Short Shorts

by Selena\_Kitt©

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"You can't wear that!"

Lindsey glared at him, inwardly seething, her little fists clenched at her

sides. I'll wear any damned thing I please, motherfucker! She gritted her teeth

against the words, something in her daring them to come out.

"You want me to change, Daddy?," she asked sweetly, her voice dripping

saccharine, her eyes veiled.

"If you ever want to leave this house, I suggest you put on something decent!"

His gaze swept over the orange tube top and white satin shorts and she saw his

eyes darken with something other than disapproval.

"Fine." Asshole! Who the fuck do you think you are? My father! Feh! Lindsey

stormed back upstairs, grabbing her biggest purse, the floppy crocheted one with

the flap on top. She wiggled her shorts off and shoved them in the bag, and

after pulling the top over her head, she shoved that in, too. She found a pair

of Capri pants and a t-shirt, yanking them quickly on and bounding back down the

stairs again.

"Better, Daddy?" She made sure her voice remained high and light, but her eyes

bored holes into his skull.

His eyes hesitated at her breasts, no bra to contain them, her nipples pointing

skyward. Finally, he sighed, "Fine. What time should I tell your mother you'll

be back?"

Whenever I want to be back, fuckhead.

"Midnight."

She slipped her sandals on and headed out the door, slinging her purse over her

shoulder. In the garden behind the house, she stripped down to nothing in the

beginning dusk, shoving her clothes into her purse. The white satin shorts and

orange tube top were liberated from her oversized bag, and Lindsey wiggled them

past her slim, naked hips, the shorts barely covering her bottom, the tube top

simply accentuating the hardness of her nipples.

Mission completed, she saw their neighbor, old Mr. Finn, standing with a garden

hose in his hand, his eyes wide, his mouth open. Lindsey gave him a wave as she

passed the fence.

"Hey, Mr. Finn, how's it hangin'?"

He mumbled something and the hose jerked in his hand, sending water spewing

skyward before he caught it again. She didn't stop to hear what he had to say.

It was a half a mile walk, and she was already running late.

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Someone's dad built the treefort in one of the tall trees at the edge of the

subdivision. It was secluded, down a well-worn path, fifteen feet off the ground

with just a railing around the edge, the boards nailed to the side of the tree

the only way up or down. Lindsey heard them before she saw them, someone's radio blasting not quite loud enough for the surrounding neighbors to call the cops.

"Coming up!" she called, putting her foot on the first board nailed into the

trunk of the tree, and beginning to scale the side. There were three of them

sitting up on a blanket spread over the platform, passing a bottle around.

Brian, the one she'd met walking through the aisle at the grocery store earlier

that day, gave her a wave and patted the platform next to him.

"Getting late," he said, draping his arm around her slight shoulders as she

settled back against the railing. "Thought you might not show."

"My stepdad," she explained, her tone enough of an explanation. "I have to be

home by midnight."

"Midnight?! What can you do by midnight?!" One of the other guys snorted—he was

cute, too, although not as cute as Brian. His hair was curly and almost as dark

as his eyes.

Lindsey took the bottle from him, meeting his eyes as she drank a swig, the

alcohol making her eyes water before she passed it on to the third guy. He was

smaller than the other two, his blonde hair almost as long as hers.

"Guess we just have to start earlier," Lindsey gasped, her throat still burning.

The dark-haired guy gave her an appreciative look at her comeback, and they all

laughed. That made her feel warmer than the alcohol.

They introduced themselves and passed the bottle again. The dark-haired guy was

Ralph, a senior from Xavier. The quiet blonde said his name was Wayne. He looked

older than the other two. Brian had already made his introductions earlier that

day, when he'd invited her to this little party. She knew him by sight anyway,

from the halls at school. He was a senior, like she was, at Chippewa.

"Hot enough for ya?" Ralph asked, peeling off his t-shirt and hanging it over

the railing. "Christ, this summer is gonna be a bitch, and I have to spend it

roofing with my uncle."

"Sun's going down," Wayne remarked and Lindsey glanced at him as he tipped the

bottle toward her. "Should get a little cooler."

"Hey, dude, you were supposed to get me in on that gig." Brian's hand moved over

her bare shoulder and Lindsey settled in closer, feeling a warm glow in the pit

of her stomach. "It's gotta be better than stocking cans at the Sav-Way."

"Yeah." Ralph shrugged. He was across from Lindsey, leaning back and stretching

both arms out to rest on the railing. "Still workin' on it."

There was a long silence that seemed to stretch into the coming night. Lindsey

felt the coolness of the evening settling on her damp skin. They were all

peeking glances at her—she felt Brian's eyes on her top, Wayne's moving over her

legs, and Ralph's were focused between them. Her shorts were pressed between her pussy lips and she felt the seam riding there every time she moved.

"Oh I love this song!" She reached over Wayne to turn up the radio and felt him

startle at the weight of her on him, her hand pressing into the meat of his

thigh. Giving him a smile of apology, she eased her way off, and he smiled back.

"Gimme a hand," she said, turning to Brian. He did, and she used the leverage to

pull herself to standing. The treefort seemed even higher when she could see the

ground, so she closed her eyes, standing in the middle of the platform and

swaying to the music.

She kicked off her sandals, dancing barefoot, letting the pulse of the music

move her body, feeling them watching, even though she couldn't see them. She let

herself go, undulating and swaying, her head back, her arms up, her long, blonde

hair falling to her waist as she arched and rocked to the rhythm. All the while,

she felt their eyes on her.

"Nice show..." Ralph remarked, his eyes following her as she collapsed,

breathless, in the middle of the platform at the end of the song.

"I have to pee," Lindsey announced. "Where should I go?"

Brian waved his hand. "We just pee off the side."

"Oh." She looked around the circle and met each of their eyes, and then grinned.

"I can give it a shot."

Standing up, Lindsey walked over to the railing, peering over the side at the

fifteen foot drop below. The sun was really beginning to set now, spreading a

pink hue over everything.

"I don't think I have the right equipment for this," she said with a little laugh, looking back at them over her shoulder. "Maybe I should just climb down..."

"We can help you," Ralph offered. He was standing next to her before she could

say yes or no, his head jerking in Brian's direction, calling him over. "Here,

let us hold you."

Lindsey looked up at him with wide eyes as he grasped her upper arm and Brian

did the same on the other side. "Are you serious?"

"Sure." Ralph gave her a small smile. "Just pull your shorts down and go. We'll

hold you."

They flanked her on either side as she slipped her shorts down over her hips,

her eyes meeting Wayne's. He was still sitting in his spot, tipping up the

bottle and watching.

"Don't drop me," she warned, grabbing onto them, her fingers hooking onto the

waistband of their jeans. "You promise?"

"We got you," Brian assured her as she sank into a modified sitting position,

her bare ass hanging over the railing, her thighs resting there, her feet not

touching the platform. "Just go."

"I don't know if I can..." she laughed and then closed her eyes and bit her lip,

concentrating hard. Ahhh, there! She let go in a gush, the sound of her release

raining down on the underbrush below. The rush faded to a trickle and then

stopped.

"Okay," she said, glancing between them. They were both looking down at her and

she smiled. "Guess I have to drip dry."

The guys lifted her, pulling her easily back onto the platform. Her shorts

puddled at her feet and she saw Wayne staring between her legs.

"Nice pussy," he remarked before tipping the bottle back again. Lindsey

swallowed hard, seeing his eyes darken.

"You got a better view that we do," Ralph said with a short laugh, leaning

forward to take a look. Lindsey flushed. "Oooo shaved... nice!"

"Yeah?" Brian leaned forward to look, too. "Oh man... yeah... nice..."

"Hey," she said, trying to reach for her shorts, but their grip on her arms

restrained her. "Come on..."

"Bet it's nice and smooth," Ralph remarked, his breath hot against her cheek.

"Can I feel?"

"Whoa, wait a minute..." she said, but his hand cupped her mound, rubbing his

fingers roughly over her skin. "Guys... this..."

"Mmm nice and smooth," Ralph confirmed, making her gasp and struggle between

them when he slid a finger between her lips. "Nice and wet, too..."

"Let me feel." Brian's hand replaced his friend's and Lindsey's eyes met

Wayne's. He was watching them closely and now he had a hand cupped over a bulge in his jeans. "Oh baby, that's such a sweet little pussy... she's just begging

to be fucked..."

Lindsey's heart was racing as she stood, caught between them, their fingers

digging in tighter into her upper arms every time she moved.

"I've wanted to fuck you since I saw you coming down my aisle," Brian said into

her ear, his finger sliding deeper up inside of her. "Those tight short shorts,

and that skimpy little top..."

"Yeah, let's see what's under there," Wayne called, and Lindsey glanced at him

long enough to see him unzipping his jeans and reaching a hand in. "I want to

see her tits."

"Hey!" she cried when Ralph pulled the orange tube-top down to her waist,

revealing the slight mounds of her breast with their pointed nipples.

"Just a handful," Wayne scoffed. She flushed at his words and when she looked at

him, she saw his hand moving inside of his jeans. "Nice nips, though."

"Guys... wait, I think I should go..." she said, struggling to pull her top back

up. Brian's fingers were still buried in her pussy, and both boys had a hand on

her upper arm, gripping her between them, but Ralph's other hand was free, and

he grabbed her wrist, keeping her from covering herself.

"I don't think so," Ralph said, shoving the tube top down even further, over her

tiny waist. It caught at her hips, where Brian's hand worked slowly between her

legs. "I think you need to stay right here a while. Don't you think so, guys?"

They all nodded and muttered their agreement, and Lindsey looked between them,

eyes wide. All she could say was, "Please!" as Ralph pressed her to her knees on

the blanket. Brian's fingers were gone from her pussy, but it didn't matter,

because he bent her forward to her hands and knees and spread her lips to finger

her again from behind. Her tube top was still caught around her waist, a bright

band of color on her pale flesh in the fading light of the day.

"Oh god," she whimpered, pulling the blanket into her fists as she heard the

sound of a zipper near her ear. Behind her, Brian's fingers slipped up and down

her slit, opening it a little. The air felt cool between her legs, her bottom

up, completely exposed to him. "Please, please, please..." she begged.

"Shhhhhhh." The words came from the other side, into her other ear, and she

looked through the curtain of her hair to see Wayne stretching out beside her.

His hand moved lightly over her shoulder and back, trailing his fingers over her

skin. "It's okay..."

"Don't," she said, shaking her head, feeling Brian pressing something hard

against her pussy. "Please!"

"Let's give that pretty mouth something else to do!" Ralph's hand moved in her

hair, turning her head his way, and then his cock was in her mouth, pressing

past the initial resistance of her lips, searching out the soft palate at the

back of her throat with his heat.

"Oh fuck!" Brian groaned as he slid his cock between her smooth, wet lips,

grabbing her slim hips in his hands and pulling, pushing himself in deeper. "Oh

yeah, that's a hot little cunt!"

"Is she tight?" Wayne's voice came from Lindsey's other side, but she couldn't

see him. She was too busy trying not to gag as Ralph thrust himself deeper into

her mouth. There was a hand cupping and squeezing her breast, and she thought it

must be Wayne, fingering her nipples, back and forth between the two as Brian

began to fuck her.

"Oh yeahhhh," Brian groaned, pulling her back into the saddle of his hips. "Like

a glove... god!"

Lindsey moaned around Ralph's cock, his hand going to the back of her head,

shoving himself so deep she couldn't do anything but choke on his length. The

fingers moved between her nipples, twisting and tugging, and she gasped for air

when Ralph slid himself out of her mouth completely for a moment.

"Oh baby, yeah, that's it!" Brian shoved himself into her now, faster and

harder, the sound of their bodies slapping together echoing around them through

the trees. "Take that dick!"

Ralph slapped her cheeks with the wet length of him, making her gasp and squirm.

He pumped it slowly from base to tip, teasing the head around her lips.

"That's good..." Wayne's voice was near her other ear, and she felt something

against her thigh, a fast motion, the press of something spongy and wet, and

knew he must he masturbating, rubbing himself against her leg as he watched her

get fucked. "You like that cock, baby? I can't wait to shove mine into that wet

little hole..."

"Me, first," Ralph insisted, grabbing her head and, using her hair to pull it

back, shoving his cock back into her mouth. Lindsey groaned again, gagging as he

thrust himself in deep. He held himself there, forcing the head into her throat

until she could barely breathe.

"Ohhh baby, yeah," Brian moaned, his cock plunging hot and fast into her pussy.

"I'm gonna cum!"

"Don't cum inside, man!" Ralph insisted. "I don't want no sloppy seconds."

"Make her swallow it," Wayne urged.

Brian groaned as he pulled out and there were hands on her, flipping her over on

the blanket. Brian's jeans were in a pile behind her and he straddled her face,

pressing his cock between her lips. He gave a few good thrusts and Lindsey's

nails dug into his thighs, straining against him as she felt hands pressing her

legs open and back.

"Ohhh yeah, swallow it, baby, swallow my cum!" he moaned, rocking into her

throat, his cock exploding with his climax, sending hot, white jets streaming

over her tongue. Lindsey whimpered but could do no more, feeling Ralph's cock

sliding between her swollen pussy lips as she swallowed Brian's cum. He kept

rocking in and out of her mouth, moaning softly, even after she had swallowed it

all.

"Hey, gimme some of that." Wayne nudged Brian and she saw him looming above her, his cock in hand, outlined by the trees above in the fading sunlight.

With a sigh, Brian rolled off her and leaned back against the railing while

Wayne straddled her face, pressing his cock to her lips. She felt her top

bunched up around her ribs now and she caught only a brief sight of Ralph

rutting between her legs, his eyes closed, head back. His cock, thick and

swollen, moved deep inside of her.

Lindsey moaned and tried to turn her head when Wayne's cock met her lips, but

his fingers gripped her jaw, turning her toward the meaty head and slipping it

into her mouth. Lindsey couldn't do anything but take it. Luckily, Wayne was

nowhere near as big as Ralph or Brian, and he could shove himself to the back of

her throat without making her gag.

"Come on, man," Brian urged and she saw him out of the corner of her eye,

slipping his pants on.

"She's so tight!" Ralph groaned and Lindsey felt him gripping her thighs,

spreading them wider as he leaned his weight into her.

"Yeah, I know." Brian grinned as Wayne rocked in and out of Lindsey's mouth,

groaning all the while.

Ralph's fingers dug into her flesh and he gave a deep thrust, shuddering against

her. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Hey, no fair!" Brian cried. "Not inside!"

"Fuck!" Ralph groaned, pulling his cock out of her mid-stream, his cum

christening her exposed clit. The next wave was strong and shot across her

belly, leaving a thick rope of cum from navel to pussy. The next shot right

against her pussy again, the hot pulse making Lindsey moan and squirm under

Wayne's weight.

"My turn!" Wayne gasped, moving down and settling himself between her thighs as

Ralph moved aside, still panting and looking dazed.

"Please," Lindsey gasped, trying to sit up as Wayne aimed his cock between her

legs.

"Oh, no, you don't," Ralph said, hauling his pants up with one hand. "We all get

a turn, that's only fair."

"Oh god!" Lindsey cried as he grabbed one of her arms and held it down while

Brian grabbed the other.

"Hurry, Wayne," Brian urged, his eyes moving over Lindsey's face. She looked

down and saw Wayne looking at her pussy, his fingers moving over her lips,

Ralph's cum making her slick. "Come on, put it in, fuck her!"

"Okay, okay," Wayne murmured, biting his lip, his eyes closing the moment he

slipped his cock head between her lips. "Ohhhhhhhh fuck!"

"Yeah," Brian grinned at Ralph over Lindsey's head. "I know."

Lindsey looked back and forth between them, pleading with her eyes. "Please, you

guys... I..."

"Be a good girl," Ralph murmured, watching Wayne press her legs back and thrust

his hips into her. "It'll be over soon."

Brian chuckled, seeing the look on Wayne's face. "Very soon."

"Oh god, oh god, oh god!" Wayne whispered, his breath coming hard and fast as he

fucked her. She felt him swelling inside of her, as if he were going to burst.

"Baby, that's so good... oh god..."

Lindsey squirmed against their hold, the motion of her hips rocking Wayne

between her legs. He gasped, his eyes flying open, and grabbed her thighs,

arching against her with a loud groan.

"Hey!" Brian cried, watching as Wayne shuddered between Lindsey's legs, filling

her with his cum. She felt it beginning to leak out of her pussy, so much of it!

It was running down the crack of her ass. "No fair!"

"Sorry!" Wayne gasped, panting and still gripping her thighs. "I couldn't help it!"

Lindsey rolled to her belly with a groan, seeing her shorts and grabbing them.

She pulled her top quickly up and tugged her shorts on, which only accentuated

the sticky mess between her legs. She didn't look at any of them, and they

didn't say anything to her, either. She just picked up her bag and shoved her

shoes in, swinging herself down and feeling for the ladder with her bare toes.

"See you in school on Monday!" Brian called down the ladder as she reached the

bottom. She didn't reply, starting down the path toward home, but she heard him

say something like, "What did I tell you about her?"

When Lindsey snuck behind the house, she noted that her mother's car was there

beside her stepfather's. In the garden again, she stripped down to nothing, this

time under cover of darkness. Her shorts were soaking wet with their cum and she

lifted the silky material to her face, inhaling deeply. These were the shorts

that got Brian's attention in the first place, she remembered, smiling. They

hadn't ever failed her.

Her pussy was still dripping, swollen. She leaned her back against the cool side

of the house, her bare feet spread wide, and touched herself, remembering.

Pressing her shorts to her nose, she could smell them all as she rubbed at her

throbbing clit with her thumb, her fingers moving in and out of her aching

pussy. She could still feel their cocks, in her pussy, in her mouth.

"'That's a hot little cunt!'" she whispered, rubbing faster, the slippery sounds

of her pussy filling the garden. "'Take that dick!'" She found the crotch of her

shorts, the smell strong there, the material wet. She pressed it to her tongue,

tasting cum and her own juices. "'Be a good girl... oh... oh yes... oh...'" Her

climax was coming, and she worked for it, sucking at the material now, her words

muffled. "'Swallow my cum!'"

Her back arched and she quivered against the side of the house, burying her hand

deep into her pussy as she came, her muscles spasming again and again. The image of them taking her, fucking her, wanting her, all those cocks... she trembled

and leaned against the side of the house for support, the memory making her weak

and breathless.

Lindsey inhaled the smell of them again before shoving the shorts into her purse

and taking out the clothes she had worn for her stepfather's benefit. When she

slipped through the side door, her feet dirty and bare, she heard them talking

in the living room. Trying to sneak up the back stairs, she gasped when she

heard her stepfather's voice behind her.

"You're home early."

"Yeah," Lindsey agreed with a shrug. "So?"

"You stay out of trouble?" he asked, frowning. His eyes were moving over her,

like they always did.

"Of course," she replied innocently, continuing up the stairs to her room. She

dug into her purse and found her shorts. She fingered the material with a smile,

remembering, knowing she would have to hand-wash them again, so her mother

wouldn't discover, before next time.

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Short Shorts Ch. 02 - First Time

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"Why don't you stay in the car?" Her mother was asking, but the tone wasn't a

question, it was a demand. "I'm just going to pick up your father's dry cleaning."

"He's not my father." Lindsey pulled at her tube top—this one was red, but she

was wearing the shorts, white satin, no panties. Her stepfather was out of town

for business and hadn't been around to put the kabash on her clothing choices.

It was the outfit that she was sure her mother didn't want anyone to see.

Her mother sighed. "I'll leave the keys, you can listen to the radio."

"Fine." Lindsey turned it up full blast, closing her eyes, leaning the seat back

and putting her feet up on the dashboard. The air was on in the car, but the sun

was still warm on her bare legs. The seam of her shorts was rubbing between her

thighs and it felt good, making her squirm in her seat. She couldn't wait to get

home from "running errands." She wanted to call Brian and see if he could meet

at the tree fort, because she was so horny she could barely stand it.

She thought she might have dozed off. A different song was playing when she

leaned up and peeked out the window to see if she could see her mother.

"What the hell is she doing?" Lindsey muttered, grabbing the keys out of the

ignition and her purse off the floor, storming barefoot across the parking lot.

The bells over the door tinkled as she swept it open, finding her mother

standing at the counter talking to the owner.

"They've lost your father's blue blazer," her mother said with a frustrated sigh.

"No lose!" The man was clearly foreign, trying to explain something to her

mother in two different languages.

"Whatever!" Lindsey waved her mother's words away. "And he's not my father." She turned to the kid behind the counter. He was about her age, kinda cute, she

noted, and most definitely staring at her bare midriff and long legs. "I have to

pee. Do you have a bathroom?"

"In the back," the kid offered. Lindsey padded after him, leaving her mother and

the owner to work things out. He pulled open a door that said: Employees Only.

"Gee, I must be special, huh?" Lindsey flashed him a smile as she turned on the

light and tossed her purse on the floor.

"We don't usually let customers—" the kid's voice trailed off and he stood

open-mouthed as he watched her pull her shorts down and sit on the toilet to

pee.

"What's the matter?" Lindsey asked, pulling toilet paper off the roll and

wiping. "Never seen a girl pee before?"

He shook his head, eyes wide and staring between her legs as she pulled up her

shorts and flushed the toilet. Lindsey washed her hands at the sink, glancing at

him in the mirror. He was still standing in the doorway, transfixed. Plucking

her purse from the floor, Lindsey shuffled through and found some lip gloss. She

leaned way over the sink to the mirror, up on her tiptoes, rolling the tip of

the tube over her lips.

"Uh… I guess I should get back up front…" He cleared his throat, moving to shut

the door. His eyes were still between her legs and Lindsey could feel the pull

in the seam of her shorts and knew they were riding up between her pussy lips.

It all felt too good to stop.

"Or…" Lindsey smacked her lips together, tossing the lip gloss into her purse

and turning to face him with a smile. She slid up slowly onto the sink and swung

her bare feet. "You could come in, shut the door, and fuck my brains out."

"I… uh…" His hesitation told her everything she needed to know. Lindsey hopped

off the sink and came toward him, reaching past him to shut the door, forcing

him fully into the room. His eyes were still glazed, stunned, and he licked his

lips as he looked down at her. "I don't even know you."

"I'm Lindsey," she said, cupping the bulge she knew would be in his jeans. "Who

are you?"

"Fred…" His eyes widened even more the moment her hand began to rub at his stiff

cock.

"Now we know each other," Lindsey murmured, dropping to her knees and nzipping his pants. "Let's fuck."

"Oh my god," he groaned when she freed his cock and put it into her mouth. She

sucked him completely hard, until he was bouncing back up the moment she let him go, and then turned around and bent over the sink.

"You want to pull down my shorts?" she asked, looking back over her shoulder at

him.

"Yeah," he said hoarsely, glancing toward the door with his cock in his hand.

"Shit, I could get fired for this."

Lindsey grinned, meeting his eyes in the mirror. "And my mother's out there

waiting for me. Aren't we just so bad?"

His hands moved over the silky material, rubbing it between her legs. Lindsey

bit her lip and arched against his probing fingers.

"Come on," she urged, reaching between her legs and pulling her shorts aside to

show him her shaved pussy. "Just put it in and fuck me."

He cocked his head to peer between her legs, his hand moving up and down his

shaft. Lindsey sighed, reaching her hand back and spreading her lips with two

fingers.

"Here, Fred," she said with a whistle, sliding one of her fingers into her pussy. "Right here, boy."

The head of his cock touched her pussy, nudging her finger aside. Their eyes met

in the mirror and he frowned, swallowing hard.

"I…" he started, and then cleared his throat.

"Let me guess," she wiggled back against his cock head, feeling the tip easing

its way between her lips. "You've never done this before?"

He shook his dark head, looking down to where his cock was disappearing into her

flesh. "Got close, a couple times, with a few girls, but…"

"Well just think of the story you'll have to tell all your friends," Lindsey

murmured, going up on her toes and arching back, feeling more of his shaft slip

into her. "How for your very first time, you fucked some hot little slut in the

bathroom at work…"

Fred gasped as Lindsey reached around for his thigh, pulling him completely into

her pussy and squeezing him there.

"Fuck me, Fred," she insisted, grabbing onto the edge of the sink, her eyes

bright as they met his startled ones in the mirror. "Fuck me until you cum

inside my tight little cunt—and you better hurry, before your boss or my mommy

decide to come looking for us."

"Condoms," Fred squeaked, and Lindsey used her not inconsiderable pussy muscles

to squeeze his cock hard, making him jerk inside her and eliciting a low groan

from his lips.

"To hell with condoms, Fred." She rolled her eyes, rocking her hips back against

him, moving his cock in and out of her wetness. "I can't get pregnant…"

"But…" His hands went to her rolling hips, his eyes looking down between them,

where his cock was spreading her wide.

"Worried about diseases, Fred?" she sighed, slapping her ass back into him,

making him gasp and clutch her ass. "Let's just live fucking dangerously, what

do you say?"

"Oh hell," he murmured, his eyes closing as his hips began to move.

"That's right," Lindsey murmured, pulling her top down and squeezing her

nipples. "Fuck me good, baby… give me that hard cock."

His movements were jerky and unsure and Lindsey sighed again, working her hips

back into his. Her pussy was swollen and soaking wet, but she knew it would be

over far too soon for her to cum. He was already panting and gripping her ass so

hard his knuckles were white.

"When a girl tells you to fuck her…" Lindsey reached back for his thigh again,

driving him deep inside. "She means it. Now, fuck me!"

He groaned and shoved her into the sink with his next thrust.

"Yeah!" she cried, spreading wider. "Come on, Freddie, do it hard!"

Finally, he gave her what she wanted, his hips bucking her against the sink,

burying his cock in her to the hilt again and again. Wouldn't be long now, she

knew, seeing his eyes in the mirror. He was watching her tits bounce through

half-closed eyes as he fucked her, and she was glad she had pulled down her top.

"Oh god!' he moaned, leaning forward onto her as he came. She felt the surge and

swell of him, a thick pulse inside her tight, wet hole. She bit her lip and

squeezed him, slowly, rhythmically, making him gasp and squirm against her as

she milked him for all she was worth. She wanted every last drop of his cum.

"That's a good Freddie," she murmured, tilting her hips forward and feeling him

slip out of her. She turned and patted him lightly on his flushed cheek. He

leaned back against the wall for support, gasping for breath, his eyes glazed.

"Now you can say that you fucked a girl… how about that?"

Lindsey pulled up her top and grabbed her purse. Yanking the door open, she

peeked around the corner. Her mother was still haggling with the owner!

Adjusting her shorts, she strode back out front, past them both.

"I'll be in the car," she told her mother on the way by, straight-arming the door.

When she got into the passenger's side, she scrunched down in her seat, keeping

an eye on the dry cleaner's. The crotch of her shorts was soaked from her own

juices and Fred's cum. She rubbed the material between her swollen lips, her

fingers pressing them into the wetness.

Putting her feet up on the dashboard, Lindsey pulled her shorts aside and

plunged her fingers into her pussy. Fred's cum was thick and copious, leaking

out of her hole. She scooped out as much of it as she could and licked it off

her fingers first, moaning at the taste and smell of it and rubbing the seam of

her shorts over her clit with her other hand as she did.

"My first cherry," she murmured with a laugh, remembering, still delighted at

how surprised he had been. She wanted to take her shorts off, to lick them

clean, but didn't dare, with her mother about to come out of the store. Instead,

she pulled them aside and fingered her sopping pussy, her thumb moving over her

aching clit, taking herself closer and closer to the edge.

"Oh yeah, fuck me hard, baby," she moaned softly, looking out the window, still

watching for her mother with half-closed eyes. "Use that little cunt!"

She was nearing climax when she saw him out of the corner of her eye. There was

a man standing next to the passenger's side window, looking down at her as she

played with herself. His eyes were wide and he was carrying a bucket of Kentucky

Fried Chicken in his hands, clearly just returning to his car.

Lindsey grinned up at him, grabbing her top and pulling it down, too, as she

rubbed herself.

"You want a show, baby?" she whispered, moving her hand aside so he could see

her pussy completely as she circled her clit. The look on his face, something

caught between shock and deep lust, sent her flying over the edge, and she came

so hard she had to grit her teeth against it, squeezing her eyes shut as her

body bucked and rolled on the seat.

Breathing hard, she opened her eyes to see his hand cupping a bulge in his

jeans. She grinned, wondering if there was time… but then she saw her mother

hurrying across the parking lot in her business suit and heels, carrying dry

cleaning bags over her shoulder.

Lindsey gave the man a wink, pulling her top back up and adjusting her shorts,

putting her feet back on the floor. He was still staring at her as she licked her fingers clean.

"Hi, Mom," she said when the driver's side door opened. She heard her mother

saying something to the man, but couldn't quite hear it. "What was that all about?"

"Didn't you see that man staring at you?" her mother frowned, holding her hand

out for the keys. Lindsey dug through her purse for them, glancing out the

window to see the man pulling quickly away.

"No," Lindsey replied innocently, handing her mother the keys. "Was he?"

"You young girls," her mother sighed, starting the car. "So unaware…"

Lindsey hid her smile, closing her eyes and leaning her head back. She couldn't

help wiggling a little against the seat, and knew there might even be a wet spot

there on her stepfather's BMW upholstery.

"Did they find his blazer?" Lindsey asked, not opening her eyes.

"Yes," her mother replied. "Finally! Thank goodness, because you know how your

father gets. It was that young kid who finally found it. I gave him a little extra tip."

"You too?" Lindsey murmured, still smiling.

She could feel her mother's silence and Lindsey quickly covered, opening her

eyes and saying, "He's not my father. I wish you would quit saying that."

"Oh Lindsey," her mother said with a sigh. "Why do you have to be so difficult?"

"Gee, Mom, I don't know…" Lindsey frowned, glaring out the window. "Maybe I was

just born that way."

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Short Shorts Ch. 03 - Mature

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She changed in the bathroom at school. She kept her blouse on, but she

unbuttoned the top and bottom three buttons, leaving only the middle two

fastened and tying the shirt tails up high around her ribs. Her denim shorts got

shoved into her purse and the white satin ones went on over her bare bottom. She

snapped the elastic band and turned to look at herself over her shoulder in the

full length mirror with a satisfied grin. That should do it. When she bent

forward, the shorts rode up between her thighs, exposing the swell of her behind

quite nicely. That should do for at least a three-day vacation!

Her eyes bright, Lindsey put her hands on her knees, bit her lip, and looked

back over her shoulder, whispering, "I've been a very bad girl!" to the mirror.

Then she grinned and slapped her own ass hard enough to leave a red handprint

there before grabbing her purse and heading to her first hour class. The halls

were practically empty, since the first bell had already rung, and her clogs

made a clatter on the tile floor as she hustled around the corner.

She had English first hour and had no doubt about the reaction she was going to

get wearing her shorts and the lecture that would ensue about the school's dress

code. Grinning in anticipation, Lindsey tugged her shorts up a little higher

between her legs, feeling the hot pulse that was beating there already. The

computer lab was just a few doors away from her first hour, a few of the screens

still on, glowing blue in the darkened room and Lindsey slowed to peer inside.

Computers was the only class she had ever cared about or earned an "A" in. She

knew Mr. Ryan had a prep period this hour, but she turned on the light and

called his name anyway. No one answered. She stared at one of the screens for a

moment, considering, and then shut the light off again, slipping into the room

and closing the door.

She had quickly learned how to bypass the school's Internet security. It was a

simple parental control device, easily diverted with a few backdoor tricks.

Lindsey's fingers paused on the keyboard at the image search engine, and then

typed: "hot fuck." Twenty full-color thumbnail images popped up, most of them

depicting a wet cunt getting good and fucked with a nice, thick cock. She could

feel her own pussy beginning to throb as she scanned through the photos.

Ohhhh, there's one—a wet, shaved pussy with a nice hard cock pressing against

the round center of her ass. Lindsey squirmed in her seat, clicking the picture

to enlarge it. God, that's a nice cock! She wiggled in her seat, feeling the

heat between her thighs increasing as she clicked on the "video" search option.

Pictures were nice, but live action? Oh, so much better...

"Yes!" she whispered, leaning forward to get a better view of the action. His

cock was incredible—big and thick, with a fat, ridged head. She licked her lips,

watching as the spongy head pressed against the tight ring of the girl's

asshole. The blonde's hands were holding her cheeks open for him. Searching for

the sound, Lindsey found the dial and turned it up, hearing the blonde moan,

"Ohhhh god, wait! It's too big—I can't take it!"

"Yes you can..." Lindsey encouraged the girl on the screen, slipping her hand

down under her shorts. Her pussy was already wet and swollen in anticipation,

and she parted her lips, rubbing her little clit with one finger as she watched

the blonde try to take more of the cock in her ass.

"Please, god, I can't!" The blonde on the screen moaned, but she lifted her ass

in the air and spread wider as he thrust forward, the head of his cock slipping

into her tight hole. Lindsey moaned, her finger moving faster, and then the clip

ended.

"Damn!" Using her left hand, she pointed the mouse to the next "free clip" and

clicked. She tickled her clit with her finger as she waited for it to download.

Biting her lip, she slipped her hand under her blouse, tweaking her nipple with

a shiver as the movie clip started to play. The blonde was really getting

pounded in this one, moaning loudly into the bed.

"Oh yeah!" Lindsey rubbed faster, watching through half-closed eyed. "Fuck that

ass..." She had a sudden urge to be filled, and slipped her fingers down,

plunging them into her wetness. Nowhere near as good as a cock, but it still

felt good. Fingering herself faster, she strummed her clit with her thumb,

spreading her legs wide in the chair.

"Ooo yeah, come in my ass!" The blonde moaned and Lindsey moaned, too, feeling

her own asshole twitch at the thought. She worked her pussy harder, her breath a

fast pant. God, she wanted to come so bad...

"Lindsey!"

Mr. Ryan flipped on the light switch, standing wide-eyed in the doorway. She

sighed, slipping her fingers out of her pussy. Mr. Ryan's mouth worked, but no

sound was coming out. His face turned another shade of red when she slid her

hand out of her shorts. With a small smile, she licked her fingers, waiting for

him to say something.

"Lindsey..." He cleared his throat, running a hand through his dark hair. "I

think you'd better go to the principal's office."

"I thought you'd never ask." She grabbed her backpack and followed him down the

hall. The principal's office was nearly empty and Lindsey sat across from a

dark-skinned black man who looked like he was on his way to a parade. His white

uniform practically glowed next to the darkness of his skin.

"Wait here!" Mr. Ryan directed her with a frown, knocking on Mr. Miller's door.

"I'm not going anywhere." Lindsey shrugged, pulling her knees up to chest and

resting her chin on them. She glanced over at the guy sitting across from her

and noticed him looking at her. Smiling, she slid her legs back down, slipping

down in the chair and letting her legs fall open a little. She saw his eyebrows

go up, and he lifted his gaze to her face.

"You're a very pretty girl."

She shrugged. "Yeah? So?"

He adjusted his white hat, still meeting her eyes. "So you don't have to do that

to get attention."

Lindsey frowned, snapping her legs together and sitting straight up. "Do what?"

"You know what."

"What are you all dressed up for—a parade or something?" Lindsey squinted at him

and saw he was wearing a name tag: Lieutenant Zachary Davis.

"I'm a recruiter."

"For what?" Lindsey snorted, looking him up and down. Even the man's shoes were

white! "The Pillsbury Dough Boy?!"

He raised an eyebrow in her direction. "The U.S. Navy."

"So you're... what... a sailor?"

"On a nuclear submarine, but yes." He cocked his head at her. "Do you have any

interest in the Navy?"

She rolled her eyes. "Only if we're at war."

"We are."

"Yeah, well... not here we're not."

"So what are you interested in...Lindsey?"

He'd obviously been paying attention. She leaned forward, putting her elbows on

her knees and her chin in her hands. "Sex... Zach."

"Is that all?"

"No..." She glanced over at the secretary, who was rifling through papers at her desk, but clearly listening to them. "I also like pina coladas and getting caught in the rain."

He laughed. "But are you into health food?"

"Are you kidding me?" Lindsey smiled back. "I live on Twinkies and Taco Bell."

"Kraft Macaroni and Cheese, here."

She grinned back at him. "I love that stuff."

"What else do you love?"

"Hm..." Lindsey fidgeted. "I love dogs... but I'm not allowed to have one."

"How come?"

"My parents." She sighed.

"Are you a senior?"

"Yes." Pulling a pack of gum out of her bag, she slid a stick out with her teeth.

"Eighteen?"

She offered him a piece. "Yep."

He shook his head. "So you'll be out on your own soon and can make up your own

mind about whether or not you want a dog."

"I can't wait!" She crumpled the wrapper and slid the stick of gum between her teeth.

He sat forward a little. "So... what else do you love?"

"You're weird."

He shrugged. "Just a question."

The silence stretched for a moment, and then Lindsey said softly, "Snow."

"What else?"

"Argyle socks...and you know those little machines that sell those toys in

grocery stores?" She snapped her gum. He nodded. "I love those. I still have to

put a quarter in one every time I go."

He laughed. "What else?

"Twizzlers." She smiled. "And the blues."

He looked surprised for the first time. "Who's your favorite?"

"I like Stevie Ray Vaughan and Eric Clapton... old stuff."

He snorted. "Old, eh?"

"My favorite, lately, though, is Kenny Wayne Shepard."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Well that's a strange coincidence..." His grin grew wider. "I happen to have

tickets to Kenny Wayne Shepard playing at the Palladium on Friday."

"You do not!"

"I actually do."

"Really?"

"Want to go?"

"Are you serious?"

"Would the Pillsbury Doughboy kid you?"

"Lindsey!" It was Mr. Ryan calling from the principal's office. She'd almost

forgotten about him!

"Here's my number." Lindsey grabbed her crumpled gum wrapper and opened it,

scribbling furiously. "Call me. I have to go get paddled."

"Excuse me?" Zach raised his eyebrows as she grabbed her backpack.

"Lindsey!" It was Mr. Miller this time, his face already red.

"I've been a bad girl." She smirked, nudging Zach's shoulder with her hip as she

passed. She didn't look back, but she had the strong feeling that he was

watching her ass wiggle in her shorts as she walked toward where Mr. Miller and

Mr. Ryan were flanking the principal's office door.

"Lindsey—" Mr. Miller shook his head as he waved her in.

"I know, I know." She snapped her gum, throwing her backpack on the floor and

flopping into the chair next to his desk. "Save the lecture, Dad."

Mr. Miller nodded to Mr. Ryan. "Thanks for bringing her down, Jim." Mr. Ryan

sighed, pulling the door closed as he left.

"So what do I get today?" She grinned at him, turning sideways a little in the

chair and throwing one leg over the side. "Please tell me it's a spanking along

with my ticket to ride the ol' suspension train!"

"You're a very difficult girl, Lindsey." Mr. Miller cleared his throat as he sat

in his chair, shaking his salt and pepper head and straightening his tie.

"I know." She fixed him with her gaze as her hand slid down between her legs,

pulling her shorts aside. "That's why you like me so much."

"Hey..." His eyes focused between her legs as she spread her lips, showing him

pink. She was still glistening wet from touching herself in the computer room

and her pussy ached.

"Oh Mr. Miller..." She slid two fingers into her wetness, pulling them out and

smearing them over her lips. "I've been so, so bad. I deserve everything you can

give me..." Lindsey stood and leaned over to whisper into his ear. "And I

mean...everything." Her still-sticky hand slipped over the crotch of his

trousers, feeling his erection. He was hard, and had probably been that way

since Mr. Ryan came into his office.

"Come on, Mr. Principal." Lindsey turned and bent over his desk, lifting her ass

in the air. "You know I deserve it."

"Please!" Mr. Miller stood, glancing out the window and turning the blinds

closed. He passed the door and pushed the button on it, locking it. She smiled,

resting her cheek on his blotter with a happy sigh. "You really... need to stop.

You are going to get in trouble with more than just me, one of these days."

"I can only hope." She felt his hand moving over the satiny softness of her

shorts as he stepped in behind her. Closing her eyes, she spread her thighs a

little wider, her pussy aching. She could barely wait for him to touch her—but

it didn't take long. He yanked her shorts down to her knees, his hand coming

down hard against her behind.

"What were you looking at while you were touching yourself, Lindsey?" His hand

met her ass again and she whimpered and sighed.

"Nice big fat cocks." She arched, lifting her ass up for him.

"You're so bad." He smacked her again and she gasped, feeling his fingers

probing her slit. "My god...you're soaking wet!"

"Can't help it." She tried to squeeze his fingers, pull them deeper inside of

her. "I soooo want to be fucked."

"Do you?" His fingers slid in deeper and she moaned softly. "You want a big, fat

cock shoved up here?"

"Yes." Lindsey shivered, her nipples hard against the desk. "But yours will have

to do today."

"You little bitch!" His hand came down so hard on her ass that she yelped, tears

stinging her eyes. She heard him unzipping, adjusting as he slipped the head of

his cock between her swollen lips. He grabbed her hips, sinking himself deep

into her pussy. Biting her lip, she tried not to smile in triumph and hid her

face in her arms, whimpering instead.

"Mr. Miller!" Her pussy throbbed around his dick—god she wanted something

bigger. She hadn't been kidding. He was average, and all right, but her pussy

wanted so much more! What he lacked in size he was just going to have to make up in roughness.

"Let's see how you like that," he growled, thrusting hard into her—but nowhere

near hard enough. Lindsey slid her hand between her legs, finding the aching

button of her clit. One finger, back and forth, as he fucked her. That was good.

Oh yes, that was very good. She shivered, her face flushing with pleasure.

"Is that all you got, Mr. Miller?" She taunted him as he rocked into her, grunting.

"You little slut," he whispered, his fingers gripping her slender hips.

"Am I?"

He drove forward hard, slamming her into the desk. "You nasty, dirty, fucking

little whore!"

"Oooo yeah." Lindsey panted, squirming to keep her hand down between her thighs, rubbing her clit. "You tell me, Mr. Miller. You make that bad girl learn her

lesson."

"Fuck!" He groaned, slamming into her harder, the slick slap of their flesh filling the room. Lindsey smiled dreamily, wondering if the secretary could hear them.

"That's right, Principal Miller." She closed her eyes, panting, her finger

pushing her clit closer and closer toward climax. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Can you

fuck me harder, old man?"

"Goddamnit!" He slammed into her, fucking her forward on the desk. His hand came down over her ass, slapping her hard. "Shut up you little whore!"

"Yeah!" Lindsey wiggled under the weight and thrust of him. "You tell that bad girl!"

"I said..." He smacked her ass again. "Keep..." SMACK "Your..." SMACK "Mouth..."

SMACK "Shut!" SMACK

"Make me!" She gasped, grabbing the edge of his desk to keep from slipping as he

pounded into her.

"I'll make you, all right." He grabbed her by the hair, pulling her back as he

sat in his desk chair, keeping her seated right on his cock as he yanked her

into his lap. He ground his hips up into her flesh, making her grip the sides of

his chair. His fist tightened in her hair and he shoved her off his lap onto the

floor. Tears sprung to her eyes as he jerked her head forward by her hair,

forcing her lips to his cock. "Let's keep that nasty little mouth busy, what do

you say?"

She didn't say anything—just tucked her gum to the side, took his cock between

her lips, and sucked, slipping her fingers down to rub her clit while she did.

He groaned, thrusting deep into her throat. He was nowhere too big to handle—the

perfect suckable size, really—and she devoured him, her throat working, tears

still leaking out of the corners of her bleary eyes.

"You're gonna swallow my cum, you fucking little slut!"

Her pussy throbbed at his words and she shoved her fingers up inside, fucking

herself as she let him use her mouth. She was so close, and the feel of him

swelling, the low grunting noises he made as he arched into her throat, pushed

her closer and closer to the edge.

"Take it!" He gagged her with his cock, shooting cum so far back into her throat

she had to struggle not to choke on it. Lindsey closed her eyes and swallowed,

nudging her clit the last little bit toward her own climax. It shuddered through

her as she licked the head of him, moaning and teasing the last bit of hot,

white stuff from the tip.

She licked her lips, watching him struggle to pull up his pants. He stood to zip

up, glancing down at her with a sigh. "You're going home, you know."

"Yep." She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and stood, hitching up her

shorts and sitting in the chair next to his desk again. "What am I getting

suspended for today?"

He sat at his desk, pulling out the yellow pre-printed pad that he wrote

suspensions up on. Stopping with his pen poised above it, he cocked his head at

her. "Fighting?"

"I can live with that." She snapped her gum. It tasted like his cum.

"Three days." He tore the slip off and handed it to her. "Please try to behave

yourself when you come back."

She grinned, shoving the slip into her backpack. "I'll try." Out in the lobby,

the secretary gave her a dirty look, but Lindsey didn't pay any attention. The

recruiter—Zach—was gone. Her stomach gave a little disappointed lurch, but then

she remembered that he had her number.

He'll call.

Of course he would. Who wouldn't?

Short Shorts Ch. 04 - Interracial Love

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The look on her stepfather's face when Zach came to pick her up would have made

the whole night worth it, even if the rest of it hadn't gone as well as it did.

Lindsey wasn't quite ready, and he was early—something she hadn't planned for at

all. The doorbell rang just as she was tucking the tail ends of her sheer black

lace blouse into her blue jean miniskirt—ends that she would later tie up to

expose her midriff, after she was out of the house, of course. When she heard

her stepfather say, "I'll get it," Lindsey bolted for the stairs.

"That's okay, it's for me!" Her high heels clattered on the linoleum as she slid

into the kitchen, grabbing her purse from the table and surprising her mother

standing at the sink doing the dinner dishes. Lindsey knew she was going to be

too late, and she was. Her stepfather was saying something about the Watchtower,

and then she heard Zach say her name.

"I'll be home by curfew." Lindsey edged by her stepfather, smiling at Zach who

stood tall in the porch light. No navy whites tonight—just jeans and a soft gray

shirt.

"Lindsey? Is everything—" Her mother stopped at the doorway, the dish towel she

was drying her hands with stopping as she saw Zach standing on the porch. "Oh.

Hello."

"Hello Mrs. Anderson." Zach gave her what Lindsey would call a parent-placating

smile. He'd obviously been taking notes when she talked to him on the phone

earlier. "I'm taking Lindsey over to the Palladium to see Kenny Wayne Shepard.

We'll be back no later than one."

Lindsey saw her parents exchange uneasy glances. She rolled her eyes, knowing

they were entirely too politically correct to object, but that she would hear

all about it later. "Yes, that's right, I'm going on a date with a nee-gro." She

turned her face up to Zach, whose eyebrows raised slightly at her words. "This

is the new millennium, okay? Just remember it could be worse—he could be from

another planet or something."

"How do you know I'm not?" Zach was laughing. She could feel it when she pressed

back against him, urging him down the steps with her body. Her stepfather's face

was twisted between fear and rage, and she rather liked the look—not that she

hadn't seen it before or anything. She grabbed Zach's hand, and noticed how it

swallowed her own as she pulled him toward the car parked on the curb.

"Nice ride." She laughed out loud when he opened the passenger side of the black

Camaro for her, glancing back and waving at her parents, still standing

shell-shocked in the doorway. "You don't have to lay it on that thick! They're

not going to like you, no matter what you do."

Lindsey tossed her purse in and followed it, flipping down the visor and putting

on lip gloss as Zach went around to his side. The car smelled like oranges and

sandalwood, and was absolutely spotless. He put the key in the ignition and

started the car and cold air blew over her face. When he pulled his seatbelt

over, he glanced at her.

"Strap in." He nodded toward her belt.

Lindsey made a face, rubbing her full, glossy lips together. "I live dangerously."

"Not with me, you don't." Zach reached over her for the seatbelt. His body was

warm, and his breath sweet, she noticed, as he clicked her belt into place.

"I thought a Navy boy would be a little more adventurous!" she scoffed, flipping

the visor up as he put the car into gear. Her parents were still standing in the

doorway. She wondered for a moment what they were saying—but really, she already knew. It thrilled her.

"Gotta draw a line somewhere." Zach pulled slowly away from the house, glancing

in his rearview mirror. "So, tell me—what percentage of you decided to go out

with me tonight based on the fact that I'm black?"

Lindsey shook her head, giving him a sly smile as she fished a pack of gum out

of her purse. "Don't flatter yourself. It was the Shepard tickets that hooked me

from the start. The black thing was just a nice bonus."

"And here I thought it was my witty charm and incredibly good looks." He

snorted, flashing a bright smile.

"They didn't hurt ya." She winked as she crumpled the stick of gum into her

mouth, wadding the wrapper and putting it in the little bag hanging from the

cigarette lighter.

He glanced over at her as she pulled her shirt out of her skirt. "Neither did yours."

"Gotta accentuate the positive." Lindsey unbuttoned the bottom buttons of her

black lace shirt, tying the ends up tight under her little breasts, making them

look fuller. Her bra was black under the sheer blouse and she considered taking

it off and stowing it in her purse, but thought that might be too risqué, even

for the Palladium. "So what do you think?"

Zach's eyes moved over her as she turned to him, holding out her arms as if to

say, "taa-daa!" He shook his head, smiling. "Isn't that skirt a little long for you?"

She tugged at the hem, which didn't come to her slim mid-thigh. "Are you kidding?"

"Well, if those shorts you were wearing when I met you are any indication of

your usual taste in clothes..."

She grinned. "Yeah, well... those are my 'come-fuck-me' shorts."

"Is that so?" Zach slowed the car to a stop at a red light, turning to look at

her more fully. "So since you're not wearing them tonight...?"

"Oh, don't worry." Lindsey moved toward him in her seat. "You'll get compensated

well for the tickets, I promise. This might not be as short, but it is easier access... see?" She put her knee up, flashing him a view of her sheer black panties.

"Is that why you think I asked you out?"

She smirked. "Why else? I'm not stupid."

"Do all your dates go quid pro quo?" Zach frowned as Lindsey swung her legs

forward again.

"More like quim pro quo." She gave a short, sharp laugh, putting the pack of gum

back in her purse. "Oh... did you want some?" He shook his head, his eyes on

hers in the dimness. Behind them a car horn honked and Lindsey glanced up,

noticing the light had turned green. "Um... I think you can... ya know, go?"

Zach sighed, pulling away from the light, his eyes back on the road. "I want you

to know that I didn't ask you out to have sex with you."

The silence that filled the car made Lindsey feel like she couldn't breathe. She

wanted to open the window and stick her head out. Instead, she snapped her gum

and pressed her warm forehead to the cool glass, watching the buildings whiz by.

He didn't say anything else, and she had the feeling she was supposed to

respond, but she didn't know how.

"You really want to know why I asked you to come with me tonight?" His eyes

flicked over to her—she felt his gaze but didn't turn. Instead, she fogged the

glass further with her breath, drawing the outline of a face sticking its tongue

out, and didn't answer him. "Because you still put money in those little

machines when you go into the grocery store."

She laughed—she couldn't help it. "You're weird."

"We're here." Zach parked and pocketed his keys. "Still wanna go in?"

"Why wouldn't I?" She made a face, wrinkling her nose at him. "This is Kenny

Wayne Shepard we're talking about!"

"Yeah, okay." He grinned. "Come on, let's go."

She took his hand as they worked their way through the crowd, and he smiled down at her, giving her fingers a squeeze. The bald guy who took their ticket stub

raised a studded eyebrow at her skirt, or lack thereof, giving her a wink as she

edged through the turnstile. Zach saw the exchange and stepped quickly through

the gate, taking her hand again and leading her into the venue.

"You want anything?" He nodded toward the concessions and Lindsey shook her

head, so they went down the stairs toward the stage.

"How close are we?" They just kept getting nearer and nearer to the stage and

Lindsey glanced back, amazed at the amount of seats behind them.

Zach checked the tickets. "Front row, nearly center."

"You're kidding me!" Her jaw dropped and she gripped his hand in hers. "They

must have cost you a fortune!"

He shrugged, showing the tickets to a security guard before steering her down

the front row. "They were worth it."

Lindsey couldn't believe how close they were and she turned to Zach, feeling his

warmth as they sat, their thighs brushing. She knew her intuition was right,

even before she asked the question. "You didn't have these tickets when you

asked me out, did you?"

"No." He grinned and winked. "But I do now."

"Last minute, front row center seats..." She gave a low whistle. Then she

frowned up at him, her eyes narrowing. "And you're telling me you didn't ask me

out for sex?"

"Yep." He squeezed her hand again, his eyes on hers. His gaze made her feel

warm, and every time he looked at her like that, it felt like something broke

open in her chest. "That's what I'm telling you."

"Why should I believe you?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

Lindsey's eyes rolled. "I can think of about a million reasons."

"Can you think of one reason to trust me?"

She thought of the way he looked at her, how he was with her parents, and what

he said tonight in the car. "Maybe."

"Hang onto that one." He squeezed her hand again and smiled.

In spite of what past experience had taught her, that's just what she did.

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Zach turned down the radio, talking over the whistle of the wind coming in

through the t-tops that Lindsey had insisted he take off on the way home. Her

hands were dancing in the breeze, her body still swaying to the music.

"Do you have I.D. on you?" He nudged her, getting her full attention.

"I'm not twenty-one," she reminded him and then grinned. "But I think I still

have a fake I.D. in my wallet from last year that says I am."

He shook his head, smiling. "No—real I.D. Something that says you're eighteen?"

"Driver's license do?" She fished her purse off the floor.

"Yep." He took a sharp right turn, away from the direction of her house. She

smiled, shaking her head. In spite of what he'd said, she was pretty sure they

were headed somewhere private. During the concert, he had looked at her the way

all guys do, with the heat of lust in his eyes when she ground her hips back

against him as she danced. She had felt his response against her behind, in the

way he gripped her hips, and she loved it.

But she thought she'd at least play along. "Why do you ask?"

"I want to show you something." He steered the car down a long, curving road.

There were no houses and not even much foliage exposed by the low headlights

sweeping around a turn.

"I bet you do." She couldn't help her smile, and felt a familiar warmth in her

lower belly. She didn't mind that they were going somewhere—she'd been a little

disappointed when he claimed he didn't want to have sex.

He smiled back, shaking his head. "It's not what you think."

"Uh-huh." She tossed her gum out the window and found her wallet in her little

purse, taking out her I.D. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Thanks." He took her license and slid it above the visor, using one hand to

steer while he dug into his back jean pocket for his wallet. Lindsey frowned,

seeing a sign flash by on her right that she just missed reading. She didn't

miss the next one though: Air National Guard Base.

"Uhhhh..." Her belly felt even tighter now, and she swallowed hard. "Where are

we going?"

"You'll see." Zach stopped at a white, well-lit booth with a long crossbar in

front, keeping cars from entering without stopping first.

Lindsey stared, wide-eyed, at the gun strapped to the man's hip as he leaned his

uniformed head down to the window. "How can I help you tonight?"

Zach handed their I.D.s over. "Visiting a friend. Colonel Pullman."

The uniformed guard looked at their I.D.s one at a time, and then leaned in to

take a look at Lindsey. She felt his eyes moving over her in the darkness,

something she would usually relish, but tonight she found it disquieting.

"All right, lieutenant." The man handed their I.D.s back with a nod, writing

something on a clipboard. "Have a good night."

"Thanks. You, too." Zach waited for the crossbar to go up, and then edged the

car slowly forward.

"We're visiting a friend of yours?" Lindsey frowned, craning her neck back to

look at the guard. She had goose bumps on her arms in spite of the warmth of the

night.

"Not really." He shrugged, turning the car down a side road that ran next to a

tall fence topped with high, barbed wire. "Just an excuse."

"Where are we?" Lindsey leaned forward, trying to see into the darkness past the

reach of the headlights. There wasn't much to see, just a bunch of small, blue

lights, close to the ground.

"You'll see." Zach smiled over at her, steering the car around a curve to the

right. The ground sloped upward here, and he pulled off the road itself onto the

grass, parking there. She smiled as he turned the key off, listening to the

engine ticking as it cooled. It was so quiet she could hear crickets chirping

somewhere in the darkness.

"Pretty." She breathed deep, stretching her hands up through the open top of the

car, looking up at the stars. "Is this what you wanted to show me?"

"Almost."

She smiled, sliding as close to him as she could with the gearshift between

them. "Am I getting warmer?"

"Actually, no." He grinned, his teeth gleaming. She slid her hand up his thigh,

leaning into his shoulder. "But I am."

"Good." She kissed his neck, the soft spot right under his ear, licking in

little circles. Her fingers danced over the zipper of his jeans, just lightly,

feeling for a response, some sign of encouragement.

"Not warm enough in here for you already, huh?" Zach swallowed and she felt it

against her lips as she kissed her way into the dark hollow of his throat.

"Nowhere near, to tell you the truth." Lindsey breathed, trying to move closer,

but she couldn't because of the gear shift, so she settled for leaning over, one

hand on each of his denim-clad thighs. Their eyes met briefly before she kissed

him, moaning against the softness of his mouth, the tenderness of his lips on

hers. His hand moved slowly through her hair, tilting her head sideways as he

sought her tongue with his.

She had been kissed a hundred times, but this was different. Something thrummed

through her, and she knew her own warning system well enough. That part of her

wanted to bolt out of the car and never look back—but another part of her wanted

even more of him. The latter won out, and she let the kiss deepen, twining her

tongue with his, feeling the spread of his hand against her lower back as he

tried to press her closer.

She felt a low rumble in her belly, as if the whole car were shaking, and she

gasped into his mouth as he shifted her across the console, pulling her into his

lap. She felt his response clearly enough now, throbbing against her behind. He

moaned into her mouth when she wiggled there, wrapping her slender arms around

his neck and giving herself over to his lust.

It was then that she realized the tremor running through her was real, the

feeling growing to sound in her ears as they fumbled together in the little

seat. She gasped, her eyes opening in surprise to meet his as the thunder grew,

vibrating the gearshift against her thigh.

"Zach!" She clutched him, turning to look out the windshield, her eyes wide.

"What is it?!"

"This is what I wanted to show you." He said the words against her hair, pulling

her hips into him snugly. "Watch."

The sound crackled like a fire in the distance, something roaring in the night.

It was too dark to see much, but a light grew brighter amidst the small blue

ones on the flat ground a little ways below. The sound grew, too, the force and

power of it making the whole car tremble. She clung to him, not even realizing

it, her mouth dry and a heat growing in her middle.

It wasn't until the fire lit behind the F-16 that she realized what she was

seeing. The plane barreled toward them like a rocket then, the sound making

Lindsey cover her ears and cry out. It was coming right for them! She turned her

face to hide it in Zach's shoulder and felt him shaking with silent laughter.

"It's okay, baby." The term of endearment softened her and she looked up at his

bright eyes in the dimness. "I wouldn't let anything hurt you, I promise. Just

watch."

Lindsey gasped, looking up through the t-tops as the plane passed high overhead,

gaining altitude fast, the sound still so loud it shook her to the core, the

afterburner a streak of fire behind the plane for a moment before fading to a

low, orange glow. It made everything in her body vibrate and her breath catch in

her throat. The low rumble moved through her with building excitement and she

laughed out loud, reaching her hands up to the plane as if she could touch it.

"Another one's coming." He nodded toward what she knew now was a runway.

"Another?" She leapt off his lap and stood on her seat, poking her head up

through the sun roof. Zach did the same, grinning over at her as the second F-16

came howling toward them. Lindsey stretched her arms to the sky as it began to

take off, gaining altitude, burning fire behind. It was high above when it

passed over them, and she screamed out loud in competition with the noise, her

hands spread wide to the stars.

"Like it?" He smiled over at her, almost shyly.

She laughed, sliding up on the edge of the sunroof and swinging her legs over

the side. "I love it! Are there more!?"

"Should be." He followed her out of the car as she went to stand in front of it,

hugging her arms. "Three more."

"Hold onto me." Lindsey slipped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek

against his chest as the next one came growling toward them, the sound

reverberating under her feet. His hands pressed her lower back, a little damp

from dancing at the concert and now from the heat of the night, pulling her

belly against his. She turned her face up to him, slipping her hand behind his

neck and reaching up on tiptoe to find his mouth.

Their kiss grew hungry, and she squirmed in his arms, wanting more as the

thunder of the plane grew closer, trembling her body against his. Her whole body

burned, on fire, more alive that she had ever felt before. She grabbed his hand,

the one pressed to her back, and urged it between her thighs, pulling it up

under her skirt.

"Lindsey—" He broke their kiss, moving his hand away, but she insisted, guiding

his fingers, pushing her panties aside. He groaned when he felt her smooth

wetness, her lips swollen and parted in her excitement.

"Please." She gasped, her voice lost in the sound of the plane roaring overhead,

but she knew he felt the urgency in her body as she pressed herself against him.

The fire trailing behind the F-16 glowed for a moment like a beacon in the

night, and she couldn't see anything else. His fingers moved between her legs,

slowly exploring the soft folds, and he caught her mouth again, kissing her back

toward the hood of the car.

"Yes, yes, yes!" She spread for him in excitement, letting him push her skirt up

over her hips as she slid onto the hood of the car, pulling her own panties

down. When she reached for the crotch of his jeans, aching to feel him, see him,

taste him, he let her rub there for a moment. The outline of his cock straining

against the denim was almost too much for her to bear, and she unsnapped his

jeans, wanting to set him free.

"No."

She only heard the word he spoke because the next plane was still far off, a low

rumble in the distance, a crackling fire, like the heat between her thighs. Then

she couldn't hear anything but the wailing sound of the F-16 heading down the

runway toward them as Zach spread her legs and sank to his knees before her.

His mouth covered her mound and he kissed her pussy like he had kissed her lips.

He drank her, breathed her, and she couldn't hear the sounds he made, but they

vibrated her flesh, sending delicious pulses of pleasure through her body. She

threw her hands above her head, her own soft moans lost in the growing roar of

the approaching plane.

When his fingers slipped into her, she bucked her hips up, meeting his hand,

helping him bury first one, then two, then three into her flesh. She wanted even

more and she rolled her pelvis, dancing against his mouth, her breath coming

faster in the night. His tongue moved up and down in her wetness, teasing,

making her arch and push against him.

His tongue finally found her clit, flicking back and forth there, and she

groaned, the sound lost as the plane passed directly overhead. She watched the

flaming bullet soar through the sky through half-closed eyes, the sweet ache

between her thighs rising with it. Her fingers moved through his short, wiry

hair, slipping her hand behind his neck and pressing him against her mound.

He opened his mouth wide over her, his tongue lapping, his fingers digging

deeper. Her nails scratched over his scalp, the back of his neck, trying to

press him harder, wanting more. Her body trembled on the hood of the car with

her impending orgasm, and she fucked his hand faster, harder, her moans louder

as she rocked against his tongue.

"Zach!" His name escaped her lips as she groped for something, anything, to hold

onto. She found his other hand and squeezed it, hearing the sound of the last

plane blazing toward them in the distance. "Oh god, Zach, don't stop!" He showed

no signs of it, but she knew he couldn't possibly hear her anymore as the plane

bellowed down the runway. She saw it mounting above her in the sky as her body

sent her flying, too, twisting and shuddering with her climax.

She bucked under him, every muscle in her body taut as she spasmed again and

again under his tongue, his fingers plunging deep into her swollen flesh. Her

cries, nearly screams now, were lost in the deafening boom of the plane

overhead, its fire burning hot and then fading as it found its niche and rode it.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she whispered to the sky, blinking at the stars left

in the darkness, as if the plane itself had created them in its powerful wake.

Zach pulled her to sitting, and she laughed, dizzy, resting her cheek against

his chest, still panting. He held her close and she felt his heart beating hard,

and smelled herself on his breath. She tilted her face up to him in the night

and kissed him, tasting the sweet musk of her own pussy on his tongue, sucking

at it. When her hand slipped between his legs, feeling an incredible throb

there, he groaned against her mouth, stepping back with a sigh.

"I told you, baby." He leaned over to pick up her panties off the ground. "I

didn't take you out to have sex with you."

"Um, what do you call that, then?" Lindsey grinned. "Bill Clinton's version?

Oral sex isn't sex?"

He grinned back, handing over the sheer black material of her panties. "Well...

okay, so I slipped a little."

"Let's slip some more." She wrapped her legs around his waist, tossing her

panties onto the hood of the car. "Slip and slide and..."

"Nuh-uh." He pulled her off the hood of the car and she stood, wobbly, letting

him hold her and pull her close. "Come on. It's almost one... and I promised

your father I'd have you home."

"He's not my father." She couldn't help smiling as she pulled her panties on. He

let her hold his arm for balance. "Are you for real?"

"You tell me." He went around to the passenger side of the car and opened her

door, waiting. She came to stand in front of him, still feeling shaky.

"I don't know." She sighed, swallowing and looking up at him.

"You will." He smiled, tilting her chin up, and kissed her softly. "Let's get

you home."