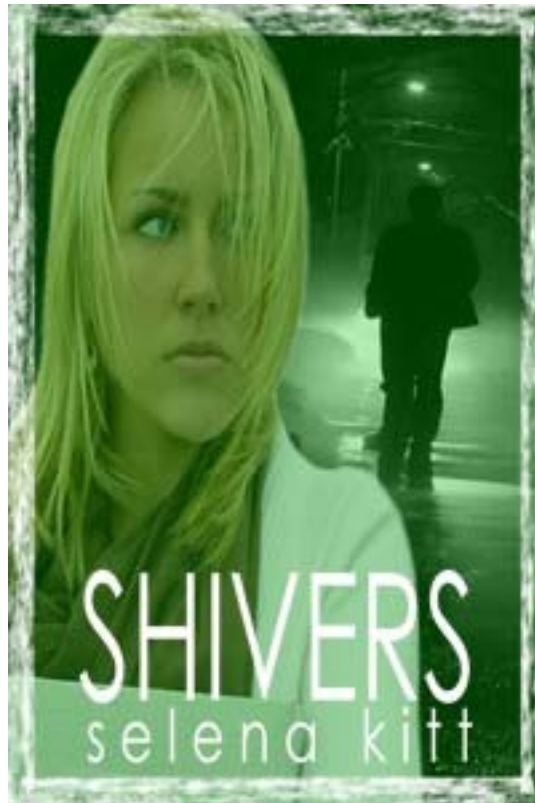
Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

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

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

Her e-publishing credits include: [*Rosie's Promise*](#) published by Samhain and [*Torrid Teasers #49*](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels [Christmas Stalking](#), [Blind Date](#), *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

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SHIVERS

By Selena Kitt

Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calender, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.

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

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different

smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing.

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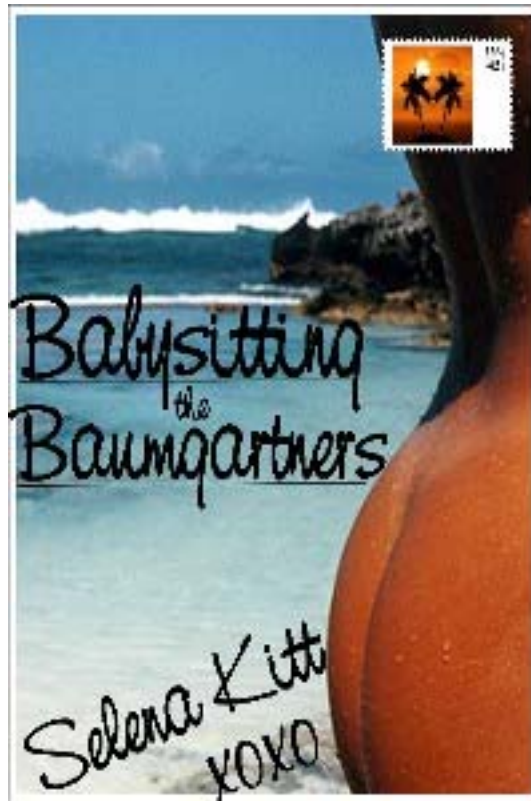


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



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.

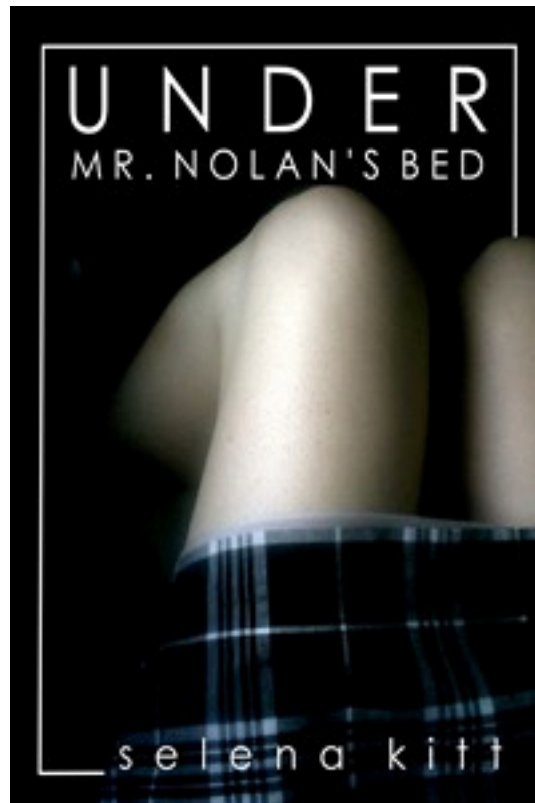


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.



UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

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

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



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

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



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

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

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

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

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

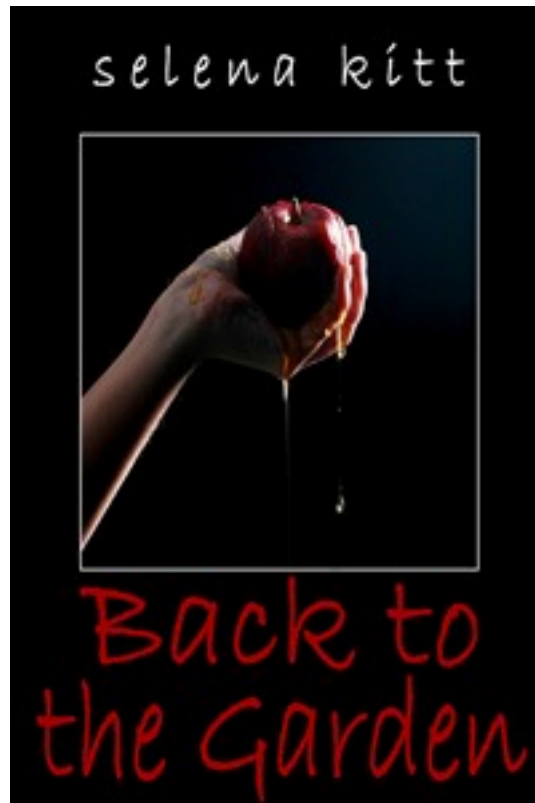


TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

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

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



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.



ECOEROTICA

By Selena Kitt

Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?

This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.

Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.