**Stacey**

by stevieraygovan©

Ch. 01

There's just no way to explain or even justify life sometimes. It just assaults

you, and it's so fucking random. Sometimes things happen that seem so cruel and

unfair that you feel life has it in for you, and just when you're at your lowest

point and despair is all you can feel that's often when life turns around and

lifts you up with something equally wonderful.

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My wife of four years lay dying in her hospital bed. She was only twenty seven

years old; way too young to be on a fucking life support machine. Still, there

she was, and there I was holding her lifeless hand.

Finally, the EKG monitor went flat. She'd lost her battle to survive, and we

never even got to say goodbye to each other. Some drunken asshole had crossed

the center line and ended two lives, mine and my wife's, when he crashed into my

wife. She was just driving home from the grocery store and now she was gone, and

I might as well've died too. Meanwhile the asshole drunk driver was blessed with

the good fortune of having blacked out before the crash. He hardly suffered a

scratch and he didn't remember a thing.

I was lost. I couldn't manage to keep my job. I didn't want to talk to anybody.

I just didn't care about anything anymore.

I didn't want to live any longer.

One day I was sitting down and literally writing a suicide note when my older

brother Scott came barging into my kitchen. He was like Kramer from "Seinfeld"

in that he never knocked, he just would barge in. He was up in San Francisco

that week on business but he lived in L.A. with his wife, Monica. He sat down

next to me and he could see I was writing something. Before I could even do

anything he just snatched it up from me.

"What's this?" he said, casually. He was oblivious.

He read what I'd managed to write to that point. He threw it on the floor and

looked at me. Pissed off, he shoved me in the chest, knocking me to the kitchen

floor.

"This is bullshit!" he roared. "You are NOT going to do this to mom! You are not

just going to fuck all of us over like this!"

He expected me to fight back, or to at least explain myself. I had no fight in

me, and nothing to say.

Finally he calmed down, and he made me talk. We talked long into the night. He

called Monica back home in L.A. and apologized for calling so late. He told her

what was going on. Long story short, we agreed that bare minimum I needed to get

out of that house. For me to have any chance I needed to get away and start

over.

"Here's what's going to happen," he said. "You're going to sell the house and

come live with Monica and me. I'm taking you out of here. Pack your shit right

now, we're going. Tonight. We'll worry about the rest later."

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The months dragged by. Life went on. I didn't care so Scott managed to sell my

house. I was staying in one of his extra bedrooms in their modest but well kept

home in L.A. Scott and Monica tried to keep me involved in things and I did my

best to be courteous and friendly but mostly I was just existing. I'd get up and

go to work and then I'd come home and watch tv with them until it was time to go

to bed. On my off days I'd help around the house and otherwise just try to keep

busy somehow.

I wasn't still thinking about suicide, at least not all the time anymore. I sure

as hell wasn't thinking much about living though either. Like I said, I was just

existing.

I appreciated their help and I gave Scott $20,000 from the sale of my house. He

didn't want to take it but I insisted. The other $20,000 I put in the bank. I

felt like it was time to stop being a burden to them and I felt strong enough

emotionally now that I was able to convince them that I wasn't going to kill

myself. I'd be okay, eventually. So, we agreed that I'd go get my own place.

That was the whole point of moving away, wasn't it, to start all over? At some

point I was going to have to start, and we agreed it was time to let me begin

trying.

I didn't want another house though. I didn't want anything other than an

apartment, or maybe even just a room for rent. I wanted as few responsibilities

as possible.

A couple days later I was sitting down in a coffee shop reading the local

classifieds. I circled a fairly promising "Room For Rent" ad: "Single woman

looking to share a small but nice two bedroom apartment. Good location, clean

apartment. Male or female, either is fine, pets are negotiable. No smokers and

no flakes please."

I called the number and I was shocked to hear my friend Stacey answer the phone!

"Stacey??"

"Dan? Is that you? Hey, whatcha doing? We haven't talked in what, a couple years

now?"

"I was...I was calling in response to your room for rent ad!" I laughed. That

was one of the first times I'd laughed since I couldn't remember.

"My room for rent ad? What happened to your house up north? Where's Angie?"

"Stacey, can I come and see you? We need to talk."

"Umm, fine, sure. Come on over. Do you know how to find my place?"

"Yeah, I have a general idea. I'll be over in about an hour, is that okay?"

"That's fine," she said. "It's so great to hear your voice again! See ya' in an

hour!"

Two hours later I was sitting on her couch in her apartment and I'd told her

everything. We both cried.

"Oh, Dan, I'm so sorry. I can't believe it. I just can't believe it. I can't

believe Angie's gone. I'm so sorry I wasn't there for you..."

"It's not your fault, Stacey. Things happen and people sometimes fall out of

touch for awhile."

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Stacey and I were best friends growing up. We were next door neighbors and we

went to elementary school, junior high school and high school together. She was

always a tomboy and she was always "one of the guys." Though we were never

boyfriend/girlfriend we were each other's first goofy kissing partners, when we

were nine years old. Hiding under some stairs in our apartment complex we played

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours!" when we were ten.

Later, we always sat together in class and she always cheated off of my work. We

did home work together and when we were in high school we went to football games and movies together, as part of a larger group of friends. We were inseparable. We stayed friends throughout high school and we went to the same college together. She was no longer a tomboy by that time and I definitely noticed the change. She'd become a very beautiful woman. Thing is though, in all the time we were best friends we managed to never "date." She had her boyfriends and I had my girlfriends and soon it became difficult to keep seeing each other all the

time. Finally, we graduated.

We promised to stay in touch like always, but when she went off to grad school

all the way across the country and I went off to work up in the Bay Area our

contacts slowed down. We still kept up on each other via e-mails so she came to

our wedding when I'd married Angie, who was my on again/off again girlfriend all

through high school, college and beyond. We were all friends in high school

together but Angie and I ended up taking it all the way. Stacey seemed to always

be okay with it, though there was sometimes an underlying current of tension

there whenever we talked in private and the subject of Angie came up.

"Dan, I'm fine with you being with her. Really. I like her a lot. She's good for

you. Besides, it's not like we're boyfriend and girlfriend. We're just friends.

I understand. Look, fine, I admit I sometimes get a little jealous about you

being with her but I know I have no right. So let's not make a big deal about

it, okay? Just let me deal with it and I'll be fine."

"Really?" I said. "You? Jealous? I never knew."

"I never wanted you to know, okay? I was always just 'one of the guys' right? So

can we drop it now?"

The last time I'd spoken to Stacey, she'd graduated from grad school and she was

looking for a job. She was thinking of moving back home to L.A., where we all

grew up together. That was two years ago.

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"So, how long have you been back in L.A.?" I asked.

"About a year now," Stacey said.

"Why didn't you call or write to let us know where you were?" I asked.

"I dunno, I guess I just thought it'd be best if I left you and Angie alone,"

she said.

"Were you ever going to call or write?" I said.

"What about you?" she responded, defensively. "It's not like you kept writing me

either."

"I would've always let you know though if I moved or changed my number, you know that," I said.

"Well, I'm sorry," she said. "Now I'm really sorry," she added, hugging me.

"Anyway," I said, "What's your story? Why are you renting a room?"

"Oh, well," she began, "My last roommate was a total flake. She skipped out on

me with no notice, and she didn't even pay her last month's rent. That's why I

said 'No flakes' in my ad," she laughed. "I'm still paying off my school loans

and while I'm working and doing alright money wise I still need to be pretty

frugal about things. Besides, you know me, I was never into money and big cars

and all that fancy stuff. This place is fine for me. I'm always working so I'm

hardly ever here. I just need a reliable roommate."

I told her my story and why I was looking for a room. We of course agreed that

I'd come live there. She was happy, I was at least relieved. We talked about

some details of how it'd be living together, especially with there being just

the one shared bathroom. We agreed that there would probably be times when we'd need to share the bathroom in emergencies, and that knocking first would be a good idea. So would wearing towels, when necessary, and if worst came to worst

we'd try and look away when necessary.

Just try to keep it pretty casual and low stress, was the idea.

Same thing, regarding our dress around the apartment. Neither of us usually wore

much around the house anyway so we wouldn't insist that the other suddenly wear

a fur parka around the house for modesty's sake.

"What about dating, and bringing people home?" she asked.

"There won't be anything for you to worry about there with me," I said. "I won't

be bringing home any girls. Believe me, that's the LAST thing you have to worry

about," I said, sullenly.

"Oh, Dan," she said, grabbing my hand.

"What about you?" I asked, changing the subject. "Dating anybody?"

"Nobody serious," she said. "I date here and there but mostly I just don't have

the time. If ever I do bring someone here I'll try to be discreet, I promise."

"It's your place, you do whatever you want," I said.

"Uh huh," she said, eyeing me closely.

Finally, we'd talked everything through and I agreed to move in the following

week.

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To be honest, not much changed with me for awhile. I'd moved in with Stacey but

I was still working the same job and a couple more months had gone by and I was

still sad and withdrawn. I was still pretty much staying to myself in my room

when I wasn't at work.

Well, okay, one thing had changed. My brother Scott had decided that I needed to

start looking at women again. So, despite my protests, he hooked up a new

computer in my bedroom. "Porn, you idiot, what else would you need a 'puter

for?" he laughed. He also decided that he had to take me to strip clubs

seemingly every Friday night after work. To humor him I went along. I went to

the strip clubs with him and I looked at the beautiful dancers. I even browsed

various porn sites, both the soft core and hard core varieties.

I tried. I tried jacking off. I had some lap dances. I tried to get excited.

Nothing. Nothing excited me. Either I couldn't get hard or I couldn't stay hard

long enough to cum. I never told Scott this though. He was trying so hard to

help me snap out of my doldrums that I just didn't have the heart to burst his

bubble.

The first crack in my ice occurred one morning, over the silliest and most

mundane of events. I didn't have to work that day and I was sitting there at the

kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal when Stacey walked into the kitchen. She

was wearing her usual morning clothes: little jogging shorts and a t-shirt.

Nothing unusual, same as most of our mornings together before work. For some

reason though this morning I happened to notice her legs. It wasn't like I was

leering at them or anything. No, I just happened to notice them when she

stretched up to a cabinet to grab a glass.

"She has really pretty legs," I found myself thinking. I also noticed that she

had a really great figure overall. Her t-shirt was loose but still it was

obvious that she had nicely flared hips, a flat belly and large, firm breasts.

She had a nice ass too. "There's just nothing wrong with her body," I thought. I

noticed that my cock had stirred a little too.

"Well, that's a first," I thought. I hadn't gotten hard since Angie died. We'd

shared a fantastic sex life and I basically ceased to be a sexual being when she

died.

Stacey turned around and saw me looking at her legs. She smiled at me and she

sat down with me to drink her juice. I looked at her.

"What?" she asked. "You're blushing!" she said.

"Nothing," I said. I just looked down at my cereal. She just stared at me, and

then she smiled.

"Okay," she said and she smiled again at me as she put her glass in the sink.

She turned and walked out of the room. I noticed her legs again, and her ass too

this time. "Why haven't I ever noticed her ass before?" I thought. It suddenly

dawned on me that Stacey really had a fantastic ass, a world class ass. That was

also the first time I noticed her blonde pony tail bouncing as she walked away.

"Hmmmm," I thought to myself.

That night after work I was sitting on the couch watching a movie when Stacey

came home with Chris, a guy she dated occasionally. She'd brought him home twice before and we all got along fine. They'd hang out in the living room and I'd go

to my room and then he'd leave a couple hours later. Tonight though Stacey asked

me to stay and hang out with them, saying that it's my apartment too and I

didn't have to run off and hide in my room whenever Chris came over. Chris said

the same thing, inviting me to stay and watch a movie with them or whatever.

I was in our little love seat facing the tv and they were together on the couch.

I got up and turned the lights off so we could watch the movie better. After

awhile I heard moving and shifting sounds coming from the couch and I looked

over to see that Chris had moved to where he'd pulled Stacey in against his

body, his arm around her shoulders. He was watching the movie. Stacey was

watching me. I looked away.

About a half hour later I heard a rustling sound coming from the couch and when

I looked over Chris had put his hand down around her shoulder, onto the top of

her breast. With his other hand he was trying to unbutton the top buttons on her

blouse. Stacey was quietly trying to stop him when she looked back to me and she

saw me looking at her. Her eyes went into a brief panic.

I got up and went into the kitchen, to give them some space. I grabbed a glass

of water and I went back into the living room.

"Thanks, guys, but I'm gonna head off to bed now," I said. They were still on

the couch and Stacey had managed to close her blouse buttons again.

Stacey looked up at me, a little sadness in her eyes. "Okay, sleep well," she

said. Chris said, "Have a good one."

I went to my room. I took off all my clothes off and put on just a pair of

shorts. "There it is again," I thought. Once again I had a slight stirring in my

cock. I was about half hard. "Okay," I thought, "Let's fire up the ol' 'puter

and see if I can't find something I like now..."

I sat down and logged on. I browsed around for awhile...nothing. My half hard on

had gone away. I heard Chris leave the apartment and I was about to quit and log

off when I happened to stumble onto some pics of a pretty blonde girl with a

pony tail sticking out of her baseball cap.

"Mmmm," I thought. For some reason this girl did a little something for me. Just

then there was a quiet knock on my bedroom door.

"Dan, are you still awake?" came Stacey's voice.

"Yes, come in," I said.

Stacey walked in my room. She'd changed her clothes. She was now wearing her

little shorts and her t-shirt, and her long blonde hair which she'd been wearing

up was now in a pony tail again.

"Chris went home," she said.

"I figured as much," I said. "I could hear him leave."

"I sent him home," she said. "I thought he was making you uncomfortable."

"Stacey, no, you didn't have to do that," I said. "You don't have to do that.

This is your apartment. You're entitled. I'm fine. You have a life. Live it.

Believe me, live your life."

"It's just, I saw you, and I know you saw..." she started to say.

"It's okay, Stacey," I said. "What? Are you not supposed to have any fun just

because I live with you now? I don't want that for you."

"Are you sure" she said, "'Cause I really don't mind. We can go to his place, or

we can go to my room. I hate that you feel like you have to hide in your room

whenever he's here. This is your place too now. I want you to feel totally

welcome with me here."

"Okay, Stacey, look, if it'll make you feel better then I'll try to not 'run and

hide', as you put it, every time he comes over. Okay?"

"I'd like that," she said.

"Thing is," I added, "This works both ways."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Stacey, I saw you. I saw that look of panic in your eyes when you saw me

watching you, when Chris had his hand on you. You were far more weirded out over

the situation than I was. I took off to give you some space, because you looked

so uncomfortable with my seeing him touching you."

"I'm so sorry about that, Dan, I really am," Stacey said. "I've just never been

in that situation before, you know, with another guy, and you...seeing me. I

guess I can't help but think back to how I used to feel whenever I saw you and

Angie making out, you know? I used to get so jealous. I'm sorry I did that

tonight. I should just not bring him here."

"Stacey, look, please don't. Don't do that to me."

"Don't do what to you?" Stacey said, fear in her face.

"Don't be so afraid for me. You're a grown woman. I know you're going to date. I

know what happens when grown people date, okay?" I said, giving her a small

smile.

"I don't know," Stacey said. "Are you sure? You really don't mind seeing me like

that?"

"Well, I don't know that I'd go THAT far!" I added, smiling still. "I'm just

saying that you deserve to have fun and I don't want to be the reason you don't.

Look, just let me deal with it, okay? Let me work it out within myself as to

what I'm willing to watch you two doing. You just enjoy yourself. That's what I

really want for you. I want you to be happy, Stacey."

"Well," she said, laughing herself, "If you think I'm going to break down and

have wild orgies in front of you just because you say it's okay then you've got

another thing coming, mister!"

We both laughed together, for maybe the first time since I'd moved in with her.

"What about you though?" she said. "What are you doing about, you know..." she

said, raising her eyes.

Just then she happened to notice the girl on my computer screen, the girl with

the long blonde pony tail. I caught her glance, and I realized I'd left the

image up on my screen when she came in. I went to turn it off.

"Dan," she said.

"Stacey, seriously, it's not what you think!" I spluttered. She just smiled at

me. "I'm serious," I said. "It's really not what you think."

"Oh, and what do I think?" she said, obviously enjoying this little moment of

chagrin for me.

"You must think now that I'm sitting in here all night jacking off or something

to porn, I'm sure," I said, looking down at his lap.

"You mean to say you're not? Then who's she?" Stacey said.

"She's just somebody I found, just a minute before you came in here," I said.

Stacey went over to sit at my computer. She looked at the picture of the blonde

girl.

"You can't even see her face, or even her ass. She's not even naked. I don't get

it," Stacey said.

"There's nothing to 'get'," I said. "That's just it. That's what I'm trying to

tell you. Nothing was going on. I just happened to see that picture and I was

just looking at it. I was just trying to figure out why I like it when you came

in. That's the whole truth, I swear."

"Okay," she said, still smiling, "Look at pictures of blonde girls with pony

tails to your heart's content! Whatever floats your boat, sweetie!"

Just then I realized it, and I think she did too. "Blonde girls with pony

tails," she'd said. Stacey was a blonde girl with a long pony tail.

"Anyway, I just wanted to come in and check on you," she said, rising up from my

chair. She flipped her pony tail across my face when she stood up and she

smiled. "See you tomorrow morning, sweetie," and she kissed me on the cheek

before leaving my room.

My cock stirred again.

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The next morning I was reading the paper when she walked into the kitchen. There

was no mistaking it this time, yep, I definitely noticed her now. Two days in a

row, I noticed how pretty she looked. Since I was noticing, I also noticed what

I thought was a change in her usual morning outfit. Unless I was mistaken this

time her shorts were smaller and her t-shirt was shorter and thinner. I could

see bare skin above her shorts, and her shorts were really short. I could see

just the beginning of her ass cheeks sticking out of the bottom of the shorts.

When she turned around I knew something was different. I could see her belly

button, and she was very obviously braless. Her t-shirt was like a man's

sleeveless t-shirt, an old, thin wife beater style t-shirt with thin shoulder

straps and big arm holes. It was white ribbed cotton, with a big "Aerosmith"

logo.

"Sleep well?" she said brightly, her usual morning greeting. "She really is a

doll," I thought.

"Yes, thank you," I said. "You're always so cheery every morning, what's your

secret?"

"Why shouldn't I be," she said. "I enjoy my life. I like my job, I'm in good

health and I have my best friend living with me! What's there to be grumpy

about?"

"I guess so," I said. She could see I didn't share her enthusiasm.

"Dan, oh, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean..." she started to say.

"I know, Stace," I said, waving off her apology. "I know. I just think it's neat

how you're so happy all the time. You're really great, Stace. You always were,

you know. You've always been the funnest chick I've ever known!"

"'Funnest chick'???" she laughed. "That's me, a 'fun chick.' I should put that

on my resume!"

"Well, you are!" I said.

"Thank you, Dan," she said, giggling. "I think I know what you mean, and that's

very sweet of you to say."

She got up, saying she needed to get dressed for work. I went into the bathroom

to get ready for work too. I was in the shower when she knocked on the door.

"Dan, can I come in and go pee? I really gotta go!" she said.

"Okay!" I yelled out over the shower.

She came in, still wearing her little shorts and her thin t-shirt. The shower

had a shower curtain, not a glass door. We couldn't see each other in the shower

so we often used the bathroom together when someone was showering. I finished my shower and I poked my head through the curtain to grab my towel. I could see her on the toilet, her shorts around her knees, peeing. She looked up at me and

smiled.

"Hey, don't look, silly!" she laughed, quickly covering her lap with a nearby

magazine.

"Sorry!" I said, ducking my head back behind the curtain to wrap my towel around

my waist. I heard the toilet flush so I gave her some time before I climbed out

of the shower.

"Oooh la la!" she cried, when I stepped out of the shower. "Nice bod!" she

smiled, doing a little hip gyration with her hands running up and down her body,

like a stripper.

"Brat!" I laughed, as I stood in front of the sink. "I need to go too," I said,

gesturing to the toilet.

"Don't mind me," she said, "Let me just get out of your way."

With her back to me she slid in front of me and I slid to the left to give her

room to move by. In doing so her ass rubbed against the front of my towel.

"Oops!" she giggled. "Good thing you have that towel on, huh?" she said.

I just looked at her and smiled. I also noticed that I was now half way erect

again! Damn!!

"Go ahead," she said, "I'm gonna brush my teeth."

I turned my back to her and opened my towel and tried to take my piss. I had to

be careful though because I was half hard and I didn't want to miss and make a

mess with her standing right there!

"Wow, you must've really had to go!" she giggled, as the sound of my stream

filled the silent space. Finally I finished up and turned back around.

"Feel all better now?" she said sweetly. She finished up brushing her teeth and

she took off to go get dressed. I was brushing my teeth when she came back into

the bathroom barefoot, in a skirt and blouse. She stood next to me by the sink.

"Here," she said, "Skootch over a bit," and she bumped me with her hip to make

me shift over to my left to give her room. We now shared the sink. I was leaning

over to spit out my toothpaste and she was standing up to apply her eye make up.

When I stood up she leaned down to get closer to the mirror. Her doing so made

me bump into her.

"I guess you like this outfit!" she said.

"What?" I started to say, when she bumped me back. She looked down between us,

where my semi hard cock was obviously beginning to tent my towel. It was bumping right into her left ass cheek!

I looked up at her, mortified, but she just smiled and kept doing her make up.

"I gotta get dressed," I said, and I tried to squeeze on by behind her so I

could leave. When I did she pushed her ass back again right when I was behind

her!

"See, I'm not the only one who's 'up' this morning!" she said, smiling at me in

the mirror.

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That night I didn't see her. Scott had taken me out again to the strip club and

by the time I got home Stacey must've already gone to bed. I again logged on to

surf some porn and again...nothing. Not even the beginnings of a hard on. I

tried to locate the picture of the blonde girl with the pony tail, hoping

there'd be more pictures of her somewhere, but I couldn't find her. Depressed

again, I went to bed.

When I woke up the next morning Stacey had already showered. I heard her in the

kitchen while I was showering. I was again standing in front of the sink

following my shower when Stacey came into the bathroom wearing her work clothes.

She was again wearing a skirt and blouse, but this time she was also wearing

heels. She again wedged herself in front of me to do her eye make up and I again

got half way hard.

"I'm really onto something here," I thought. "If nothing else Stacey at least

seems to be able to make me get hard, at least a little." Stacey again made a

joke about my sexy bare chest and then she again pushed her ass into my towel

covered crotch.

"Mmmm, I guess this outfit meets your approval too!" she smiled. I knew what she

meant but this time I didn't say anything. I just smiled back at her.

And so it went, with most every morning starting off with Stacey rubbing against

me in the bathroom in order to see if I "approved of her outfit." One morning

when neither of us had to work I was stranding in front of the mirror shaving

and she came in and pushed by me from behind, rubbing her front against my bare

back in the process. I was wearing some shorts and she was wearing her shorty

shorts and her thin wife beater t-shirt. She sat down on the toilet and peed. I

looked over at her and she had her hands in her lap but still I could see her

bare legs all the way up to the side of her bare ass.

"I guess you approve of this outfit too," she said, looking at the semi tent

that had popped up in my shorts. "Make sure to look away now," she smiled, and I

did. She finished her business and then she was wedging herself in front of me

again. She began to brush her teeth while I leaned over and around her as I

continued shaving. After spitting her toothpaste out she leaned down on her

elbows and she pushed her ass against my hardening crotch.

"Oh yes, I'd say you really approve of this outfit!" she smiled, this time

wiggling her ass left and right as well as up and down and forward and back.

"This outfit seems to definitely meet with your approval!"

Yes, I was really growing to enjoy our mornings together.

The best thing about it though was that she was still always just Stacey. She

was always so nice. She was so sweet to me. She wasn't just some attention whore

who liked to play teasing games with men. No, she was just fun, and we always

just had fun together. There was never any sexual tension and I really don't

believe her aim with her little morning game was to be a prick tease. It wasn't

malicious and she wasn't trying to seduce me. Nope, she just liked this little

game we'd stumbled upon together. She liked that she could make me hard for her,

and she liked how we smiled and laughed during those moments. Nothing had

changed between us, we were still the same together as we'd always been.

She told me that Chris was coming over again that night. I told her that was

fine with me. She asked if I was going to stay in the living room with them and

I said yeah, if she wanted me to I would.

I was just wearing some shorts and I was watching "Sportscenter" when they come

home. Chris seemed a little drunk but Stacey seemed fine.

"I drove," she laughed. "Doofus here might've had one too many so I drove us

home."

"She's exaggerating," Chris said. "I'm fine. I could've drove."

"Probably," I said, "But better safe than sorry." I looked at Stacey and she

knew how much I meant it.

They sat down on the couch together. "What are we watching?" Stacey said.

"'Sportscenter,'" Chris said, as we watched highlights of a Raiders-Chargers

game.

"You okay with this," I asked Stacey.

"I'm fine with it. Watch whatever you guys wanna watch, I'm gonna go change.

I'll be right back," she said. She took off into her bedroom. A couple moments

later she returned, wearing her little shorty shorts and her t-shirt,; the more

conservative one, not the more revealing wife beater t-shirt. Chris pulled her

down against his chest and she snuggled in, her legs curled up beneath her. Her

ass was pointing at me over in my little love seat. This position pulled her

shorts up over the bottom of her cheeks, exposing the lower curves of her ass.

She looked over at me and I looked at her and we both smiled.

I also felt my cock stirring again. I got up to go get myself a drink, and to

turn off the living room lights, and when I walked by them to go into the

kitchen Chris just kept watching the tv. Stacey though, she looked at my crotch!

She raised her eyebrows up at me twice, like Groucho Marx! I went into the

kitchen. I was realy starting to tent my shorts. I knew I needed to wait a

moment before I went back into the living room.

Instead, here comes Stacey into the kitchen!

"Hey, Dan," she said, taking my glass from my hand as she looked down at my

tenting shorts. "I decided I'm thirsty too. Is that for me?" She left it open as

to what she was referring to, the glass of water or the tent in my shorts.

"Do you approve of this outfit?" she said, smiling over the rim of her glass.

"It's not as skimpy as my other pajamas, so it's okay for you with Chris here,

isn't?"

"You're right," I said, finally warming to playing her game a little myself,

"It's definitely not as skimpy as your other 'pajamas', if that's what you want

to call them."

"What?" she smiled. "You don't like my pajamas? You normally seem to approve of

them," she said, again looking down at my shorts. "In fact," she added, "It

would appear that you approve of these pajamas too."

"Oh, I approve of them just fine," I said. "These 'pajamas', your other

'pajamas', anything you wear. It's just that I wouldn't really call them

'pajamas," per se. They're just shorts and a t-shirt. You could just as easily

wear them outside, during the daytime."

"So does this mean that I need to start wearing actual pajamas, or I won't be

official?" she said, holding her glass with both hands up to her mouth like a

little girl.

"Sweetie, you can wear whatever you want and you can call it whatever you want.

It's all fine by me," I said.

"Oh I can, can I?" she said. "I can wear whatever I want, and you wouldn't

mind?"

"'Mind'? No I definitely wouldn't 'mind.'" I said. "What'd you have in mind?" I

added.

"Well, if you don't mind, like you say, then we'll just have to wait and see,

won't we?" she smiled.

"I guess we will then, wont we," I said, taking the bait. She smiled and handed

me back my glass and she turned and went back to the room. I was beginning to

get a legitimate hard on so I told her I'd be with them again in a minute, that

I had to go check on something and then I'd be right back.

"Don't take too long," she smiled.

I went into my room and I pulled my shorts down. I was nearly erect. I started

pulling on myself, and I logged on to the site where I found the picture of the

blonde girl with the pony tail. I kept jacking and pulling but I was starting to

lose it. Girls flashed by on my screen, naked pussies, spread pussies, beautiful

women one after another, but not my blonde girl with the pony tail. Where is

she? I was losing it. "DAMMIT!!" I screamed to myself. It was gone. I was soft

again.

"Oh well," I thought, "At least I'm safe now to go back to the living room. I

won't embarrass myself now."

I trudged back to the living room and I plopped myself down dejectedly in the

love seat. Stacey looked over and she instantly knew something was wrong. She

looked at me and raised her eyes, as if to say, "What? What's wrong?" and I just

shook my head at her sadly. She looked back at me and the hurt in her eyes was

so hard to bear.

Before too long Chris was snuggling her back into his chest again, and his free

hand on her side was stroking her hip and the top of her ass. When his hand made

its way down to her bare thigh and then up to the hem of her shorts she looked

quickly at me. We looked at each other, and she held my gaze as she quickly

shook her head no. I shook my head yes, and she made a face like, "I can't!"

I watched his hand caress her bare thigh and the very beginning of her ass and

again I felt my cock beginning to get hard again. I reached down and

repositioned it, and Stacey's eyes bugged out at me! She put her hand up to her

mouth in feigned shock and obvious mirth.

I knew now, beyond a shadow of a doubt. Stacey could get me hard. She was the

only thing in the world that could take me away from my perpetual misery. She

didn't even have to do anything, I just had to be near her. I just had to see

her. There was just something about her.

Chris kept stroking her leg and at one point the even slid his hand up to the

side of her breast, taking her t-shirt up with his hand. I was nearly fully hard

now watching her. I wasn't all the way there but I was the fullest and longest

I'd been in more than a year. I lifted my leg to hide it, and Stacey made a

pouty face at me!! I actually laughed a little, and she smiled at me, happily.

Finally it was getting late and Chris said, "Well kids, I have to be up early so

I gotta mosey on out of here."

He'd been drinking water and soda the whole time he was there and he seemed

completely sober again. "Are you sure you're safe to drive," Stacey asked him,

gauging his condition. He was fine. She walked him out to his car and I went

into the bedroom.

I was miserable. The only woman in the world I even notice, the only thing in

the world that interested me, and she's my lifelong best friend and now platonic

roommate; and she's some other guy's girl. I flopped down on my bed, my arms

over my eyes, just staring off into nothingness.

Stacey knocked on my door, which was open. The porn was still on my screen.

"Dan, can I come in?" She didn't wait for an answer. She just came in and sat on

the bed next to me. "Dan, what happened? One minute you were fine and even

smiling and laughing a little with me in the kitchen and then you disappear and

come back ten minutes later looking like someone just stole your dog! What'd you

do??"

"Stacey, I..." I began to say, not knowing what to say.

"And then," she continued, "You started to get hard again, back in your chair!

What happened? And btw, buster, I really didn't appreciate you doing that cheesy

trick of hiding it from me with your leg once you saw me watching you getting a

boner!" She smiled with that comment.

"Well? Dan, you're going to have to talk to me. I'm not going anywhere. We've

always been best friends. We can talk about anything. If it's about Angie, talk

to me. I wasn't there for you before, and I've been kicking myself over it ever

since you told me, but I'm here for you now. I'm not going anywhere. I'm here,

with you. Talk to me. What's going on with you?"

I was looking at my computer screen as she talked to me. She looked over at it

and she saw the naked women on my screen.

"Okay, so it has to do with porn?" she asked.

"Stacey, no, it doesn't. Well, yes, it does, partly. Look, it's hard to

describe, to put into words," I said, fumbling.

"Try," she said. "Are you addicted to porn or something, is that it?"

"Far from it," I said, unable to look at her.

"I'm sorry Dan, I don't get it. You have to try to be more clear. Spill it.

What's the problem?"

"Stacey, I'm telling you, you really don't want to hear it. It's hard to talk

about, and it's not a pleasant thing."

"Try me," she said. "Whatever it is, we need to get this out in the open. Tell

me, Dan. I'm your best friend, you can trust me, I swear to you. You can trust

me, whatever it is."

"I know I can trust you, Stace. I know I can do anything with you. That's part

of the problem," I said, beginning to come to grips myself with the issue.

"You're not making sense, Dan," she said. "Spill it."

I sighed. It was time. I knew this day would come, whether it was with my

brother or her, I knew this day would eventually come. I guess I needed to face

the music and talk about it with someone and I guess it was going to have to be

Stacey...who'd now become the very LAST person in the world I'd want to tell

this to.

"Stacey, okay, I have a problem. Ever since Angie died I haven't been, well,

anything. I was going to kill myself, until Scott stopped me and dragged me back

here to L.A. She was gone, even you were gone. I had nothing to live for

anymore."

"I know, baby, I know. You told me, I know." Stacey was in tears.

"I didn't tell you everything though," I said. "I meant it when I said I also

died, that I'd lost everything. I mean I lost everything," I said, looking at

her, and then my crotch. She looked too.

"I don't follow you," she said. "You seem fine...down there. You're a constant

mope, sure, but all your parts sure seem to be in working order."

"That's just it," I said. "They're not. It's not. It doesn't work any more. I

can't get hard anymore. I can't do anything. I can't even masturbate. Scott

keeps taking me to strip clubs, trying to help me perk up some, and I might as

well be at a pottery shop for all the excitement I feel when I look at those

girls. He brought me that computer so I could find some porn I'd like, or maybe

even hook up with some girl via one of those adult dating sites, and nothing

works. I don't get even a little hard, no matter what I look at, no matter how

hot the women are. Stacey, I haven't been able to cum in more than a year, no

matter what I've tried!"

"How can that be??" she said. "Lately every time I see you you're hard! You get

hard practically every morning in the bathroom with me. I JUST saw you getting

hard only a few minutes ago! There's nothing wrong with you, Dan, you're fine.

Very fine!" she added.

"Stacey, you don't understand," I said.

"Then make me understand," she said.

"Okay, look," I said. "I've been trying. I really have. I don't want to be like

this. If I'm going to keep on living I want my cock back, okay? The problem is

it just doesn't work. Nothing and nobody seems to have ANY effect on me. It's

like I'm completely dead, which is true, 'cause that's mostly how I feel all the

time: completely dead inside. That is, except for one thing: you. You, Stacey,

okay?"

"Me? I hardly do anything to you? We've been living together for months and

we've basically never laid a hand on each other. I've let you be, no pressure,

so that you could work on getting over your grief however you needed to. I've

made sure not to run around here naked. All we've ever done is the occasional

kiss on the cheek plus our little game in the morning when I check my outfit for

the day with you. And let me tell you, I didn't have to do anything there, you

were already hard and poking into me, remember? That's how our little game got

started, when you poked me in the ass with your perfectly normal hard cock!

Remember?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember. The part you're missing though is you just weren't

aware that those hard ons you were feeling, those half hard ons really, since

I've still never gotten a full one yet since Angie died, those were the very

first stirrings I've felt in my cock since Angie died. Even those first couple

months with you, I never one got even a partial erection. I still can't, except

for when you're around!"

Stacey just looked at me, digesting everything. Finally she said, "Okay then,

but what happened tonight? You were getting hard in the living room. You were

'half hard' when you went into the kitchen. I'd bet anything that if I would've

had you check my outfit to see if you approved, in our usual manner, you

would've poked me in the ass with a hard cock."

"Yes, I would've," I said. "It's a good thing you didn't," I added.

"That's debatable," she said, smiling. "Anyway, what happened then? Why'd you

disappear on me right then, and why you'd come back so sad?"

"Stacey, I went to my bedroom to avoid walking back into the living room in

front of Chris with a hard on."

"Okay, fine, I get that," she said. "What then though? What happened next that

suddenly made you so upset?"

"When I went to my bedroom I was so excited to be finally having something

pretty close to a hard on that I wanted to try and make myself cum! I went to go

masturbate! I even tried looking at some porn while I was jacking myself, but

then it just all died again. I lost it, just as soon as I started. That's what

always happens, Stacey! I can't get a hard on, not a full one anyway, and even

when I do I can't maintain it. I definitely can't keep one long enough to allow

me to cum."

Stacey just stared at me, so sadly.

"So then I went back into the living room. Might as well, right?" I said. "It

wasn't like I had a hard on anymore that I needed to hide. It was gone. I was

totally soft again."

"But not for long," she said.

"Nope, you're right," I said. "As soon as I saw your legs again, it started to

come back. When you curled your legs up and I could see the beginnings of your

ass cheeks, it started to come back. When he touched your thigh and he pulled up

your shirt a little when he went to touch the side of your breast it came back a

lot!"

Stacey sat there in silence, thinking. Finally she said, "Dan, show me

something. Show me on your computer the kinds of things you look at when you try to make yourself hard. They're the same kinds of things that used to turn you on back when Angie was alive and you were fine down there, right?"

'Yeah, pretty much," I said. "Same stuff, it just doesn't work now. The only one

that kinda worked was, well, you know."

"The pretty blonde with the long pony tail?" she asked.

"Yep,' I said.

"The one who reminded you of me?" she said, more a statement than a question.

"Yep," I said.

"Okay, so if I have this straight, none of these girls except the blonde who

looks like me turn you on anymore. Live strippers don't turn you on anymore.

However, the idea of what they do is still what would turn you on, if only the

girl herself had the ability to turn you on. Is that about it?"

"I haven't thought about it like that, not that specifically, but I'd say yeah,

that's probably about right," I said.

"One other question," she said. "What changed? Like you said, we were living

together for months before this all started with you. I didn't start doing

anything different. I was still wearing the same boring clothes and we weren't

behaving any differently. You just suddenly started getting hard ons around me,

out of the blue. So, what changed? What happened?"

"Nothing, really," I said. "I was wondering about that myself. I just noticed

you one morning in the kitchen. I noticed your legs, in your more conservative

shorts. It suddenly hit me that you have really beautiful legs and the next

thing I knew I felt a stirring in my cock, for the first time in forever."

"Why me though?" she said. "Why my legs? I have nice legs and all, sure, but

it's hardly like you can't find great legs to drool over on your porn sites and

on those strippers. Anywhere you go in L.A. you see women with pretty legs."

"I don't know either," I said. "I was wondering about it myself, though actually

in reverse. I was wondering why I hadn't noticed a lot sooner how beautiful your

legs are, and then I also began noticing how beautiful the rest of your body is.

It just suddenly hit me all at once. I guess I just wasn't prepared to feel

anything up until then. For whatever reason the cloud lifted, just a little, and

I could see you. That's how it felt; that's how it feels. I notice it now all

the time, that while I'm still mostly miserable I'm starting to feel a little

like my old self again when I see you. For the first time I can even feel my

cock starting to come alive again."

Stacey was crying now as she listened.

"I'm so sorry, Stacey," I said. "I knew I shouldn't lay this crap on you. It's

not your fault."

"Oh shut up you idiot," she said, wiping her nose with her wrist. "I'm not

crying because I'm sad, I'm crying because I'm so happy! Do you know how much I

worry about you? Do you know how many times I've talked to Scott and Monica

about you, how many times they've called to see how you're doing, and all I can

ever say to them is the same 'No change. He's still miserable.' Your mom is

worried sick about you. We're all worried sick about you, and I just didn't even

know, Dan! Now I know! Now I know something. I know something about what you've been feeling and how you've been hurting. Now I can do something about it! I'm happy, Dan!"

She threw her arms around me and hugged me tight, burying her face into my neck

as she cried.

"Stacey you still don't get it," I said. "The only person in the world who makes

me feel alive again is already somebody else's girlfriend!"

She just pulled her face back and looked at me.

"You aren't serious," she said.

"What?" I said, not understanding her.

"Chris? You think Chris is some big problem?? Sweetie, please. I told you, I'm

not seeing anybody seriously. Don't you worry about Chris. We're not serious.

We're barely even fuck buddies. I'm sure if you asked him he'd say he'd like us

to be serious but it's never going to happen."

"Okay, even so, I'm obviously not ready for a woman," I said. "I still don't

know what I'm going to do, and it's not fair to you to have me lay all this on

you. You don't deserve that kind of pressure and I don't want to put either of

us into an uncomfortable situation. I like being here with you. I don't want to

blow it. We've always been friends and I don't want to mess that up any more

than I probably already have by telling you all this."

She kissed me again on the cheek and she stood up. "Let me worry about what's

fair to me," she said. "Let me think about this," she added. "Sweet dreams,

sweetie, we'll talk about this some more." She went to her bedroom.

I didn't see her the next morning. She was already out the door before I even

woke up. When I got home that evening following work she wasn't home yet.

Finally she walked through the door, carrying some take out Italian dinner bags.

"Thought you might like something different for dinner tonight," she said.

Dinner was great. We talked about everything, but really nothing. We were

obviously avoiding the main issue. We did the dishes together and then we sat

down together in the living room to watch some tv. She was still in her work

clothes, which were a tight mid thigh length skirt and a sleeveless silk blouse.

Bare legs and heels. She didn't need pantyhose so if she ever wore stockings

they were always the thigh high type.

She reached for the remote and turned the sound down.

"Dan, I don't want you to go to any more strip clubs. I also don't want you

looking at any more porn," she said. "At least not for awhile."

I wasn't going to interrupt her. She'd obviously been working herself up to

whatever it is she was about to say.

"I want you to look at me. I want you to look at me freely, without shame or

worry. I want you to ask me to let you look at me whenever you're feeling

sad...or horny. If I'm doing something that turns you on then I want you to tell

me, right then. If you can't get it up but you're thinking about me and feeling

horny I want you to come to me and let me excite you. Dan, I want you to let me

make you hard again. I want you to let me tease you, until you're whole again."

Okay, yeah, I was floored. She could see the stunned look on my face.

"Don't worry sweetie," she said, "I'm not going to try and rape you or anything.

I know about men and their performance anxiety issues. There'll be no pressure.

We're just going to keep doing what we've been doing. Bit by bit, I'll let you

see me, and I'll want to see you too. You'll see, it'll be fun!"

"What about Chris," I asked. "Where will he fit into this new game of yours?"

"I thought about that too," she said. "I'm thinking I can kill three birds with

one stone, with him. I'll keep seeing him, on my terms of course. Since you like

to watch him feel me up, there's one bird down. Since I'll enjoy watching you

get hard from watching us, there's the second bird. He'll obviously enjoy

getting to continue playing with me too, and maybe I'll let him go a little

further sometimes, so everybody ought to be happy. You just let me know though

if my being with him in front of you ever becomes upsetting for you, and I'll

stop."

"You've really given this some thought, haven't you?" I said.

"Yes, I have," she answered. "All last night when I went to bed, plus all day

today and all night tonight too. I thought about what I could do about your cock

and I think this will be fun!" She was just an angel, the way she was always so

bright and cheery.

"So," she added, "That's what we're gonna do! It'll be huge fun and before we

know it you'll be back to being your old studly self again, you just wait and

see!"

"Okay," I said, hardly believing my ears at all of this, "How will this really

work? When do we do this?"

"Whenever you want!" she said. "I'm guessing it'll mostly be in the mornings and

at night, since that's when we see each other the most, but really there's no

set times and no set rules. Whenever you need me, just ask. We'll start off slow

and just play it by ear. Let's start now. Go get changed into your shorts or

whatever you wear to bed and then I'll meet you in your bedroom."

I did as she said. I went inside and changed into a pair of shorts. I kept my

usual boxers on beneath them, which is something I don't normally do. Normally

in the mornings or at night when she sees me in shorts it's just the shorts I'm

wearing. No underwear. I guess now I just wanted a little extra protective

armor?

She came bouncing in the room. She was wearing jeans now, and the same t-shirt.

She looked like she had a bra on too.

"Okay," she said, "Where do you want me?"

"Stacey, I don't know!!" I laughed. "This is your idea! You think of something!"

"Okay, since you said it was my legs you first noticed, and I have no doubt it's

your brain that's broken and not your cock, let's try this. Just think about

what we're doing. Think about what I'm doing, and how I look doing it, and what

you want to see me do next. Look at me, and allow yourself to be in the moment.

Just be with me when we do this, don't think about anything else. Can you do

that for me?"

"I'll try," I said, smirking. Really, how difficult could this be, I'd already

concluded. Staring at Stacey and giving her my undivided attention as she TRIES

to turn me on? Yeah, I think I can manage to do that!

Stacey looked at me, with her head bent down. She was looking up at me from

beneath her hair. It looked so hot when she looked down at her pants, and then

back up at me. She unsnapped the top button of her jeans, and she pulled up her

t-shirt to expose her belly button. She ran her finger nail inside her belly

button, and I could see the curve of her hips flaring out before her waist

narrowed. She had a perfectly flat stomach, with a golden tan. I could see her

lower abdominal muscles. She popped open a second button on her jeans and then

she slid her hands down her hips, inside her jeans, pulling them down a bit. The

top of her pink panties peeked into view but it was the little shimmy she did

with her hips that really got me. I was getting hard.

"You can touch yourself, go ahead, I want you to," she said, eyeing my rising

tent. I leaned back against the headboard and brought my knees up.

"No, let me see, put your knees down. Let me see," she said. She turned her back

to me and she placed her hands on my tv, bending at the waist. She did a little

stationary dance, using just her lower body.

"Is this what you like?" she said, looking back over her shoulder at me.

She looked remarkable. Her unbuttoned jeans were resting on her hips but the way

they were opened up at the top made the taper of her hips and her lower back

look so sexy ad she wriggled her ass. She reached back and pulled her t-shirt up

a few inches, showing more of her sexy back. She then reached back and using

only one hand she would lower one side of her pants, then the other, back and

forth, jiggling her hips with each movement until finally she had her pants

pulled down to below her ass. Her pink panties weren't see through, but they

looked so good on her.

"Does this look good?" she said, running her hands up the backs of her thighs

and over her panty covered ass cheeks. I was stroking myself now, and I was

getting harder.

"Back, or front?" she asked looking back at me. She saw me stroking myself now.

I was embarrassed but I didn't stop. "Nice," she said. "You look like you're

doing fine, baby," she said. "Back or front now?"

"Back," I said. "Just keep doing what you're doing."

She turned her head back towards the tv and she stepped on the bottom of one

pant leg with one foot, and then she managed to pull it all the way down. When

it came down the other side started to come down too and once it started sliding

down she shook her hips and her pants fell completely down until they puddled at

her feet. She then stepped out of her pants and she kicked them off to the side.

Now her legs were bare and I could see the bottoms of her ass cheeks beneath her

panties. With her arms still in front of her she bent back over at the waist

again and she brought her feet together. She began doing little circles with her

ass and then she ran her hands up her thighs, first in front and then around the

sides and then up the backs of her thighs. She spread her legs and looked back

over at me as she then ran her hands up onto her ass, which she lightly

squeezed.

"How are we doing?" she smiled, standing up now on the balls of her feet, which

had the effect of flexing her calves and pulling her thighs taut. She slid one

hand down inside the back of her panties, cupping her right ass cheek. Sliding

her hand over she drew it up and down her crack. When she went down her wrist

pulled the panty down too and I could see a couple inches of the top of her bare

ass crack.

I was just about fully hard now, and I was running my hand along its length as

it was pressed against my thigh by my boxers.

"Are you hard for me?" she asked. Bouncing on her toes now, jiggling her ass.

She pulled her hand out of her panties and she slid down one side and then the

other, until she had her panties only covering half of her bare ass. The top

half of her perfectly smooth ass was exposed and now she put her hands back in

front of her, bracing herself against the tv.

She put her head down and just performed a slow grind for me, bending her knees,

going down and then raising back up like a cobra in a basket.

She looked back and she could see I was totally hard now, at least as much as

she could tell through my boxers and shorts. She smiled and bit her lip. "So

good," she said, "You're hard for me now, aren't you?"

When I squeezed it and pulled it away from my body, showing it to her, she

giggled and stood up, pulling her panties up too.

"That's a great start, sweetie. Slow. Remember, we'll take it slow. No pressure.

Just think of me, and let yourself get hard, okay?" She came over to me and put

her hand beneath my chin. She was only wearing her panties, plus her t-shirt.

She looked breathtaking. Holding my chin up she kissed me on the forehead and

she squeezed my thigh, very near where my hard cock was pressed down flat.

"Think of me, and have sweet dreams, okay?" she said.

She turned and walked away, stopping only to bend at the waist to pick up her

jeans. She wiggled her gorgeous ass. She stood back up and turned back to me and said, "'Night, sweetie! See you tomorrow morning!"

Stacey Ch. 02

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I feel a pouncing, and I'm startled awake by Stacey jumping on my bed. She's

bouncing up and down on the bed like a kid on Christmas morning trying to wake

her parents up, and I'm groggily coming around.

"Daaaaaan, it's time to wake uuuuuuuup!" she whispers into my ear, kneeling down

now to straddle my waist. She flips up my covers, smiling mischievously at me.

She pokes her head under my covers and then she pulls her head back out from

under the covers.

"You really aren't up yet, are you?" she says, playfully sticking out her bottom

lip to make a pouty face. "Let's see if we can't wake you up!"

I'm fully awake now. I'm aware of what's happening. Stacey is sitting on top of

me, my sheet pulled back to expose my boxers. I'd taken off my shorts after she

left the room last night. She was still wearing her pink panties from last night

but she'd taken off her t-shirt. She was wearing just a bra, a lacy pink bra.

Like her panties it wasn't see through but she looked absolutely spectacular in

it, especially when she put her hands on my chest and leaned down to speak to

me. Her cleavage was mouth watering, and her "just out of bed" tussled blonde

hair looked absolutely adorable. She even smelled fresh and warm, somehow

reminding me of freshly baked cinnamon rolls.

"What are we going to do with you?" she smiles. She slid forward a bit up my

thighs, and now she was sitting right on top of my soft cock. "By the way, good

morning sweetie," she said, and she leaned down and kissed my lightly on the

lips. She'd never done that before!

"Good morning to you too, Cinnamon Girl," I said sleepily back to her. I

stretched and yawned, arching my back.

"Mmmm, I like when you stretch and yawn!" she said, feeling me push my hardening cock against her. "But what's this about "Cinnamon Girl'?" she asked. "You've never called me that before."

"You've also never climbed on top of me in your underwear before, smelling like

a freshly baked cinnamon roll," I said.

"I smell like a cinnamon roll?" she said. She pulled her hair down to her nose,

and smelled herself. She ran her hands all around her body and then she brought

them to her nose. She smiled. "I guess I do smell kinda cinnamony!" she said.

"I've never noticed that before. I wonder what it is?"

"Maybe your perfume?" I offered.

"I haven't put any on yet, and besides, you've smelled my perfume before. It's

not cinnamony." She was sniffing all up and down her arms now, and she was also

pressing her panty covered pussy in small but insistent circles on my hardening

cock.

"I think you're finally waking up, Danny boy!" she said. She slid back a bit

down my thighs so she could check out her progress. This was the first time

she'd ever seen me in my boxers, with something approaching an erection. Lying

flat on my back as I was, and without the second layer provided by the shorts,

my cock was able to come up away from my body much better than it was last

night. She could now really see the bulge much more clearly, and she looked at

me and smiled.

"You look great, Dan, you really do," she said. "Don't you guys normally wake up

every morning like this, you know, with a morning hard on?" she said, looking

down at my cock in my underwear. I reached down and covered it with my forearm, pressing it down flat against me.

"Baby, no, don't hide it from me. Let me see, any time you get hard. Are you

hard for me, or is it just your usual morning hard on?"

"Stacey," I began, "It's you. I haven't gotten even a morning hard on, a piss

hard on, in over a year. Last night was the first time I got pretty close to a

hard on of any kind."

"It looked pretty hard to me last night," she said. "And it looks pretty hard

now. It's hard now, isn't it?"

"It's getting there, but it's not all the way there yet," I said.

"Would this help to get you all the way hard?" she said, reaching up and slowly

sliding her bra straps down each shoulder. She stared at me the whole time, her

tongue darting out between her teeth. When her straps were loose around her arms

she slowly pulled each arm through the straps, leaving her shoulders and arms

completely bare. Then she reached up and lightly caressed the newly exposed skin

of her breasts. Her nipples were still covered but I was seeing more of her bare

breasts than I'd ever seen before. Her skin began to get goose pimples all up

and down her arms and on her breasts too. She then turned around to where she

was now facing my feet and she lowered her ass back down onto my cock. She

arched her back and her long blonde hair reached down to the top of her pink

panties, and she squeezed me with her thighs and ass.

"You like looking at my ass, don't you Dan?" she said. "You feel hard between my

legs. Are you fully hard for me yet?" she said.

All I could do was grunt when she leaned back on her palms and her beautiful

blonde hair tickled my chest.

"I want your cock to get hard for me, baby, will you do that for me?" she asked,

her head still facing forward. She sat back up onto her knees, her legs spread

around my hips, and she slid her hands down into her panties, cupping her ass

cheeks. She spread her ass cheeks with each hand and then she slid her panties

half way down her ass. She then pressed herself forward to where she was laying

flat on top of me, and she slid the front of her panty covered pussy up and down

my crotch. She lifted her ass up and again spread her ass cheeks beneath her

panties and she pushed back up my body to where her ass was hovering over my

stomach. She lowered her ass down to my stomach and while still laying flat on

top of me she slid her body down towards my feet, dragging her panties over my

crotch again. The crest of her ass and hips looked absolutely incredible, and

the split dividing her tanned cheeks was so beautiful. Stacey's ass was

flawless. There was a growing wet spot in the crotch of her panties, which

became more prominent every time she slid her body back towards my stomach,

tightening her panties against her pussy.

She reached back behind her and unclasped her bra and then she pushed herself up into a sitting position again atop my cock.

She looked back at me, her arms folded in front of her, holding her loosely

hanging bra against her breasts.

"Better?" she said, turning back to me and smiling over her shoulder. "Does it

get any bigger and harder than it is now, Dan? It feels really big to me Dan,

and really hard too."

"Just a little more," I panted, and she smiled and said, "Good. That leaves me

with more to look forward to!" she said, and she pulled her bra off and threw it

on the floor. She arched her back again and pressed her pussy back down to me

and she began a steady rocking motion. Her naked back looked so sleek and sexy

with her long blonde hair spilling down and tickling my stomach. The sides of

her bare breasts swayed into view. She put her forearm over her breasts and then

she climbed up and off of me, turning back to face me.

"Touch yourself for me," she said. "I want to see you hold it for me."

I looked at her and grasped my cock, lifting it up and squeezing it below the

head. It was still covered by my boxers. "What a surreal moment," I thought.

Here I am holding my barely covered cock up for Stacey's inspection (Stacey, of

all people!!), and she's standing there topless with her one arm covering her

gorgeous naked breasts, wearing nothing but a smile and panties which were

hanging half way down her slim, perfect hips.

"I think we're making definite progress!" she smiled happily.

I smiled back at her, wagging my cock at her. She giggled, and jumped up and

down where she stood. God, she was gorgeous. "See, I told you," she said, "Isn't

this fun!!"

"Stacey, I'm certainly not going to complain about your idea of how to be my

alarm clock, and as you can see I definitely approve of your morning attire!" I

laughed.

"I'm so glad!" she said, reaching down to pick up her bra while still covering

herself with her forearm. The amazing thing to me was that I was actually able

to somewhat overlook the fact that she was only wearing panties in front of me,

simply because she was putting on such a show by being topless for me. "Okay

sweetie, you're good and awake now, so I'm going to go and take my shower and

get dressed."

"Get dressed?" I said. "Awww, do you have tooooo?" I said, pouting back at her

myself.

"Yes, silly, I do! I have plans for you today!" she exclaimed. Never lowering

her arm she rushed over and draped her bra over my head, laughing as she then

turned to walk out of the room. She tugged her panties down below her ass on one

side, for my benefit, wiggling her hips like a stripper as she looked back over

her shoulder at me before finally leaving my bedroom.

She was a force of nature.

My cock was throbbing and I still had her bra draped comically around my head.

It smelled like cinnamon.

When I heard the shower door open and close I got up in my boxers and walked to

the bathroom door and knocked. "Come on in!" she yelled over the noise of the

shower. I walked in and took a piss. She was singing in the shower and the whole

bathroom smelled like steamy flowers. I went into the kitchen and made myself a

bagel. I heard the shower turn off and a couple moments later Stacey called out,

"Dan, c'mere a sec."

I went into the bathroom and she was standing in front of the sink, wearing a

bath towel. A short bath towel. In the front she was holding it together with

one hand and most of the tops of her breasts were exposed. In the back it

covered her ass completely, at least until she leaned forward to brush her

teeth. Then the towel rode up to expose the bottom third of her bare ass. With

her golden tan and her luscious curves her ass looked like succulent fruit. She

continued brushing her teeth until she leaned forward to spit out the

toothpaste, taking cups of water in her hand to rinse her mouth. Each time she

did this she pressed her ass back against me, and I began to rise in my boxers.

She looked up at me in the mirror and she gave me a happy smile.

She then made a quick fold with the towel to form a loose knot, and she put her

hands on the sink in front of her. Pressing her ass back against me she briefly

closed her eyes and then she opened them. "Up or down?" she asked.

"Huh?" I said, not understanding what she was asking me.

"Put your hands on my hips, like this," she said, and she took my hands and

placed them on either hip. "Press your hips into me," she simply said. I pressed

forward. "Mmmm, nice," she said.

"Up or down?" she again asked, "My hair? Should I wear it up or down today?"

"Where are you going? Today's an off day for you, so where are you going?" I

said.

"Where are WE going?" she said, correcting me. "I'm kidnapping you today."

"Okay then," I said, "Where are WE going today?"

"I was thinking of taking us clothes shopping. I want you to have something

better to wear around the house, and I thought you might like to pick out some

outfits for me too," she said. "I can't feel you through this towel. Let me feel

you hold me. Put your hands under my towel, on my hips," she added.

I did, and in doing so I managed to raise the back of her towel to where I now

could see quite a bit of her naked ass.

"Yes, like that," she said, leaning forward now down onto her arms in front of

her on the sink counter. She slid her bare ass against the front of my boxers,

catching my hardening cock in the length of her ass crack. "Dan, I think you

approve of this outfit maybe even more than my last outfit," she said, not even

looking at me. "You're getting hard for me right away now." She had her head

laying sideways on her arms. She was completely bent over now at the waist.

"Dan, pretend like you're fucking me and could you rub some body lotion on my

shoulders?" she said. "The bottle is right there, the yellow one," she said. I

leaned over her back to grab the bottle and squeeze some lotion into my hands.

She spread her legs, arched her back and pressed her bare ass back at me.

"Lower," she said. She raised her ass up higher, apparently wanting me to press

against her lower down in her ass. I pressed, and she stood up on her tip toes,

forcing my cock lower still.

"Lower," she again whispered, and she reached back with one hand to pull my hip

down and forward. "Pull it down," she said. "Pull your cock down and put it

between my legs, like you're going to slide into me, and then rub the lotion

into my shoulders."

I backed away and I looked down. My cock was sticking straight out in my boxers.

It wasn't completely hard but it was definitely sticking out. She looked back

and saw me. "Yes, put it between my legs. I love how it sticks out, Dan. Make it

hard for me and put it between my legs. Let me feel your hard cock touching me,"

she said. I stepped forward and she raised up her ass and then she lowered it

back down, trapping the head of my cock between her thighs, the top of my crown

pressed against the length of her bare pussy lips. I couldn't see any of this,

as I was pressing too close to her, but I could feel it.

So could she, apparently. "Yes, that's it, I can feel you against me now. You

feel hard Dan, really hard, even through your boxers. Rub me now."

I began to apply the lotion to her soft, smooth shoulders and upper back. She

"Mmmm'd" contentedly as I rubbed her. We were rubbing each other, actually. I

was rubbing her upper body and she was using her ass and pussy to rub against my lower body. Well, okay, I was actually sawing a bit back and forth too as I was

applying her lotion. As I rubbed her upper back I kept bumping into the towel

and eventually I started to slide my hands under her towel to rub lotion into

the center of her back. She lifted her chest off the sink just a little bit and

her towel noticeably loosened around her. Now my hands were sliding easily down

her back and the towel was bunching up at her lower back. The towel had opened

up in front too, I'd noticed. Her bare breasts were pressing down into the sink

top and she was naked to the waist. Just the top of her ass and her lower back

were covered now by the towel.

"That feels so gooooooood," she purred, twisting her back beneath my hands,

trying to make me rub her wherever she'd arch her back.

"Is this your favorite outfit so far?" she said. "I can't tell if you're as hard

now as you were before."

I sawed more conspicuously against her. "If only you weren't wearing those silly

boxers, then I'd be able to tell," she said, sliding her pussy up and down my

length. "I wish I could feel your bare cock touching me. Wouldn't that feel so

good for you too? But we can't do that, I know," she said.

She lifted up onto her elbows, and I looked past her into the reflection of the

mirror. Her bare breasts were hanging down in the mirror, and I could also them

from the sides, but my view of them in the mirror stopped just short of her

nipples. She smiled at me and cupped her hands over her nipples. She said, "By

the way, you still haven't answered my question? That's why I called you in

here, remember? My hair, do you want me to wear it up or down today?"

"Down," I said. "Always down, or in a pony tail. Don't ever take your hair away

from me by wearing it up. I want to be able to see it moving."

"Moving? Like this?" she said, swinging her hair back and forth over my hands

across her bare back. "Does my long blonde hair turn you on, Dan?"

"Yes, Stacey, I love your hair. It looks so golden and shiny against your tan."

"You've really been studying my body lately, haven't you, sweetie?" she said.

"I didn't mean to," I said, honestly. "It just started happening. I just started

noticing you, different parts of you. I didn't set out to do it."

"Don't apologize, Dan, I want you to notice me. I want you to notice each part

of my body. I want you to look at me, and I want your cock to get hard every

time you look at me. I love this new you, Dan, I love the way I can always feel

your gaze on me, checking me out. It's not just you, Dan, this is making me hot

too. All those times you've been running around in just your shorts, I've been

noticing too. I like looking at you just the same as you like looking at me, you

know."

As she was saying this I noticed that my cock had worked its way partly through

the fly in my boxers. I could now feel direct moisture and heat on the top of my

shaft, and suddenly she noticed it too.

"Mmmmm, Dan," and she squeezed her pussy lips around me, sliding her self back

and forward along me. On one forward movement of her hips my mostly freed up

cock popped up and slid back up between her ass cheeks.

"Oh, yes, Dan, I can feel you, you're so hot against my skin! Your bare cock is

touching me! You feel like hot, silky steel, Dan! You're cock is hard for me!!"

It was. It really was. Finally I was completely hard, for the first time in

forever. Part of me was panicked and part of me was excited. Mostly I just felt

relief. I know it makes no sense but my overriding thought at the moment was

that I knew there was definitely hope for me again.

"Yes," I said to her, "You did it, Stacey. Thank you, you did it."

She pulled her towel together and she started to stand up. I put my cock back

inside my boxers but it was still forming an obscene pup tent. It was standing

mostly straight up. She turned to face me, and with one arm around my neck she

hugged me and buried her face into my neck. I just hugged her back, and she

happily wiggled her hips against me.

"It's coming, Dan, it's coming. You're going to get there, I just know it," she

said, smiling warmly up at me. "I'm going to go get dressed now. We'll have fun

today, you'll see." She turned and walked out of the bathroom.

I closed the door and pulled my boxers off. I was still hard when I climbed into

the shower. Standing beneath the warm spray I began to jack off. More than

anything, I wanted to cum. I just wanted to cum again.

Nothing. My cock started flagging, and without Stacey there to excite me it soon

went soft again.

"Still, it's progress. Try to be positive," I said to myself.

------------------------------------------------

Driving along in her convertible to the mall, I was once again struck by her

sweet beauty. She was just radiant, her hair blowing behind her, her teeth and

pink lips shining bright. She caught me glancing at her toned and tanned thighs

beneath her little yellow sundress and she smiled and teasingly pulled up the

hem.

"Enjoying the view?" she said, sliding one painted pink nail between her slim

thighs.

"You're just gorgeous, Stacey, simply gorgeous," I said, and she squeezed my

hand.

"You're not bad yourself, Mister Hot Body with a big thick cock!" She laughed.

She always laughed, which was just one of the countless things I was discovering

I loved about her. Something had changed though, and it was me, I realized. I

realized I wasn't feeling my usual reticence about expressing my feelings to

her. This was a change for me. I realized I was now comfortable with telling her

exactly how I felt about her, and I realized that I no longer was ashamed to

tell her about my sexual problems.

"So," she smiled, "We're not finished with you, not by a long shot, 'cause this is way too much fun, but are you at least happier now? Are you enjoying your new

toy?"

"You mean you, or getting hard ons again?" I said, laughing now with her. "Which

new toy do you mean?"

"I meant your hard cock, silly, since that's what started all this. But sure,

since you brought it up, are you enjoying playing with me too?"

"Yes, to both," I said. "Truth be told, "I'm having way more fun with you than I

am with my other new toy."

I decided to press on...

"See, Stacey, my other new toy still isn't working right yet."

"Oh, c'mon," she exclaimed. "I felt it, clear as day! I still haven't seen it,

not naked, but I definitely felt it, and it was hard as a rock! Plus you showed

it to me in your boxers. It was hard, Dan. It was long, hard and fucking gorgeous."

"Stacey, I still can't cum," I said, interrupting her.

She just stopped talking. She stared at me.

"I tried, two more times, once last night after you went back to your room and

again this morning in the shower. I thought it'd be a sure thing now, especially

this morning in the shower, since you turned me on so much. I was completely

hard there, for a few moments."

"It sure seemed like it," she giggled, "I just wish I could've seen it too, and

the look on your face as you were experiencing your first full erection. I

didn't get to see it but it felt awesome against me. You don't know how badly I

wanted you to put it in me, Dan."

"I'm glad I didn't," I said.

"Why? Because we're 'best friends'?" she asked.

"Well, yes, that too. I like the idea of us moving slowly with this, like you

said."

"I'm trying to keep it slow," she said, "I really am. If it was anybody but you

I would've fucked you this morning for sure, when I was laying on you on your

bed and I had my panties half way down around my ass. I wanted you to pull them

all the way down and then bury your face inside me. I wanted you to see me, Dan.

I didn't do it though, and I didn't do it in the bathroom either. I'm trying to

be good, Dan, and just keep this where you want it to be between us. But what's

the other reason you're glad?"

"It's what I'm trying to tell you, Stacey. I'm still not all the way there yet.

I want to cum! I want to be able to cum whenever I have sex again! I want to be

able to get hard like I used to, whenever I want to, like I used to, and then I

want to be able to cum whenever I want! I want to be able to masturbate again,

Stacey. Do you know what it's like to not even be able to masturbate? And yeah,

if we ever do have sex I want to be able to explode inside you and fill you with

my cum."

"Dan, it's not 'if', it's only a matter of when," she said. "Don't think for one

minute that I'm letting you off the hook with just a great hard on. I blew it

the first time with you when we were younger but I'm not going to blow my chance

this time. We found each other again for a reason, after spending nearly our

whole lives together. Believe me, you're going to fuck me, Dan, and I'm going to

fuck you. I'm going to make love to you with everything I have. We have so much

catching up to do and I'm not the slightest bit worried abut your cock and its

ability to perform. Don't you worry one little bit, before long you're going to

be inside me, filling my pussy up with gallons of your cum. I promise you that.

This is my life's mission now, to make you whole again, and to make amends for

the mistakes I made in ever letting you get away from me before. Do you

understand yet, Dan? This isn't just a game. I love you, and I've always loved

you, and now that fate has given us a second chance I'm going to make you want

me forever."

She wasn't laughing. For once, she was being dead serious.

"Stacey, I love you too. I always have, and you've always known it. We were just

too young, that's all. It wasn't our time yet to be together. You're a miracle

now and even though I couldn't see it back then you've always been perfect,

Stacey. Maybe it is fate, us coming together now like this, but I just want to

be whole again before I try to be with you. I need to know that I'm able to give

you everything you deserve and right now I still can't."

"You will, I swear to you, you will," she said. "Just be patient, there's no

hurry. I'm not going anywhere. There's no deadline here. It'll come when it's

meant to come, but I promise you it'll come. And then, so will I," she added

with a sly smile, fire in her beautiful brown eyes.

When we got to the mall the first place she took me to was to a lingerie store.

"Those shorts and boxers of yours have gotta go," she said. "I want something

that displays you much more nicely. I also want something silky to the touch."

She went over to a sales lady and spoke to her quietly, gesturing back at me.

The saleslady smiled and waved me over.

"I think I have just the thing for you," she said. "Here," she said, handing me

a pair of silk shorts, "Go try these on."

She led us back to the changing rooms and I went inside the little booth. I took

my shoes, pants and underwear off, leaving my shirt and socks on. Stacey knocked

lightly on the door. "Can I come in," she said. I opened the door and she came

inside. She took one look at me and laughed.

"Oh no, that won't do!" she said, giggling. "Lose the shirt and the socks,

silly, and then come outside and let me see you!"

I took off the shirt and the socks and I said, "Ready?"

"Ready and waiting," she said. I opened up the door and there she was, still

standing with the sales lady. I hadn't counted on that!

"Come in front of the mirror," Stacy said. "Let us look at you!" She stood me in

front of the mirror, standing behind me, with the sales lady beside her.

"Do you have any smaller ones, with an opening in the front?" Stacey said to the

sales lady.

"I sure do. I'll be right back," she said cheerfully. When she took off Stacey

put her hands on my hips and she whispered into my ear, "Don't look know but I

think she likes you! Did you see how she was checking you out?"

"You're imagining things," I said, chuckling back to her.

"We'll see," she said.

The sales lady, Veronica, according to her name tag, came back with a pair of

light blue shorts. "Maybe these might be more what you have in mind," she said

to Stacey, handing her the shorts. Stacey held them up to the light. They were

definitely smaller than the first pair, and this pair had a large opening in the

front which could be kept closed by a single snap in the middle of the fly. They

were also semi transparent, which Stacey was now discovering by looking at her

hand and moving it around inside the material.

"These just might do the trick," Stacey said, handing them to me. "Go," she said

to me. I went into the changing room and I swapped the one pair for the other.

"Ready?" I again asked.

Veronica said, "She went to go check on something."

Stacey called out, "Come on out, I'll be right there!" So, I walked out. I stood

in front of the mirror again, next to a smiling Veronica. Stacey was walking

towards us. "Turn around and face us," she said. I turned to face the two women,

and anybody else who might me in the store. Stacey looked at me, and she smiled

behind Veronica's head, gesturing with her glance for me to notice Veronica. I

looked at Veronica and she was looking down at the front of my shorts. I looked

down too. The shorts were so short that the head of my circumsized cock was just

peeking outside of the large leg hole. The head was clearly exposed. The light

shining through the shorts made it so that it was possible to see the shadow of

my shaft, and my balls. When I noticed that Veronica was staring intently up and

down my body I started to get harder, and the shorts began to rise, the

underside of my shaft becoming visible as the shorts were carried up on top of

my hardening cock. I reached down and pulled myself inside my shorts.

"May I?" Veronica said to Stacey.

"Please do, before he gets himself arrested!" Stacey laughed.

Veronica reached down to the front of my shorts, where my cock head and a couple

inches of my rising hard on had visibly poked through the open fly! Brushing

against the sides of my shaft with her slim fingers she pulled my shorts up and

around my cock, tucking it back inside the shorts. She then snapped the one

button closed, and then she patted me primly right on the button! I'd forgotten

to close the damn snap! I was now standing straight up inside my shorts as I

watched Veronica looking at me. My cock head was just peeking out the top of the

shorts now.

"They sure do flatter him, don't they? He wears them so well," Veronica said.

"I think they could stand to maybe be a size smaller, don't you think?" Stacey

said to her. She looked up and smirked at me. "They still seem to be kinda loose

and baggy around the waist and leg holes."

"I agree," Veronica said. "You have a good eye," she added.

"It helps to have a good model," Stacey replied.

"Absolutely," Veronica said, looking me over one more time and then smiling at

Stacey. "Let me go find you something in a smaller size, I'll be right back."

"You're enjoying this way too much, you know that?" I said to Stacey.

"Me? Looks to me like you're the one who's doing the enjoying here, Mister

Nobody But Stacey Can Get Me Hard! It sure looks to me like you're enjoying this

little display you're putting on for Veronica. And to think, the first time I

ever get to really see any of your bare cock I'm having to share the moment with

some other woman!"

"It's your fault," I grinned. "You put her up to it. You're the puppet master

here, I'm just the puppet."

"I thought with puppets it was their noses that got long and wooden," she

smirked to me. "You seem to have your puppet parts all confused."

Veronica returned with a another pair of shorts. This pair was white. I went and

put them on, and I came back out.

"Oh my!" Veronica said.

"Those will work," Stacey said. These shorts were obscene.

"I forgot to mention," Veronica said, "These shorts in this size don't come with

the snap in the fly."

"They sure don't," Stacey said, smiling proudly. "Baby, do you like your shorts

that much, or is it just the fact that Veronica is looking at your bare cock

hanging out the front of your shorts and that's what's making you get all hard

like that?"

"Whatever it is," Veronica said, "I think those shorts are keepers, don't you?"

she said to Stacey. I tried to tuck my cock back inside the shorts but I was so

erect now that all I succeeded in doing was to reposition it at an upwards

angle, with the top third sticking out the top.

"He'll wear those out," Stacey said. "We'll take those, and six others in

whatever colors you have."

"Great," Veronica said, "Just let me remove the tag if he's going to wear them

out." She stepped up to me and pulled the waist band out, which exposed nearly

my entire cock to her and to Stacey, and she peered down inside, looking for the

tag. "Here it is," she said, pulling out a little pair of scissors. She pulled

the waistband out over my hip and she slipped off the tag. "I'll gather up your

other pairs and I'll meet you at the counter," Veronica said.

"You can gather up the other pairs but we still have more shopping to do here,

so don't ring us up yet. We still have to pick out some things for her," I said,

nodding towards Stacey.

"Of course," said Veronica. "Would you like any assistance?" she added.

"That'd be great," I said.

"It would certainly be my pleasure," she said, smiling at Stacey. "So what are

we shopping for today for you?" she said to Stacey.

"Don't ask me, ask him," Stacey said, giggling. "I picked his underwear out, he

can pick something out for me."

"So, you very fortunate man," Veronica said, "How would you like to dress your

lady today?"

God. I was still fully erect inside my pants. Stacey looked at my erection

inside my pants and then she smiled at me. She turned her back to me and she

then flipped up her sundress to flash me her naked ass split at the very top by

a white thong.

"What do you have in sheer panties?" I asked, looking right back at Stacey, who

stared back at me wide eyed and happy.

"How sheer would you like them?" Veronica asked. "Somewhat sheer, maybe lacey

sheer, or completely see through, like she's naked?"

"Yes," I said, smiling devilishly at Veronica.

"I see!" she laughed. "A little of everything, it is!"

Stacey stood in front of the mirror. "C'mere," she said. I walked up behind her.

She took my hands and placed them around her waist. She pulled me close to her

and pushed her ass back against my cock. "Dan, your cock is still so hard. I can

see it in your pants, all of it, and so can Veronica. Tell me what's doing this

to you? What's making you so hard?"

"It's you, and it's her. It's you showing me off to her. It's the feeling of it

getting hard, which I've mised for so long, and I'm really enjoying the feeling.

It's all these things, so I'm just letting it happen."

"I want you to stay hard now, okay sweetie," she said. "I want her to see it

some more. I just wish you weren't wearing any pants right now. I wish I could

feel it under my dress, and I'd love it if she could see your bare cock again,

only this time sliding up into my ass like it is now."

"God, Stacey, you're driving me crazy," I moaned into her ear.

"Crazy enough to make you cum?" she asked, whispering the word "cum" into my ear with all her heat. "I'd love to make you cum against my ass, Dan, inside my

panties. Will you do that for me, right here in front of her?"

"I won't stop it, once I'm there, how's that?" I said.

"Just tell me how to get you there and I'll do it," she said. "Whatever you want

me to wear, whatever you want me to do for you, just tell me how to make you cum and I'll do it."

"Just let it happen, Stacey. It'll happen when it happens, like you said."

"I know baby, and you're right. I just want it so badly. I want to feel your

cum, Dan. I want it on me, inside me, all over me. I can't wait to taste you."

Stacey was twitching beneath my hands. She was shaking.

"Slow, Stacey, slow. You said you want to keep it slow. We're just having fun,

remember?" I teased.

Just then Veronica came back, holding a handful of different panties. "These

should be your size," she said to Stacey.

"Veronica, I'm sorry," Stacey said, "But I have to get out of here. We'll take

everything, but I need to go. Please, just ring us up for all the panties and

everything. I don't mean to be rude but I really need to go."

"No problem, sweetie," Veronica said, professionalism mixed with disappointment.

It was obvious she was looking forward to being witness to Stacey's next round

of games. We paid for our items and Stacey grabbed me by the hand.

"Take me home, now," she said, smiling.

We got home as quickly as we could. Once we walked through the door Stacey

pushed my in the chest, onto the couch. She reached down and pulled my pants

open.

"Take those off!" she growled. I took my shoes, socks and pants off. She pulled

my shirt up and over my head. She threw it into the kitchen.

"I need to cum, baby, and I want you to watch me, and help me." She again

straddled my knees, facing me. She sank herself down onto my lap, my cock

sticking straight up again inside my shorts.

"Jack yourself off, and watch me," she said. "Do it." She took my hand and

placed it on my cock and she began jacking me off with my own hand, through my

satin shorts. "Watch me, just keep watching me," she said. She then pulled her

dress up and over her hips, and she slid her hand down over her belly, making

circles over her tanned belly.

"Watch me, and keep stroking yourself," she said. I was hard as a rock, and I

wasn't losing it this time, not with her there.

She slid her hand down inside her panties, and I could see the top of her

trimmed blonde triangle where he wrist was stretching the top of her panties

away from her body. She had two fingers inside her pussy and I could here her

pussy making glorious wet squelching noises. She was bucking up and down in my

lap, fucking herself with her fingers.

"God, yesssss," she said, "I'm cumminnnnng," and her whole body shook, and then

she screamed! She pulled her hand out of her panties and she poked her drenched

fingers around my lips. I sucked her fingers into my mouth, tasting her hot

wetness for the first time. With her free hand she pulled her sundress up

further, to the bottom of her bare breasts, and she arched her back and felt

herself. She pulled her hand out of my mouth and with both hands she pulled her

dress completely off. Finally, I was looking at her bare breasts. They were as

perfect as the rest of her, and larger than even I'd imagined. She pinched her

long, pink nipples, tugging them, and then she jammed her hand back into her

pussy. She brought it back out and she rubbed her wetness all over her breasts

and then she arched her back so that she was pushing her breasts against my

face.

"Taste me, kiss me!" she moaned, pressing her moistened tips across my lips. I

sucked her breasts into my mouth, and she moaned deeply and shook all over. She

took both hands and pressed me into her chest, smothering my face with her

breasts. She then slid down my body until her face was at my belly and her

breasts were pressing around my cock.

"Do it," she said, looking up at me. "Fuck me! Fuck my tits!" I started humping

my cock between her breasts and she held them around me, using both hands. She

was kissing my stomach and even jamming her tongue into my navel and, what's

this? Woah, I could feel my cock starting to boil! I pulled my shorts down and

she yelped when she saw my bare cock come into view! I took her breasts in my

hands and I pressed them around my cock again and I started frantically

thrusting!

"Yes, Dan, yes!! Fuck my tits! Fuck me! You're going to make me cum again, watch

me!" and watch her I did. She slid her panties down below her ass and she

reached back with both hands. One hand went into her pussy from the front and

the other hand attacked her ass from the rear. She started pumping into herself

furiously, and I was pumping into her breasts just as furiously. As I was

pumping her she started screaming again from her orgasm and she flopped her head around until her chin made contact with the head of my cock, which was

protruding from between her breasts.

When her chin touched my cock a jolt went through my entire body, and I could

feel my orgasm building!

"Stacey! I can feel it! It's coming!! It's coming!!" I shouted.

"Yes!!" she cried, "You're going to cum for me, Dan! You're going to cum on my

tits, you're going to cover me in your hot cum! Give it to me! Give it to me,

baby!!"

She pulled her hands from her pussy and ass and she took my cock and after

giving me one last pump between her tits she lowered her head down and took me

in her mouth!! She started sucking me up and down frantically, twisting me up

and down with both her hands! It felt like she was pulling me out of my skin,

right through my balls!!!

She pulled off, but she kept fisting me, looking up into my eyes. "I can taste

it! I can taste your cum now! It's pouring into my mouth! It's happening, you're

doing it, you're going to cum!! Give me your cum, baby! I want it! I want it!

Cum all over your beautiful Stacey's face!!!"

That did it!! My orgasm raced up through me, shrieking up my cock, and my cock

just exploded! I screamed at the top of my lungs as wave after wave after wave

rocked me! It just wouldn't stop, I just kept shooting rope after heavy rope of

hot white cum all over Stacey's beautiful face! She was holding my cock, aiming

the blasts all over her face, and into her open mouth, moaning and moaning as

each shot scorched her perfect face! When finally I stopped shooting she let go

of me and reached up with both hands and moaned a huge "Oh yesssssss!!!!!!" as

she cupped her own face and spread my cum all over! She rubbed it into her skin

and she licked her fingers and once she was satisfied she'd covered her entire

face evenly in my cum she leaned back into me and took my cock back into her hot

mouth. She sucked me up and down again, cleaning off every last drop, laving my

balls, cleaning me everywhere, taking me back into her mouth to swallow down my

final few remaining pulses of dribbling cum.

We collapsed together, disappearing into happy oblivion.

An hour or so later Stacey stirred and got up. Her panties were still hanging

below her ass where she'd pulled them down and now she just took them down and

off. Completely naked for the first time with me, she walked into the bathroom.

I could hear her peeing and I got up and pulled the rest of my clothes off and

then I went to go get us a glass of water. I brought it to her, and she was

still sitting on the toilet, her head cradled in her folded arms on top of the

sink counter.

"Hi," she said, smiling up at me.

"Hi yourself, beautiful. I thought you might be thirsty," I said, offering her

the cool glass of water.

"I am," she said. "I'm very thirsty." She took the glass and she placed it on

the sink counter. She pulled me by my thighs and made me stand in front of her.

"Hello, you," she said to my cock, dangling in front of her gorgeous shining

smile. "Thank you," she said to my cock, petting it now. "Thank you so very

much," and she took me again into her mouth. She put her hands on my ass and she began to pull my cock into her, face fucking herself.

"I love this cock," she said to it, pulling back briefly to kiss its tip. She

stuck out her tongue and slipped it into my piss slit. "This is a beautiful,

gorgeous, big, long, thick and absolutely perfect cock," she said, and she slid

her mouth all the way down until her nose was nestled in my pubic hair. She

hummed a happy song around my cock, and she continued breathing through her nose while she vibrated her throat around me. Pulling back, she held it before her

mouth and said, "This cock gives me the sweetest, hottest cum, and I'll never

tire of drinking from it," and she nibbled on the head with her teeth, just

lightly nipping at it. Cupping my balls she said, "And you fellas, I want to

thank you too for giving me such a long and wonderful cum bath! Fow awhile there

I thought you'd never run out of cum!" She bounced my balls back and forth in

her hand, alternately sucking one and then the other into her mouth.

"Thank you, but now if you don't mind I think I need to put you all back to

work. Your owner and I still have some unfinished business to tend to."

She stood up from the toilet and never releasing my hard cock she led me to her

bedroom. When we got to her bed she climbed up and turned over onto her back.

Never releasing me, she positioned me between her wide spread legs. She pulled

my cock down to the open mouth of her hairless pussy and she pulled me inside.

"Now, Dan. Make love to me."

She released my cock and for the first time in our lives we kissed each other

deeply on the mouth, her hands cupping my face as she stared wide eyed into my

eyes. She wrapped her legs around my waist and she pulled my hard cock deep

inside her body, gasping as my cock slid in to be caressed by her silken walls.

"I love you so much, Stacey," I said, and she hugged me down tight to her.

"I love you, Dan. Never let me go. Promise me we'll never be apart again.

Promise me you'll stay inside me forever."

"I promise you that, Stacey. You've brought me life, and I'll love and cherish

you forever."

She squealed against my neck, her tears matching mine, and I just continued

making love to her.

"Dan, I have something to tell you," she whispered.

"Anything, Stacey, you can tell me anything," I said.

"Baby," she said, slowly, hotly, as we continued to make love. "I stopped taking

my birth control pills."

"I know," I said.

"You know? How?" she said.

"I saw the full case in the waste basket. You threw it away about a week ago."

"I did. Do you know why I did that Dan?" she asked. "I did that once I realized

there was no turning back for me. I did that once I realized I was deeply and

hopelessly in love with you. I want to be your wife, Dan, and I want to bear

your child. I just couldn't do that to you though without telling you first. Now

that we're here, making love, and I know you're going to cum inside of me, I

have to let you know. I was never going to let you cum inside me without your

knowing, so now I'm telling you, before it's too late."

"Stacey, there is nothing in the world that would make me happier than to be

with you forever, and to have a baby with you. Tell me know, tell me again right

now, that you want me to cum inside you, knowing what it could mean for us if I

cum inside your unprotected pussy."

Stacey looked up at me. For as long as I live I doubt I'll ever see anything

more beautiful than her face, right at that moment, smiling up at me through her

happy tears.

"Daniel Thomas Gibson, I love you with all my heart. I offer to you everything I

am, and everything I ever will be, both body and soul. I beg you to make love to

me now, and to cum inside me now, knowing that by doing so we may create a child together. I beg you to always cum inside me, forever. I love you and all I want in this world is be your love forever. Daniel Thomas Gibson, will you marry your beautiful Stacey?"

Choking up, I kissed her tears and said, "Yes, Stacey, I will marry you, and I

will love you and stay inside you forever!" and then, finally, after spening

nearly our entire lives together, I came inside my beautiful Stacey.

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Stacey didn't become pregnant that day, and in fact it took us a couple years of

trying before we finally received the good news. No matter, we were deliriously

in love and god willing we had the rest of our lives to have children. Stacey

had removed the dark cloud that threatened to rip me asunder ever since Angie

left us, and I never compare the two women. I was bleesed by my time with Angie,

and my sadness over her death will never completely go away. I was even more

blessed though by the gift of Stacey, who was the miracle in my life. She was my

angel, the golden woman who came to me and delivered me when I most desperately needed a miracle.

~The end.~