

Safe With Me, The Beginning (Parts 1 and 2)

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“Safe With Me, The Complete Series” is available at most major eBook retailers. Includes all eight parts, previously published as a series.

Edited by Laurie Laliberte of the [Kindle All-Stars](#).

Tyler

Tuesday, October 5, 2010

I watched her walk into the coffee shop. I didn't know the pretty blonde's name but I was sure we had a few classes together.

As she walked to the counter a strap of her backpack caught the top of her T-shirt, pulling the material tight against her left breast. It lifted her shirt, showing a little of her soft stomach. She stopped walking and stood still as she yanked the bottom of her T-shirt back down to her waist. Her left hand tugged vigorously at the backpack. I heard her groan as the strap stayed in place, holding her plump breast captive.

I chuckled as I took a sip of my iced tea. After I'd spent the past half hour studying the not-so-exciting world of municipal bond markets, watching my classmate's struggle provided a welcomed distraction.

My eyes focused on the gorgeous breast twenty feet in front of me. It was covered by a thin, pink cotton T-shirt that did nothing to hide the firmness of her nipple. The white hoodie she wore didn't look heavy enough to keep her warm in the chilly autumn air.

Should I try to help her? Surely I was strong enough to loosen that stubborn backpack. And, in doing so, I could make a clever comment about how cold it must be outside for her nipple to get so hard. She'd laugh and toss her head back. Her long blond hair would fall off her shoulders onto her back in slow motion. Thankful for my help, she'd lift up her shirt to give me a better look at her tits before I rip her clothes off and throw her down on the dirty hardwood floor.

Shit, I gotta stop watching so much porn. My cock tightened against my zipper. I shifted my weight in my chair, trying to move things around without being obvious.

Finally, her backpack let go of her shirt. She shook her head and walked toward the counter, carrying the backpack on her arm like a purse.

“You all right?” The barista chuckled. “Havin' some trouble today?”

She smiled. “Yes, actually. It's been one heck of a day already.”

He leered at her as she read the menu on the wall.

“I'll have a large iced latte,” she said.

“You want whipped cream? It doesn't come with it but I'll give it to you anyway,” he said.

Does he really think that's impressive?

“Aw, that's so sweet of you,” she said.

“No problem.” He gave her a dorky smile. “What's your name?”

“Susie.”

“I’m Greg. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too.” She smiled at Greg, then slung her backpack over her right shoulder and walked away from the counter, stopping a few feet from my table.

I saw her scanning the room, biting her lower lip. I turned around in my chair to assess the seating situation. I hoped she needed to prepare for the next day’s test in Finance 202 so I could invite her to sit with me without looking desperate. I imagined her tits accidentally brushing against me as we huddled together to discuss our questions. *Maybe I could reach across her for a pen as her hard nipples casually dig into my arm...*

I felt my cock push against my zipper.

“Susie! Iced latte!”

“Thanks, hon.”

She gave Greg a little wave and another smile and picked up her drink. I glanced at the table to my right and saw a guy lean forward in his chair, watching her intently as she stepped away from the counter.

I knew it was time for me to pounce before the other guy could offer her a seat. I waved. “Need a place to sit?”

She turned to me, her head tilted to the side. “Yeah. Do I know you?”

I extended my hand and rose slightly from my chair. “Tyler Campbell.” It took all of my effort not to stare at her chest as I introduced myself.

“Susanna Lombardi.” Her hand felt cold from being outside but her skin was soft. I gently moved my arm up and down to see if her tits would bounce a little as we shook hands. They did. *I’m evil.*

“Lombardi? You don’t look Italian.” *Shit, my flirting skills are rusty.*

“Yeah, I get that a lot,” she said. Her voice was low for a woman, with a hint of a Southern accent.

She sat down across from me and put her backpack on the table. While she busied herself pulling out books, I spent a moment studying her.

Her T-shirt fit loosely, showing supple, milky white skin down to the top of ample cleavage. I imagined those huge breasts attached to her soft, plump body, bouncing up and down on top of me.

My eyes went from her breasts to her face as she continued. “I know I’m too light to look Italian. A lot of people think I’m nuts for not trying to be darker. But I don’t wanna look like a leather purse when I’m thirty.”

“There’s nothing wrong with your paleness,” I said. “You shouldn’t try to change the way you are. It’s very nice.” I wanted to pay her another compliment but I was too distracted by my visualization of her soft, naked body and the thought of my tongue gliding across her hard nipple. I couldn’t remember another time when I’d been so flustered by perverted thoughts of a beautiful woman I’d just met.

“That’s sweet of you. But it’s easy for you to say. Tans are favored in this college town.” I could see straight down her shirt when she leaned across the table, casually laying her forearm across mine. “See the difference? You make me look like a ghost.”

After a few seconds she drew her arm back as if nothing had happened. *I hope I don’t have to stand up for a while.* I hadn’t gotten hard in public since the tenth grade.

I'd never been so attracted to a girl who looked like her before. Skinny brunettes with dark complexions usually caught my eye but I couldn't remember reacting to any woman like I had the curvy blonde sitting across from me.

Susie took a long look at my hair. "I love your hair. It's so healthy it makes me sick. You don't see many long-haired guys around here."

My hair was long but not quite halfway down my back. I wore it down that day instead of my usual ponytail.

"I'm Indian," I said. "Uh, I mean, American Indian, mostly. My mom is half Indian and half something else. We're not sure what."

She laughed, to which I responded with nervous chuckling. *Damn, I need to be careful before I say something really stupid.* I picked up my iced tea and took a drink, trying to get my thoughts in order.

"Well, Tyler, whatever genes your mother gave you, they've made you very handsome." Without pause, and without eye contact, she changed the subject. "So, are you studying for the test in McCray's class tomorrow?"

I wondered if I should respond to her compliment. I decided not to, considering how quickly she'd moved on. But at least I knew what she thought of my looks.

"Yes. You?" I asked.

"Yes. I should've studied more for the last one. I won't be caught off guard this time. He's tricky but as long as you work through the examples in the book, his tests are no big deal." She paused to drink her frozen coffee before continuing. "I did that for the first test and got a 98. I got a 90 last time because I was lazy. Don't spend too much time on the lecture notes."

"That's good to know. I've gotten a 92 and an 84 so far. Maybe we could go through the examples together?" I asked.

"Yes! I'd love that." Her gray-blue eyes widened.

The way she smiled and responded to my unusually dorky conversation made me breathe a little easier. "So," I asked. "You said your name's Susanna, but I heard you tell Greg at the counter that your name is Susie. Which do you prefer?"

"I don't care, really. Susie's fine. But it sounds like a little girl's name. Call me whichever one you want. I just ask that you pick one and stick with it. I'm like a trained dog. If I get used to your voice calling me Susie, I won't know who you're talking to if you call me Susanna."

I laughed.

"I'm serious." She giggled. "I'm such a weirdo. Some people call me both. So, you can call me either one but make sure to use them equally or I'll get really confused."

I smiled, knowing I was already developing a serious crush.

We opened our books to discuss the text. In less than an hour I'd moved to the chair on her left. I made it look innocent enough, like I just wanted to be close enough to compare my work with hers, side by side. My arm brushed against her breasts a couple times. I was sure she hadn't noticed.

Our conversation deviated from the books in front of us quite a bit as the hours flew by. She immediately recognized a line from one of my favorite movies when I quoted it, leading to a long discussion of obscure movies we both liked that most of our friends hated. That led to a discussion of TV, then video games. I'd never met a girl before who liked video games as much as I did. I was usually afraid to tell girls I'd spent a year of my life addicted to an online role-

playing game but she admitted to playing the same game. She shook her head and blushed when I tried to get her to admit just how long she played.

Susie was so very different from the boring girls I'd met since I transferred for summer school in May. She was quirky and interesting. Talking with her was easy, like catching up with an old friend. It would've been even easier if I could've controlled my thoughts of ripping her clothes off.

Greg's shift ended at eight o'clock. I knew because at approximately one minute after eight, he plunked a frozen latte down in front of her.

"It's on the house. And it's decaf. Want you to be able to sleep tonight." He winked.

Yeah, I bet you do.

"Wow, thank you. I love the customer service here." She smiled and picked up her free drink. "I'll be back."

"Good. I'll be here."

And then he left. *Damn*, I thought. *Blond hair and big boobs will get you a lot of free things in life.* "Does that kind of thing happen to you a lot?" I asked.

"What?" She asked as she placed the straw in her mouth to drink from Greg's frozen decaf cup of desperation.

Why did she have to put her lips on that straw while she was looking me in the eye? I almost lost my train of thought. "Oh, please. You know what I'm talking about," I said.

"No, not a lot. But I like to be nice to people. I believe you reap what you sow. Kindness goes a long way."

So do blond hair and big boobs! Not to mention her plump lips, skin like a porcelain doll, and a deep, sexy voice that could make serious money in the business of phone sex. Everything about her drove me crazy. I was glad the table covered my lap.

After about nine o'clock we stopped trying to steer the conversation back to the finance test. Instead, we bounced between more important topics such as how much we both hated the color yellow, we both preferred snakes to spiders, and the fact that we each had Facebook accounts we barely used because we hated drama.

She went on to ask about my family and their ties to the reservation. I gave her the whole story about my grandmother leaving to 'marry a white man,' as Grandma had recounted to me many times. After hearing my own voice for longer than I felt was necessary, I told her we didn't have to talk about it anymore but she begged me to go on, her eyes wide as she listened. I forgot what I was talking about more than once as my eyes wandered to her lips, and occasionally further down her body.

I tried to hide my disappointment when I looked at my watch to see both hands pointing at twelve. The hours had flown by like seconds. I had to think of ways to see her again. Maybe she could use a study partner? Was it desperate if I asked for her number?

"I had a great time studying with you, Susie."

"Me too, Tyler. I can't believe it's already midnight."

We stood outside the coffee shop. Her gorgeous pale skin glowed in the light of the full moon. I wondered if she would think it was weird if I hugged her goodbye. I was desperate to know how her fleshy body would feel against mine. Fuck, I also wanted to feel it under me and on top of me and in positions I'd only seen online. Maybe I could give her a ride home? It wasn't safe for her to walk alone. Besides, I also wanted to know where she lived. Maybe next time we could study at her place. Maybe her bedroom. "Do you need a ride home?" I tried not to sound too hopeful.

“I usually take the Drunk Bus from the Rec center a few blocks away,” she said.

Ah, the Drunk Bus. A University method of transporting students between facilities late at night to cut down on drunk driving. I’d been warned to stay away from it unless I wanted vomit all over my clothes.

“My car’s right here.” I gestured toward the parking lot. “Why don’t I drive you instead?”

“Are you sure? The bus goes to Bailey Hall and I usually just walk a few blocks home from there.”

“A pretty girl like you shouldn’t be out walking alone at night. Come on, let me drive. I insist.”

She grinned. “Okay. If you insist.”

I smiled and started toward the small gravel parking lot next to coffee shop, with her by my side. I said, “Here’s my Cadillac,” when we arrived at my car.

I drove a champagne-colored 1980 Chevy Malibu I’d rebuilt by myself a few years earlier. It wasn’t the sexiest car in the world but I loved it.

“*Ooh!* Is that a Malibu?” Her mouth hung open.

Was she actually excited about this car? “Yes.” I was stunned that she knew what it was.

“I knew someone who had one like this. It’s an 80, 81?”

“Eighty.” I answered.

“It has a lot of power, right? I drove it and loved it. I could outrun anybody on the road. I like a car with power. When I hit the gas, I want it to move.”

Looking back, I’m pretty sure that’s the moment I fell in love with her.

Susie and I got in my car and headed to her place. She made several more compliments about the Malibu, especially when I stepped on the gas. She seemed impressed when I told her I rebuilt the engine myself.

I liked having her next to me. As her sweet, peachy vanilla scent slowly filled the car, my mind wandered. I imagined taking long trips with her, talking, laughing, listening to the radio. Of course, my mini fantasies ended with us in the back seat.

She told me to stop in front of a two-story brick house on Grant Avenue in a quaint little neighborhood. It was different from most of the residential areas close to campus. None of the houses looked like they were ready to fall over from years of too many parties.

“How many roommates do you have?” I asked.

“I live alone.”

“In *this* huge house?” It was one of the biggest houses on her street. “How’d you manage that?”

“It’s kind of a long story. The short version is: my parents died, and my Aunt Lydia gave me her house a few years ago. She wanted to move out of the country but had sentimental reasons for keeping it in the family. So, instead of selling it, she gave it to me.” She paused to take a breath. “And that’s how I ended up in Lockwood.”

“Wow. I’m really sorry about your parents.”

“It’s okay. Don’t feel bad for me. I’ve had it pretty good. I actually lived here for a little while with my aunt when I was a teenager. I was glad she gave me the house.” She reached for the door handle. “I’d invite you in but it’s so late. I’m sure you need to go home.”

“I’m really not tired. I probably won’t go to bed for a few hours. My first class isn’t till eleven-thirty tomorrow.” *Please take the hint, please take the hint...*

She stuck her lower lip out while she pondered the idea. Her soft, moist, sexy lip... “All right,” she said, “then come on in.”

I wondered if she would've asked me to come in if she knew what kind of thoughts I'd had about her all day. I couldn't believe what I was thinking. I was always the good guy. Always. I was the guy who waited to sleep with his girlfriends until they were ready, even if it meant weeks of suffering and frustration. My few experiences with casual sex were big mistakes I had no desire to repeat. But after the hours we'd spent together, I already liked her too much for it to be a casual hookup if something happened.

I turned off the car and followed her inside. Her house was nice. Not fancy, but modest and comfortable... and enormous. There was a large dining room to the left. To the right, a living room big enough to store the house I grew up in. I followed her to the bottom of the stairs where she stood in one place and gave me an abbreviated tour.

“Help yourself to anything in the kitchen. The bathroom is over there.” She pointed to a door near the stairs. “Sorry, I'm not a great hostess. I'm used to people just helping themselves.”

“It's fine. I don't mind helping myself.” I went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. It was stocked full of beer.

“I just had a party last weekend. I don't know why I bought so much beer. There were three kegs.” She laughed.

“Do you have a lot of parties?”

“Not a whole lot. An average of three a semester, maybe? I'm having another one the Friday night at the end of finals week. You should come. If I'd met you before tonight I would've invited you to the one I had on Saturday.”

Shit, I wish I met her sooner.

As I looked around the house I imagined being naked with her, everywhere. Bending her over this chair, throwing her down on that floor. *What the hell's wrong with me tonight?* All I could think about was ravaging her all over the house like an animal.

“Oh, before I forget, a bunch of us get together to study almost every day. You can join us if you want. We start out at the student union and then go to somebody's house, usually mine. I meant to tell you about it before we left the coffee shop.”

“Really? Which people, exactly?” I was a transfer student so I didn't know that many people. I had pretty much been a loner, aside from my roommates and their friends. Besides that, I was a little bit older than most of the other students. It was their senior year so they were mostly twenty-one or twenty-two. I was about to turn twenty-six. I felt decades older than some of them even though it was only a few years.

“Let me think. Michael Rollins, Jacinda Clay, Corbie Linder, Dan Lafferty, Lisa Yeager,” she paused to think, “a lot of people kind of float in and out. Roger Lee, Kate Burnette, a few others. Oh, and my good friend Joan Melton. We usually start right after class every day.”

“Thanks for inviting me. I just got assigned to a project with Corbie, Dan, and another guy. We're meeting tomorrow after class to talk about it.”

“I think I'm gonna be there, too. I got assigned to a group with Lisa, Joan, and Chris Noble. Lisa and Corbie thought it might be good if we got our two groups together to talk about what we're supposed to do, since we don't seem to have a clue.”

We had just been assigned a management project which wasn't in the syllabus and the class unanimously decided it was unreasonable, given all the other work the course required. But I found myself pretty happy about it when I realized it'd give me more time with Susie. I was also happy I might finally make some new friends.

It was interesting that she called Joan Melton her ‘good friend.’ My roommate, Caleb, used to see Joan and she’d been over to our house many times. Small world, considering there were about fifteen thousand students enrolled at the University. Joan was a cool person to hang out with and she was also really cute. She hadn’t come over in a couple of months though. I thought it best not to bring up the fact that I knew her, at least not right then. I didn’t want to change the subject or sound like I was interested in her friend. I also didn’t realize Joan was in any of our classes.

“Do your parties get pretty wild? The accounting majors seem like a lively group,” I said.

“Depends on who you ask.” She paused, scratching her head. “Okay, yes, they can get pretty wild. Although, last weekend wasn’t so bad. But I don’t invite as many people anymore because I despise the cleanup. Most people don’t stick around to help. They usually pass out for the night and leave the next day too hung over to help me.”

“How many people passed out and stayed the night last weekend?”

“Only two, which was surprising. Carl Richter and Dan Lafferty.”

I was acquainted with Dan. From the little I knew of him, I had a feeling he had his own reasons for trying to stay over.

I really wanted to know if she was seeing anyone. “Your boyfriend must be pretty cool, to leave you alone in a house with two guys overnight.”

“Oh, I’m pretty sure I *don’t* have a boyfriend.” She giggled like there was an inside joke.

“Don’t most people know for sure if they have a boyfriend or not? Did you just break up with someone?”

“No. There’s a guy who *thinks* he’s my boyfriend. Seems like he’s finally given up though. Troy Anders,” she said.

Troy Anders. I recognized the name.

“Why does he think he’s your boyfriend?” I asked.

“You don’t want to know. Trust me.”

“No, I’m curious. I think I know him.” I acted like I wanted to know because I knew Troy. I couldn’t let on about my twinge of jealousy.

Susie took a deep breath. “Well, some people don’t know the difference between a relationship and a fling. That’s all.”

Ah. There’s obviously more to the story. “I see.”

“Does that lower your opinion of me?” she asked.

“No. What you do is your business. But why didn’t you want more than a fling with this guy?”

“I didn’t see the point,” she said.

I got a beer out of the fridge and walked with her into the living room. We sat on opposite ends of the couch and started talking again. I was thrilled that she hadn’t gotten tired of talking, even after nine hours with me.

She seemed genuinely interested by the questions she asked. I told her more about my family than I had at the coffee shop, like how I’d left community college for a few years to help out at home after my dad died. Then I told her about transferring to the University to finish my degree. More than once during the conversation, I imagined throwing her down on the couch.

“So how old are you, Tyler?” she asked.

“Twenty-five. Twenty-six soon.”

“I just turned twenty-five myself. I feel like an old woman around here.”

“You definitely don’t look old. I would’ve thought you were twenty-one if you hadn’t said something.”

“Some of the guys like to make fun of me for it. Especially Dan. I know he thinks he’s being playful but it stings. I’d rather be called just about anything than *old*. It’s the one thing about myself I can’t change.”

“Twenty-five is *not* old. Those guys are idiots. But I can relate. I feel ancient compared to some of these people.” It seemed like a good time to pay her a compliment but I couldn’t think of anything that didn’t sound stupid. Something like ‘you look good for your age’ didn’t quite fit the moment.

She was even more beautiful to me as the night went on. I loved the way her lips moved as she spoke, and the way she twirled her long, shiny blond hair in her fingers. I wanted so much to see her naked. The longer we chatted, the worse I felt about it. But after what she said about Troy, I wondered if I should feel so bad. She was very open about herself but I didn’t want to take advantage. And I sure didn’t want to be the next Troy.

“So, I’m still trying to remember if I know Troy.” I was pretty sure I didn’t actually know him but I hoped she’d give me more information.

“He’s tall, really muscular, has blond hair. Played soccer last year. I don’t think he’s playing this year,” she said.

That’s how I know the name. “So, you didn’t like the way he flung you?” I asked, trying to be funny. Hoping she would divulge more information.

She rolled her eyes and took a deep breath. “I guess that’s supposed to be a joke?” She laughed halfheartedly. “I just didn’t want anything serious. It’s how I’m made, I suppose. I mean, we all have needs, right?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Sometimes I think I’m more like a man than most guys. Aren’t men supposed to be the ones who use women then never call them again? I seem to attract these guys who wanna hang around and buy me flowers or something.”

I laughed nervously, trying to hide my disappointment. I figured it was her way of telling me not to get my hopes up about being her boyfriend. Not that I’d really thought “I want to be her boyfriend.” But in the fantasies I’d had all day, she was definitely only with me.

“I’m sure you think I’m terrible. I sound like a slut. And maybe I am, I don’t know.” She paused. “But I’m clean. I just had a physical.”

I burst into laughter. I didn’t expect her to say something so random. I wanted to be disturbed by what she told me about her sexuality but it only made me want to get to know her more. Most girls I knew weren’t so comfortable with themselves. She was honest and unashamed of her identity. It was a huge turn on. But by that point, I think she could’ve picked up the phone book and started reading numbers out loud and it would’ve turned me on.

I also had a feeling the reason these guys always wanted to hang around was because they got a taste of something they liked and they wanted more. That body of hers was probably as much fun as I imagined.

“What?” She laughed. “I sound ridiculous, don’t I?”

“No. I think you just like to do what makes you feel good. So, you might break a soccer player’s heart here or there.”

“Yeah.” She frowned. “I was always honest with him. That’s probably my downfall. I was too honest and I became a challenge.”

I thought about everything she said. She told me she was clean. She was honest about having physical needs. Was this her way of coming on to me? If I made a move on her, I wondered if I would end up staying until the next morning. Unfortunately, I already knew I was capable of feeling something much stronger for her than she might ever feel for me.

She went on with her theory about Troy. "I used to think men only wanted sex and they had no feelings. I've realized in the past couple of years men actually do have feelings. We all use each other at some point. We all have needs. Women use men, men use women. Some men are sensitive, some aren't. It took me years to learn that."

A thought popped into my mind to tell her I had a physical need for her. Thankfully, I couldn't get the dorky words to come out of my mouth. One part of me hesitated, but another part of me thought I should live in the moment and try to seduce her. I considered my options as I looked at her pretty face.

She met my gaze, smiling. "What are you thinkin', Tyler?" Her voice stroked my ears like velvet. Her Southern accent was strong when she said my name... *Tah-ler*.

I felt shy, which was surprising, considering how aggressive my thoughts were. The only two casual sexual encounters of my past happened when I was drunk with liquid courage. Sitting on a couch, sober, wanting to make a move on a gorgeous woman I'd just met was new for me. I wanted her. I wanted to take her right there on the couch. I wanted to rip her clothes off and run my hands all over her and finally know what she felt like instead of just imagining it. I'd never experienced such a voluptuous woman. She looked like the subject of a Rubenesque painting. When I studied art history several years earlier I didn't give those women much thought. They looked beautiful in an artistic way but I hadn't thought about finding a real one of my own. A big part of me simply wanted to bend her over and pound her. I got hard just sitting there looking at her. Her flawless skin, her lips, those tits...

Suddenly, she scooted toward me on the couch. My heart pounded wildly.

She took my hand and gently placed it on her breast. I was in shock at her boldness. We were just having a conversation and suddenly she was beside me, holding my hand against a part of her that had already become very dear to me.

"I couldn't help noticing today you like to touch these," she said.

I exhaled. "I thought I was being clever."

"Oh, you were. Much smoother than most guys." She nodded.

I held her beautiful breast in my hand through her shirt for a few seconds. Then I pulled her top down to see more. I instantly knew I couldn't let this opportunity pass me by. I used both hands to scoop her breasts out of her bra. They were rounder and fuller than I expected. She sat with her back against the sofa. I wish I could've taken a picture of her sitting there, her enormous breasts in plain sight as she casually relaxed; she reminded me of a picture from a trashy porno magazine. Her tits were as beautifully milky white as I'd hoped. I cupped and fondled them for a little while before bending my head down to take one in my mouth. She moaned as soon as my tongue touched her nipple.

Slowly, I licked and sucked her breast, savoring every inch of her flesh. I lightly bit one of her nipples as I squeezed the other with my hand.

She moaned and grabbed the back of my head, running her fingers through my long hair. "You're sexy as hell, Tyler."

I was already miles past the point of no return. I pulled away from her nipple just long enough to respond. "So are you, Susie."

She continued to play with my hair, holding it back for me as I immersed myself in her breasts. I felt like a kid with a new toy.

“Please let me take this off,” I said, holding the bottom of her shirt. As soon as she smiled I pulled it up over her head and tossed it to the floor. Then she unfastened her bra and stretched forward to take it off. I immediately took it out of her hand and threw it near her shirt before pushing her back, my mouth heading straight for her tits again.

My fingers played with her left nipple as I took as much of her right breast into my mouth as I could. I told myself to be gentler but it wasn't possible. I sucked her breast uncontrollably, biting it a little harder than before. The high-pitched moans coming from her throat told me I had permission. I let myself go crazy, doing exactly what my animalistic urges had wanted to do with those tits ever since I witnessed her fight with her backpack.

I knew I wanted to ram my dick into her soon but I had to kiss her before things went any further. I'd been dying to feel those pretty lips of hers for hours. I moved my head up to kiss her, my hand still fondling her breast. We began a heavy make-out session as soon as I sucked her bottom lip into my mouth. Her kisses were insanely sexual; her tongue did things to my mouth that I could only hope it might do to the rest of me.

As our mouths had their way with each other, I moved my hand down to her waist to try to unzip her jeans.

She pushed my hand away as her mouth broke away from mine. “You first, please?” She bit her lip.

Not wanting to disappoint her, and also needing to alleviate the pain caused by my erection against my zipper, I stood up and immediately unzipped my pants and let them fall to the floor. Then I took my shirt off.

“*Mmm.*” Her eyes went up and down my body like she wanted to attack me as much as I wanted to attack her.

I smiled...then froze, standing in my underwear, unsure what to do next. A realization entered my consciousness: this wasn't me. I wasn't wild, late-night-hook-up guy.

Susie stared up at me, then tilted her head to the side. “Okay, you're gonna have to take this off too.” She tugged at my boxer shorts. “On second thought...” Her voice trailed off as her fingers slid inside my waistband and pulled them down. “It's so beautiful!” Her words made me chuckle; they sounded like a cry of joy. Immediately, I felt her warm tongue on the head of my cock. She traced it with her tongue, going around in circles. Then she licked me slowly underneath, starting at the base, moving all the way up the shaft. I'd never heard a woman so eager and appreciative of my cock. I'd also never felt a tongue move like hers before, and I was afraid I might get off too soon.

Suddenly, she stopped. Maybe she sensed I was about to explode. She stood up and reached for a blanket that was folded in a nearby chair, then spread that blanket across the couch. It was fun to watch her do it topless. I quickly wondered if I could talk her into doing other things topless. I smiled as I imagined her ironing clothes, topless. Cooking, topless. Reading a book, topless.

“Sit down and relax,” she said as she walked out of the room.

I sat on the couch as requested. “Where are you going?”

“I'll be right back.”

She returned in seconds with a huge bottle of lubricant.

Why did she need a bottle that big? And why was it so close by?

Susie knelt on the floor in front of me and pumped some lube onto her palm. "I hope this isn't cold." She rubbed her hands together.

Okay, she's gonna give me a hand job, I thought. But just then, she squirted some between her tits.

Fuck! I thought I was gonna come right then.

"I hope you like this," she said, a huge smile on her face.

All I could do was smile back at her. This was something I'd always wanted, but it'd never quite worked out for me.

Susie leaned forward and used her hands to heave her giant tits onto my lap around my cock, squeezing them together. I could barely see my cock anymore between those two beautiful mounds of flesh. With a hand on each one, she massaged me with her tits. She moved them up and down, sometimes moving one up while the other was moving down.

I breathed hard and fast. Her plump, creamy breasts were electric to me. Each movement was too good to be true, even better than the one before. It was an entirely new sensation for me. I loved it. I loved *her*. I had no idea when I left my house to study that day, I'd be titty-fucking a beautiful sex goddess less than ten hours later.

"Do you want me to come on you?" I breathed, barely able to speak.

With no hesitation she said, "I want whatever you want," as her breasts feverishly massaged me.

My cock felt like a bomb on the verge of exploding. A fast decision was necessary. I wanted to come all over her breasts, but even more than that, I wanted to know how my body would feel pounding against her flesh.

"Stop," I whispered, loudly.

She sat back on her heels, removing her breasts from my lap as I took several deep breaths.

"Do you have any condoms?" I asked.

She walked on her knees to a nearby end table and opened the drawer. "I'm pretty sure I have just one in here unless someone found it the other night." She spent a little while rummaging through the drawer. I was thankful to have a break. It gave me time to settle myself down just a little before the next round. She handed me the condom as soon as she found it.

I tore the little yellow package open but decided not to put it on just yet. Instead, I placed the package on the arm of the couch and stood up. "Your turn." I reached down to help her stand beside me. "But first, I need you out of those clothes."

She flashed that pretty smile I already loved so much. "Whatever you want." She took my hand and rose to her feet.

I took great joy in unzipping her pants as fast as possible, then pushing them--along with her panties--all the way down to the floor in one motion.

Susie was beautiful standing before me. I swear, I had never been attracted to a curvy body like hers before, but now it was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I studied her, trying to burn her image into my memory. She was full and soft, and looked even better than she did in my fantasies.

I put my arms around her back as I leaned down to overtake her mouth with mine. I fiercely pressed my body against hers, reveling in the feel of her silky skin. Her breasts were like pillows; her stomach cushioned my hard cock. I wondered what it'd be like to take her away to a deserted island for a few years and devote myself to learning everything I could about her body.

She pulled me closer, squeezing my ass as she moaned and breathed into my mouth.

My dick pressed harder into her stomach until I couldn't take it anymore. "Sit on the couch," I whispered.

Without a word, she sat. I knelt down on the floor in front of her and gently placed a hand on each of her knees, spreading them apart. I was about to reach for the condom when I caught a glimpse of the soft folds between her thighs. I needed to taste her. I put my hands under her knees to guide her legs even further apart. Then I stopped to gaze at her for a moment, admiring her naked body, trying once again to burn a picture of her in my memory. I loved how those big tits complimented her pretty pink pussy, and the way her long blond hair fell around her shoulders and onto her chest, framing her beautiful face. I was once again reminded of a picture from a trashy magazine, the kind featuring gorgeous, smiling, large-breasted women with their legs wide open. She was a guilty pleasure come to life.

I bent my head down and gave her one good, long lick from the bottom of her pussy up to her clit. She moaned and put her hands on the back of my head.

"Woman, you are so wet," I said, just before my mouth began its assault.

I took my time with her at first, licking every inch, my tongue lingering to enjoy her taste. Every time I'd done this with a woman in the past, the room was dark, but Susie had the lights on, confident and unashamed. I had no idea how much better it was to clearly see her pussy as I was licking it.

I sucked on her lips for a while before I moved up to her clit. Her moans got louder as my tongue moved in fast circles.

She let out one sharp, painful moan, then said, "Damn it. I need you to fuck me, now!"

I desperately wanted to fulfill her request, but not just yet. I wanted to get her off with my mouth before we went any further. I wanted to feel her dripping all over my face as I brought her to orgasm.

I slid three fingers into her and thrust them in and out as my mouth stayed fiercely on her clit. I opened my eyes and, from my position between her legs, I could see her throw her head back against the couch. Her screams and moans got louder; her tits bounced as her whole body tossed around. It made it harder to stay on her clit but I enjoyed the extra work.

Her hands were behind my head, pulling me closer. Then her ankles found their way to my back as I continued to fuck her with my fingers as I licked her.

She began to scream and squeal like she'd lost all control. Her juices flowed all over me just like I wanted, completely soaking my face. Secretly, I was disappointed that she got off so quickly; I felt like I could have kept going for hours, but hopefully I'd be fortunate enough to taste her pussy again.

Finally she stopped squirming and sat there on the couch with her eyes closed and her mouth hanging open. I saw her chest rise and fall as she breathed deeply.

I stood up. "I'll be right back." I found the downstairs bathroom. Faster than ever before in my life, I washed my face and rinsed my mouth with mouthwash. Maybe she wouldn't mind the taste of herself on me like certain girls of my past, but I didn't want to ruin the moment to ask her. I just knew I wanted to kiss her again without any awkwardness.

I literally ran back to the living room. She opened her eyes and smiled at me as she sat there, naked and beautiful.

I raced to take the condom out of its package and unroll it onto my cock. Then I got on my knees on the floor and positioned myself between her legs. First I leaned forward to give her a kiss. I knew she could taste soap and mouthwash but she kissed me right back, her tongue roaming my mouth more aggressively than before.

She stared deep into my eyes as I pulled away from her. “You were amazing,” she said.

I grabbed her soft, creamy thighs to guide them into the exact position I needed to fuck her senseless. “Thank you.” I smiled as I slipped into her soaking wet pussy.

Susie stared into my eyes and let out a squeal when I entered her. I wasn’t used to a woman being so responsive and unafraid to let go.

“You’re huge!” she screamed, throwing her head back into the soft cushion of the overstuffed couch.

“You feel so good, baby.” I hadn’t meant to call her “baby” but I’d lost most of my ability to think when I felt her pussy tighten around me. I didn’t know a woman could get as wet as she was that night.

“You don’t have to take it easy on me, Tyler. I won’t break. I need you to really give it to me.”

I smiled. She was just about to get exactly what she wanted. I’d never fucked anybody so hard in my life. I had to be gentler with other girls, but not with her. She kept yelling at me to pound her harder. It was easy to see why men wanted more of her after the first time. She was open and aggressive, and confident enough to keep the lights on. I hated the thought of her with any man who wasn’t me, but all that really mattered was she was mine that night. I was the one between her legs, fucking her like my life depended on it, trying to tear her ass to shreds. Her beautiful body was just soft enough to let me fuck her as hard as I wanted without feeling like I was going to hit her bones and hurt myself. Her breasts bounced each time I rammed into her. I could’ve watched them for hours, mesmerized.

I picked her left leg up and put it over my shoulder to get inside her as deep as possible.

“Oh yeah. That’s it...that’s it...” she moaned.

I went at her, fucking her like crazy as long as I could. She screamed and made the most beautiful sounds every time I hit that place deep inside. Occasionally she’d scream my name.

I couldn’t hold back any longer; I started to come. I was surprised I’d lasted so long. I don’t even know what noises I made, but I’m pretty sure I screamed her name. I had to fight the urge to yell, “I fucking love you!”

The moment it was over, I wanted more. She was like a drug. One time wouldn’t be enough...not for something that good. I’d seen porno movies that weren’t as good as what we’d done. And, unfortunately, I knew I already had feelings for her. *Shit. I’m Troy.* I didn’t even know the guy but I felt bad for him. It would be hard not to fall for that girl, especially after the kind of day we’d had together.

We both stood up and found our recklessly scattered clothing. Susie only put her T-shirt back on.

“Well, Tyler, I had a lot of fun *studying* with you today.” She laughed in a way that sounded nervous to me. Maybe she was as surprised as I was by how our day ended?

I smiled. I may have even blushed. I put my arms around her to give her a long hug, enjoying the feel of her soft body against me once more. I kissed her forehead, then her lips. The sight of her standing there with nothing on but a shirt that barely went past her waist was about to get me hard again. I knew I needed to leave or we’d go until the wee hours of the morning and end up sleeping through the finance test.

What was I supposed to say before I left? I wanted to tell her I hope to see her again. I also wanted to thank her for the fantastic sex we’d just had. I couldn’t think of a way to say it all and not sound like another annoying guy who wanted more of her attention. However, there was

one thing I knew for certain: I had to get her to be with me, exclusively. And I was already determined to figure out a way to make that happen.

“All right,” I said, loosening my tight grip. “Thanks for giving me a wonderful day.” I would’ve asked to sleep over but she seemed to be shoving me out the door. “I’ll see you tomorrow at the Cellar, right?”

“Yes. I’ll be there,” she said.

“Okay then. I need to go get some sleep.”

“Me too,” she said. Right before I opened the door to leave, she added, “I had a wonderful day with you, too.”

My heart pounded erratically. I already had it so bad for her. Immediately, her words about not wanting anything serious rang loudly in my head. I stepped forward to give her another kiss, much longer this time. I let my arms linger around her back, then reached down to her naked ass. We kissed as my hands lingered there, rubbing and squeezing her fleshy, round cheeks. I couldn’t resist the urge to draw my hand back and give her left cheek a sharp smack. She giggled, then moaned. *Note to self: if fortunate enough to be with her again, explore this further.*

It was hard to stop kissing her, but I had to go home. I pulled away and gave her one last glance before opening the door to go outside. “See you tomorrow.”

I came home to a quiet house at three o’clock in the morning when my roommates were all asleep. I went straight to bed with nothing but my thoughts to keep me company. I hadn’t really thought about having a girlfriend in a long time. My last serious relationship ended almost a year earlier, but it was over long before without me realizing it. I’d neglected her because I had family issues to deal with. She started seeing someone else and wanted to officially break it off with me. I wasn’t even upset about it when she broke the news.

Women hadn’t been much of a priority to me since my dad died. Settling down and finding the right person were goals I kept in the back of my mind and I assumed they would probably happen...someday. But first, I wanted to finish school and start my own business. I needed to make sure my mom and the rest of my family were well cared for, including my future wife and children. I didn’t want them to be in the situation my family was in when we lost Dad. And sure, I was a man. I thought about women all the time, but they’d been too much effort for me in the past. Occasionally I’d meet girls on campus who piqued my interest. I’d flirt and sometimes even think about pursuing one in particular but my mind always found its way several weeks or months down the road, when she might be upset with me for not paying her enough attention, or not taking her to the right restaurant on Valentine’s Day. Or expect me to drop everything I was doing because she had a bad day and needed me, with no regard to the fact that I have problems too, like getting through college, or making sure my family doesn’t fall apart. Maybe my past girlfriends were too needy. I figured all women were like that.

I’d gotten way into porn as a result. I wouldn’t say I was addicted, but it was there when I needed it. And I needed it often.

I made the mistake of hooking up on two separate occasions in the past year with women I’d just met. One, I’d met at a bar when I was still living at home and helping my family. I went out with friends who were home from college over their Thanksgiving break. I was lonely and I drank too much. I felt terrible about it when I woke up in her bed the next morning. She tried to call me for weeks, even after I told her I didn’t like her that way. I swore it would never happen again. And then, in March, I hooked up with a girl I met at a friend’s party. The fallout was so bad that I tried to put it out of my mind forever. And once again, I swore it was the last time.

Susanna Lombardi had caught me off guard in many ways. She was completely different from anybody I'd ever known, let alone anybody I'd ever been attracted to. She stirred up desires and emotions in me I'd forgotten were there. My mind kept going over the list of things I liked about her. Things that made her stand out from the other girls. I felt like I could talk to her about anything. She listened without judging or giving unnecessary advice. She didn't seem like she'd be needy in a relationship. Mostly because she said she didn't even want a relationship.

Shit. *There's the rub.* This phenomenal woman steamrolls into my life and she doesn't want anything serious. At least she says she doesn't. I had no idea what I was going to do. Now that we'd gotten to know each other--in typical porn star fashion--I would still see her in many of my classes. *What if she tries to blow me off? What if I walk around campus with a constant erection because she's around and I can't stop thinking about what happened?*

Maybe I was overreacting. I had a great time with a great girl. If nothing else, at least I had some amazing memories. Even if I ended up married to someone else, I'd still have the memory of that night of mind-blowing sex, which was probably only a taste of who she was, sexually. Fuck. *I have to marry her.* This argument with myself did not end the way I'd planned.

I really hoped it would wear off, this euphoria from getting laid for the first time in months. *Maybe that's all this is,* I told myself. *There's no reason to worry.*

The past few years had been pretty rough on me. Since May, I lived in a house with three other guys and they were always bringing different girls home. That lifestyle didn't appeal to me but it didn't mean I couldn't have some fun once in a while, right? It didn't make me a "bad guy." It's normal college behavior. Part of the college experience. It wasn't a part I was interested in before but maybe I was warming up to the idea.

As much as I tried to justify it to myself, the reality of the situation was this: I had feelings for someone who could really hurt me. I lay wide awake in bed, staring up at the ceiling for hours. My thoughts only wanted to relive the memories that began when she sat at that table. Talking, studying, laughing, kissing, fucking...she made everything so easy and special.

I remembered something she said: shouldn't it be the woman who feels this way? I couldn't imagine any of my roommates having these thoughts. Those three did whatever they pleased. Girls would call them and stop by the house for days afterward, and my roommates couldn't have cared less.

Shit. How did I get myself into this?

Part 2

Tyler

Wednesday, October 6, 2010

I finally got a few hours of sleep before I went to my eleven-thirty class. I forced myself to focus on the finance test because my mind constantly wandered, thinking about what happened the night before. I was thankful Susie wasn't in my class. She had it at twelve-thirty. I probably would've failed if we were in the same room together.

When I wasn't thinking about the previous night, I was looking at the guys around me in class, wondering if she'd ever been with them. Should I be so concerned about her past history with the men of this campus? Maybe there weren't as many as I thought. Realistically, I knew she probably wasn't any different than any of the other women around there. She was just more open about it.

I went to the student union, The Cellar, to wait for my group so we could work on our management project. Several of them were in the twelve-thirty class with Susie. The rest of them had another class I didn't need to take because of my transfer credits. A copy of the student newspaper was on one of the tables, so I picked it up to pass the time. The front page had a story about the soccer team, reminding me of Troy Anders. I wondered if Susie had something to do with why he didn't play soccer anymore. My roommate, Joe, played soccer his freshman year and he still kept up with the team. I'd heard him mention several times that they probably missed Troy. I had to learn more. Was he stalking her or something? She said he thought he was her boyfriend. *Poor guy. I hope I'm not next.*

Joan Melton suddenly appeared in front of me.

"Hey Joan!" I said, startled.

"Hey Tyler!" She echoed my tone. "How's it goin'?" Did I scare you?"

"No, no. I was just thinking about something. Have a seat."

Joan sat down across from me. "So what's going on with you, Ty? Haven't seen you in a while. How's Caleb?"

She and my roommate, Caleb, hung out a lot over the summer. It started when they worked together at a bank. I had no idea why she was no longer around. Caleb never mentioned anything about it to me; he was too busy bragging about his latest conquests. "He's okay, I guess. Busy with classes."

"Good for him."

I decided not to probe, given her tone of voice. So, I changed the subject. "I didn't know you were in any of our classes. You're a business major?"

"No. I'm minoring in Management. This is the only business class I have this semester."

I chose my words carefully, trying not to be obvious. "I met your friend Susie yesterday. I think she's gonna be here with our group today."

"Yeah. She's so cool. We go way back. You didn't know her already?"

"Not until I met her yesterday. We studied for the finance test. I took it this morning."

"How do you think you did? I've heard that's a hard class."

"I think I did better than the last test. Susie told me the secret was going through the examples in the book."

"She's smart. Listen to her."

"Yeah, she's something." The words slipped out before I could stop them.

Joan didn't seem to hear me at first as she turned her head to scan the room for the rest of our classmates. I was relieved. Then she looked at me, her eyes huge, like a light bulb came on inside her head.

"Yeah, she really *is* something." The size of her eyes went from wide to suspiciously narrow. "You know, I tried to call her cell phone a few times yesterday and she never answered. Sent me a text message at three in the morning that said she'd talk to me today."

"Really?" I wondered if Susie would talk about me with Joan. What would she say? Would she tell her what we did? I cursed under my breath when I realized I sounded like a woman.

"Hmm." She winked at me and smiled.

I must have a horrible poker face.

I saw Dan and Corbie walking toward our table.

"The party has arrived!" Dan said. I wasn't happy to see him. He was a jackass. He seemed like a frat boy but he wasn't. They probably rejected him because he was so annoying. He was a lot shorter than me and seemed kind of preppy. His hair was short and dark, styled with too much gel. It made me thankful for my culturally-accepted long hair.

Corbie just said, "Hey." He was tall, blond-haired, and kind of heavy with a build like a football player. I didn't know him very well but he seemed nice.

Dan and Corbie sat down beside Joan, discussing the project and the other people involved. Next to arrive were Chris and Lisa. I put my backpack on the chair next to me when I saw them approach the table, in the hopes that Susie might sit there. My pulse quickened when Chris casually mentioned her name. Almost immediately, I saw her walking along with Michael, both of them laughing as they rounded the corner into the student union food court. Michael was a tall, good looking, well-dressed black guy with a shaved head. He was also smart, funny, and likable...and I sure as hell didn't like him being so close to Susie.

I took a deep breath and tried not to scowl at them. Maybe I'd do some research before I assumed she slept with all of her male friends. I wasn't used to being jealous, and I didn't like the feeling one bit. My first impression was that she and Michael only looked like good friends. But, then again, wasn't that how she preferred it?

They both laughed hysterically as they approached our table. The laughter made her tits bounce as she walked. She wore a brown jacket with a tight black shirt underneath. The memory of the curvy, supple body under those clothes was fresh in my mind. I probably would've gotten hard if I wasn't so nervous about seeing her again.

When she and Michael arrived at the table, she made one sweeping gesture to say hi to everyone as Michael took a seat beside Dan. She talked to Joan for a moment, but she stopped when she caught me staring at her. She returned my look with a smile. The other people at the table were all laughing at Michael's retelling of something that happened outside, but I couldn't concentrate on it. It was my first time seeing her since I left her house early that morning. Would this be awkward? One night stands weren't my thing, and I didn't know the proper seeing-you-the-next-day etiquette.

"Anyone sitting beside you, Tyler?" she asked.

"No."

She hurried over, putting her backpack on the table. When she sat down, her leg brushed against mine as she continued her conversation with Joan. Maybe this wouldn't be awkward at all.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t call you back last night. I was busy studying,” she told Joan. I wondered if Joan knew “studying” was code for “getting fucked on my couch by the guy sitting next to me.”

After a half hour of socializing, we finally started to talk about the big management project. It was nice to make some new friends. I had a feeling I was about to enjoy college a lot more from then on. Susie spoke to everyone and brought me into her conversations. She made me feel included, like I’d always been there. It was nice for a change.

I got hungry around three o’clock and decided on cheap tacos from *Taco Hut* in the food court. I thought about asking Susie if she wanted anything but I didn’t feel like hearing the “I don’t want a boyfriend” spiel again.

I was waiting in line to order when I heard Joan’s voice behind me.

“Hey Ty.”

“Hey.”

“So, tacos, huh?”

“Yep.” I barely turned around to look at her.

I heard her take a deep breath. “So what’s going on with you two? Don’t say it’s nothing, either. I can tell.”

I looked down at the floor. I was actually dying to talk to somebody about it but I didn’t want it to get back to Susie. I wasn’t sure what to say.

Joan continued. “Look, I haven’t known you for long, but I think you’re a really nice guy. Caleb said good things about you.”

It’s funny how a guy can open up to a woman and tell her what he’s really thinking, but he’d never tell me in a million years. I had no idea what Caleb thought of me, and I was stunned to hear this little piece of information.

She went on. “I think you could be really good for her.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

“What makes you think that?”

“I’ve known her for a long time. She was friends with my sister Monica when she lived here with her aunt in high school. My family always kept in touch with her.”

“Oh?” I hoped she would keep going.

“Yes. She’s great. Probably my best friend. Monica and I always talk about how we wish she would settle down with the right guy.”

“Well, she’s very blunt. She told me she doesn’t want a boyfriend.”

Joan laughed. “She puts the walls up right away, I guess. I’ve never believed her. I think she just always gets these guys who come on too strong. It’s best if you act like you’re not interested.”

I couldn’t hold back any longer. It was time to do some research. “Okay. She made it sound like she really gets around. Is that true?”

Joan looked like she was deep in thought when I heard the guy at the counter say, “Next!”

I quickly placed my order and paid, as did Joan. We walked to the edge of the counter to wait for our food.

She leaned close to my ear, her voice quiet. “I wouldn’t call her a slut. She doesn’t mess around with everyone. But I’ve never known her to have a boyfriend.”

Our orders were ready at the same time, almost immediately. They probably had fifty of those stupid, cheap tacos already made. *Damn it, Taco Hut!* I knew I should've gone somewhere else. I was desperate for information and I needed to buy time before I went back to the table.

We both took our trays and walked a few feet away.

I looked around to make sure Susie wasn't around before asking, "Out of all those guys at the table, who's she been with?"

"None that I know of and she would've told me by now. I can usually tell anyway. You see..." Joan rambled on about how she was jealous of Susie and she'd gotten over it, but it was obvious that she hadn't. Why else would she be standing there, holding a tray, babbling on about her friend's love life? She didn't have a lot of information to offer me, except that she was positive there was nothing going on with Susie and any other guy at the moment. Nothing serious, at least. She was close to Dan, Corbie, and Michael, but they were just friends.

The only one who worried me was Corbie. According to Joan, at Susie's party he was "all up on her," but that wasn't unusual. What the fuck was that supposed to mean? If she ever became my girlfriend, could I get her to stop hanging out with so many guys?

Logically, I knew I had to stop thinking so far ahead. How did I go from "happily single" to "insanely jealous" in less than twenty-four hours? It didn't help that Joan sounded resentful about the male attention Susie received, and was bothered by the fact that she didn't seem to appreciate any of that attention. My assessment was that, like an idiot, I had fallen for the one girl at this stupid school who could've had her choice of boyfriends, but genuinely didn't want one. Now I had to figure out how to make that girl want me.

I hated myself for analyzing it so much. I was quickly reminded of high school, and the girls I knew who would talk about this kind of shit all the time. Asking if I thought some guy liked her, or didn't like her, or liked her friend instead of her. Anytime I got stuck in one of those conversations, I did whatever it took to get away, no matter how lame the excuse. Sudden trip to the bathroom...Forgot something in my locker...I think I left my car running in the parking lot. And now, at the age of twenty-five, I stood in a food court, encouraging a girl to tell me as much as she could about her friend's love life. I was pathetic.

As I thought about it, Joan didn't make sense. Why did she know so much about Susie, anyway? Was it jealousy? Was she spying on me with the intention of taking the whole conversation back to Susie later? I waited until she stopped to take a breath, then asked, "Why do you care so much, Joan? I don't get it. Did she put you up to this?"

"No, it's nothing like that." Her voice got quiet. "I'll just say, we kind of had a relationship."

"You mean, a physical relationship?"

She closed her eyes and exhaled, slowly. "I shouldn't have told you that."

"It's okay. You can tell me more if you want."

She winced again.

"Hey, I'm sorry."

"No, it's okay. It's just that I've made the mistake of telling people about it before."

Joan's eyes pleaded with me for secrecy. She took a long, deep breath. "I love her as a friend. I do. As a sister, even. I can't believe I let it happen. A couple of years ago I went through...a curious phase."

"Uh-huh."

"I knew Susie had been with women before. And I knew she wouldn't judge me. I wasn't even worried it would make our friendship weird."

“Okay.” *Yes, please continue...*

“It was, like, a year and a half ago. We were out dancing and we started grinding each other on the dance floor. People around us started yelling for us to kiss, and we did. So later, we went back to her house. I sobered up a little but I was still drunk enough to ask her if I could kiss her again.”

I don’t know what kind of expression I had on my face, but it made Joan stop.

“I’m sorry, Tyler. I probably shouldn’t tell you all in public.” She laughed. “I’m really bad for using way too many details when I’m telling a story. I could’ve just said we got drunk and hooked up.”

“It’s okay. You might as well finish your story.”

“Well, long story short, I had my first experience with a woman that night.”

“No, don’t worry about it being a long story. What happened when you told her you wanted to kiss her again?” I asked.

She looked around, then leaned toward me, lowering her voice. “She said, ‘is that all you want?’ I mean, I knew she’d be open but I didn’t expect that. I don’t wanna go into graphic detail. I’ll just say I had my first lesbian experience that night, and several more that week. It was crazy.” Joan closed her eyes, grinning, like fond memories were replaying in her mind.

“Was that the only time it happened?”

She inhaled deeply, which I now recognized as a sign that she was about to start babbling again in a steady burst. “The last time was about a year ago. You see, I kinda had a crush on her for a while but I’m over it. I still have really strong feelings but we’re just friends. And they might border on romantic feelings but I don’t think that’s unusual. You can have crushes on friends of the same sex and still be straight. At least, according to my counselor.”

Joan had to go to counseling because of her? Damn. Either Joan was that crazy or Susie was that good.

We started to talk again as we headed back to the table. She suggested we exchange numbers in case I had more questions. I did it, but it made me nervous. Maybe she secretly wanted to sabotage me. I probably shouldn’t have been so quick to trust her.

When we arrived at the table, Susie gave us both a curious stare. “You guys were gone for a while. Thought you got lost.”

Joan nodded, quickly changing the subject. “You know Tyler and Caleb are roommates, right?”

“Oh really? Caleb?” Susie turned to me, squinting, questioning why I hadn’t told her.

I shrugged. “I didn’t wanna bring it up. Caleb never told me what happened.” I glanced at Joan, who frowned. It made me sad. She obviously just wanted someone to care about her.

We hung out at the table for a while longer. Eventually Chris had to leave, then Lisa.

Susie grabbed her backpack and rose from her chair. “I’m heading home. You guys come over if you want.”

I immediately stood up beside her. “You need a ride?”

“It’s only a few blocks...” her voice trailed off. She licked her lips, then leaned closer to me, lowering her voice. “Sure, I could use a ride.”

So we walked to the parking deck with Dan, Corbie, Michael, and Joan. Corbie had to go to work. The rest of them got in their separate vehicles to drive to Susie’s house.

Finally, we were alone in my car.

“So, how did you like the group?” she asked. “They’re a lot of fun. We’d probably get a lot more done if we didn’t get along so well.”

“Yeah, it was great. But you can’t really study with them, can you? How can you focus?”

“It depends. We usually start out studying together somewhere and then break off one by one as we realize we aren’t getting much accomplished.”

“I think it’ll be fine working with them for this project though.”

“Oh yeah, definitely. I’m still pissed about the short notice....”

“Me too.”

I cleared my throat. “So, what’s going on with Dan? Seems like he really likes you.”

“Yeah, I kinda got that impression. Especially when he tried to crawl into my bed with me after the party. He’s kind of a jackass sometimes.”

I laughed.

“He’s okay though.” She sighed. “I shouldn’t have said that. He’s been a good friend to me.”

We talked all the way through the short ride, stopping in front of her house. I wanted to kiss her, touch her. Replay the events of last night if she’d let me. It was so disappointing that we wouldn’t be alone.

As soon as I walked through her front door, my eyes immediately went to the couch. I wanted to bronze that sacred piece of furniture. She walked over to the thermostat on the wall beside it, adjusting the temperature. I stood directly behind her.

When she finished, she turned around and looked up at me, chuckling as if she was surprised I stood so close. “Hi there,” she said.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t wait any longer.” I put my arms around her and leaned down to kiss her.

At first she seemed unresponsive, but after a few seconds her fingers dug into the back of my shirt like she wanted to rip it off. I heard her moan, softly.

Behind us, a throat cleared.

Joan. Almost immediately, Michael and Dan made their way into the house behind her and closed the door.

Ah. Closing the door. That would’ve been smart.

Dan, Michael, and I went to the kitchen and each helped ourselves to a beer then headed to the living room where Michael turned on the Wii. I knew weren’t going to study.

Joan and Susie disappeared to the kitchen. I wondered if they were talking about me, or about whatever crisis Joan called her about the day before.

Dan opened a closet in the back of the living room that looked enormous from where I stood. He got out the drums and guitar for *Rock Band*.

“Don’t you guys ever study?” I asked.

“Once in a while,” Dan said.

Well, at least I’d have some fun today. My roommates played this once in a while. I would occasionally sing if it was a song I really liked, or if I’d had enough to drink.

“Honestly, we do study,” Michael said, “but that test today was brutal. I think we need to relax.”

I already liked being a part of this group. It was different from hanging out with my roommates, who had been my primary social group since I moved there in May.

In the corner of the living room was a sixty-inch flat screen television. Inside the large, black console underneath I saw several more video game systems and other electronic devices that I didn’t have time to identify before Michael shut the doors. *No wonder everybody’s over here all the time.* I wondered how she could afford all that stuff.

I chuckled to myself as I thought about why I hadn't paid any attention to the huge TV the first time I was in her living room. It was unlike me not to immediately notice things like that.

The girls were still in the kitchen when we started to play. The guys picked a song I didn't know very well. I offered to play drums. Michael sang and Dan played guitar. When the song ended. Michael picked another one. I didn't object. It took my mind off the fact that I wasn't having sex with Susie.

After that song, I turned around to see Joan and Susie sitting on the couch. They clapped and cheered for us. I was thrilled to see her sitting there in about the same spot where I had defiled her the night before.

Michael asked for someone else to sing. Joan instantly piped up, saying she hadn't gotten a turn at the party.

I was happy to hand the drumsticks to Michael. I went straight to the couch to take Joan's seat beside Susie. I tried to maintain my composure. I couldn't stop thinking about how much I wanted to go for "The Couch, Part II."

The song started. I knew I had limited time to talk to her alone as they played. I leaned down to speak in her ear. Her hair smelled like coconut. "So, did you wash the blanket?" I wished I had taken it home as a souvenir.

She turned to look at me; I moved my ear closer to her mouth when I saw she wanted to speak. "It's drying right now," she whispered as I closed my eyes to enjoy the feel of her breath against my cheek. "You really had me worked up. That blanket was in bad shape."

The thought of her juices flowing...She tasted so good. It drove me crazy to sit on that couch with her again and not be able to rip her clothes off.

I asked, "So what are you doing tonight at five-thirty?"

With a little grin, she looked in my eyes, then turned her face to whisper in my ear, "I thought maybe I'd be doing you at five-thirty."

I almost dropped my beer. "Oh. Okay." I couldn't find a response. Yeah. She was definitely my dream girl.

"So," she whispered, "let everybody leave. If anybody notices, I'll make up some reason why I need you to stay."

I was thrilled to be the subject of her evening again, especially since it was a total surprise. My earlier disappointment turned into frustration that I had to wait another forty-five minutes to get her out of those clothes.

But a part of me was still disappointed. Why did she insist on keeping it a secret? Was it because she would eventually tire of me and she didn't want to have to explain it to the group? I really hoped the day would come when I could be her boyfriend and we could be open and proud of our relationship. We could just excuse ourselves and go to her bedroom and let everybody stay out here doing whatever they wanted as long as they could handle our noise. If she were my girlfriend, I'd be proud to let people hear us. Damn proud.

I grinned, resisting my urge to take her hand and pull her to another room right then. "So, how do you know I don't already have plans tonight myself?"

"I don't. I was being optimistic. Why? Do you need to be somewhere?"

"Absolutely not." I kissed her cheek as my face brushed past hers.

The song finally stopped. Michael checked his phone. "Well, it's been fun you guys, but I have to go. Roommate crisis." He didn't elaborate.

"Yeah, I should probably go too," Dan said. "Got some business to take care of."

I didn't care enough to ask.

Susie gave me a quick glance and a big smile as she spoke to everyone else. "Well, I'm sorry you guys couldn't stay longer. Thanks for stopping by."

I ran to help the guys put the instruments back in the closet.

We said goodbye to Dan and Michael. Joan followed closely behind, giving me a knowing smile as she closed the door.

I couldn't believe my luck. We had the house to ourselves. And Joan seemed to be fine with me and Susie spending more time alone together. Maybe Joan really was over her.

Susie turned the deadbolt behind Joan then took my hand. "Let me give you the upstairs tour," she said.

"Okay." I held her hand as she led me up the stairs, then to a room on the right.

She flicked the light switch on as she walked inside. "Okay, here's my bedroom. Great tour, huh?"

"Awesome tour." I immediately grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up over her head to toss away to the floor. I then reached behind her to unhook her bra and pull it off, watching her breasts bounce out of it. I walked her backwards to the bed, stopping when the back of her legs touched her bedspread.

"I'm not sure what I wanna do first," I said as I bent down to kiss her, my fingers tugging at her zipper. Even though I didn't know where to start, I knew I'd need her completely naked.

"Just do whatever you feel like doin', baby," she said between kisses.

I loved to hear her call me "baby" with her sexy drawl.

I stopped kissing her for a moment and pulled her pants and panties to the floor. It turned me on even more to have her standing there, naked, while I was still wearing my clothes. I wanted to completely ravish her and I didn't feel like being gentle about it.

She stood in front of me, smiling. Just like the night before, she made no mention of turning out the light. Her body was beautifully curvy. Her skin was so pale, so perfect. I felt like I'd waited years to see that soft, naked body again. My eyes focused on her tits, then her mouth, then her tits again, then ran up and down her body from her head to her pretty, red toenails. Too many choices. Too many places to start.

"Tyler," she said, breathlessly, "just do whatever you want. I'm yours tonight."

It would've been better if she'd just said "I'm yours" and not added "tonight." But I was willing to live for tonight. At once, I unzipped my pants and kicked them off. Then I rushed toward her and, using my left arm between her legs and my right arm behind her back, picked her up and laid her down on the bed. The blankets gave her a soft landing, but she hit them with a resounding *whack*.

"Whoa!" she yelled.

"I'm so sorry!" I felt so stupid. I hoped she wasn't hurt. I just wanted her on the bed, and fast. Especially after she told me she was all mine.

"No, it's okay." She giggled. "I like it rough."

"Good. Because I have no desire to be gentle with you." Standing at the side of the bed, I took one of her ankles in each of my hands and pulled them as far apart as possible. Without hesitation, I rammed into her as hard as I could.

"*Oh!*" she screamed. She was so wet. Not as soaked as she was the previous night, but we'd only just started.

I cradled her thighs in my arms and pulled her toward me to have more control of her body so I could really hammer her. I don't know what came over me. In my thoughts earlier in

the day I wanted to take my time, but when she told me fifteen minutes ago she had scheduled her entire night to be with me, she brought out something else.

I entered her again, harder than before. She let out a beautiful scream as her huge tits bounced chaotically. I pounded her a few more times before I fantasized about dominating her. I wondered what it would be like to tie her up and do whatever I wanted. I didn't want to hurt her; I just wanted to get to know her body without making her feel like she had to reciprocate. Would she be into that?

So many thoughts rushed through my mind at once. Fucking her...tasting her...spanking her. I couldn't concentrate enough to keep going.

I gently lowered her hips to the bed and sat beside her. My thoughts were erratic. Our first time together was amazing, but it was a surprise. Hours had passed since then and I'd fantasized about too many other things I wanted to do with her. It was too much.

"What's wrong?" She sat up. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"No. I think I just got too excited." I took a deep breath. *I might as well be honest with her.* "I hadn't been with anybody in a long time before last night. There are so many things I wanna do to you, I don't know where to start."

"That's really sweet." She gave me a warm smile, like she was genuinely touched by what I'd just said.

I didn't know how to react. Not that I expected horror or disgust. I just didn't expect her to think it was sweet. "I've never met anybody like you before."

She smiled and scooted closer to me. Then she ran her fingers through my hair, stopping to pull me toward her and kiss me, slowly. She took my bottom lip between hers, licking it perfectly, then letting it go as her tongue gently slipped into my mouth. I let myself receive her kiss for a long time at her slow, even pace. It somehow calmed me down to focus on nothing but that kiss.

She stopped kissing me and pulled away, looking into my eyes. "You know, Tyler, we could have more than just tonight. If you want, you can come over this Saturday and we can do all those other things you were thinking about." She smiled and pulled my shirt up to take it off. "But I probably shouldn't assume you don't have plans again. Like, maybe you have football to watch or something."

"I can be here Saturday."

"Good." She smiled. "Now sit up with your back against the headboard."

I moved her pillow out of the way and slid back to the headboard. She quickly positioned herself to straddle me.

"I hope this is all right," she said. "I've been thinking about doing this all day." She lowered herself down onto my cock as far as she could go until I felt her cervix, then she rose up.

"*Mmm...Yes.*" My eyes rolled back. "You feel so fucking good."

She lowered herself again, rose up, then slowly went back down. I was reminded of my fantasies in the coffee shop, of her milky white breasts and soft, plump body bouncing up and down on my dick. She wasn't quite bouncing yet but I knew she would be soon.

Her pussy got wetter by the second, dripping down onto my balls. It felt more intimate to me than I imagined it did to her. We looked into each other's eyes, smiling. I played with her tits as she slowly moved on top of me. It didn't feel like casual sex to me. It felt like warm, slow love-making.

Fuck, I was already so attached to her. Instead of over-thinking it and getting weird on her for the second time that night, I let my thoughts go exactly where they wanted. I felt close to

her like I'd known her for years. Like she wasn't someone I'd just met the day before. She was someone I loved right then. And she loved me back--in my mind.

She leaned forward to give me a rough, passionate kiss as we fucked--as we *made love*. It turned me on so much more to think about it that way.

Susie put her arms around me and continued to kiss me, still moving slowly up and down, taking her time. How could she not feel something for me as she did this?

Abruptly, she stopped, her eyes wide with fear. "You're not wearing a condom!" she screamed.

"No, I guess I'm not." I had honestly forgotten. Maybe if I had sex more often I would've remembered, but I was so desperate to fuck her, I forgot about the details. "Why didn't you say something?"

"I don't know. I guess I forgot. I never forget." She pulled herself off of me and reached into a drawer in her nightstand. She moved some things around and said, "Here we go," when she found it.

Susie tore the wrapper open with her teeth and gave me a big smile. She sucked on the top of the condom and used her mouth to unroll it onto me like it was something she'd done a thousand times. Maybe I was inexperienced, but nobody had ever done that to me before.

After the condom was safely in place, she got back on top, moaning as she descended on my cock. "I'm sorry it doesn't feel as good, sweetie." I felt her tighten her pussy again. I'd always heard women could control those muscles but I didn't believe it until that moment. "You never know. Maybe sometime we can do it without one. It was kinda fun to live on the edge."

I looked in her pretty eyes, nodding, unable to form words about how much I would love that. Her thick, sexy body was heavier than the waif-like girls of my past; none of them had ever felt this good riding my cock. I loved the feel of her tender skin on mine. Her round, slightly plump stomach against my hard stomach. Her smooth legs on my muscular thighs. Her large breasts rubbing up and down my chest as her body rose and fell.

My arms curled around her, holding her close, guiding her slowly up and down. It seemed like she wanted to speed up but I wanted to savor the event and enjoy it as long as possible.

We went on like that for a long time, maybe a half hour. Maybe longer. It felt so good, I wanted to make it last as long as possible. But she started to move faster. And this time I didn't slow her down. The faster she moved, the faster I needed it.

My hands gripped her ass. She squealed and grinned when I gave her a light smack.

I held her cheeks and moved my thighs up to meet hers, faster and harder. Soon, she was bouncing just like I'd fantasized. I then required a much more forceful motion. "Turn around and get on your hands and knees," I said.

Without hesitation, she obeyed my command. As soon as she was in position, her beautiful ass right there in front of me, I put my hands on her waist and entered her with all my strength.

She screamed, "Ty!" and arched her back. I lost all control when my groin hit her supple ass. I loved fucking that fleshy body of hers. I already hoped it wouldn't be the last time I'd get to take her like this.

Her ass was toned with a little extra padding; enough to jiggle each time I hit it. I grabbed her hips and pounded her as hard as I wanted. She moaned or screamed each time. I smacked her gorgeous cheeks the faster I went, making her add a "yeah" to her moans. With my palm meeting her flesh, I fantasized about taking her over my knee. Hopefully she'd be into that.

Like the night before, I was shocked by how long I lasted before I came. I screamed her name as I felt myself let go. When I looked down and saw her ass jiggling from my body's force against it, I came again.

I stopped and sat back behind her, dripping with sweat, trying to catch my breath. She quickly turned around and sat on her knees in front of me on the bed, smiling.

"You. Are. Fucking. Amazing. Tyler." She pronounced each word like it was a declaration to be etched in stone, staring at me like she couldn't believe I was real.

"Thank you." I could barely get the words out. I felt like I'd just run a marathon.

She let out a soft chuckle. "I don't mean to laugh at your expense. You were working so hard." She looked at me with sympathy and gently ran her fingers through my damp hair.

I wanted to laugh but I was still catching my breath. I smiled and winked, trying to tell her I didn't mind the workout one bit.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom. I'll be right back." She kissed my cheek, then hopped off the bed and ran to the bathroom. My eyes stayed on the curvy, naked body I had already become obsessed with. She was the hottest thing in my world.

A few minutes later she came out of the bathroom with a towel and floated across the room to hand it to me.

"Just in case you need to dry off," she said. "Looks like you're doing better now."

"Yes." I took the towel and blotted my forehead. "I gotta get in better shape, I think. Maybe you can help me with that?"

"That might be fun. Don't forget about Saturday."

"Trust me, I won't forget." I gave her a quick peck on the lips as I slid off the bed to go to the bathroom.

When I came back a few minutes later, she was on her back, under a sheet. Her pretty head lay on a fluffy pillow. I crawled into the bed beside her and put my head on the other pillow, lying on my side to face her.

"You're addictive, you know that?" I asked.

She grinned and turned her body to face me, biting her plump lip. "You're not exactly going to be easy to give up either, Tyler." Her tone sounded a little too breezy to me.

"If it's not easy, then why would you want to give me up?" I asked, trying to mimic her carefree tone.

She opened her mouth as if she were about to answer, then I heard her stomach growl. A second later, mine growled.

"Sympathy pains," I said.

She giggled, then her eyes perked up. "So, what do you want for dinner?"

If I hadn't been so hungry I would've said "you," but my body needed food, especially after that workout. "I don't care. What are my options?"

"I could make something." She winced at the prospect. "I don't have anything good in the house that isn't frozen solid. Or we could leave the house, if you want."

"It might be nice to go somewhere." My typical suggestion was to order pizza, but I wanted to go out in public with her, kind of like a date. I instinctively knew I shouldn't torture myself, especially after her nonchalant comment about giving me up.

"I've been craving some pancakes from this diner across town for days. You know that truck stop by the outlet mall?" she asked.

"No, I'm pretty sure I don't."

"Well, do you like diners? Greasy food? Truckers?"

“Absolutely, yes.”

“Good.” She bounced out of the bed and started to bend over and pick her clothes up from the floor; it was a lot of fun to watch. “I’ll drive. I think you’ll like this place. I almost never see any other students there.” She looked at her alarm clock. “No wonder we’re hungry. It’s already seven o’clock.”

“I fucked you that good for an hour and a half, huh?” I chuckled.

“No, sweetheart, you wrecked my ass. I’m surprised I can walk.” She flashed me a huge smile and blew me a kiss as she pulled her jeans up. She made me melt inside, saying things like that. *I’m such a pervert.*

“You know, darlin’, I can take it easy on you if you can’t handle it.”

She walked over to me wearing only her jeans and a bra. “Not on your life.”

I reached down and gave her a big kiss, tempted to throw her down on the bed for another round. But my stomach growled angrily at me once again, warning me to eat before I had another go at her.

I pulled away when her phone rang.

“Shit! Not now! I know that ring. I’ll be a couple minutes.” She left the room. A moment later, I heard her walk down the stairs.

I got dressed quickly and thought about leaving the room to eavesdrop, but instead I took a deep breath and tried to settle down. Since when did I care enough to eavesdrop on someone? This sort of feeling was new for me, like a button had been pushed inside me that made me the kind of guy who didn’t want to be alone anymore. Susie made me feel comforted in every way; gave me something to be excited about. Something to want. Hell, even the idea of going to some dirty, out-of-the-way truck stop was new and thrilling, just because we’d be there together.

I laughed inside at how stupid my thoughts sounded. *I just met this girl, right? Why did I already feel like I just had to have her?*

For a moment, I thought back to my conversation with Joan. I couldn’t let it crush my hopes. *So what if I’m crazy for a girl who doesn’t want a boyfriend? It doesn’t mean I can’t win her over. I just have to be patient.*

I heard Susie’s footsteps in the hall. It was cute to see her walk back into the room, half dressed. Maybe she was this comfortable with everyone...or maybe it was just me.

She groaned as she bent over to pick up her shirt. “That was my aunt, Lydia. She’s been trying to get up with me for days. Wants to make sure I’m still alive and haven’t burnt down the house or something.” She pulled her shirt over her head as she looked at herself in the mirror above her dresser. “I need to find another top. There’s a weird stain on this one. I promise it’ll only take a minute. My stomach is roaring.”

She walked past me to the other side of the room and opened a door to the biggest walk-in closet I’d ever seen.

“You could live in here.” I followed her inside.

“Yeah, maybe.” She shuffled some of the hangers around, making angry noises at each article of clothing. “I need to go shopping. I hate everything in here.”

I saw a pink sweater that reminded me of how pretty she looked in the pink shirt she wore the previous day. “What about this one?” I asked, holding the sleeve.

“Hmm. Haven’t worn that since last winter.” She took it off the hanger, examining it for a moment before pulling it over her head. “I hope it’s not too tight.”

“So what if it is?” I admired the way the material clung to her breasts. “You’re gorgeous. You have nothing to be ashamed of.”

“That’s really sweet of you.”

I couldn’t tell what she meant about the sweater being too tight. Maybe she’d gained weight since the last time she wore it. I dared not ask. It didn’t matter to me. I started to realize she wasn’t really heavy. Yeah, she was a little fluffy compared to some of the other size zero college girls, but she didn’t seem to lack for admirers.

She ran past me, out of the closet. “I have to look at this in the bathroom. Give me ten seconds!”

I caught a glimpse of a pair of pants on top of her hamper. I picked them up to see the tag, out of curiosity. It said size 12. Not that it meant anything to me. I didn’t know women’s sizes. I just wanted to know more about her. Then I saw a bra and picked it up. It said 36-DDD. *Yeah, I knew those were triple Ds.* I smiled, proudly.

I let the clothes fall back to the hamper and walked quickly to the bedroom door just as Susie left the bathroom.

“Sorry to hold us up,” she said. “First Lydia, then my sweater.”

“It’s good you have family looking out for you. Do you have anyone besides her?”

“Yeah.” She turned out the light as we left the room to head downstairs. “Lydia, Mark, and Eugene on my Mom’s side. Lydia’s my Mom’s fraternal twin. On Dad’s side there’s Arthur and Bernadette. They all call to check up on me once in a while.”

“What about cousins?”

“I don’t hear from them as much. We email occasionally and I might see them when I visit. But I think the aunts and uncles all feel they have a parental void to fill in my life. It’s weird that we’re so spread out. We don’t ever get together in one place.”

She led me through the kitchen to the garage and turned on the light. *She has a garage?* I hadn’t noticed before because it was located in the back of the house, accessed only by a door in the kitchen. I was shocked by what I saw when the light came on.

There were several metal racks along the walls holding tools and boxes. It was much cleaner than the garage I had at my mom’s house. But the shock came when I stopped looking around the room and settled on the two cars sitting in front of me. “Did Aunt Lydia give you these, too?”

“No, I bought these.”

On the left was a Crown Victoria, mid 1990’s model. I was sure it was a police car at one time. On the right, a 1996 Mercedes S320. How did a twenty-five-year-old female college student end up with these?

“Wow. I’m impressed.” I wanted her to elaborate but I didn’t want to seem too nosy.

“Thanks. Remember, I told you I like a powerful car. This one,” she pointed at the Crown Victoria, “came from a police surplus auction several years ago. I got it pretty cheap.”

“Yeah, I could tell it was a police car.”

“Yep. I had it painted black. I thought about going with a different color but I kind of like how people look at the car. Painting it black makes them think maybe I’m with the FBI or something when they get a glimpse in their rearview.” She half-laughed and turned to the Mercedes. “Now, this one I bought from a friend of a friend. I think I was the first person who found out he wanted to sell it. Bought it for five grand two years ago. I got lucky.”

“You could probably sell it for more than that today.”

“I know, but I love it. It’s not for sale.”

At least there was something in her life she wanted to keep. *Wish it was me instead of the car.*

“We’re taking this one.” She pointed at the Mercedes. “The Crown Vic needs a tune-up. Poor thing.” She patted the hood. “I’m usually more responsible.”

“You know, I could tune it up. I’d love to work on it. Done it all my life.”

“Really? I don’t want to take up your time. Besides, you’ve already given me several tune-ups haven’t you?” She laughed and rolled her eyes. “I’m sorry, it’s such a bad joke.”

I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her close, kissing her forehead. “I think what I did before was unclog your plumbing.” It felt good to let myself be a dork. Fuck, how did I already feel this comfortable around her? “Come on, let me work on it.”

“What can I do in return? Name your price.”

“We’ll talk about it in the car.”

“Oh yeah. Food.” She got in the car and unlocked the passenger door for me. Soon we were pulling out of the garage onto the street behind her house.

“So, what’s your price, Tyler?”

I didn’t know what to say. I really did want to work on her car. I hadn’t thought about doing it in exchange for anything.

She sighed. “Come on. Play with me. It turns me on to think about owing you something in exchange for a tune up. Name your price.”

“We can talk about that later. When do you want me to do it? Saturday? You wanted me to come over anyway, right?”

She looked at me, her full lips pouting. “How long will it take? It took a really long time the last time I had it done.”

“That’s because you weren’t dealing with a professional, sweetheart. I can do it much faster.”

“I’d rather not do it this Saturday. I was sort of already looking forward to a whole day with you that won’t involve car maintenance.” She glanced at me, moaning. “I just thought about you being all dirty from working on the car. We could take a bath together.”

“Are you always this horny?”

“Come on. Car repairs? In exchange for sex? Taking a bath together? This doesn’t turn you on?”

“I didn’t say that. I just wondered if there’s anything that doesn’t turn you on.” I reached over to stroke her inner thigh.

She gave me a quick glance and quickly turned back to the road. “Tyler,” her sexy “*Tah-ler*” appeared again, “you turn me on. I love the idea of owing you sex. Every time I drive that car I’ll think about the work you put into it and what I gave you for it.” She stopped talking as she made a right turn. “And I will enjoy every second of giving it to you. Whatever you want.”

I smiled. “I can do the tune up this Sunday afternoon.”

“Okay. Sunday it is.”

“When do I get my, uh, payment?”

“Whenever you want. What about a night next week? I’ll give you two hours of anything you want. Or, maybe five hours...”

“Maybe ten hours? Can I make it twenty?”

She laughed. “Okay. I can’t wait. If I wasn’t so hungry I’d pull over right now.”

“I know. My stomach won’t stop growling. What about a day over midterm break next week?”

“I’ll be gone over break. We’ll figure out something.”

“Where are you going?” I tried to sound casual.

“Out of town.”

“Visiting family?”

“No, just going away for a little bit. What about you?”

“Probably just staying here.”

“Okay. So, you said your dad had an auto repair shop?” she asked.

I noticed the quick change in subject. “Yes. He was a great mechanic, but he was terrible at running a business. That’s why I’m in business school now. I don’t wanna make the same mistakes.”

“Oh, so that’s the business you’re going into for yourself? I should’ve made that connection.”

“Yes. It’s the only thing I wanna do.”

“That’s really cool. Most of the people in our major just want the big corporate American dream.”

“Not me. I couldn’t care less about that. I hate suits.” I cleared my throat. “So, you never really told me. What are your plans after graduation?”

“I might get my Master’s next year, and hopefully pass the CPA exam before I finish graduate school. Try to get a real accounting job somewhere for a year or so to get my certification. Then I think I might go to cosmetology school.”

“Why would you go to all the trouble of getting your Master’s and your CPA only to go back to school for something totally different?”

“I’ve always loved hair and makeup. Actually, it’s between that and aesthetics school. I’d love to know more about skin care.”

“Wow, you’re gonna have some huge student loans,” I said.

“Not necessarily.”

“Did your parents have a big life insurance policy or something?” I knew it was none of my business but the question slipped out before I could stop it. “Sorry to be so nosy. I can’t help but notice you seem to have money and I never hear you talk about having a job.”

“It’s okay. My dad actually did have an insurance policy through the company he worked for. But a hundred thousand split between three kids doesn’t go that far.”

“Three kids? I assumed you were an only child for some reason.”

“No. I have an older sister and a younger brother. We’re not close.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Don’t be. It’s just how some families are. I was always the black sheep. I never felt like I belonged with the family I was born with. Seriously, I wonder if I was switched at birth. I don’t even look like any of them. We haven’t spoken in years. So you’re close to your family?”

Dang, I wondered why she hadn’t spoken to her only two siblings in years, especially with their parents being dead. She didn’t seem very upset about it.

“Yeah. My little brother and sister are great,” I said. “So’s my mom. And we live around a lot of extended family.” I didn’t want to ruin my night by talking about my family. The truth was, as much as I loved my family, it was nice to be away from them. Especially Mom.

“I can’t imagine that. We hardly knew our extended family. I got to know my aunts and uncles mostly after my parents died. I think it’s cool that you’re close to your family. I bet you have some major holiday parties coming up.”

“Yes. They’re a big deal.” I wondered if I could talk her into coming to my house for Thanksgiving or Christmas. Maybe she’d be my girlfriend by then. “And by the way, my dad’s insurance policy is the reason I’m in school and not working. That’s the one thing he did right.”

“That’s nice. I feel bad for people who have to split their time between a full time job and full time school.”

In return, I hoped she would tell me why she didn’t have to work, but she didn’t.

“Okay, we’re here.” She made a left turn into a parking lot. “I’ve been craving these pancakes for days.”

We pulled into a parking space at the front door. The walls of the truck stop were all glass. The diner looked practically empty.

She scanned the restaurant before opening her door. “Aw, crap.” She sounded annoyed. “See those two guys in the corner back there?”

There were two hairy, heavysset older gentlemen sitting together at a table, laughing and appearing to have a great time. They wore flannel shirts and trucker hats.

“Uh-huh,” I said.

“Their names are Boomer and Jim-Jim.”

I started laughing so hard I almost hurt myself. How could she say those names with a straight face?

“Okay,” I said, trying to calm down.

“I’ve known them for so long I forgot how funny it is. They hang out here a lot. Usually not at night.” She stared inside, her lips pursed. “Damn, if I didn’t want those pancakes so bad...Anyway, something happened a couple months ago. Boomer was drunk and followed me out to my car and...Well, I really don’t want to talk about it. I’ll just say, there was inappropriate touching. Somebody came out to my rescue.”

“I’m so sorry.” I felt bad for laughing.

“Really, it’s okay. I’m not scarred for life or anything. But, I do need you to be my boyfriend during our time here tonight.” She looked at me, pleading.

“Sure.” I tried not to be too enthusiastic but I couldn’t help it. It could be a test run. *Maybe she’d get used to the idea.*

We got out of the car. I grabbed her hand and we walked to the door. It was nice to feel like her protector.

The waitress greeted us enthusiastically. “Well, Susie Q! How are you doing, sweetheart?”

“I’m great, Sherry. I’ve missed you.” She gave the waitress a hug. “I was hoping you’d be here.”

Sherry was an attractive woman for her age, with dark hair pulled up in a bun. She looked like she was in her late thirties or early forties. She wore an old-fashioned waitress dress with an apron, and a badge that said, “Smile! Jesus loves you.”

“I didn’t think you’d come back here,” Sherry whispered.

“No, it’s okay. I’ll be a little more careful from now on.”

Sherry nodded. “So, just the two of you?”

“Yes.”

She led us to our booth at least ten tables away from the unsavory gentlemen.

“So, what’s your name, handsome?” Sherry asked as I sat down.

“Tyler.” I shook her hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“Pleasure’s all mine.” She winked. “What can I get you to drink?”

“Coffee, with a glass of ice,” I said.

“Oh.” She looked at Susie and touched her on the shoulder. “No wonder. You’ve found the one, girl.” She and Susie grinned at each other. She left to get our drinks.

“What’d she mean by that?” I asked.

“Iced coffee is what I always order no matter what time of year it is. She always teases me about it.”

“Wow, that’s a coincidence. I had no idea my girlfriend and I had so much in common.” I took her hand across the table and held it. I was determined to make the most of this.

“Yep. Perfect match.” She squeezed my hand and looked down at the menu. “So, get whatever you want. It’s on me, okay? It was my idea to come here and you’re doing me a big favor.”

Damn, woman. You think this is a chore or something? “I won’t argue with you.” I figured I was better off that way. “I just want a huge cheeseburger.”

“So you’re ready? She’s already on her way back.”

Sherry appeared with a carafe of coffee and what looked like a big bucket of ice. She sat them both on the table, along with two large glasses.

“Thank you.” Susie smiled at Sherry. I loved how happy she seemed over such little things. She was no diva, this girl.

“Sure thing. So, you two ready?” Sherry took a pencil out of her pocket.

“Tyler?” Susie asked.

“Um...a cheeseburger...”

“Which one? We have quite a few,” Sherry said.

Susie answered her after I stared at the menu for a few seconds too long. We don’t have time to look at the menu. Our stomachs have been saying ‘feed me’ for too long.”

“Oh, I see. Worked up an appetite did you?” Sherry cackled.

Susie looked at me and blushed, then laughed with Sherry. I just shook my head and grinned, hoping I wasn’t one in a long list of men Susie had brought in here who were also hungry after having sex with her for an hour and a half.

“I think Tyler would like this big bacon cheeseburger right here. With fries, perhaps?” She looked up at me every few seconds as she ordered, gauging my approval. “And also we’ll have these fried mozzarella sticks. Anything else?”

“No, I think that’s good,” I answered. She picked exactly what I would’ve wanted. But I was so hungry I wanted everything.

“Okay, and I’ll have the pancakes.”

“Great.” Sherry said. “I’ll make sure the kitchen isn’t slackin’ off back there. It should be ready soon.”

As Sherry walked away, I noticed one of the hairy guys looking at us.

“Weren’t you gonna say hi, girl?” He yelled across the room.

“Hi!” Susie turned in his direction, waving. “How are you?”

“All right I guess. Been better. How’re you? Who’s the fella?”

“He’s my boyfriend.”

“Dang, I missed my chance.” He got up and lumbered toward us, stopping several feet away. Then he stopped, glaring at me. “Boy, that’s a fine piece of ass you got there.” He pointed at Susie. “And don’t you forget it.”

“I won’t. Thanks.” I didn’t know what else to say. He turned and hobbled back to his table to sit with his friend.

“Don’t worry,” she whispered. “He doesn’t really know that. It’s all speculation.”

I suppressed a laugh. “So, I’m guessing it was the other guy who assaulted you?”

“Yeah. He’s not saying much. Good thing.”

“So, why are you so against having a boyfriend, anyway?”

“I don’t know. I don’t see the point.”

“Well, most single women I know want a boyfriend. Why don’t you?”

“Tyler.” She exhaled loudly and looked into my eyes, then down at the table. I wasn’t sure she was going to continue. I wondered if she sensed what I was feeling and knew it was time to address the elephant in the room. “I’m weird. Okay?”

“How? So, you’re weird. I’m weird. We’re all weird.”

“No, I’m different. There are things you don’t know about me.” She took a sip of her coffee.

“And how would that change anything? Tell me why you think you’re weirder than anybody else.”

She looked down at the table again, showing no emotion. Then she took a deep breath and bit the inside of her cheek a little.

I took notice of every nuance of her facial expressions, hoping they would tell me something.

“I do everything backwards,” she said. “I mean, look at us. I just met you yesterday. We bypassed any kind of emotional intimacy and went straight to,” her eyes widened, “the couch. Is that normal? No, it’s not. But it’s my normal.”

I didn’t know what to say. She was kind of right. My heart sank.

She continued. “A wise person once told me if something starts out on a high, it has nowhere to go but down. Yeah, sex is great.” She reached across the table and rubbed my hand. “But it gets old after a while. It’s nothing to build a relationship on. After a while you stop doing it as much. You realize you don’t have anything else in common. You both move on.”

I still didn’t know what to say. I had no way to argue with her. Maybe she was right. I wondered if she had experienced this for herself. I felt more sad and disappointed with each new word coming out of her mouth.

“I wish I had it in me not to have sex with someone right away. I wish I could just wait. Maybe even find a guy and wait until we’re married. I know people who’ve actually done that and I have a lot of respect for them. But it’s not me.” She stopped and looked out the window for probably ten seconds, then continued. “I think I get off on the fact that it’s wrong. I’m not supposed to do it.” She took another long drink of coffee. “And also, I know tomorrow isn’t guaranteed. I like to live each day like it’s my last...to an extent. If I really felt like it was my last day, I probably wouldn’t spend so much time applying night cream, or moisturizer with sunscreen in it.” She looked very serious all of a sudden. “I try to plan for the future a little. I want to prevent wrinkles and sun damage.”

I laughed hysterically. It was funny that she was more serious about skin care than anything else she’d just mentioned.

“Susie,” I said, calming down. “Did someone break your heart? Is that why you only have flings?”

She looked surprised. “It’s not that. It’s just that I don’t have much to offer anyone besides sex.” She shrugged. “Why in the world would someone wanna be with me after the sex high wears off? I’m not that interesting. I’m not a good cook. I don’t really have any goals in life except to do whatever I feel like doing. I like video games, having fun with my friends, partying, and not being told what to do. I’m not relationship material. Could you see all that in an online dating ad?”

I started to speak but she continued. “Oh, and also, what if I’m just addicted to the ‘sex high?’ What if I have a relationship and get bored after it wears off?”

I had a lot to say and I was glad she ended with a question. “Well, for one thing, how would you even know if you were capable of getting bored? Have you ever given a guy a chance to have more than a fling with you?”

She rolled her eyes. “Not really.”

“Well then, maybe you shouldn’t make those kinds of assumptions about yourself. It sounds to me like you’re just really scared. And also, kind of stubborn and rebellious.”

She rolled her eyes again.

“Furthermore,” I said, “I have no idea why you have such a low opinion of yourself. You’re easy to talk to. You like video games, which is a good thing to most guys. You’re smart. You’re interesting. I don’t know any other women your age who own an old police car and a Mercedes.”

She smiled, quietly laughing at my last sentence as she picked up her coffee.

I was glad she gave me time to talk. “You have everything. Really. You’re not like other girls, and that’s good.”

“Is it really though? Don’t most guys want someone who’s wholesome and domestic? Who’d make a good mother? Who has genuine aspirations in life?”

I wanted to cross that line. Tell her I wanted her just the way she was. There was nothing I would change about her.

Like she could sense was I was thinking, her face became sober, as did her tone of voice. She leaned forward across the table, looking deep into my eyes. “Tyler, there’s a lot you don’t know about me. Don’t try to get me to talk about it. I’m not someone a guy can take home to meet his mom. I could never run for public office. Trust me. Most guys would run away, screaming, when they find out who I really am.”

So that was the real reason.

There was some kind of dark secret about her past that she was desperate to hide. I had to know more. But what if she was right? What if there was something about her that would make me change my mind? It didn’t seem possible. Had she broken the law? Gotten away with something terrible? I couldn’t imagine there being a reason bad enough to make me stop wanting her.

The food came right then. As I shoveled mine into my mouth, I planned my next move, trying to figure out the woman sitting across the table. Maybe Joan could tell me Susie’s secret.

I could tell I had broken through to a place Susie didn’t show many people. I got through her first wall of defense, and I was pretty damn proud of myself. I wondered how many of the other guys had been able to do that, or had even tried.

Susie and I had sat there eating silently for a while. It was like we’d never seen food before. Then Sherry came back to the table to check on us.

“So, how are the kids? I can’t believe it’s been so long. I’m sorry,” Susie asked.

As they talked, I realized Susie was much closer to Sherry than she led me to believe. Susie asked about her children and her mother, and mentioned something about getting together for a girls’ night.

While they were still talking, I excused myself and found the restroom. I figured I should get it out of the way before we went back to her house.

On my way back to the table, Sherry stopped me.

“I’m glad she brought you with her tonight,” Sherry said. “It’s not safe for her here alone. Did she tell you what happened last time?”

“Yeah. But she seems fine.”

“I hope so.” She shook her head. “I hate calling the cops.”

“Cops? Susie told me someone saw what happened and came outside to help.”

“Oh, someone did. But it got pretty bad and we had to call the cops. She must’ve left that part out. We should’ve banned him from coming back here but he’s been a long time customer and the owner...well, anyway.” She looked at Susie sitting with her back toward us, out of earshot. “I called Joan. So you like her, huh?”

“What?” I looked over at Susie, trying to make sure she hadn’t heard us. “I can’t believe you already know that. I shouldn’t have told her.” *Damn it, Joan! Don’t you know how to keep a secret?*

“No, it’s okay. I’ve known these girls for a long time. Joan was happy when I told her you were here together.”

“Yeah. Susie told me to pretend to be her boyfriend because of those guys over there in the corner. She didn’t want to come here alone.”

“I don’t blame her. But I think it’s more than that. She didn’t have to ask you to pretend to be her boyfriend. A friend could protect her just the same.”

“Maybe you’re right. But I’m trying not to read so much into anything and get my hopes up.”

“You must really like her.” She patted my back and smiled. “I won’t say anything, I swear. I’ve been praying she’d get with a nice guy and settle down. She’s a good girl, you know? Despite what she tells people.”

“Thanks. I really hope I can trust you.”

“Look, I’ll tell you a secret as collateral.” Her voice was barely above a whisper. “Last year my mom needed chemo and she didn’t have any insurance. My church got an anonymous donation to give to her to pay for the whole thing, plus extra. I’m not supposed to know this, but it was Susie. She still doesn’t know I found out. I don’t know why she doesn’t want to take credit for it. But that’s how she is.”

“Really? That’s...wow. I’m glad your mom is doing better. Is Susie rich or something?”

“I gotta go, hon. People are waving me over. Praying for you!” She ran off to take an order.

I had a lot to think about as I walked back to the booth. How could she afford to pay for someone’s chemotherapy? She had a lot of nice things, but she didn’t appear to live extravagantly. Her house was given to her. Her cars were older. But she told me she didn’t need a student loan? What was I supposed to think of all this?

When I got back to the table, Susie held her purse and sat at the edge of the booth. I picked up the take out box and extended my hand to help her up.

“You need help?” I asked.

“Uh-huh. I’m too full to move.” She reached for my hand and continued to hold it as we walked to the counter to pay.

“I know you wanted to pay, but that would make me a really terrible boyfriend,” I whispered in her ear. We waited for Sherry to come back to the counter. I handed her some cash along with the receipt.

“You two have a good night. It was nice to meet you, Tyler,” Sherry said as she opened the cash register.

“It was nice to meet you too, Sherry. Thanks for everything.”

“Love you, Sherry. See you Friday,” Susie said.

The night air was crisp, with a gentle breeze. I held Susie’s hand. My evening of being her boyfriend had a few seconds left on the clock. As we walked to her car, I decided to see how far I could take it. The worst she could say was no. I squeezed her hand. “You know, sweetie, it’s customary for the boyfriend to drive. It’s manly. I’m supposed to take care of you.”

“You just wanna drive the Mercedes.” She reached into her purse for the keys. “Here you go.”

“Yes!” I unlocked her door first to let her in, like a gentleman, then hurried around to the driver’s side. It was true, I wanted to because it was a Mercedes, but most of all I felt protective of her ever since we arrived at the truck stop. As fiercely independent and strong as she was, she needed me that night; I wanted to drive her home.

The night only got better after that. When we arrived at her house, we made out in her car in the garage before migrating to the bedroom. After another long round of passionate love making--as I liked to think of it--we talked and cuddled until we both fell asleep. We woke up the next morning at seven-thirty. Early enough to fuck in the shower, and then share the leftover pancakes from the night before. Nobody seemed to notice I was wearing the same clothes for two days. My roommates didn’t even realize I disappeared for the night. Waking up next to that beautiful woman was even better than I imagined. I held her for a long time before we made our way to the shower.

I knew I was getting too attached but I decided she *would* be mine, somehow. Secret or no secret, her excuses were no match for my determination.

Saturday felt like years away. I planned to pass the time by doing two things: studying for the marketing test, and figuring out how to get Susanna Lombardi to fall in love with me.

Continued....

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More of this author’s work can be found under the name “Samantha Whitney.”

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