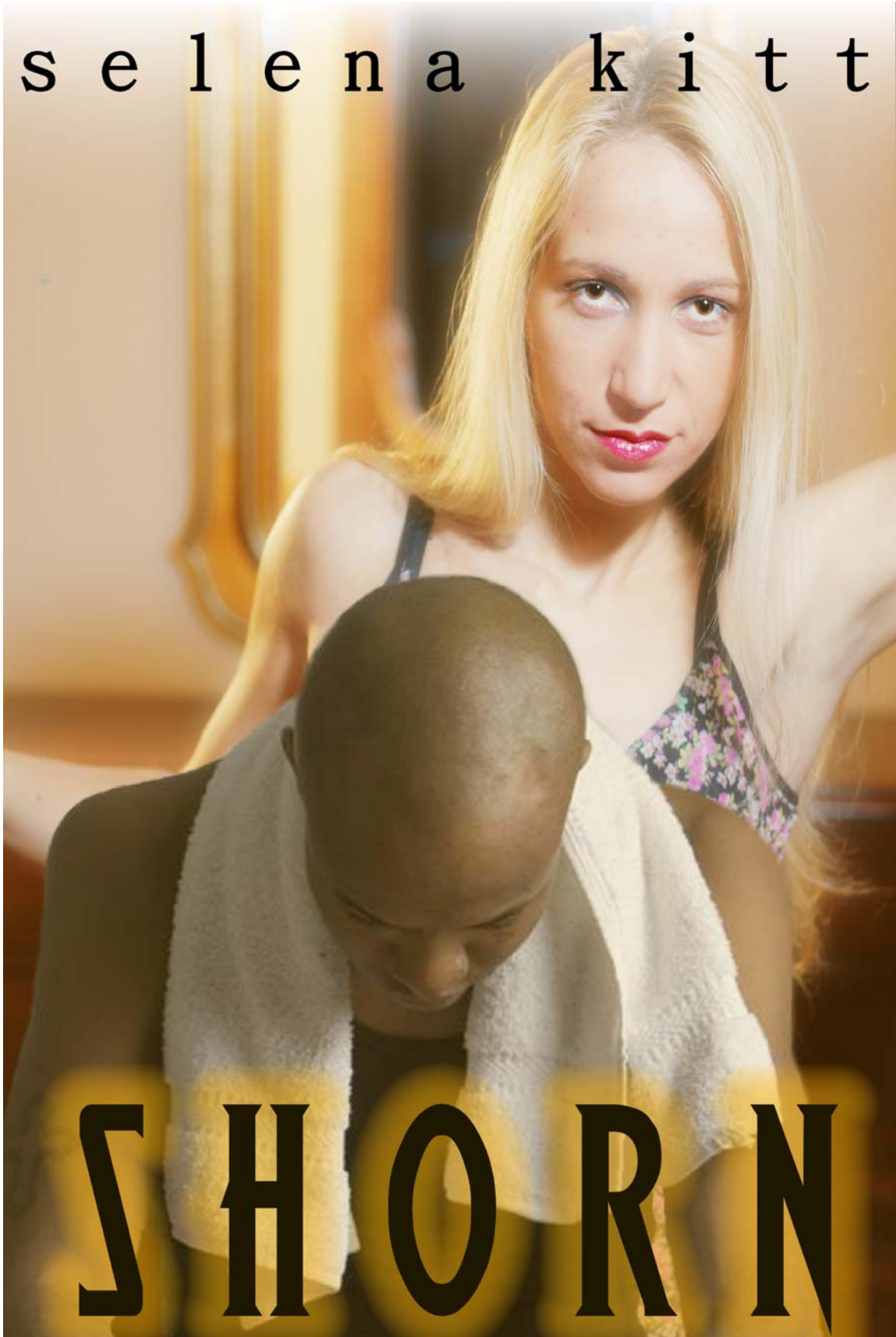


s e l e n a   k i t t



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*Shorn*

*By Selena Kitt*

Several pictures of her were tucked into the sides of the mirror over his dresser. Most were school pictures, and one was of the two of them together, their arms wrapped around each other, both of them smiling at the camera. My hand, holding the brush that I had picked up from amidst the clutter on his dresser, stopped in mid-air as I peered at those pictures. I glanced from her to my own reflection in the mirror, unable to prevent the mental comparisons. She looked so young, her skin lighter than his, like a sweet latte to his dark, black—no cream, only sugar. She was beautiful in a fresh, natural way that made me blink with envy. For me, that time in my life was gone—it had passed away somewhere between college frat parties and establishing my first IRA. A heavy, sodden dullness settled somewhere in the pit of my stomach as I glanced from her picture to my naked reflection in the mirror and then to Del, who was behind me, hauling up his jeans and cramming in the tails of his shirt.

"I've gotta shave." He moved to look over my shoulder. The mirror revealed him rubbing the top of his head. There was a fine stubble there he inspected, his eyes like smoky gray glass. He had a durably boyish face, but he was only twenty-one. His features would change by the time he was my age—but his eyes, those incredible eyes—they wouldn't change. His eyes were the thing that attracted me the most; there was some sort of reserve there I still couldn't place.

"What do you think?" He pushed his bottom lip forward in thought and studied his face in the mirror. "Should I grow a beard?"

"If you want." I found my voice—I thought I couldn't speak through whatever seemed congealed in my throat.

"I could leave the stubble." He wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and rubbed his cheek against my neck. I shrank away a little from the feeling, smiling indulgently. I loved the feel of his clothed body against my bare skin.

"Yuck." I wrinkled my nose, turning in his arms, away from the mirror and the pictures of his girlfriend.

"Okay." He smiled. "Want to come watch me shave?"

"Do we have time?" I put my arms around his neck and massaged the back of his head. He was right, he did need to shave.

"My mom won't be home 'til after three." He glanced at the clock over the bed we'd just vacated.

"Okay." I pulled out of his arms and reached for my T-shirt. "Let me put something on."

"Nuh uh." He grabbed my hand and pulled me in to him, kissing my shoulder, my neck, nibbling on my earlobe. "Stay like this."

I raised my eyebrows at him but just smiled when I followed his lead out of his room and down the long hallway to the bathroom. He moved with a slim, languid, muscled grace that still made me turn to watch him as he walked away.

I loved his bathroom and the bathtub most of all, a marble sunken thing that I'd been dying to soak in since I'd seen it three months ago—when Del and I had first started coming to his house on Saturdays when no one was home. I still hadn't had the chance, and I didn't know if I would. Maybe there would be time this summer, if his parents went out of town for some reason before I went back to teaching in Japan in the fall.

I slid up on the counter and watched him take out his razor, the shaving cream, and a towel. I loved to watch him shave, to see him leaning over the sink to look into the wall-to-wall mirror, long-legged and slender, razor poised in mid-air. It was such a masculine thing, shaving, something that made me feel more a part of him.

I watched him lather the top of his head and thought of the picture in his bedroom of him and Tracy. I remembered her arm around him in such a casual air of ownership. That bothered me. The picture itself bothered me, and what bothered me more was the absence of my own picture in that mirror. It was crazy, I knew—impossible.

It wasn't the first time that I'd been back to his room, or the first time I'd seen those pictures, but I think it was the first time I realized what they meant. They held the sweet promise of a future, something he and I didn't have. He said he loved me, and I believed him, but it was a foregone conclusion that the relationship would be over when I went back to Japan and he started college.

So, what did I expect? I knew, when we'd started seeing each other, I was going to be the "other woman." I knew it all along. He didn't lie to me. There was no future for us. There was only right now. I realized that he was looking at me, half-shaved, razor poised, giving my face a long and interested search.

"Should I ask?" He raised one eyebrow in my direction. I loved that.

"Ask what?"

"What you're so lost in thought about." He raked the razor over his scalp, looking back in the mirror. "You're usually chatting a mile a minute when you watch me shave."

I just shrugged, planting an elbow on my knee and resting my chin on my cupped hand, my eyes following the razor's path, my mind wandering. I hadn't planned on

getting involved. I was home to take care of some things with my parents' estate, just a few months, and hadn't planned on meeting Del—or falling in love. It just wasn't the right time or place. Still, things had happened as naturally as breathing, his seeping into my life, filling the cracks, dulling the cutting edge of my loneliness. I hadn't planned on any of it, but how could you plan to fill a void that you didn't even know existed?

"Are you going to see her tomorrow?" I slanted him the question.

He hesitated, and I wondered if he was going to play dumb. He didn't, but—as usual—he didn't give me a straight answer either. "You have a beautiful cunt, you know that?" His eyes fell to the triangle between my legs.

"Thank you." I smiled, knowing he was trying to distract me, and I let him. I put my feet up on the counter, opening my thighs, giving him a better view. "So, are you going to see her?"

"Samantha." He said my name with a sigh. I didn't reply but just watched him instead.

"I might." He used the razor over the few spots he'd missed. I waited. "Probably." I just gave him more silence as he wiped his face clean with a towel. "Yeah, I guess."

"I figured."

He put some shaving cream on the tip of his finger and touched my nose with it.

I rolled my eyes. "Jerk!" I wiped it off with my hand, dabbing it onto the tuft of my pubic hair with a grin.

His eyes lit up, and he reached over and opened the top drawer under where I was sitting, pulling out a pair of manicure scissors.

"I was kidding!" I grabbed his towel and wiped off the shaving cream.

"I'm not." He snapped the scissors open and closed, his dark eyes flashing, his grin devious.

"I thought you liked it!" I cried. He had often said how much he liked that I was a natural blond, the hair between my legs just a shade darker than the strawberry-blonde hair on my head. Our physical differences, the natural contrast, the strawberry cream and black coffee of our skin together, only served to drive our passion to further heights.

"Mmm, I do." He knelt on the floor so he was eye-level between my legs, leaning in and kissing all around my pubic hair. "But I'd love to lick your pussy when it was shaved."

I touched the curly, wiry mass of hair. I had never trimmed or shaved there. "I wonder what it would feel like..."

"Want to find out?" He showed me the scissors again. Seeing him eyeing my bits with a sharp implement in his hands was quite a shock.

"I don't know." I bit my lip. "Do we have time?"

"Plenty." His lips brushed my thigh as he breathed my scent. The sight of his dark, smooth, newly shaved head between my legs elicited an immediate response, and I felt myself opening to him. "Don't you trust me?"

I sighed. "Should I?"

"Yes." His fingers probed my slit, spreading it open. He kissed my clit, his lips soft against my flesh.

"Okay," I breathed, leaning back against the mirror as his tongue moved through my wetness.



"I want to kiss her goodbye." He eased his way through, making his tongue into a sharp little point to probe inside of me. I moaned when his fingers replaced his tongue, sliding deep into my flesh as his mouth moved over my clit. I was still surprised at how skilled he was at this, how attentive, how eager to please.

I moaned as he gently sucked and nibbled my clit, his fingers moving in a slow, steady rhythm. I cupped my breasts in my hands, tweaking my nipples as I watched him lick me, his eyes on mine, watching my response. I lifted my breast, reaching my tongue out for my nipple, a fat, pink bud. He watched me lick at it, making it wet with my saliva, and he groaned, the vibration sending a quick jolt through my pussy. I closed my eyes, my head going back, shifting my hips forward toward his mouth, letting the sensation build, like the spark of a flame starting a wildfire between my legs. I loved the wet noises he made as he urged me on with his tongue, the squelch of his fingers pistoning in and out of me. I grabbed the back of his head, calling his name, rocking my hips with him now.

He murmured something, but I couldn't hear the words as I pressed him harder against me, using his mouth now, moving my hips in easy circles. I was close, my thighs trembling with the effort. Del pulled his head back, shaking off the hand at the nape of his neck, his face glistening with my juices. I looked down at him, surprised, bewildered, and he grinned at me. He lifted the scissors again, and I gasped, my pussy swollen and throbbing and aching for release.

"Now?" I panted, reaching for him, longing to press his face between my legs again.

"Yes. Now." He started to trim the hair between my legs. "I want to taste you when you're all smooth."

I groaned, watching him pull the hair taut with his fingers and snip it, bit by bit, working his way up one side of my labia and down the other. The pulse between my legs was an incessant reminder, and feeling him pushing and pulling at my lips, watching his tongue sneak out of his mouth as he concentrated, was making it worse. I rubbed my fingers over my nipples, feeling it immediately in my clit, and shivered.

"Hurry," I whispered, looking at him through half-closed eyes, and he smiled, watching me pull and twist my nipples, his eyes darkening with lust.

"God, you make me so hard." He reached down to adjust himself in his jeans.

I studied what he'd done so far. There were light blond pubic hairs all over the counter, and my mound looked like it had undergone a military buzz cut. "What if your mom finds blond pubic hair in the bathroom?" I brushed it off my thighs.

"Wouldn't that kind of be a tell-tale sign that a white girl had been in her bathroom?"

He chuckled. "I'll clean it all up." He was changing the blade on the razor and running it under water. Then he put some shaving cream on his hands and started lathering me up between my legs. I wondered for a moment if it would sting or burn and was relieved to find it didn't.

My lips still felt so swollen, my clit throbbing. He was being much more careful with me than I'd ever seen him be with himself. He shaved downward at first, rinsing the razor under warm running water after each pass, and then he shaved upward, clearing every last hair away with the sharp, double-edged blade.

The air on the wet skin of my vulva was cool, and I shivered. It was a strange sensation. He rinsed the razor again, and then got the towel wet, wringing it out before beginning to wipe me down with it. I whimpered as he rubbed it over my pussy, again and again, making a few passes over my thighs and down my ass. Then he used the towel to wipe down the counter and the floor beneath my feet before tossing it into the sink.

He stood back, his dark, muscular arms crossed, admiring his handiwork. I could see the bulge in his jeans and knew he was just as excited as I was.

"How does it feel?" he asked me with a smile.

"Cold." I laughed, reaching down to touch myself. So smooth! The air had dried my skin, and it was as soft as rose petals under my fingers. I stared at him, amazed.

"Can I see?"

"Turn around." He came to stand in front of me, helping me swing my legs around on the counter, leaning back against him for support as I did.

The mirror filled the whole wall behind the double sinks. My eyes were drawn between my legs, and I gasped. Completely shorn, my pussy looked so tiny, almost like a little girl, no more hair spreading upward in a triangular thatch to give the illusion of larger proportions. My lips were pink and swollen, parted enough to show my clit peeking out at the top. I touched it and moaned softly, the sensation intense.

"She's beautiful." Del held me against him, cupping my breasts and then moving one big hand down my belly, seeking the wetness between my thighs. "You're beautiful."

His hand stroked my hairless and exposed labia ,and we both watched in the mirror as his dark fingers parted my pale, creamy lips, sliding a finger into me. He lifted his finger to his mouth, tasting me, and I moaned.

"Let me kiss her." He held my shoulders and turned me back toward him.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, my tongue seeking his and finding it, tasting my juices in his mouth. He pressed his crotch against me, his cock hard—big—straining at the fabric. The roughness of the denim over my exposed skin was a powerful sensation, incredibly arousing in a way I'd never experienced before. I rubbed myself against him, sucking his tongue into my mouth.

He groaned, breaking the kiss and adjusting himself again as he knelt between my thighs. His breath over my now-bare skin was a panting heat, and I wiggled and moved my hips closer to his mouth. He feathered kisses over my pussy lips, moaning at the smoothness, and I marveled at it, too. My wetness had nowhere to go, nothing to contain it, and I felt my juices beginning to flow, a steady trickle between my legs.

"Oh, God!" I felt him spreading my wetness over the sensitive, unprotected skin of my lips, his tongue lapping it off.

He nuzzled my clit with his nose, delving in with his tongue to find more of my juices, drawing me out. He made his tongue flat, moving it over my whole pussy in long, easy strokes, bottom to top, stopping just short of my clit every time.

I grabbed for something to hold onto, to pull him in, my fingers finding only the smooth skin of his scalp. I moaned in frustration, "Lick it! Please!" directing him there with my hands, my hips, and sighing as his tongue finally swept over my clit, still flat and

soft and open, teasing me with slow, gentle strokes. I watched him, my now-bald pussy lips disappearing when he opened his mouth to suck on them. It may have appeared smaller and more dainty, but my cunt felt three times more swollen and sensitive in this unveiled state. I moaned and rolled my hips, spreading my legs wider and pressing up against his mouth.

He slipped two fingers into me, pumping them through the dripping, soppy mess I was making all over him and the counter, but it felt so good I didn't even hesitate when I started fucking him back, thrusting my hips against his hand. He groaned an encouragement, his tongue moving fast and furious against my clit now, his fingers matching my fierceness.

"Close," I whispered, but he knew it and didn't stop, giving me more and more, until I bucked and twisted and shuddered, coming in a flood all over his face. I shivered, the cool air over the bare moisture between my legs giving me goosebumps, and let my body start to relax, my feet slipping off the counter and resting over Del's shoulders. I gasped and panted, still feeling a quiver deep in my lower belly.

Del stood then, grabbing my ankles in one hand and putting them over his shoulder. His mouth and face were glossy and slick, his eyes burning as he unbuttoned his jeans to reveal his hard cock. It was beautiful, thick and uncut, and he pulled the dark foreskin back, revealing the pinkish head.

I gasped when he shoved it up against my pussy, my legs still pressed together, straight up, my ankles crossed against his left shoulder. He rubbed the fat head of it all through the wet heat of my now-smooth skin, my slit squeezed together, tight, a moist

resistance against the force of his hard cock slipping through, up and down, again and again.

"Fuck me," I begged.

The wet, smooth entrance of my pussy now gave him no fuzzy obstruction as he slid the head of his cock down and pierced my flesh. He groaned, stopping when he was fully in, the saddle of his hips rocking me back toward the mirror. I moved to open my legs, but he held them tight against his shoulder, beginning to fuck me that way, my pussy a snug, smooth, shaven crease, all wet heat and tight friction. He cupped my breast with his other hand, pulling and twisting my nipple. He felt enormous inside of me this way, and I trembled as he drove into me, his breathing harsh.

The sensation of my now hairless pussy being squeezed and pummeled at once, the delicious, damp grinding of his hips against mine, feeling him shove into me faster and harder as he worked his cock through my flesh, was almost too much. I had never been the kind of girl who had multiple orgasms, but the stimulation between my legs now was fast driving me toward the contrary.

"I love your shaved pussy," he growled, moving his hips in small circles, working his cock against the pressure and tension of my legs squeezed together, my pussy lips closed firmly around him. I arched my back and moved my hips with his, straining to grind my clit toward ecstasy.

Closing my eyes, I felt him start to thrust deeper and make the low, grunting noise he always made just before he came. I strained against him, twisting in exquisite torture with my clit trapped between my swollen pussy lips, my compressed thighs, and then I felt a dam burst, a violent shudder racking my body as I came again.

Del groaned and pulled quickly out of me, opening my legs and aiming his cock directly at my clit, finishing himself off quickly with a few strokes of his hand. The heat of his cum over my pussy was a burning shock, and I gasped, writhing as wave after wave seared the bare skin of my vulva.

"Incredible." He smiled as his fingers spread his seed over my lips. "So, how do you like it?"

"I love it." I sat up and put my arms around him. "I can't believe how sensitive my pussy is now."

He groaned. "Don't start tempting me again! My mom will be home in an hour!"

Well, let's get cleaned up before Mommy comes home." I slid off the counter, wiping up with Kleenex and looking longingly at the marble bathtub. Then I followed him into the other bathroom where there was a shower stall, and we spent entirely too short a time lathering each other up and rinsing each other off.

Then, déjà vu, I found myself back in his room, brushing my wet hair and contemplating the pictures of his girlfriend tucked into the mirror while Del pulled on his jeans.

"I want to meet her some day." I fingered the edges of one of the photos. He stared at me for a moment.

"That would be interesting." His voice said otherwise.

"She doesn't even know I exist." I frowned. "No one knows I exist."

He came up behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist. "I know you exist."

He kissed my neck, and I got an even stronger wave of déjà vu, looking at my body in the mirror, the triangle between my legs a now conspicuous absence, a point of reference.

"You're both very different." He ran his hand over my hip.

"I figured." I stared at the smooth skin between my legs, the tiny cleft. Why had I let him shave me? Why had I let him?

"Aside from the age difference, I mean."

"Your pussy looks so sweet like this." Del's eyes and fingers caressed me there.

I smiled, twisting out of his arms and grabbing my panties and jeans off the end of the bed. "So, tell me the truth, did you get involved with me just because of the sex?"

"No, Sam." Del finished tucking in his shirt. "You know how I feel about you."

"She's your girlfriend." I glanced back at the mirror as I did up my bra. "But I'm your lover."

"Do you mind?" He smoothed his hands over his bald head, as if there was hair there to smooth down. I understood the feeling, shifting as the seam of my jeans rubbed my now-exposed pussy.

"Do I mind being your lover? No," I assured him, reaching for my t-shirt and pulling it on. "Do I mind that she's your girlfriend? Yeah. A little. I guess I do."

"Not enough to leave though." He came to stand in front of me, putting his arms around me. His tone soft, knowing—too knowing. It was true, and in many ways, I resented that he knew it. I rested my forehead against his neck, feeling him long and lean against me.



"I love you, Sam." He hugged me, and I squeezed him back, wondering if he realized I knew how much he manipulated me.

How much I let him.

"I know." I made my voice light, easy. "We'd better get out of here before Mommy returns to find her little boy in his bedroom with some older white woman."

Del laughed and pulled back. "Okay."

I looked into his eyes for a moment, wondering if I really knew him—or if I even really wanted to. My pussy ached, blazing like a fireplace with no screen, exposed, vulnerable, the heat seeping out around the edges, uncontrollable. What had I done?

Del smiled as he took my hand and led me out of the bedroom.

And I let him.

***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**

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*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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