



Convincing Her

Dana Love

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Chapter One

Rich pulled into the parking space at Angie's dorm, turning down the music that was blaring from the stereo. "I can't believe you only gave me one bite of that pie. Why do you hate me so much?" He shot her a grin as he put the car in park, making sure she knew he was just giving her shit.

He'd insisted on giving her a ride when they left Cameron and Tyler's barbeque about twenty minutes ago. She'd only had a few beers so he

knew she wasn't drunk, he'd seen the girl put back four shots of vodka in less than thirty minutes and she'd still been able to function. She'd refused to drive though, saying she couldn't afford a DUI. He respected that. In the two years he'd known her he couldn't think of a time when she'd acted irresponsibly. So when she said she was going to call a cab he'd offered to give her a ride. It had taken some convincing, but she'd finally agreed to let him bring her back to her dorm.

“I don't hate you. I love pie. There is a major difference.” She grabbed her bag and a package of rolls she'd taken from the barbeque and started

to slide out of the passenger side of his old Chevy Nova. "Thanks for the ride Rich. I owe you one."

He grabbed her arm, "You don't owe me anything. Why are you rushing off? It's still early. We haven't actually talked in months." The only contact they'd had recently was teaming up to send Tyler on a disastrous date.

When they met through her best friend, Rich had been taken from the moment he laid eyes on her. She was a real beauty, with long almost-black hair and the most intense green eyes he'd ever seen. Angie was a real woman, not like the fake girls he

usually hooked up with. Not only was she smart, she was built just right, with curves in all the right places. She didn't strive to be stick-thin like most girls and he was more than okay with that. She was also the most honest girl he'd ever met. She never let him get away with his normal crap that he pulled on other girls. No, she'd shut him down quick. She'd told him in no uncertain terms that there would never be anything between them but friendship. And he'd been okay with that, for a while. There was never a shortage of girls for him to choose from. Something about being a loud prick drew them in like moths to a

flame. He didn't get it, but he'd never been one to over-think things either. Not like Angie. Now though, after really getting to know her, he wanted nothing more than to claim her for his own. He'd give up random pussy for her any day.

She let out a long sigh, "What do you want to talk about?"

"Fuck, don't act like it's such an inconvenience. I just wanted to spend a little time with you. Do you have other plans or something?" He didn't mean to sound so harsh, but he was getting tired of playing games. He just wanted to have an intelligent conversation for once.

She reached out and grabbed his hand, squeezing for the briefest moment before releasing, “No, I don’t have any plans. I’m sorry.”

He relaxed into his seat as she slid her legs back in the car and shut the door. “I can’t come up to your room? Curfew isn’t for another hour or so.”

She snorted, “I doubt you want to deal with the skank’s boyfriend-of-the-week. The guy has been here every night.”

“I can tell him to get the hell out if you want me to.” He cracked his knuckles, more than a little upset that Angie had to deal with that shit.

She shot him a small smile,

“Thanks, but he won’t last long. They never do. I’ll be rid of her soon enough, I’ve already signed up with housing for next semester with a girl in my chemistry class.”

He nodded his consent, though he was still tempted to walk her to her dorm later and let his presence be known. He wondered how her roommate would like it if he decided to hang around for a while.

“So, Cameron and Tyler are together. I have to admit I didn’t see that one coming.” He’d been pretty shocked to see two of his buddies holding hands and kissing, but he was cool with it. Everyone had a right to

be happy.

“I knew all along. It killed me not to say anything sooner, but I knew they’d find their way.” She smiled, “You played a part in it you know. The date with psycho-slut pushed him right over the edge.” Angie’s smile widened, “I’m so happy for them, especially Tyler.” It looked like she was going to say something else, but she turned away instead.

“You know, we’ve been friends for a while now and I don’t even know if Angie is your real name. Is it short for something else?” He wanted to kick himself for asking such a lame question, but he was curious. For

some reason he wanted nothing more than to know about this girl.

“My given name is Angelique. My mother’s idea I guess. It just didn’t seem to fit.” She shrugged her shoulders, “She’s the only that’s ever called me that.”

“So I can call you Angel then?” He tugged gently on a lock of her hair that had fallen over her shoulder as he gave her his winning smile.

“What about you? Is your name Rich or is it short for Richard?” She pulled her hair back and twisted it into a messy bun as she spoke, pulling a hair-tie off her wrist.

He wished she’d leave it down,

but he knew better than to make the request. "Yeah, I'm Richard Remington the third actually. Since my dad was Richard I just started going by Rich."

She let out a loud laugh before she covered her mouth with her hand and tried to compose herself, "Richard Remington? Sounds like a porn star name to me." She turned in the seat and cocked her head at him, "I'll tell you what, you can call me Angel if I can call you Dick."

He chuckled at her sarcastic tone, "I'm okay with that. Dick Remington sounds more like a porn star name than Rich Remington anyway. I like it." He wagged his brows at her as he

spoke. "You never know, that might be my true calling."

She wrinkled her nose at his teasing, "I know it sounds fun and all, but you'd think at some point you'd get sick of sex. Which is just plain sad."

"I don't think a guy can get sick of sex. My grandpa is eighty-something years old and he still chases my grandma around the house from time to time." The old man succeeded too, at least from what he could tell. He envied his grandparent's relationship. They'd been together forever and were still very much in love. He'd never met his grandparents on his

mother's side of the family since they'd died before he was born, but his dad's parents were cool despite their age. He envied their love for one another. He on the other hand really didn't know what love was.

“Not a visual I want in my head, Dick.” She gave a little laugh and pulled her legs up underneath her on the bench seat. “So who are you doing, I mean dating, this week?”

He frowned. He knew she was just giving him shit, but it sucked that she thought of him as nothing but a player. A *user*, she'd once said when she'd had too much to drink. It had hurt, worse than he was willing to

admit. What was worse was that she wasn't wrong. Not really anyway. Just a few nights ago he'd hooked up with a bride-to-be that was out on the town enjoying her bachelorette party. He'd probably go to hell for that one. Instead of admitting that unattractive bit of information he just shrugged, "Not seeing anyone right now. Are you?"

She barked out a bitter laugh before shaking her head, "Nope. I haven't been out on a date in over five months. Carbohydrates are my substitute for sex, didn't you know?" She held up the package of rolls.

He considered his response for a

long moment, “Why don’t you and I go out on a date?”

Giggling, Angie grabbed her bag again and straightened her legs, opening the door. “That’s my cue to leave. Don’t worry. I’m sure you can find some other desperate girl to keep you entertained.”

He wasn’t sure if he should be offended or not. He blew it off, “I never said either of us was desperate. I just figured it would be nice. We could go to dinner, maybe go see a play or something.”

Her head whipped around, her gaze meeting his, “You, go to a play? What the fuck?”

He bit back his anger, "Just because I come across like a dumb jock doesn't mean I actually am one. I like art, and music, and yes the occasional play. So sue me."

She slid her legs back into the car again, "Sorry, that was a really bitchy thing to say. I don't think you're a dumb jock. I just didn't expect that. Okay? Are we cool?"

He nodded his head before replying, "Yeah, we're cool." He reached over and grabbed her hand, "So go out with me. Let me show you a good time." He held his other hand up at her questioning glance, "No sex, I promise."

Something flashed in her eyes and she looked a little hurt though he couldn't understand why. "I'll think about it. Thanks for the offer, and for the ride." She pulled her hand away, exiting the car quickly. Before she shut the door she muttered, "I still owe you one."

Rich let out a long sigh. That hadn't gone like he'd expected.

A week later he still hadn't heard from Angie. He hadn't called or texted her since he didn't want to seem too clingy. He'd never been one of those guys, always up a girls ass every minute, always wanting to know

where she was and what she was doing. Of course, he'd never really been into a girl before either. He'd thought about giving her a call more than once. Okay, at least ten times. Somehow he knew if anything was going to happen between them he'd have to let her call the shots. That was hard for him, but he'd give it a chance.

He'd thrown himself into work and school, trying to keep his mind busy. Finals were coming up anyway and he couldn't afford to fail any of his classes. He'd hung out with a few guys from work and played basketball at the gym for a few hours each week.

He'd even taken the time to call his brother who he hadn't spoken to in almost a year. The conversation had been strained, to say the least. He didn't have much in common with the guy. They were pretty much complete opposites in every way. Where Rich was tall and muscular, with straight dark hair and dark eyes, his brother Pete was blond-haired, blue eyed, and a bit on the small side. Pete had that whole sensitive guy thing going for him, and he'd always done well with the girls despite his less than masculine appearance. Rich took after his mother's side of the family, where Pete tended to favor his father in

many ways.

Rich considered calling his mom, he hadn't checked in with her in a while either, but he knew she'd just ask him the same questions. Was he doing okay in school? Did he need any money? Was he dating any nice girls? It was the same conversation every time he checked in, and though at first he thought she really cared about his well-being, he began to realize over time that she was just asking what was expected of her. They'd never been very close. She was distant, and it wasn't just with him. She'd never really been very warm to his father or brother either. How his

parent's had stayed together as long as they had he didn't know.

He flipped his phone in his hand, startled when it sounded a notification that he had a new text. He swiped the screen to unlock it, smiling at the name that appeared. He'd switched Angie's name to Angel the night he'd dropped her off at her dorm. He wondered if she'd changed his name to Dick.

Angel: I'm in when and where

Rich: 2maro 7pm I'll surprise you

Angel: I don't like surprises

Rich: Get over it

Angel: Fine, Dick

He laughed and sat his phone

down. He had some planning to do.

After taking a quick shower, Rich dressed quickly in some new jeans and a white button-down. He sprayed on some cologne and even put a little gel in his hair, running his fingers through it a few more times than necessary to try and tame the mess. He hadn't been this nervous about going on a date since he was fifteen. Then it had been Sally Walker, one of the hottest, and easiest, girls in tenth grade. He assured himself that date had gone fine and that this one would too, but his feelings for Angie were more intense than what he'd felt for

any of the girls he'd hooked up with before her. She challenged him and made him laugh like none of the others had ever managed to do.

He'd decided on taking her to the art gallery downtown. After all, he'd sort of set a high standard for himself when they'd discussed their plans last week. After, he'd take her to her favorite sushi restaurant. He knew she'd be happy about that. The girl really liked her raw fish.

Though he'd promised no sex, he slipped a condom into his wallet just in case. It was always smart to be prepared. Not that he really thought he'd have any chance. He was pretty

damn sure she wouldn't initiate anything, and he was going to try and be a gentleman even if it killed him.

Rich wiped his hands on his jeans before getting out of his car to head up to her dorm room. He sort of hoped her roommate's current fuck-buddy would be there. It made him a little nervous that the guy had been around Angie so much. He knew first-hand how guys could be, and he knew that Angie was a lot hotter than the girl she lived with. It wouldn't be the first time that a douche-bag boyfriend had tried to get into his girl's roommate's pants or worse yet try to get them both in the sack. He knew

Angie would never go for it, but that only eased his worry somewhat.

He sent her a quick text as he headed up the stairs, and then tapped three times on the door before taking a few deep breaths.

She opened the door, waving him in with her hand, "They're not here, thank goodness."

Rich stepped in the small room, closing the door behind him. He turned to face her, but stopped mid-movement at what he saw. She was breathtaking. Her hair fell over her shoulders in soft waves, and the form-fitting grey dress she wore fell perfectly over her body, ending a few

inches above her knee where it flared out slightly, the color bringing out the brightness of those green eyes. And the shoes, strappy black heels that wrapped around her ankles, shoes that simply screamed fuck me.

“Damn, you look amazing.” He stepped forward, “Just beautiful.”

She looked away, crossing her arms over her chest, “Thank you,” she shifted from her left foot to her right, “I hope this is okay. You wouldn’t tell me what we’d be doing.”

“It’s perfect.” He looked her over once more. She looked great in her usual t-shirt and jeans, but he liked this side of her, the feminine side she

hid so well most of the time.

“So what are we doing?” She grabbed a small black purse and her keys.

“It’s still a surprise. I hope you like it.” He reached for her hand, leading her towards the door.

“I’m sure it’ll be interesting.”
He’d make sure of that.

Thirty minutes later they were at the gallery, and so far everything was going great. She’d even let him open her car door. Other than placing a hand on her lower back, he hadn’t touched her since he’d led her out of the dorm. Not that he didn’t want to.

He was usually a lot more physical. But this was Angie, and she expected that. Tonight was about showing her the unexpected.

They stopped in front of a metal art piece, and he watched as she cocked her head, trying to make sense of the jumbled mass.

“What’s this one supposed to be?”

“I’m not sure if it’s supposed to be anything. It just looks cool. See the pieces on the sides? Those are tail pipes from a car. It looks like they used all sorts of scrap metal for this one.”

“It’s sort of ugly.” She gave him a

small smile, "I thought you only liked pretty things."

"If you look hard enough you can find beauty in almost everything."

Her eyes widened, "Wow. That was deep." She nudged him with her elbow.

"I can be deep," he tapped his temple with his left hand, "there's more in here than scores from the last game you know."

"I'm starting to figure that out."

They walked around in silence, observing the different exhibits. She seemed to admire the photography most, as she took several minutes at each photo, observing every detail.

“Do you read Rich?” She murmured her question as she studied a photo of two young girls running through a meadow of flowers.

“Yeah, I read sometimes.” He wasn’t lying. He had a small shelf in his room with some of his favorite books. There was no reason to point out that he also kept all of his dirty magazines in the same spot.

“You’re full of surprises tonight. What do you read?” She turned away from the photograph to look up at him.

“Mostly mysteries, but I’ll read the occasional thriller too.”

“Tyler calls the books I read dirty-

girl books. It's silly really, but I like trashy romance novels."

He chuckled, "Nothing wrong with that." He couldn't resist, he took her hand in his, "Are you ready to go eat?"

Her free hand fell to her stomach, "Yes, starving like always."

"C'mon, you'll like this." He led her through the gallery and out to his car, "Having a good time so far?"

"So far so good, don't blow it." She squeezed his hand before she settled into the seat.

He realized he wasn't nearly as nervous as he'd been when he picked her up. There was no pressure, and he

truly enjoyed her company. He wanted to kick himself for not asking her out sooner.

He slid into the car, "The night is still young. I've got plenty of time to screw it up."

She blushed and turned away.

"What?"

"Even if you do, this has still been the best date I've been on in ages."

He was surprised his face didn't crack as he smiled widely, "We're just getting started."

Chapter Two

Rich watched Angie's face light up when he pulled into the parking lot of her favorite sushi bar. "Is this place okay with you?" He asked casually, smirking at the look she gave him.

"You know I love sushi. Score ten points for Dick." She grabbed her purse and opened her door, "I can't wait for you to be a gentleman this time."

He caught up with her easily since she seemed to be struggling a bit in

the heels. He placed his hand on her lower back again, loving how the ends of her hair brushed against his wrist. He couldn't help but imagine what it would look like falling over him, how it would feel as it tickled his chest. He shook his head, trying to get his mind out of the gutter.

Once they were seated, he ordered some sake and watched her as her eyes scanned the menu. "Get whatever you like. I don't really know what's good here." To be honest, he wasn't big on sushi, but he'd eat dirt if it meant he could spend more time with her.

She looked up at him, "So I get to

order for you?" She rubbed her hands together in excitement, "You'll love it."

He poured her some sake as she placed their order, watching her in the dim light of the restaurant. Her eyes sparkled and her skin positively glowed.

After she took a drink she looked up at him through her lashes, "So I have a question for you."

"Shoot, I'm an open book." He spread his arms, leaning back in his chair.

She looked away and let her hair fall over the side of her face, "It's sort of embarrassing."

“Even better, now you have me curious.” He never knew what would come out of this girl’s mouth.

“Well, when you said no sex,” she took another drink, “was that because you weren’t interested in me like that?” Her cheeks reddened again, but she didn’t look away.

He straightened in his chair, “Hell no. I just don’t want you to feel pressured.” He frowned, “You thought I didn’t want you?”

“I just, you’ll screw pretty much anything that walks, so I didn’t know why you wouldn’t consider me like that.” She winced, “That came out wrong. You’re a popular guy, you’ve

been with a lot of women, I just wasn't sure if I measured up."

Rich leaned over the table, taking her hands in his, "You're the top of the scale. You're funny, and sexy, and smart. I'd be honored to be with you." He considered his next words and decided to go for it, "As we were walking in here I was thinking about what it would be like for you to ride me."

She shot him a smile, relaxing a bit, "Oh. Good to know."

Their sushi arrived and she gave him a brief description of what she had ordered them before she picked up her chopsticks. He watched as she

expertly handled her first bite, moaning in pleasure as she chewed. The sound caused blood to shoot to his cock, and he shifted in his seat.

“I don’t know how to use these things. Would it be all right if I used my hands?” He held up his own chopsticks and grimaced.

“I’ll show you. It’s really simple, you just rest this one here,” she grabbed his hand and positioned one of the chopsticks skillfully, “and you use this finger to control the other.” Then she showed him with her own as she picked up another piece.

It took him a few tries, but he finally got the hang of it, popping a

piece of sushi in his mouth, pleased that it wasn't slimy. After he swallowed he gave her a smile, "That's good."

They drank sake and ate everything she'd ordered, laughing and talking the whole time. She was a people watcher, enjoying coming up with scenarios about other people that were there. She had him convinced the blond to their left was a hooker. He appreciated her imagination. He could listen to her all night.

"That was really good. Thanks Rich. This has been fun." She linked her arm with his as they left the

restaurant, smiling up at him.

“I’m glad. It doesn’t have to be over yet you know.” He turned to her when they approached his car, pushing her hair away from her face. “What else would you like to do?”

She bit her lip, glancing away before meeting his gaze. “Do you have any ideas?”

“I have a lot of ideas Angel, but I’m up for suggestions.” He focused on her lips, leaning forward. One little kiss wouldn’t hurt. At least that’s what he told himself as he brought his mouth down to hers.

Her lips were full and soft, pressing against his lightly but not

opening. He didn't push, enjoying the feel of her lips on his. He nipped at her lower lip gently and she gasped, but he didn't slide his tongue inside. Instead he sucked the lip into his mouth, suckling gently.

She pulled away, her tongue grazing her lower lip as she gave him a small smile, "That was nice."

"Nice?" He feigned shock. "That was fucking amazing."

She punched him lightly, "Fine, it was great."

"You want me to take you home? You want to just ride around for a while? I'm game for anything." He pulled back reluctantly.

She twirled her finger around a lock of hair, “We could go to the overlook, if you want.”

There was a spot on the edge of town that overlooked the city. He’d been up there to make out more than once as a teenager. He raised his eyebrows, “What would we do out there?” He asked innocently.

“Watch the stars of course. What did you think I meant?” She teased, opening her car door. “I’m not ready to go back to my room yet.”

All right then. To the overlook it was.

They did actually watch the stars,

him leaning up against the rear of his Nova, Angie in his arms. Her back was to his chest, and they'd mostly remained silent. There had only been one other car there when they arrived, and it had pulled away shortly after they'd exited his vehicle.

"So, Richard Remington, what do you usually do with girls you bring here?" She lifted her face to his, her eyes focused on his lips.

"I haven't been here in a long time. Have you?" He asked, avoiding her question. He didn't want to think about the girls he'd brought here. Tonight was about Angie.

"It's been years for me too. I

wonder how many girls have lost their virginity up here.” She giggled softly, “I know a few who did.”

So did he, but he didn't mention that bit of information. “The city looks so small from up here.” He swept her hair over her left shoulder, exposing her neck.

“Rich?” She asked, leaning into him further.

“Yes?”

“It's been a while since I've been with anyone.” She admitted, tensing a bit.

In a way he wished he could say the same, “That's okay. Like I said, we don't have to do anything.”

“What if I want to?” She whispered, turning in his arms.

His heart rate increased, but he kept his cool. “Well I wouldn’t deny a pretty girl like you.”

Angie focused on his lips, “Kiss me then.”

She didn’t have to ask him twice. He ran his thumb over her bottom lip, parting her mouth slightly before pressing his lips to hers. She opened for him this time, and he took his time exploring her mouth with his tongue.

“We should probably take this inside.” She pulled away and opened the car door.

He grabbed her hand, “Wait,

Angie. We don't need to do this here." This hadn't been how he imagined their first time together at all.

She grabbed his hand and tugged him forward, "It could be fun. Having a quickie in the backseat, it would be like high school all over again. The good parts anyway."

She had a point, and he did want her. His straining hard-on was proof of that. But he wanted her in a bed, willing and pliant under him. He wanted to tease her until she begged for him to slip inside of her.

She obviously had other ideas, already sliding into the backseat. He

had no choice but to follow. He'd be an idiot if he turned down the chance to be with her, even if it wasn't the ideal locale.

He crushed his mouth to hers, slipping his hands into her hair. So fucking soft, and it smelled so good. He tensed when her hands began fumbling with his jeans. He hadn't even touched her yet. "Not so fast, we have time."

"Not really, someone could show up any minute. Plus, it's been a while, come on." She unzipped his jeans, slipping her hand inside.

Her cool fingers slipped into his boxers and wrapped around his rigid

length, "That could be a problem. I see why you're so popular with the ladies Rich." She laughed and pulled him forward for another kiss.

He smiled against her mouth, enjoying this aggressive side of her. Not to be outdone, he slipped his hand up her inner thigh, sliding underneath her dress until he reached her silky panties. As she continued to work him with her hand he moved the flimsy fabric to the side and eased his fingers over her soft flesh. He froze. She wasn't wet at all. He was close to coming in her hand and she wasn't even turned on in the slightest. He pulled his hand away.

She pulled away from his lips,
“You have a condom?”

His mind was foggy with confusion and lust, “Yeah.”

When he made no move to get it she sat up, ducking her head as she slid over his lap. “Hurry up.”

“Angie, wait. Do you even want this?”

She stopped, “Rich, I’m sitting on your lap. Yeah, I want this.”

He gripped her hips, “No, look at me.” He waited until she met his gaze, “Do you want *me*?”

She let out an exasperated sigh, “Fishing for compliments? Yes, I want you. We’ve had a great time, you’re

sexy, and you're hung. Let's get on with it."

This was wrong. Everything about this was wrong. He stopped her movements as she began to rub against him, "If we do this now I'll only hurt you. You won't enjoy it. I don't want that."

She pulled out of his grasp, flopping into the seat beside him, "You don't want me?"

He groaned in frustration, taking a few breaths to calm his blood. He was painfully hard, but he wouldn't take her like this. "I want you more than I want my next breath Angel, but just not like this."

She sat in silence for several long minutes before adjusting her dress and reaching for the door handle. "Take me home please." She ran her fingers through her hair before she slid out of the backseat and into the cool night air.

He heard her muttering to herself, but he couldn't make out the words. Able to think clearly now that his cock had finally started to deflate, he tucked himself inside, zipped up and stepped out, beginning to make his way over to her.

She held her hand up in protest, "I'm humiliated enough. Just take me home."

“Angie, I don’t want you to feel humiliated. We’ve had a great time. Please don’t let what just happened ruin it.” He’d never begged a woman for anything before, not even his mother. But he was willing to beg her to forgive him, to realize that he was right.

“Fine, it never happened. Let’s forget about it. Now can we go?” She wouldn’t look at him as she spoke.

Feeling defeated, he let out a long sigh “Yeah, I’ll take you home.”

The drive to her dorm was uncomfortable to say the least. She didn’t speak to him again, just stared

out the window as he drove. He tried several times to strike up a normal conversation but she wasn't responding. He finally gave up, trying to put himself in her shoes. She felt rejected, shot down when she'd offered herself to him. It was different for guys, he guessed. He'd been turned down a few times, but he'd never really cared. There was always another girl who was willing.

He insisted on walking her to her room, not caring if it was past curfew. He grabbed her hand as she reached for her keys, "I want to take you out again."

She tried to pull her hand away, "I

don't know if that's a good idea. I made a total fool out of myself. I'm not any better than that slut Tyler went out with."

"No, you are better. You're you. Remember what I told you? You're smart, beautiful, and fun to be around." He pulled her close, "Go out with me again."

"I don't think so Rich. We should just go back to being friends." She reached around him and slipped her key in the door.

He stopped her hand, "Just think about it."

"Do you even have an inkling how I feel right now? You'll fuck any girl

that bats her lashes at you, but when I throw myself at you I get rejected.”

Her words hurt, but he knew her pain was worse, “You’re not just some girl. I actually like you. You felt how much I wanted you.”

“I’m not that naïve. Guys like you? They don’t change because of one girl, no pussy is that good. Sure, you surprised the hell out of me tonight. Yes, it was the best date I’ve been on maybe ever. But what happened in your car? That’s all I can offer you. I won’t fall for a guy who’ll end up fucking around on me.”

He ran his hand through his hair in frustration, “You won’t even let me

try to prove you wrong?"

"I'm not putting myself out there like that Rich. I can't. You know me well enough to know I don't do things half-way." She let out a weary sigh, "Let me go in my room. You're going to get in trouble for being here."

"I don't give a shit about that." He swatted her hand away, turning the key in the lock and pressing forward into the room. Sure enough, her roommate and some greasy haired guy were making out on the small loveseat.

Rich set Angie's keys on her desk before clearing his throat, "Hey, come on man. You need to get out of here."

“What the fuck?” The guy pulled away, focusing on Rich. A moment later he was eyeing Angie, “Damn girl, you clean up nice.”

Angie’s mouth dropped open and she looked up at Rich.

“You might want to wipe the drool dude, your girl is right there beside you.” Rich flexed his fingers, balling his fists.

“No reason to be so hostile. I’m not going anywhere. Why don’t we all have some fun instead?” The idiot still hadn’t taken his eyes off Angie.

Was this guy serious? Rich made a disgusted sound in his throat, “C’mon, we’re going now.”

“Angie, what the hell is going on?”
The girl finally spoke up.

“I’m tired Teresa. Can he just leave tonight please?” Angie sounded defeated as she slunk into her office chair in front of the small desk.

“If it bothered you for him to be here you just had to say so. Go on Matt, I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

The guy let out a long sigh, sizing Rich up and making the right decision, “All right. See you tomorrow.” He slid off the chair after kissing her again.

Rich turned to Angie, leaning over to give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Goodnight. I’ll call you later okay?”

“Goodnight Rich.” She whispered,

turning away.

Rich waited for Matt to go first. When he was satisfied he was actually leaving he stepped out as well. Somehow, he'd make this right.

Chapter Three

“Tell me what to do Tyler. She won’t return my calls. She doesn’t respond to my texts. I’ve tried to catch her at the coffee shop a few times but she’s never there.” Rich gripped his phone tightly. After two weeks of being shut out he was desperate. He had turned to the only person that truly knew how Angie worked.

“It would really help if either of you would tell me what the hell went

on.” Tyler responded.

“If she hasn’t told you, she doesn’t want you to know. I fucked up. Help me make it right.”

“It’s not that simple man. You know how girls are. You know how Angie is. Just give it some more time. She’ll come around.” His friend let out a long sigh. “For what it’s worth, I hope you figure this out.”

“C’mon Tyler, give me something. She’d laugh in my face if I brought her flowers right?” He’d considered sending flowers, candy, hell he’d even thought about getting her a gift card to the bookstore she frequented. None of that would work.

“You know the answer to this. What does Angie do when she’s depressed, or happy, or just bored?” Tyler chuckled.

“I don’t know. Just tell me.” He ran his free hand through his hair, pulling it at the roots.

“She eats, dumb ass. She loves sweets, anything with a carbohydrate. Get a fucking cheesecake or something. Then let her be. She’ll come around. Shouldn’t you be focused on your finals right now?”

“Yes,” he growled into the phone, “I can’t focus knowing that she’s so pissed at me.”

Another long sigh sounded on the

other line, "Maybe she's not pissed Rich. When Angie's mad, she lets you know. It sounds to me like she's hurt. But since neither of you will say a word about whatever the hell happened, I don't know what to tell you."

"All right, I'll get her a damn cheesecake. Does she like it plain?" He already had his keys in his hand.

"Yeah, she likes it plain. Go to that bakery up on Tenth Street. She loves that place." There was a long silence, "Whatever you did, or didn't do, she'll forgive you."

"Thanks Tyler. I'll talk to you later." He ended the call, on a mission

to buy a cheesecake.

Three hours later, he'd dropped the treat off with her roommate who surprisingly enough had apologized to him for having her boyfriend over all the time. They'd broken up a day after his date with Angie, and from what he could tell, Teresa actually seemed to care about Angie's well-being. She couldn't answer when he asked why Angie wouldn't return his calls. She just told him the same thing Tyler had, to be patient. Patience was not a virtue he possessed, not that he possessed many virtues at all anymore.

He'd sworn off women, yet somehow the fact that he was unavailable only made them try harder. His only release was working out or shooting hoops at the gym.

Rich knew he needed to hit the books. He only had two days before he had to take his first final exam. His boss had let him off the hook without having to put in his notice for the break. He appreciated it. He enjoyed working at the machine shop, though he had to admit he fucked off a lot. He was grateful for the time to focus on his studies while he waited for Angie to respond to his gift, if she responded at all.

He picked up his sociology book, turned on his stereo and got down to business. Angie wouldn't want him if he flunked out of school. Not to mention his dad would blow a gasket.

His roommate brought some Chinese food home and they shot the shit while they ate. He'd turned off his phone, unable to resist staring at the screen every five minutes.

"So you want to head out tonight? Blow off some steam before finals?" Chris asked as he put their trash into a bag.

"I'm good. Thanks for the offer. I'm going to study some more."

“What’s up with you, there hasn’t been a girl around in a couple weeks?”

He wasn’t sure how to answer. He and Chris had picked up women together since they’d become roommates at the beginning of the semester. “I’m just not feeling it lately.”

“All right, I’ll have fun for the both of us.” Chris shot him a smile and headed out the door with their trash.

Rich took a shower, giving his dick a good tug to try and relieve some of his stress. He still had a day of studying ahead of him tomorrow, but for tonight he just wanted to get off

and go to sleep. It didn't take him long with Angie's face in his mind, remembering her weight on him as she straddled his lap.

He grabbed his phone and lay in his bed, turning it on. The tension he'd just released returned as he waited for the thing to start up. He had some missed messages, and he scrolled through them quickly. One was from Tyler, asking how it had gone. The other was from his brother, telling him that he was going to be at the lake house over the break and inviting him to come as well. That was a surprise. They hadn't gone out to their old house on the edge of their

hometown in years. As he was about to type a reply to Pete, his phone sounded again. His heart skipped a beat as he opened the message.

Angel: Thank you

Rich: U R welcome

He responded quickly, but kept it simple. He was back to waiting for her to make the first move. Pleased that she responded to his gift at all, he put his phone down and shut off the lights, trying to fall asleep. Just as he was drifting, his phone sounded again.

Angel: I ate it all

He laughed. He'd gotten her the biggest one they'd had. She was

speaking to him again, sort of. He fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Rich was pretty sure he passed his first final. He'd done well at keeping focused despite the fact that he hadn't heard from Angie again. He wasn't delusional enough to think a cheesecake would make everything better, but at least it was a first step. He'd even talked to Pete about her a little bit, ignoring his brother's laughter at him being hung up on a girl. He'd agreed to come down to the lake house for the break, mostly because he needed to get away, but also because he figured there would

be a lot that needed to be done around the place that Pete just wouldn't be able to do.

He and Chris shared a few beers that night in celebration of being one step closer to the semester being done. They'd agreed to room together again in the fall which took a load off his mind. He didn't want to deal with having a new roommate. After starting a text to Angie three times without sending he finally passed out.

His phone alarm sounded early the next morning and he groaned. His next final was going to be a killer. He hated calculus, and even after getting a few tips from Tyler he wasn't sure if

he was going to do so well. Knowing he'd get more done at the library he grabbed his bag and walked across the campus. There were only a few other students there this early so he claimed a table to himself.

An hour in, his head pounded and he regretted not grabbing an energy drink on the way over. He reached into his pocket to find some change, figuring a soda from the machine might help his headache.

A pastry bag dropped onto the table from above his head and he twisted around, surprised to see Angie smirking down at him. "Hey."

She held up two coffees, "Tyler

said you'd be here. Thought you might need some sustenance. Calculus is a bitch."

"You're my fucking hero Angie." He reached for the coffee but she twisted out of his reach.

"I have a condition."

"Name it."

"You get the coffee and donuts, cream filled I might add, *if* you promise not to mention anything about the other night. Nothing, got it? It didn't happen. I'm going to help you with your calculus and you're going to be the jerk I've always known you to be."

"Done, now give me the coffee."

He took the steaming liquid from her hands, popping off the lid and taking a big drink. It was perfect, extra strong. "You wouldn't happen to have some pain meds in that big ass bag of yours would you?"

She plopped down in the chair beside him, "That bad huh? Yeah, I probably got something in here." She rummaged around in her bag, pulling out a small bottle of Tylenol. "Eat first or they'll irritate your stomach."

He dug into the bag and pulled out a donut, shoving half of it in his mouth. "I didn't eat breakfast. You're a godsend."

She reached into the bag as she

took a sip of her own coffee, “Don’t you forget it. So what’s hanging you up? I did pretty well in this class last semester. Hopefully I remember some of it.”

He watched as she took a bite of her donut, licking her lips before she chewed. “Why aren’t you studying? Don’t you have finals too?” He was still focused on her mouth.

She took another bite, dipping her tongue into the filling and scooping up a large dollop of cream. “That’s so good.” She moaned, closing her eyes.

He bit back his own moan, all thoughts of calculus gone.

She giggled, “There’s the Rich I

know. Focus. We're studying here."

"You totally did that on purpose."

"Yup, sure did. As for your question, I took two of my finals yesterday. I think I okay. I don't have another one until Friday."

"Lucky." He chugged more of the coffee forcing himself to look away.

She frowned for a moment, "I just realized I don't know what you're doing on break. Are you going to your parents or what?"

"Actually, I'm going to hang out with my brother at our family's lake house."

"Now you're the lucky one. Wait, you have a brother?" She popped the

lid off her coffee and dipped the rest of her donut inside.

“Yeah, he’s nineteen. His name is Pete. We’ve never really been very close, at least not since we were kids.” He was a little nervous about being stuck around the guy all summer.

“Well, sounds like that might change.”

“What about you? Are going home?” He didn’t like the fact that he wouldn’t see her for a couple of months.

“No. I’m not sure what I’m doing yet. I might just be staying with Ty and Cam. Get a part-time job or something. Join the real world for a

while.” She frowned, “I’m not sure if I can deal with them though. They’re so in love right now.”

“I’m sure they’ll behave if you’re around.”

“I’m not worried about that. Hell, I’d love to get an eyeful of that action.” She gave a small laugh, “I just mean the way they look at each other. Like they see into each other’s souls or some shit.” She shuddered at the thought.

He laughed at her response, “So you’d be all right seeing them get it on? You are a dirty girl. I bet that’s what you read about. Do your books have the worlds ‘quivering member’ in

them?"

She stuck her tongue out at him,
"Only some of them."

He shook his head, relieved that they were finally getting along again.
"I'll never understand women."

"So quit trying." She pushed his book in front of him, "C'mon, I don't have all day."

"You're so pushy." He flinched when she punched him in the arm.
"All right, we'll study."

So they did. For four hours. She didn't need to know that he already knew most of the stuff she told him, after all, he was pretty good at playing dumb.

Later than night he called Pete, tying up the remaining arrangements for the summer. Turns out his brother wanted to bring a couple of friends and a girl he'd been dating for a couple months. Rich was okay with that. Considering how much work would probably need to be done he figured a few extra pair of hands wouldn't hurt anything. He was actually pretty excited about getting to know his brother again.

He dialed his mom, thinking it would be a good idea to let her know about their plans.

After four rings he thought he was going to get her voicemail, but she

finally answered, laughing on the other line before offering her greeting.

“Hey mom, what are you doing?”
He couldn’t remember a time when he’d heard his mom laugh like that.

“Your father is just being funny. How are you?”

The world must have flipped on its axis. Not only was his mom laughing, his father was being *funny*?
“I’m good. I talked to Pete earlier.”

“How is he? I tried to reach him last week but he never returned my call. I worry about that boy sometimes.”

Rich wasn’t sure he’d ever heard his mom say she worried about

anything. "Uh - he's fine. We're actually planning on going up to the lake house this summer. Have you and dad been up there lately?"

"I'm sure that place is a mess. You boys will have your hands full. Will it just be you two?"

He hesitated, not sure if Pete wanted mom to know he was bringing a girl. "No, he's going to bring a couple of friends."

"Well just be careful, don't be throwing any wild parties."

He sighed, "We won't." If he was being honest with himself he'd admit that he liked the concerned tone of her voice.

“I’ll make sure your father gets the water and electricity turned on. And what’s that thing where the internet is in the air?”

“You mean Wi-Fi?” He laughed.

“Yes, that. We’ll make sure you have access to that. Still weird if you ask me.” She muttered. “Don’t let him drink too much, and if he has sex with any girls you make sure he’s careful. I’m not ready to be a grandmother.”

His mouth dropped open. He’d never heard his mom talk about sex. She’d left the house completely when his dad had the talk with him.

“Are you drunk?” He had to ask.

A low peal of laughter drifted over

the phone again, “No, I’m not drunk. Can’t I just be in a good mood?”

“Well, yeah.” He ran his fingers through his hair, “I’ll make sure he’s careful.”

“Good. If you need anything just call us. I’ve been trying to learn how to text. You can text me if you want.”

“What did you do with my mother?” He joked, flopping down on his bed.

“Hush, I’m not that old. People change.”

The words rang in his ears, “You think so?”

“Of course I do. I’m proving it. You only have one life son, live it on your

own terms.”

“You’re sure you’re not drunk?”
She’d never referred to him as son.

“I’m not drunk. I promise. I may be later though. Your dad is taking me out tonight. So, are you bringing a girl out there with you?”

An idea formed in his head,
“Maybe. I haven’t asked her yet.”

“So you’re dating someone?” She sounded genuinely interested.

He laughed bitterly, “No, I sort of blew it on our first date.”

“Then ask her. Use this summer to make it up to her. But remember, no grandchildren.”

“I just might do that. Thanks

mom.”

“Bye Richard, have a good rest of your evening. I know I will.”

After hanging up he stared up at his ceiling. If he was going to convince Angie to come with him, it was going to take more than a cheesecake.

Chapter Four

“No.” Angie shut the door in Rich’s face.

He frowned and knocked softly, “That’s it? You won’t even think about it?” He called through the door. After the talk with his mom and a short conversation with Pete he’d decided just to go for it. When he’d shown up at Angie’s dorm a few minutes ago he’d presented a well-rehearsed speech. He’d known getting her to agree to go with him wasn’t going to

be easy, but he hadn't considered the possibility that she would flat-out refuse.

"No." He heard her soft reply through the door. "Have a good time. Call me when you get back."

Rich turned and leaned up against the adjoining wall. Well, what now? He was torn between taking this time away from her to get his head straight and find a way to get over her and figuring out a way to get her to go. After several minutes he knocked again, "Let me in for a minute, please?"

The door cracked open and Angie poked her head out, "You're still

here?"

"Yes, let me in. If you don't want to go that's fine. I just want to know why."

She looked at him for a long time, then finally turned and walked into her room, leaving the door open behind her.

So far so good, "Why don't you want to take off for a while?"

She sat on her bed and began chewing her bottom lip, "Do you really want to do this? I mean, we've been getting a long great. We're friends, this is good right?"

He considered his words, "Sure, it's great. I don't see how that has

anything to do with you not wanting to go with me. So yes, I want to do this, tell me why.”

“Well,” she began twirling her hair around her finger, “two things could happen on this vacation of yours.”

He nodded his head even though he had no clue where she was going with this, “Okay, and those two things are?”

She stood and began pacing in front of her bed, “One, we could go and have a great time together. You could be your charming self, and I might – well,” she paused and began working her lip again, “I might develop *feelings* for you.” She help up her

hand to stop him from interjecting, “Or two, we could go, fight like cats and dogs, and end up hating each other. Neither possibility is okay with me.”

“Why would it be so bad if you developed feelings for me?” He sat down, “More importantly, why did you say it like it was the worst of the two options?”

“It would be the worst outcome, at least for me. I don’t do feelings. I don’t do relationships. I’m not ready, and I’m not sure if I’m ever going to be ready. But you’re missing the point. Either way, if we spend this time together, out in the middle of

nowhere all alone, the end result will not be us returning as friends. I like being your friend Rich.” She finally sat and the hair twirling and lip biting came to a stop. Now instead of looking nervous she looked miserable.

“You’re forgetting something here. I don’t do relationships either.” He admitted the obvious. “I’ve never had a real girlfriend, and I’ve always been completely okay with that. I’m not asking you to marry me, I’m asking you to hang out with me and see where this could go, if anywhere.” The last part was a lie since he knew there was a connection between them, but he was trying to prove a point.

“Two people who don’t do relationships can’t just make one work. You’re a smart guy Rich, you know this. We still have at least two years of school left. I’m still not even sure what the hell I’m doing with my life. I can’t throw a man into the mix.” She let out an exasperated sigh.

He was at a loss for words. He’d thought he’d considered every defense she’d throw at him while he was preparing his stupid little spiel. This hadn’t been one of them. “So your issue is about what might happen? We can’t predict the future. We can have a good time now though. If you don’t want to hang out with me

the whole time there will be other people there. I mentioned that Pete's bringing a girl right?"

"That's another thing. I don't do well with new people. You know that right? You, Tyler and Cam, and now maybe Teresa, you're my only friends. I like it that way. I'm not a social person." She was back to twirling her hair, "I've always wanted to be, sort of, but I'm just not. Your brother and his friends, they won't like me. I'm quiet, and I have a weird sense of humor, and it's just not going to work."

Realization dawned on him and smiled, "Why does it sound like you're

trying to convince yourself more than you're trying to convince me?" Who would have thought that this beautiful girl would be insecure and worried about people liking her?

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, you do. You want to go." He knew it. He could feel it. She wanted to spend this time with him.

"You're wrong. I'm trying to be nice here." She sighed and muttered, "I knew I shouldn't have opened the damn door."

He stood and then knelt in front of her, taking her hands. "Come with me. You can bring a big box of books

and hole up in your room if you want. I'll tell the others to suck it if they have a problem with you."

She tried to pull her hands away but he held firm. If they were ever going to see what this connection between them really was this was the time.

"I can't Rich. I really appreciate the offer. I hope you have a really good time. I'll even miss you. Call me when you get back?" She gave his hands a squeeze as she looked up at him through her lashes.

"You can and you should. You just won't." He stood, "I'm not giving up. I'm leaving next Thursday. Just think

about it okay?”

She didn't respond and though it frustrated him he decided to let her be for now. He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and exited her room while he pulled out his phone.

When his friend answered he turned on his charm, “Hey Tyler, I need your help.”

By Wednesday Rich was packed and ready to go. Pete was already headed up to the house with his friends to check out what supplies they would need.

Angie hadn't responded to his last few texts and he hated to admit it but

he was feeling pretty defeated. Despite Tyler's agreement to try and convince her to go and a pumpkin cheesecake he'd had special ordered from the bakery he'd gotten nowhere. He'd tried to figure out what her relationship issues were. Though he'd known her for a couple of years now he'd never really questioned why she didn't have anyone in her life. Had she been hurt by someone she was involved with when she was younger? Was it more than that? The questions continued to form, but no answers were available. Even Tyler wasn't sure exactly what Angie's issues with relationships were. If she'd just talk to

him!

To make matters worse, Chris had shown up to their room the night before with two drunken girls. They were hot and completely willing to help him out of his funk, but he'd declined. His roommate had given him shit for a while until he'd finally taken him out into the hall and explained he was really into someone else. Luckily, his friend was cool about his situation. He was also more than a little happy to have the two girls to himself, so Rich had excused himself so they'd have some privacy.

It had been years since he'd gone without regular sexual contact and his

dick was not happy with him. Even after relieving himself in the shower that morning, twice, his hard-on wouldn't quit. At the slightest thought of Angie he sprang to attention.

Chris had taken off that afternoon, promising to hit him up as soon as he returned after the break. Rich considered checking out some porn, but the images in his head were all he needed to get fired up. He figured it wouldn't hurt to relieve a little tension.

Gripping his length, he closed his eyes and imagined Angie was with him. He could still remember the feel of her small cool hands as she worked

him. He could almost smell her, feel her weight on him. Her lips had been so soft and warm. His hips got into the action, fucking up into his fist. Moisture seeped from the tip and he used his thumb to spread the wetness over the thick head of his cock. If he ever had the chance to be inside of her again he was going to take it. He needed to feel her, needed to hear her moaning in his ear as he pounded into her.

He gave himself up to his fantasy, pumping his dick as he considered all the possibilities. He would touch her softly at first, caressing her silky skin for as long as she'd allow. Then when

she was ready he'd grasp her breasts in his hands, teasing the nipples until she was begging for more. When she was bare before him, he'd suck and lick every inch of her body until she screamed.

His hand moved faster now, picturing her naked and needy. He'd place kisses down her stomach until he was finally between her legs. A low groan escaped his throat and he brought his other hand into the mix, cupping and tugging at his balls gently. He knew she'd taste amazing and feel so good against his mouth. He'd grip her hips and fuck her with his tongue until she came on his face.

Even then he wouldn't stop, he'd place soft kisses to her inner thighs and belly until she calmed, then lick her glistening slit gently until she was ready for more. He'd tease her clit, alternating between licking and sucking until she was begging for him to fuck her.

Rich moaned her name as he released onto his taut stomach. His eyes were squeezed shut, lost in the sensations coursing through him. After several minutes he finally came back to earth, more convinced than ever to try and persuade her to come on this trip with him. He had to have her. He was willing to risk their

friendship for something more.

He tossed his last bag into the back of his car and pulled out his phone.

Rich: Last chance Angel

He sent the text and sat in the driver's seat, waiting. The drive would take three hours or so, plenty of time to wallow in his failure. He couldn't believe he hadn't figured out a way to persuade Angie to go on this trip.

He punched the steering wheel in frustration and started the engine. When he returned, she would be the first person he went to see. Maybe she really would miss him. He couldn't

believe he was pining after her like this. It made him grateful that he'd never crushed on anyone in high school like some of his friends had. He had given them so much shit for being hung up on girls. He laughed at himself, if they could only see him now. Finding a classic rock station on the radio, he cranked up the volume and pulled out of the parking space.

About thirty minutes later he decided to stop and get an energy drink at the gas station on the highway. After making a quick trip to the restroom, he grabbed some donuts and his drink and climbed back into his car. He eyed his phone,

tempted to shut it off completely. He swiped the screen and shot Pete a quick text that he was on his way, asking if there was anything he needed to pick up before he arrived. While he waited for the response, he downed his donuts and half of his drink. His phone sounded and he wiped his hands before grabbing it.

Angel: I give come get me

His stomach did a weird little flip.

Rich: 30 min

He put the car in reverse and flipped around, heading back into town. Now all he had to do was not fuck this up.

Rich placed Angie's bag into the back seat of his Nova. When he'd arrived at Tyler and Cameron's she'd been waiting outside on the steps braiding her still-damp hair. She'd given him a look that was filled with part trepidation and part embarrassment, so he'd kept his mouth shut.

She climbed into the back seat, resting her head on her bag, "How far is this place?"

"We'll be there in a few hours."

Pulling out her phone and some ear buds from her purse, she placed them in her ears, "Wake me up when we get there."

Okay then. He wouldn't complain, she was in his car and they were on the way.

Two long hours had passed in relative silence. He could hear the faint sounds of her music and her even breathing as she slept. The scent of her shampoo filled the car and he knew he would be able to recognize that smell anywhere. His eyes drifted to his rearview mirror, resting on her face, so peaceful. He forced himself to focus on the road, he'd never get a chance to make her his if they didn't make the trip.

"Will it be much longer?" She

murmured.

Her voice was husky with sleep and sexy as hell, “Not too much longer.”

She surprised him by climbing over the seat, settling beside him, her knees bent and her legs pulled up underneath her body.

“So, don’t you want to know why I changed my mind?” She asked as she turned off her phone.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m just glad you’re here.” He answered honestly.

She laughed softly, “You’re a smooth talker Mr. Remington.”

“That just sounds weird. I think I’d rather have you call me Dick.” He shot

her a grin, pleased when she smiled at him in return.

“All right then, Dick. I’m going to tell you anyway. I thought I could handle being around Ty and Cam. I was prepared for raging boners everywhere I turned. It was the way they looked at each other. They’re so in love. It’s sickening. I thought they would have cooled off by now, but it just gets worse every time I see them.”

He laughed at her tone, “Huh, I thought you’d be more of a romantic. All those dirty-girl books you read and all.”

She let out a giggle, “Those books are about sex silly, not love. There’s a

big difference. I read smut, not romance.”

“Maybe I’ll have to check a few of them out.” He was able to get the words out with a straight face, surprisingly enough.

Rolling her eyes, she huffed, “Men are visual creatures. You wouldn’t like them the way I do. After all, there aren’t any pictures.” She teased.

“Hey, I have a good imagination.” He felt his cheeks heat at the thought of his fantasy the night before. “I bet I could even write one if I tried. It’s all about bodice ripping right?”

“No one says bodice anymore. What have you been reading?”

“My brother Pete came across some of my mom’s old novels when he was twelve. We may or may not have flipped through a few pages.” He admitted with a low laugh. That had been an eye-opening experience, to say the least.

“So you were what, fifteen?”

“Yeah, I’d just turned fifteen actually. I didn’t look my mother in the eye for a year.”

“Sometimes I wish I was British.”

“That came out of nowhere. Why?” The girl never ceased to surprise him.

“They have really cool accents, and they can use words that just

don't sound the same when we say it."

"Like what?"

"Having a wank sounds so much better than the phrases we have for it."

He frowned, confused, "What made you think of that?"

"I was thinking about you and your brother, and what you probably did after you read your mom's books. Am I right?" She wagged her eyebrows suggestively.

"Well, yeah. At least I did. I'm not sure if he was doing that yet." He wasn't ashamed. The better part of his fifteenth year was spent taking

really long showers.

“I mean, masturbating sounds so – clinical, you know? And jacking off? Where did that term even come from?” She asked curiously, pulling out her phone, “I’m going to look it up.”

“What does it say?”

“I’m not getting very far. One guy says he thinks it’s comparable to the motion you make when you’re jacking up a car. I’m mostly getting a punch of links to porn sites.” She rolled her eyes again.

“What do you call it when you do it?” He bit his tongue after the question passed his lips. Was that

going a little too far?

She snorted, "I don't call it anything. You do it, not talk about it."

"We're talking about it." He had to point out.

"Yeah, let's not, sorry I brought it up." She squirmed in her seat. "So what's the plan when we get there?"

He settled into his seat, "No plan. That's the whole point right? We're going to relax. Pete's been up there since last night. We'll fix something to eat, maybe have a few beers."

She started working her lower lip between her teeth again. "No plan. Okay. I can do that." She didn't sound convinced.

“It’ll be fun. Just trust me.”

She nodded and turned her body, looking out the window. “So how far out in the woods is this place?”

“It’s only thirty miles or so to the nearest town. We’ll make a weekly trip to get anything we need. You’ll be okay city girl. I’m here to take care of you.” He reached over and placed his hand on her shoulder, massaging gently.

Instead of responding with a comment about him being sexist she just nodded. She didn’t pull away from his touch either. He told himself that was a good sign.

“Rich?” She was so quiet he barely

heard her.

“I’m listening.” He wasn’t sure if he wanted to hear what she had to say, but he was listening.

“I’m willing to – we’re going to be – dammit I don’t even know what I’m trying to say.” She let out a frustrated huff of air, “Look, I want to try this, whatever this is. But I can’t promise anything after this trip. Can we agree to just enjoy this time without making it something more than it is?”

He took his time answering her, considering the possibilities. Of course he was thrilled that she was willing to be more than friends, that she was actually going to give him a shot

despite the fact that she'd promised him years ago they'd never cross that line. But was he willing to take this short time with her and be done? The answer was a resounding *no*. He wanted her now, yet he wanted a chance at a future with her as well.

“No, I can't agree to that.” He shook his head, “Not can't, I won't make a promise I can't keep.”

Gripping the steering wheel tightly he glanced at her, “I want you, and that won't stop after we leave here, especially not once we – if I get a taste of you being mine, I won't be able to just give that up.”

“What if I don't give you a

choice?" She challenged, raising her chin at him.

"You're not that cruel. You won't discard me once you've had your fun. Remember, I'm the *user*, not you." He made a sound of disgust in his throat, hating the way he felt as he thought of the way she'd looked at him that night so long ago.

Her eyes widened and she looked away, crossing her arms over her chest. "I'm sorry about that." She whispered.

"You don't have to be sorry. What you said was true, to a point." He waved his hand dismissively, "We've known each other a while, but you

don't know everything about me, not yet. There are reasons that I've never had a relationship, just like I'm sure you have your reasons as well. I don't expect you to tell me now. I can be patient but I want to give this a real shot."

His heart beat forcefully in his chest as he waited for her answer, wishing with everything he had that she wouldn't ask him to turn the car around. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, her hand moved slowly across the seat until she made contact with his thigh.

The rest of the drive was silent. He didn't mind. It was actually sort of

nice to just sit with her even if he did wonder what was going on in that busy mind of hers. She'd tell him if she really wanted him to know. When they finally pulled up in the drive she uncurled her legs and stretched before taking a few deep breaths.

“It's really pretty out here Rich.” She scanned her surroundings as she stepped out of the car.

“It is pretty amazing. I haven't been out here in years.” He took a deep breath, enjoying the musky smell of the earth.

“That's a big fucking house.” She shielded her eyes from the sun as she took in the place.

“I told you there were enough rooms for everyone. It’s really old too. My parents had to get an electrician to rewire everything when they first bought it. I was only ten or eleven then. A few years later they redid the plumbing. Hopefully everything still works.”

He grabbed her hand and began leading her to the house, “There’s a lot of history here. I broke my arm climbing that tree over there,” he pointed to a huge old tree to the left of the property, “and Pete almost drowned in the lake when he was fourteen. I was so scared.”

She squeezed his hand, “Thanks

for bringing me here.”

“Thank you for coming with me.”
He tugged her forward.

“What if I don’t get along with your brother’s girlfriend?” She whispered as they approached the front the steps.

“Then we’ll stay away from her. Like you said, it’s a big place.” He wasn’t worried. Angie might not see it in herself, but she was very personable when she wanted to be.

“I love this porch. I want to sit out here reading and drinking coffee the whole time.” She ran her hand over the worn wood.

He’d seen his mom do the same

thing many times. The wrap-around porch was one of the reasons his mom had insisted they buy the place. She'd said it looked like something right out of a painting.

The door opened and he recognized Pete instantly, though he had changed in the time they'd been apart. He was a lot more muscular for one thing, and he'd shot up a few inches, still shorter than Rich's six-foot frame but taller nonetheless. He still had almost white-blond hair, and those blue eyes were still a shocker. He could understand how his brother did so well with the ladies. "Look at you little brother, all grown up." He

shook Pete's hand, noticing the firm grip that was returned.

Pete shot him a smile, "You haven't changed much. How you been?"

"Good. Busy. The normal stuff I guess, school, work, chasing after this one over here." He nodded towards Angie who was standing quietly beside him.

"You convinced her to come after all." Pete reached out and shook Angie's hand as well, "Good to meet you."

Her cheeks were pink, but she nodded her greeting and returned the handshake.

“So Charlie and Trevor are inside, and I’m sure Tracy will be out here any minute.” Pete motioned to the house, “We were thinking of going fishing. Catch something to cook up later.”

“How much of a disaster is it in there?” Rich dipped his head towards the house.

Pete chuckled, “Actually, Trevor drank a shit-load of Red Bull on way up here. As soon as we unloaded our stuff he went crazy on the place. He was still dusting when we finally crashed early this morning. We can’t use the oven yet, but the stove top still works fine. I think mom had

someone come do some basic stuff. The bathrooms are spotless and all the beds had clean linens. Charlie set up the wireless router. The password is written on the fridge.”

“Well that’s a relief. We’ll have to call mom and thank her. Fishing sounds good to me, everything still out in the shed?”

“All covered in dust, but yeah it’s there. You won’t believe what’s in the garage.” Pete motioned to his left, “Mom and dad got us presents.”

Rich was surprised, “What’s gotten into them lately? Last time I talked to mom I was sure she was drunk. It was like talking to a different

woman. Show me what they got us.”

“Thank god you got her to come. I did not want to be stuck out here with a bunch of guys for six weeks. I was not looking forward to hanging out with three teenagers.” A tall blond, well mostly blond since the bottom of her hair was pink, stepped onto the porch and walked right up to Angie. “I’m Tracy.” She nodded in Rich’s direction in a quick greeting, “Let me show you the house, it’s fucking huge right?”

Angie’s eyes grew wide and she shot a worried glance in his direction, “Um, I have to pee.”

“You’re going to love the main

bathroom. It has one of those old claw tubs. I spent an hour in there this morning.” Tracy grabbed Angie’s hand, pulling her away.

Rich frowned, worried. He was pretty sure this was exactly what she had been worried about. She shot him a small smile and followed Tracy into the house.

“So that’s Tracy. She’s interesting right?” Pete let out a short laugh, “C’mon, she’s harmless, just a little loud. It works for me since I’m not.” He motioned to the garage, “Let’s check out our gifts.”

Rich followed, he was curious after all. He trusted his brother, and

maybe it would be good for Angie to have some female companionship other than Teresa for a change.

“Where’d you meet her?”

“At the gym, she’s an aerobics instructor where I work out. She goes to my school too, she’s a junior.”

“You got yourself an older woman, good for you.” Rich slapped his brother on the back.

Pete blushed, “I figured you’d approve.” He opened the garage door, “Check this shit out.”

Rich gasped as he stepped in the garage and flipped on the light. “They got us jet skis?” He walked over to get a closer look. One was cherry red, the

other a metallic grey. “These are sweet. It looks like we’re going to have to put some thought into our Christmas gift this year.”

“I figured we could take them out as soon as the water warms up, should be fun.”

Rich pulled out his phone, sending a quick thank you text to his mom. He shut off the light and followed Pete back up to the house, wondering if Angie was all right. They headed into the kitchen and Rich introduced himself to Charlie and Trevor, thanking them for straightening up the place and getting the wi-fi going. He grabbed a beer out

of the fridge. "Did Tracy buy this?"

"Yeah, another good think about dating an older woman." Pete joked, leaning up against the counter. "You guys ready to fish?"

"I should probably check on Angie, see if she wants to go." Rich wondered where the girls had gone off to. The house wasn't *that* big.

"I've never known a girl who actually wants to go fishing. They'll be okay." Trevor motioned to the cooler, "We've got beer and water, what else do we need?"

Rich knew the kid was just trying to reassure him, but he wasn't going to leave without seeing if she wanted

to come with them. He had promised her he wouldn't leave her alone.

Pete grabbed a bag of chips off the top of the fridge, "We can wait and see if they want to go."

Rich was glad his brother had his back.

"You guys are already talking about leaving us? What's up with that?" Tracy sauntered into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around Pete's shoulders.

Angie caught Rich's eye, glanced at Tracy, and rolled her eyes.

He grinned as he took another swig of his beer, "Want to go fishing?"

Angie made a face, but then

plastered on a smile, "Yeah, that would be fun." The enthusiasm in her voice was convincing, almost.

Tracy gave Pete a noisy kiss, "If she's in, I'm in."

"Great." Charlie muttered sarcastically.

"Is it still too cold to go swimming? Maybe I could just lye out and get some sun. We still have a few hours of sunlight right? I'll go change." Tracy raced out of the room, talking to herself the whole way.

Rich offered Angie a beer, "You look like you need this."

She nodded her head eagerly and grabbed the beer, downing half of it.

“I’m going to grab my Kindle.”

“She’ll calm down eventually, I promise.” Pete called after Angie as she made her escape. He turned to Rich, “Sorry about that. Tracy can be a bit overwhelming at first.”

Trevor snorted, “At first? Whatever, at least she’s hot.”

“Yeah, there’s that.” Pete laughed and finished his beer.

“Who would have thought? You’re more like me than I thought.” Rich elbowed Pete as he walked by, “I’m going to go unload our stuff before we go.”

This vacation certainly promised to be interesting.

Chapter Five

“So you guys are really brothers? Like biologically?” Angie asked as she reclined in her lounge chair.

She'd chosen a spot away from the others, and Rich had let her be for a bit as he threw in his line a few times. He'd sauntered over with a smile, offering another beer.

“Yeah, it's weird huh? I take after my mom's side of the family. He looks like my dad. Believe it or not, he used to be a lot smaller. He's really bulked

up. It's weird seeing him all grown up."

"He seems nice enough." She remarked as she pushed her hair out of her face.

"He's a good guy. Sorry about Tracy, I didn't mean to stick you with her like that." He grimaced, "You don't have to hang out with her if you don't want to."

She laughed and took a sip, "She's actually not that bad. We'll be fine."

"Good, I want you to enjoy yourself here." He stood there awkwardly, unsure what to do now that he had her here. "I'll leave you alone. Enjoy reading your smut." He

winked and headed back over to the guys.

They actually did pretty well, catching eight catfish in about two hours. Years ago the lake had been stocked, but he hadn't been sure if they'd actually get a bite. Charlie and Trevor were both pretty drunk. They'd both downed a six pack each. He didn't want to have to babysit them all night so he'd cut them off.

The sun had started to set, and the view was beautiful as he looked out across the lake. He glanced back at Angie and she was doing the same. She shot him a dazzling smile.

“You ready to head out?” If she

wanted to stay he'd hang out with her.

“Sure, I’m getting pretty hungry over here.” She called, gathering her things.

Pete grabbed the cooler and they all carried their chairs back up to the house. It was a short walk, only taking about ten minutes. Angie was at Rich’s side, seeming to enjoy the scenery.

She took her chair to the garage and then made her way back over to him, “I’ll eat the fish but I’m not cleaning it.”

He laughed, “We’ve got it covered. You might want to grab a sweater. It

still gets pretty chilly at night.”

She wrinkled her nose, “I didn’t bring a sweater.”

He led her into the house, “I’ll grab you one of mine. We’ll handle the fish and the fire.” He rummaged through his bag until he found an old grey one. Walking over to where she stood leaning against the wood paneling, taking in the front room he offered the sweater, “Lift up your arms.” He lowered it over her head, pulling it down around her hips. He stood back and smiled, “It looks good on you.”

“Thanks.” She whispered, looking up at him.

He leaned in, unable to resist her scent, “Can I kiss you?”

She lifted her face in answer, wetting her lips with her tongue.

That’s all the invitation he needed. He placed his hands on the wall on either side of her head, lowering his mouth to hers. Taking his time, he brushed his lips lightly against the corners of her mouth before sealing their lips. Her tongue snaked out, licking at him tentatively, seeking entry. He let her explore, meeting the thrusts of her tongue with his own.

“I could kiss you forever.” He murmured before dipping down for

another kiss.

“Hey Rich, you ready to clean these fish – ah shit, I’m sorry man.” Pete’s head disappeared from around the corner.

“You should go hang out with your brother. You care if I pick my room?” Her fingers traced her bottom lip as she spoke.

“Go ahead. I’ll take your stuff up later. Don’t be too long.” He gave her another quick kiss before forcing himself to pull away.

After he was sure she was up the stairs he adjusted his package and headed outside. He knew he was smiling like an idiot but he didn’t care.

Rich wiped his hands on an old towel, it'd been a while since he'd cleaned a fish but he'd done all right. Pete had been surprisingly helpful, despite Tracy making gagging noises from where she was perched on a cooler in the corner. She said there was no way she could eat the fish after watching them chop the heads off so Charlie brought out some hot dogs to shut her up.

"Hey Trevor, can you grab the marshmallows?" Rich called, gathering up the fish to take over to the fire they'd stoked earlier.

"Did someone say marshmallows?" Angie rounded the

corner smiling.

He returned her smile, "I thought that might get your attention." He followed Pete out of the garage, "The girl likes her sugar."

"Damn straight." She followed after them, Tracy on her heels.

"I should have stayed inside with you. That was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. One of the fish had eggs in her. It was pregnant!" She exclaimed, making another gagging noise.

Rich could almost hear Angie roll her eyes. He placed the old metal rack over the fire, surprised when she offered to hold the plate of filets so

he could arrange them over the flames. He sat in the lounge chair beside her when they were done, grabbing her hand. She didn't seem to mind that he was all fishy.

The others soon followed, grabbing beers and sodas and arranging themselves in their chairs.

"This is really great guys, thanks again for letting us hang out." Trevor had sobered and it appeared he was sticking with soda for the remainder of the evening.

"No problem." Rich nodded his head, "I'm glad you thought of this Pete."

"So what are you guys majoring

in? Rich, did you know Pete's going to be an engineer? Isn't that exciting?" Tracy gushed.

He eyed his little brother, "No, I didn't know that. I'm proud of you. I'm majoring in business finance – dad pretty much insisted." He wondered how Pete had gotten their dad to relent on his major. Their old man had always had it stuck in his head that they'd both follow in his footsteps.

Charlie chimed in, "I'm a business major too. It's boring as shit right?"

"I would have failed business calc if it wasn't for Angie, she's a great teacher." Rich squeezed her hand.

“You would have done fine.” She squeezed back. “I’m still undecided. I have no idea what I want to be when I grow up. I’m getting all the basics out of the way.”

Rich was surprised at that. He couldn’t believe he’d never asked her what her major was.

“I’m majoring in kinesiology. I want to be a physical therapist.” Tracy opened a bag of chips, “It’s going to take forever, but it’ll be worth it.”

Angie raised her brows in obvious surprise, “That’s pretty impressive. What made you choose that career?”

“When I was thirteen I was really into gymnastics. I tore my ACL, twice,

and during my recovery I had the most awesome physical therapist. She was so enthusiastic and positive. I wanted to be just like her.”

“I’m with you Angie. I don’t have a clue what I want to do yet.” Trevor interjected, “Right now, I want to eat this fish. I’m fucking starving.”

Rich had already flipped it once, “Just give it a couple more minutes, you want to make sure it’s done.”

“You could always start a cleaning business. That was pretty impressive last night.” Charlie joked.

“Maybe I will.” Trevor answered, stretching in his chair.

Tracy stuck a hot dog onto a

skewer before holding it over the flames. She blew a kiss at Pete, and he blushed when he saw Rich watching his reaction. He reached for his beer, taking a long draw. "So what do you guys want to do tomorrow?"

"I want to sleep in. It's been too damn long since I just woke up when I felt like it." Rich stood and grabbed some paper plates, using a fork to plate the fish.

"You're a man after my own heart. If there was a way I could sleep for a week I'd so do it." Angie leaned back in her chair, fiddling with her braid.

"That's no fun. We didn't really

grab much on the way here. I figure we'll head into town, you guys should make a list tonight of anything you want or need." Pete stuck his own hot dog into the fire, giving it a good char. He shot Rich a look before commenting, "We'll probably be gone for a while."

Rich chuckled, "Way to be obvious little brother." He glanced at Angie, relieved when she didn't look bothered by his brother's innuendo.

He devoured his fish, realizing that Angie had to be starving too. She picked at hers, eyeing the marshmallows the whole time. Tracy grumbled about not having everything

for s'mores but she quieted when Pete pulled her onto his lap and nuzzled her neck.

“That’s our cue man. Let these lovebirds have their romantic evening by the fire.” Charlie stumbled a bit when he stood, balancing himself by grabbing Trevor’s shoulder. He’d started drinking again after they’d lit the fire. Trevor laughed and shook his head as he stood, saying a quick goodnight before leading his friend into the house.

Angie grabbed a skewer, shoving three marshmallows on the end before shoving them in the flames. When they caught fire Rich pulled

them close and blew out the flame, waiting until they were cool enough to touch before slipping one off the end and popping it into his mouth.

“Hey! Don’t you know ladies are supposed to be first Dick?” Angie stuffed the other two in her mouth whole, her cheeks bulging.

He laughed, dipping a paper towel in the water from the cooler to help her clean her face. When he glanced up he noticed Pete and Tracy watching them with big smiles on their faces.

Angie giggled, still licking her fingers, “Hey, Pete Remington sounds sort of like a porn star name too. Is

your full name Peter?”

His brother nodded and chuckled. Tracy ran her fingers through his hair, “Maybe you missed your calling.”

“That’s what he said.” Angie grabbed another soda and pointed at Rich.

He settled into his chair, happy that Angie had finally started to relax. They sat and talked for another hour or so, finishing off the marshmallows and chips. Angie yawned and they excused themselves to head to bed. He wrapped his arms around her as they entered the house, giving her a big hug. “See, that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

She nodded her agreement, yawning again. "I was serious about sleeping in tomorrow. You want to jot a few things down on a list while I take a quick shower? I smell like smoke."

He kissed her forehead, "Sure, what do you need?"

"Surprise me." She walked up the stairs, looking back at him over her shoulder, "Thanks again for inviting me Rich."

"Thanks again for agreeing to come." He hurried to the kitchen, grabbing the notepad that was always in the junk drawer. He wasn't sure what all she'd brought with her but

she only had one bag so he tried to cover all the basics.

After carrying their stuff upstairs he stripped off his shirt and settled into the chair in his room, waiting for his turn in the shower. It was the same room he'd always stayed in as a kid with Pete. It was huge compared to his tiny dorm room. His eyes drifted closed as he looked back on the day. All in all everything had gone extremely well.

A soft knock sounded on his door and he opened his eyes to find Angie peering in at him, looking adorable wearing nothing but a long t-shirt.

He stood, "I'd ask you to stay with

me but I know you'd shoot me down." He took in her face, clean of make-up, not at all surprised that she was as beautiful as ever.

"You are a smart one." She walked over to him, "I wouldn't refuse a goodnight kiss though."

How could he resist that? He brought her into his arms, "How about a few goodnight kisses?" He started at her nose, moving to each cheek before finally placing a soft kiss on her lips.

"Goodnight Angel."

"Goodnight Rich."

This was going to be the best vacation ever.

Rich woke up to the smell of coffee brewing. Glancing at the clock on his bedside table he smiled, it was after eleven. Damn it felt good not having to wake up to an alarm. The others were probably gone by now so he could only assume Angie was the one assaulting his senses with the delicious scent. He didn't bother with a shirt, throwing on a pair of sweats and making a quick stop in the bathroom to brush his teeth and relieve the pressure on his bladder.

He found her standing near the sink drizzling syrup on a rolled up pancake. He took a moment to drink in the site of her. Her hair was wavy

and it appeared she hadn't done much more than run her fingers through it before coming downstairs. She was still only dressed in her baggy t-shirt which exposed a fair amount of thigh. "Good morning."

Angie jumped with surprise, "You're just in time for coffee. And someone made pancakes. They're cold but I don't care." She took a huge bite and walked over to him as she chewed, "Want some?" She mumbled as she gave the syrup bottle a little shake.

"I'm good, thanks."

She swallowed and tipped her head at him, licking her lips. How

could he resist that? He leaned in for a kiss surprised when she beat him to the chase, pressing her mouth to his before biting his lower lip playfully. He gasped and she shoved the remaining pancake in his mouth, laughing.

“You play dirty. I like it.” He finally said when he’d swallowed. He tried to grab the syrup, all sorts of naughty ideas popping into his mind, but she twisted out of reach.

“Oh no you don’t, I don’t want to get all sticky.” After opening a few cabinets she grabbed two coffee cups, filling them both before offering one to him.

“Did you sleep well?” He took his

first sip and eased into a chair at the small breakfast table in the corner.

“Yes, better than I have in months.” She joined him at the table after finding an almost-empty bag of sugar, pouring the contents into her coffee. “Sorry, did you want some?”

“I’m good.” He sipped, the realization dawning on him that they were completely alone. He shifted in his chair, attempting to adjust his hard-on.

After several long moments of awkward silence Angie tipped her head to the side and narrowed her eyes, “What are you thinking about?”

“What would you like to do

today?" He deflected her question, not sure she was ready to hear the answer yet.

"As your not-so-subtle brother pointed out, we have the place to ourselves for a while." She met his gaze, "I'm sure we could think of something to do."

He chuckled, leaning back in the chair until the front legs lifted off the floor, "Are you trying to seduce me Angel?"

"Maybe, what if I am?" She challenged, standing.

His coffee forgotten, he focused on her mouth, "This isn't a race. You don't always have to beat me to the

finish line.”

“Does that mean we’re actually going to get to the finish line this time?” She taunted, moving closer.

“I perform best after a warm up.” He tugged at the hem of her t-shirt, pulling the fabric tight against her breasts, “I can think of a few ways I’d like to warm up with you.”

She smiled, her eyes trailing down his chest to the bulge in his pants, “You look ready enough to me. If not, maybe this will help.” She pulled her shirt from his grasp, lifting it over her head in one quick motion.

Unable to resist, his eyes scanned her body, nearly naked in his kitchen.

Focusing on her small pink nipples, he licked his lips in anticipation. None of his fantasies had prepared him for the real thing, for this woman in front of him, offering herself to him. She was surprisingly toned, her waist narrow and her hips flaring out beautifully. Without his conscious command he was on his feet, pulling her close. The feel of her firm, pert breasts against his chest caused his cock lengthen, hardening almost to the point of pain.

His mouth found hers, their tongues tangling together in a heated exchange, "Are you sure?"

In answer she ran her hand down his abdomen and into his sweats,

grasping his hardness with a sure grip. Her other hand snaked around his neck, bringing his mouth to hers.

Not willing to risk losing her touch he gave in, thrusting into her hand as she stroked him expertly. "I need you in my bed, now."

She shook her head while walking backwards, leading him by his dick into the front room. "Here's better for me." Nodding her head to the old leather chair near the center of the room, she made her intent clear as she tightened her grip.

A low groan escaped his lips, his hands weaving their way into her hair as took her mouth once again. "Ride

me?" He murmured his request, moving his lips to the sensitive spot right under her ear.

"Yes, please." She maneuvered their bodies until they were in front of the chair, pulling his pants to his ankles before pushing him backwards. Slipping her panties down her legs, she waited expectantly.

He slid into the chair, the cool, soft leather a startling contrast to his heated skin. She was on him in the next second, her tits in his face, her weight on him as she pressed their bodies together. His cock jumped, moisture escaping from the tip at the first contact of her soft mound.

Slipping his hand down her neck, he stroked down the cleft between her breasts before grasping her hips. "Let me touch you."

He brought his right hand to her breast, kneading the firm mound before palming the nipple. Unable to resist, his mouth found the other nub, flicking her gently with his tongue before drawing her flesh into his mouth. Despite his ministrations her breathing was steady, seemingly waiting for him to be done. He frowned, pulling back. "This isn't doing anything for you is it?"

She ground against him, impatient. "It's not you. They're just

not very sensitive.”

Unsure where to go from here he laughed, “Honestly, I’ve never heard that before.”

Waving her hand dismissively she smiled in return, “You’re not up for the challenge?”

“I’m always up for a challenge.” His hands found their way back into her hair, bringing her face to his for another kiss.

“Why aren’t you inside of me?” She placed kisses down his jaw, moving to his neck.

He slipped his hand between them, seeking her clit and frowning again. “You’re not even wet yet baby.”

Angie giggled, slipping off his lap, “Not a problem. Wait right here.”

He let out a long sigh, completely lost as to where this was going. His eyes widened when she returned, opening a box of lube. “Where’d you get that?”

“I stole it from Tyler and Cameron.” She laughed, throwing the box over her shoulder, flipping the cap of the bottle open and dripping the liquid onto her fingers.

His mouth dropped open as she placed her foot on the arm of the chair, opening herself to his gaze. She had a small triangle of hair on her mound which he preferred over the

trend of going completely bare, with perfect pink lips that parted as she spread further. Her fingers slipped inside her slit, rubbing the moisture up and down her lips before sliding a finger inside. She pumped into herself a few times, producing a condom in her other hand. "Put this on."

"Okay?" He tore the foil packet open, smoothing the rubber over the head of his cock and rolling it down his length. Though his brain was screaming at him to put on the brakes his dick was in the game, hardening further as he stroked himself, watching her.

Lowering her leg and leaning

down, she wiped her hand on his sweats before climbing back onto his lap, reaching between their bodies to grasp the base of his cock before slipping the head inside of her entry.

He grit his teeth, fighting the urge to surge up into her tight passage, watching her face closely as she winced. "Go slow baby."

She slammed down forcefully, taking him all. "Fast is better. Trust me." She bit her lip, her nails digging into his shoulders as her body adjusted.

Gripping the arms of the chair with his hands, he struggled for control. "Fuck, are you okay?"

She nodded, her eyes falling closed as she started to move, lifting until only his head remained before surging down again. A small smile spread across her face, "That's better. God Rich, I wish you could feel what it's like to be spread open like this."

Losing the battle, he gasped before lifting his hips, "So good, so fucking tight. Ride my dick Angie." He pulled her close, his hands roaming over her body as she ground against him.

Her legs tightened around his thighs as she moved, grinding her clit against him as she wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing his face into

her chest. Her fingers found their way into his hair, tugging forcefully as she increased her speed. A soft sigh escaped her lips as a small shudder racked her body before she stilled her movements. Releasing his hair she leaned back and gave him a small smile, "How do you want to come?"

"Huh? What just happened?" Still straining inside of her, he tried to focus his lust filled brain.

"I'm done. How do you want to come?" She asked again, flexing around his length.

"You're not done. What the fuck are you talking about?" He shook his head and gripped her hips as she

started to lift off of him.

She looked away, running her hands through her hair.

He grabbed her wrist, "Hey, what's wrong?"

"Sorry if I'm not up to your normal standards. That's all I've got Rich. Do you want to finish or not?"

He froze, unsure of his next step. There was no way she'd climaxed. She wasn't even out of breath. As tight as she was he was sure he would have felt her contract around him if she had. "Look at me Angel."

After much too long she finally met his gaze, "What?"

"I could bust in ten seconds or

less, you feel so fucking good.” And though his body was screaming at him to do just that he maintained control by sheer force of will. It was time he stopped letting her call the shots. He’d told her was up for the challenge and he intended to prove to her exactly what he meant. “I’m not going to come yet because we’re not even close to being finished.”

“I think it’s best – what are you doing?” Angie squealed as he stood slowly, still inside of her.

“This was just foreplay. Get ready for the real thing baby. You’re all mine today.”

Chapter Six

After making his way up the stairs carefully, Rich eased Angie off his shaft, depositing her on the bed. The loss of warmth surrounding him was nearly painful but he pushed his own needs aside. He removed the condom, throwing it into the waste basket. "We won't need one of these for a while."

Angie scooted further onto the bed, grabbing his rumpled blanket and pulling it up her body. "Why?"

He almost felt bad at the uncertainty in her voice. After he was done she'd understand. "We're going to talk a little bit, and we're going to play. Correction, I'm going to play."

"What if I don't want to talk?" Her voice was low and she looked away as she spoke.

"That's just too bad Angie." Stretching out on the bed beside her, he tugged the blanket down, "Let me see you." He rested his hand on her stomach, stroking her lightly with his thumb. "I need to know some things about you to make this perfect."

She tensed under his hands, "Like what?"

“Relax.” he stroked up her stomach and cupped her right breast, “You’ve never been sensitive here?” He squeezed lightly, “Not at all?”

She shook her head, watching his hand, “Well, it’s not like guys have really paid much attention to that area. I guess,” her cheeks were pink as she continued, “In the shower when I soap them up it feels sort of good.”

He bit back his anger at the men she’d been with before, the ones that had taken what they’d wanted and not cared about making her feel good. Rolling onto his stomach so he’d have both hands free, he grasped her small hand in his and led it to her bare

breast, “Show me how you want to be touched.” As he waited patiently he was almost able to see the gears working in her brain. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“Rich, I’m not sure – I don’t know.”

“So we’ll figure it out together.” He pinched her nipple lightly, hoping she’d do the same, “You have pretty nipples Angie.”

Her cheeks reddened again and she let out a little laugh, “I’ve never been complimented on my nipples before. Thanks?”

He squeezed the small nub softly, watching it pucker further, “Do this,

and tell me how firm you want me touch you here.” He motioned to her hand, “C’mon, trust me.”

Nodding, she focused and squeezed her left nipple, looking at his hand, “Do it harder.”

He bit back a groan, his dick pulsing against his stomach where he was pressed against the bed. He granted her request, squeezing with firm pressure but trying to be careful not to hurt her. “Like this?”

She squeezed again before meeting his gaze, “More.”

Doing as she asked he watched her face, her eyes rolling back as he applied more pressure than he’d ever

been tempted to before. “You like that?” Did his angel enjoy a bit of pain with her pleasure?

“Yes, that’s nice. I feel a little tingle in my pussy when you grip me like that.” Her voice was low as she concentrated on the sensation.

Her words heated his body and he had to fight the temptation to thrust against the bed to relieve some of the pressure in his cock. Shifting so he could lower his mouth to her breast, he replaced his fingers with his lips, closing them around her taut flesh and sucking forcefully. Instead of pulling away she arched into him, pressing herself against his mouth.

Needing no other encouragement than that, slowly, carefully, he closed his teeth around her nipple, biting her gently.

“That feels really fucking good.” She breathed before moaning, abandoning her breast to slip her hands into his hair.

She pulled him closer and he took the hint, nipping her again before moving to her other breast. “Harder?” He panted against her flesh in question.

“Yes, more. Do it now.” Her eyes were on him now, watching him as he bit her.

He twirled his tongue around her

nipple as he slipped his hand back to her right breast, grasping her firmly, tweaking her with his fingers as he worked her with his mouth, hoping to double her pleasure.

Another low moan slipped from her lips and she threw her head back. "Holy fuck, don't stop."

Happy to oblige, he continued for several long minutes, reveling in her soft gasps and moans. She began squirming on the bed, losing control. "I could do this all day you know." He laughed softly, blowing on the wetness and causing her to gasp again.

"I don't know how much more I

can take. Fuck me?" She breathed, her head falling back on the pillow.

"Not yet baby." Rich slipped his hand down her stomach, around to her hip and down her thigh. "We're just getting started."

Her eyes flew open and she raised her head, "No way. I've never been this turned on."

Smiling, he dug his fingers into her flesh, pleased at the small smile on her face, "It's only going to get better from here."

Her hips arched and she wiggled suggestively, "Get on with it then."

Smothering her command with a kiss, he moved his hand back up her

thigh before slipping between her legs, seeking the proof of her arousal. He almost cheered when he realized she was sopping wet, that it was her this time and not the lube she'd so thoughtfully considered bringing. He hadn't even touched her pussy yet the moisture covered her inner thighs.

As if realization dawned on her at the same moment, she froze.

He stilled his movements as well, "What's wrong?"

Her hand jointed his at the juncture of her thighs, "Wow." Running a finger over her slit, she raised her hand, inspecting the liquid, "I'm really wet."

He frowned, "You've never been this wet before? Not ever?" Now he was really fuming. He'd thought the problem had been with him, that she either wasn't really into it or that he wasn't doing something right. Everything had always moved so quickly between them. Realizing that not being aroused when she was taken was the norm for her caused adrenaline to pulse through his veins. He wanted to seek out every asshole that had ever been near her and pummel them to an inch of their life for not making sure she was ready.

"I thought it was just me, that I was defective." She whispered.

He growled, finding her mouth with his, focusing on her and gaining control of his temper. "You're perfect. You are definitely not defective."

A long sigh escaped her lips, "That's a relief."

Knowing that this was a big step for her he slowed down the pace, kissing her jaw before moving down to her neck. "You want to keep going? See what else we can find out?"

She gave an enthusiastic nod, "Yes, please."

He shifted again, noticing that he'd left a large wet spot on the bed where his cock had been leaking steadily as he worked her. His hard-on

would just have to wait. He was having way too much fun. Caressing her inner thigh softly, he moved closer to her center. He caught the scent of her, digging the fingers of his free hand into his palm to keep his focus. Cupping her mound, he flattened his palm against her clit as he used his fingers to stroke her soft silky lips, pleased when her hips flew off the bed, pressing her harder against his hand. "That's right Angel, let yourself feel good. Give yourself to me."

In answer, she spread her legs wider, "More Rich, please."

He slipped one finger inside her tight passage, moving slowly as he

made sure to keep contact with her clit, “You like that? Do you want more?”

Her head rolled from side to side, “Harder, but just one finger right now.”

Pumping his finger in and out he moved his mouth back to her breasts, alternating between sucking and nipping her as he massaged her inner walls with his finger, curling it up and seeking out that special spot that he was almost certain she didn't know existed.

She tensed, grasping at his shoulder with her hand, “Wait. What the hell is that?”

Moving until he was sitting up, he flicked her clit with his left hand and increased the pressure inside, letting out a moan when she gushed onto his palm. "It's your G-spot."

Her eyes rolled back again, "That actually exists?" She gasped, lifting her hips.

"It appears so. You like that?" He applied steady pressure inside while circling her clit with his fingers.

"Holy shit, yes I like that." Her hands tangled in the sheets as she writhed against him.

Slipping a second finger inside, he watched her face, her mouth parting in a silent plea as he fucked her with

his hand. "Can you come for me baby?"

"I don't know. I've only ever gotten off from being on top from sex or using my vibrator."

Images assaulted his brain, pictures of her working herself with a toy, causing his length to pulse and jump in expectation of what was to come. "Let's found out then okay?"

"Okay." She nodded enthusiastically.

Working her with renewed concentration, he pressed hard on her clit while he applied steady pressure inside, barely moving his fingers in and out. He focused on her face,

adjusting his movements based on her reactions. She was sweating now, biting her lip as she focused on the sensations he was evoking within her.

Panting, her eyes flew open, filled with lust and uncertainty, “I need – something. Please, please.”

He knew right then he'd give her anything, do anything to bring her pleasure, to give her even a small glimpse of happiness. “Anything you need love, I'm here.” He moved his body, careful to keep a steady rhythm with his hands while he lowered himself over the bottom half of her body, licking his way up her stomach until he reached her breasts, closing

his teeth around her rock hard nipple. After wetting the tip with his tongue he bit down, hard, and shoved a third finger inside of her.

She screamed a primal, guttural scream that shot straight down his spine and tightened his balls against his body. As he felt her inner walls contract around his fingers he unloaded onto her stomach, his dick pulsing as intense waves of pleasure coursed through his body. His orgasm shook him down to the tips of his toes and he let out a loud cry of his own before he finally stilled above her.

Panting, he slipped to the side and fell onto the bed, "Holy shit." Had

he really just came without either of them even touching his dick?

“Holy shit is right.” Angie laughed, “So that’s what a real orgasm is like huh?”

He chuckled with her, unable to form a coherent answer. When his head finally cleared, he slid off the bed, heading out to the hall and into the bathroom, wetting a wash cloth and returning to the room. He cleaned his come off her stomach, giving her a small smile, “Sorry about that, I was a little excited.”

“I’d say more than a little.” She giggled, stretching on the bed.

Joining her, he drew her close,

“That was fucking amazing. You’re amazing Angie.”

“I didn’t do all the work. Where the hell did you learn that?” She frowned, “Never mind, I don’t want to know.”

He remained silent, not wanting to bring anything or anyone else into this moment between them. Stroking her hair, he watched her relax in his arms. “I still have all sorts of tricks up my sleeve. Just give me ten minutes, and you’ll find out.”

“You’re on.” She challenged, snuggling into his chest. “Is it weird? That I like you to bite my nipples? Am I a freak?”

He pulled her tight against him, “No, you like what you like. If it feels good, it’s not wrong.”

She mumbled her agreement, her body relaxing. “Thank you for bringing me here with you.”

“You’re welcome Angie, you’re more than welcome.” He continued to stroke her, noticing her breathing become steady with sleep after a bit. He let himself drift off as well, satisfied in knowing he’d wake up with her in his arms.

Rich woke up with a start, squinting as the sun filtering through the window blinded him for a

moment. What time was it? He glanced at the clock wondering how long they'd been out. It was already four o'clock. Listening for sounds downstairs, he untangled his body from hers, slipping into the bathroom to relieve his aching bladder. After he was done he slipped inside his room, assured that Angie was still crashed out. He was starving and was sure she would be too when she woke, so he threw on a pair of jeans and a shirt quietly before heading downstairs.

Finding Tracy sprawled out on the sofa watching a DVD was a surprise, the look she gave him before blushing and refocusing on her program even

more so.

Entering the kitchen with a slight frown, he found Pete and Trevor making a massive mound of sandwiches. "When did you guys get back?"

"About thirty minutes ago, we're starved." Trevor replied, not meeting his gaze, "I'm sure you are too."

Pete laughed, turning around and leaning up against the counter. "When we came home and found the lube and your pants we figured you'd used your time wisely."

Rich felt his cheeks heat. For the first time in his life he wasn't sure what to say. It was obvious that he

and Angie had fooled around and though in his past he'd never had a qualm about bragging a little, he didn't want to sully the experience. "Sorry we left that out."

"No big deal. I'm not even going to ask what the lube was for. I threw your clothes into the hamper and put the bottle in the bathroom." Pete chuckled again, popping open a soda. "Tracy on the other hand has some pretty wicked ideas about what you might need lube for."

Trevor chimed in, "You've got a dirty girl on your hands there Pete. I'd watch out if I were you."

"Where's Charlie?" Rich tried to

avoid going any further into that uncomfortable conversation.

“He took a rod out to the water after we unloaded the car, after a day shopping with Tracy he needed a little alone time.” Pete was back to making more sandwiches. “Think I should make her take one of these out to him as a peace offering?”

Grabbing a paper plate, he took four sandwiches and two drinks and headed out of the kitchen, “You’re on your own with that one.”

He made his way back up to his room without glancing at Tracy even though he could feel her watching him as he walked by. Setting the food and

drinks on the bedside table he eased onto the bed, brushing away the soft hair that had fallen across her face. She stretched and opened her eyes, smiling up at him. "Hey," he murmured before leaning down to place a light kiss on her cheek, "are you hungry?"

"Hell yes, I'm starving. What time is it?" She pushed herself up, glancing around until she found the clock. "Sorry," looking down and seeming to realize she was still naked she pulled the covers up around her, "I didn't mean to sleep so long."

He patted her legs over the blanket, "No big deal. It's not like we

had anything to do.” He opened the soda and handed her the can, “At least not anything we can’t do later tonight.”

She blushed but didn’t look away, accepting the drink, “Thanks. What did you bring me?” She eyed the sandwich.

“I think its turkey but I’m not sure. The guys are downstairs making a huge stack of these if you want more.” He gave her the plate, picking up one of the sandwiches and taking a big bite.

She dove in as well, filling her mouth before taking another drink. She swallowed and then paused, her

eyes going wide, “My panties are still downstairs.”

Smiling, he shook his head, “Pete put our stuff in the hamper and put away the lube. I guess Tracy thinks we did some freaky shit.”

She covered her face with her hands, “How embarrassing. I’m sorry.”

Tugging at her wrists, he pulled her hands away, “Don’t feel bad, it’s okay. I’m sure Tracy and Pete are getting it on while we’re here.”

She seemed to consider that for a moment before she shrugged and began eating again, “I guess you’re right.”

After finishing their food, he

dumped their stuff into the trash and settled onto the bed. “You want to watch a movie or something?”

“Sure, I’m up for anything as long as I don’t have to get dressed. You don’t care if we just hang out here do you?”

“I’d never complain about having a beautiful naked woman in my bed.” He got up, searching for his laptop to hook up to the television. After setting everything up he handed her the wireless mouse and an old magazine that was lying around for her to use as a mouse pad so she could find a movie online.

Angie was an Amazon addict from

what he could tell. She logged into her account and went to her video library, scrolling through several pages.

“Anything look good to you?”

“You look good to me.” He laughed, stretching out on the bed, “We could always make our own movie.”

She rolled her eyes, “I don’t think so buddy. In twenty years I don’t want to have to deal with some sex tape ruining whatever career I have.”

She had a good point and he was just teasing anyway. He was glad she was so easygoing. After a few more minutes she finally chose True Romance, commenting that she really

liked when Patricia Arquette kills James Gandolfini after he beats the shit out of her. Having no idea what she was talking about but impressed by her enthusiasm he arranged himself behind her and held her close as they watched. About halfway through the movie he kept watch as she ran down the hall to the bathroom naked. He knew he'd never see anything cuter than her tight little body rushing into his room, her arms and hands trying to cover her private bits.

Rich actually enjoyed the movie. He enjoyed having his girl in his arms more though and as the end credits

rolled he brushed away her hair, placing light kisses down her shoulder. "Are you ready for round two?"

"What did you have in mind?" She twisted her face to meet his, eyeing his lips.

After taking his time kissing her he pulled away, locking his eyes with hers, "I want to taste you. You've never come on a man's tongue?"

"No." She whispered, her eyes drifting to his lips again. "Shouldn't I do something to you this time?"

His cock liked that idea, hardening further until he was sure she could feel him pressing into her back. "I take pleasure in giving you pleasure. I sort

of proved that earlier.” He was going to do his best to keep better control of himself this time.

She lifted away from his body, letting the sheets fall. “I want you to fuck me.”

“I will Angel, but I want you ready for me first.” He needed his mouth on her, all over her.

“Don’t bite my clit.” She ordered with a smile, easing herself onto her back on the bed, “And I want you naked, strip for me.”

“So demanding, I like it.” He stripped himself of his shirt and pushed his jeans down his legs. He hadn’t bothered putting on

underwear and she took notice, raising her brows.

“Going commando there Dick?” She teased, opening her thighs as he lowered himself over her.

He ignored her teasing, linking their hands and raising her arms above her head, holding her down as he placed kisses on her forehead, her nose, anywhere other than her mouth.

“You’re mean. Kiss me.” She puckered her lips, trying to reach his mouth with hers.

Finally he gave in, kissing the corners of her mouth before running his tongue along her bottom lip,

“Think about what my mouth is going to feel like *here*.” He flexed his hips, his dick slipping into her soft folds. “I want to make you scream again.” He covered her response with his mouth, his tongue meeting hers. He kissed her until they were both panting, pulling back enough to look into those pretty green eyes.

“They’ll hear me if I scream again, maybe you should give me something to fill my mouth with.” She looked down their bodies pointedly.

“Are you asking to sixty-nine?” His shaft pulsed at the thought of her mouth on him but he controlled his desire, making his way to her neck.

“Yes.” Her eyes flared with her challenge. She lifted her lower body, bringing him dangerously close to her entrance.

A shudder rolled through him and he ground his teeth as he fought the urge to thrust inside of her, “Careful.”

“What if I don’t want to be careful?” She wiggled again, taking the tip of his length inside.

Letting go of her hands he gripped her hips, stilling her movements.

“You’re going to pay for that.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

She was about to find out.

Chapter Seven

Slipping down her body quickly, he forced her legs further apart. The gleam in her eyes showed him what he needed to know. The time for gentleness and romance would come later. Right now he needed to blow her mind. While he locked his eyes with hers he stroked his tongue up the entire length of her slit without hesitation, gripping her thighs tighter when she tried to pull away. Moving down and thrusting his tongue inside,

he fucked her with his mouth with such enthusiasm he wasn't sure he was going to be able to speak when he was done.

She responded beautifully, opening wider and grasping his head in her hands, pushing him harder against her as she humped his face. Moaning against her flesh, he released her legs and used his hands to open her wider, lifting the hood that covered her tiny pleasure center before flicking it with his tongue. Latching on, he sucked her clit forcefully until she squealed and pressed her feet against his shoulders, trying to push him away.

“Too much, I can’t take it.” She panted, digging her fingernails into his scalp.

Smiling against her skin, he flattened his tongue against the hardened button and applied steady pressure as he moved slowly. Her hips joined the game again, moving her against his mouth as mewling noises left her lips. The sounds caused the skin of his cock to tighten to the point of pain and he couldn’t resist pressing his hard-on into the bed as he worked her. Slipping a finger inside, he quickened his motions by a fraction, creating a steady rhythm with his mouth and hand. Her juices filled his

mouth and he swallowed with a groan before adding another digit to the mix.

“That’s right Angel, get me all wet, come on my face.” He ordered breathlessly before curling his fingers up inside of her and closing his lips around her overly sensitive clit once again. He was out-right humping the bed at this point, slipping much too close to the edge of control.

“Fuck! Please, don’t stop.” She moaned as her body jerked and her legs slammed closed around his head, pressing her pussy hard on his face.

Liquid heat ran down his chin as her hips jerked, her entire body going

completely tense as her inner walls contracted around his fingers. Shooting a gaze up her body he realized she was biting down on the pillow in an effort to remain quiet, her eyes squeezed tightly shut. The sight almost did him in and he froze, stilling his own movements on the bed before he made a huge mess.

When her body fell slack he slipped his fingers from her slowly, raising up on the bed and licking his lips as he palmed his flesh with unhurried movements, “You taste so fucking good.”

Her gaze was fixed on his hand, “That’s the hottest thing I’ve ever

seen. Keep doing that.”

Squeezing the base of his cock in an effort to restrain himself from shooting all over her, he brought his other hand into the mix, spreading the wetness that leaked from his tip over the swollen head, “You like to watch Angel?”

She nodded, still fixated on his hand, slipping hers to her breasts and squeezing both nipples. “If I didn’t want you inside of me so badly I’d ask you to finish for me.”

He quickened his movements, cupping his balls as he stroked from base to tip, “If I don’t come now I won’t last thirty seconds inside you.”

Fucking into his fist, he let out a pained moan before forcing out, "Don't worry, I'll get hard again."

To his surprise she shifted quickly, sitting on her knees before angling back slightly as she pressed her breasts together in invitation, her eyes still on his slick shaft.

His orgasm hit hard and he had to force his eyes to remain open as he shot ropes of come onto her chest, his body jerking with renewed waves of pleasure when some landed on her pretty pink nipple. "Yes, god yes." He moaned, still milking his length.

When it was finally done he let out a low laugh at her expression as

she observed the mess he'd made, "With you it's like I'm fifteen again, I can't control myself." Leaning down to kiss her softly he had to ask, "What made you do that?"

"Let you come on my tits? I've seen it in porn, figured it was worth a try." She kissed him again before pulling back and gazing at his mouth, "I can taste me on you."

"You like the way you taste? I know I do." He stood, grabbing his discarded t-shirt and cleaning her chest as she considered her response.

"Weirdly enough, it's kind of sexy." She giggled, "That felt more amazing than I'd ever imagined it

could. If I could have fucking purred I would have.”

He smiled as his chest filled with pride at pleasing his woman, “I’ll be doing that as often as you let me.”

“Careful, you’re going to create a monster.” She slid off the bed and walked over to him, “You’re turning me into a sex-crazed maniac.”

“Words every man wants to hear.” Pulling her in for a hug, he kissed the top of her head. “Will you let me watch you play with yourself now?”

She pinched his side, “Maybe, but only after you fuck me properly.”

“Baby, there’s nothing proper about what I’m going to do to you.”

He felt her shake with laughter against his chest.

“I really have to pee.” She jerked the top sheet off the bed and wrapped it around her, “I’m not taking any chances this time. It’s already weird that they probably know exactly what we’ve been up here doing.” Hurrying off, she shot him a sweet smile before ducking out into the hall.

When she returned he took his turn in the bathroom, chuckling at his disheveled appearance in the mirror. They definitely both had that just-fucked look. Heading back into the bedroom he found her sprawled out

on the sheets, twirling a lock of hair around her finger. Leaning against the door frame he just stared, hoping to memorize everything about this moment.

“So, didn’t you promise me an improper fucking?” She eyed his groin, “Doesn’t seem like you’re up to the challenge after all.”

He shook his head at her teasing, “I’m up for it. I just need a few more minutes.” He slid onto the bed beside her, “We’re going to have to wash these sheets.”

“Not until we’re done getting them dirty.” She rolled to her side, placing her hand on his chest. “Can I

play with you now?”

His cock began to harden at her words, “What did you have in mind?”

“I’ve never really – there’s never been anyone I’ve wanted to,” she paused, seeming to consider her words, “I want to explore you.”

“I’m yours, but please, be gentle.” He laughed, relaxing into the sheets. “Have your way with me.”

Smiling, she trailed her hand down his chest, caressing his abdomen with her small palm, “You’ve got a great body.” She whispered, moving her hand back up and flicking his nipple, “Are guy’s nipples sensitive too?”

“Mine are, but I can’t speak for other guys.” He sucked in a breath as she pinched hard, “Told you I was up for the challenge.”

Her eyes drifted to his growing bulge, resting against his stomach as it lengthened. She leaned down and licked his left nipple while she toyed with the right, grinning when his cock jumped. Her cool fingers moved lower until she grasped him in her hand, giving him a few slow pumps. “Penises are so weird. They’re so hard, yet soft, at the same time.” She murmured, her eyes widening when fluid leaked from the tip. Using her thumb she smeared the moisture over the head with

excruciatingly slow movements, eliciting a low moan. “This is what you used earlier, so slippery.” Her voice was filled with wonder as she stroked him.

“That feels unbelievable.” He grasped the sheets in his fists, trying to resist reaching for her. This was her time to take her fill, she’d certainly given him all of her and he would do the same.

Slipping her hand to the sensitive globes beneath, she palmed them carefully, “I’ve never touched a guy’s balls before.”

There seemed to be a lot of things she’d never experienced before, and

though he didn't care what she'd done in her past, the fact that he was the first guy she'd really taken her time with pleased him immensely.

Moving her hand back up to his shaft, she stroked him harder now, smilingly when more moisture seeped from the tip. She released him and dipped her finger into the liquid before seeking out his gaze and slipping her finger into her mouth.

He almost came right then, watching her as she considered his taste, "That's one of the hottest thing I've ever seen." He repeated a variation of her earlier words as she'd watched him work himself. "Do you

like how I taste?”

She nodded, licking her lips before lowering her head and running the tip of her tongue over his slit. “I never thought I’d want to do this as bad as I do right now.” She murmured, looking up at him with a question in her eyes.

Letting out a long breath, he gripped the sheets tighter, “I’m all yours. Anything you want.”

Her brows furrowed for a moment and her cheeks reddened, “I might not be any good at this.”

“I’ll show you what I like. Suck me.” He demanded as he lost the tight reign of control he’d been trying so hard to maintain. He wanted, needed,

her mouth on him.

She moved, slipping between his thighs and grasping him in her hand, “Promise to tell me if I do anything wrong?”

“You won’t.” He breathed, arching into her hand. “I need it, please.”

A look of determination crossed her features and he almost laughed at the serious look of concentration on her face. As she lowered her head he tensed, all humor gone. She ran her tongue up the entire underside of his length, twirling it around the tip before licking her way back down, moistening his entire shaft before taking the swollen head into her

mouth, sucking gently. The warm, wet heat made his toes curl, and he used the last bit of control he had to remain still instead of surging into her hot mouth in one long thrust.

Working him with her hand she adjusted her angle, taking him inside until her lips met her fist, her tongue flat against him as she opened wider to accommodate his size. When she finally began to move, he could no longer remain passive, lifting his hips to meet her mouth with each downward thrust. Releasing the sheets, he snaked his fingers into her hair, guiding her movements. She moaned around him and his balls

tightened against his body. Fucking up into her mouth, he gripped her hair tighter, incoherent moans and curses coming from his lips.

She pumped him harder with her hand before surging down, trying to take more of him. He felt her gag and released her hair as his body stilled, waiting for her to recover. "Only take as much as you can baby. You're making me feel so fucking good."

Her lips wrapped around the head and she sucked hard before releasing him with a loud pop, "I like you pulling my hair." She gasped before taking him back in her mouth, bobbing her head with renewed vigor.

“Oh yeah, that’s it Angel.” Tugging at her hair, he guided her up and down, fucking her face while still being careful not to choke her. Knowing he wouldn’t last much longer if she continued, he panted his order, “Stop before I come.”

“What if I want you to come?” She mumbled before redoubling her efforts, cupping his balls in one hand while she stroked him expertly with the other, taking him deeper than she had before.

“Need to fuck you. Want to be inside.” He ground out as he pulled her off his straining length. Flipping her onto her back, he kissed her

swollen lips before leaning forward and reaching into his bedside drawer, grabbing a condom. He stilled, realizing this was always where things had gone wrong before. He couldn't fuck up this time. "Are you ready for me?"

Slipping her hand between her legs, she gasped, "Yeah, I'd say so."

Tugging her hand away he observed her glistening lips. She was completely drenched, her inner thighs wet with her arousal, "Fuck baby, you're soaked." He ached to sink inside her warmth, to feel her around him.

"That's from me sucking you Rich,

look at how turned on it made me.” Even Angie sounded surprised at the revelation.

He groaned and lowered himself onto her, “You’re made for me. You know that right?”

“Condom, now, I’ve waited long enough.” She opened her thighs wider, “Please.”

After he was ready, he rubbed his rigid length against her slit, using her wetness to lube himself up. Shifting to get the right angle, he placed himself against her entrance, “Watch me, watch us.” He motioned for her to sit up, pulling the pillow behind her as she braced herself on her elbows.

Inching inside, he took his time, barely slipping in before withdrawing, going further on his next slow thrust. He couldn't take his eyes away from their joined bodies, "Feels so good." He slid home with no resistance this time, just slick heat. Despite his bodies urging he paused to let her body adjust to the invasion. She flexed around him, gripping him tighter and he bucked, unable to hold back.

With steady deep thrusts he took her, his fantasy coming to life, only better. Using his thumb, he rubbed slow circles on her clit in rhythm with his movements, delighted at her gasps each time he bottomed out inside her

tight sheath. Her eyes began to close, her mouth parted invitingly. "Stay with me Angel, right here with me. Open your eyes." He smiled as her lids lifted, "That's right, keep them open. Watch me claim you."

Increasing the intensity of his thrusts and the movement of his thumb, he slammed into her forcefully, keeping a slow pace. "I've dreamed of this." He murmured, pulling all the way out before sliding balls-deep inside her. "I don't ever want to stop." Moving faster now, enjoying the sounds of their bodies as they met time and again, he watched her face, gauging her arousal level.

When she bit her lip and began to moan he stopped, slipping almost all the way out. He could feel her inner walls grip him, trying to prevent his withdrawal.

“What the hell Rich? Don’t stop.” She let out a pained moan, her hips lifting, seeking more contact.

“It’s all right. Trust me baby. It’ll be worth the wait, I promise.” He moved again, sinking deeper inside of her, faster now. She moved with him, meeting him thrust for thrust, murmuring her pleas for more. Again, and then once more, he brought her to the brink of her climax before stilling his movements.

“I need it. I need you Rich. Please, please fuck me.” Her breathing was erratic now, a thin sheen of sweat covering her entire body. Lifting her hips she begged him, “Make me come.”

Gritting his teeth, he pummeled into her relentlessly, not letting up this time. Moving a hand to her breast, he tweaked her nipple as he applied firm pressure to her clit, “Come on my dick. Right now Angie, do it now.”

A strangled cry escaped her lips as she rocked against him, her pussy pulsing around his cock. He smothered the sound with his mouth,

thrusting his tongue against hers in time with his movements. As the contractions subsided he let himself go, burying himself deep inside as he rutted against her, grunting his pleasure as he exploded, filling the condom.

It took him several minutes to catch his breath, but finally he slipped out of her and disposed of the rubber in the waste basket, pulling her close as he eased back onto the bed. "That was perfect." He kissed her damp hair, sweaty from the exertion.

"Perfect." She agreed, sliding her thigh over his, "Sleep now?"

He chuckled, "Yeah, sleep now

Angel.”

Chapter Eight

Rich woke up with Angie still curled around him. He took his time observing every detail of her face, her hair sprawled out on the pillow, her lips parted as she inhaled and exhaled steadily. Unlike the few times he'd previously woken up panicked after crashing at a girls place, he was completely calm. He wanted her right here, right next to him always.

Her stomach growled and he shifted, smiling as he stroked the side

of her face. Her eyes peeked open and for a moment she seemed disoriented, then she returned his smile and stretched, covering her mouth as she yawned, "Sorry, morning breath. Is it morning?" She asked as she placed her head on his chest.

"It's a little after nine. I think I've slept more in two days than I did all semester." Stroking the soft curve of her shoulder he let out a contented sigh, "Want to go see what we can scrounge up for breakfast?"

Running her fingers through her hair she winced as her fingers tangled in the mess, "I really need a shower."

“If I promise to help you get clean and not dirty, can I join you?” He’d never get enough of her body, even now his cock lengthened at the thought of soaping her up, but he also knew she was probably a little sore and he wanted to make sure she knew this was about more than sex.

She considered his request for a moment before narrowing her eyes at him, “No funny business mister, I can’t come downstairs walking all funny.” She sat up, rubbing her eyes. “I need to go grab some stuff out of my room.”

He shifted off the bed and grabbed a shirt out of his bag, tossing

it to her, "Okay." He was tempted to ask her to bring her things to his room but he thought better of it.

Walking to the bathroom he gave her a pat on the ass as she hurried past him to her room. He emptied his bladder quickly before brushing his teeth then adjusted the water and stepped in. She joined him moments later and they made quick work of it, each soaping up the other before taking turns under the spray. He gave her some privacy after she ran her hands over her calves and wrinkled her nose, saying she needed to shave.

He dressed quickly in his room, checking his phone for any messages.

His mom had sent him a text, asking if everything was going okay. He shot a quick reply back to her, still amazed that the woman was texting. Angie entered the room fully dressed, her hair still wet. He much preferred her naked, but she looked adorable, her skin still pink from the heat of the shower.

“So hungry, need food.” She mumbled, stepping closer to him, “I think I’m going to see if Tracy wants to work out with me today. She mentioned wanting to keep up on her routine.”

“You work out?” He wrapped his arms around her, inhaling her scent.

She pinched his back, "Of course. The way I eat? If I didn't exercise I'd be three hundred pounds."

He laughed at that, "I thought you were just one of those lucky girls that had a fast metabolism."

She let out a little growl, "I hate those girls. Not fair!"

They made their way down the stairs, surprised to find everyone already in the kitchen. Pete was removing some eggs and bacon from the fridge and he gave Rich a quick smile, "Morning."

"You're already done? Damn, I bet ten bucks we wouldn't see you for another few days." Tracy let out a

loud laugh, “When Pete and I first hooked up we didn’t leave my apartment for a week.”

Angie blushed but didn’t seem too bothered by the comment. “Need some help?” She squeezed his hand before releasing him to make a beeline for the coffee pot.

“I got it, thanks.” He turned to Rich, “Mom text you?”

He chuckled, “Yeah, crazy right? The woman hates technology.”

Angie took a seat next to Tracy at the small table, “Want to teach me your routine today?”

Tracy squealed, “Yes, I try to make it fun. I actually hate working out,

that's why I decided to try for the aerobics instructor position when there was an opening at the gym. I get paid to do something I'd have to do anyway. We're going to need it from the looks of it. Pete's trying to give us a heart attack." She motioned to the four packages of bacon sitting on the counter.

"One package is for me, you can all fight over the rest of it. I told you Tracy, I'm taking a week off from the diet you prepared for me. I plan to stock up." Pete rubbed his stomach as he spoke, "So it's going to be pretty warm today, you want to try the jet skis?"

“Hell yeah,” Rich accepted the coffee Angie offered him, mouthing thank you. “Hey, since you guys helped out around here with the cleaning and the computer stuff, why don’t you take the first shot at it?” He offered to Trevor and Charlie. He’d been thinking of a way to show he appreciated what they’d done. He certainly hadn’t wanted to clean up or deal with hooking up the router.

“Sweet, I want the red one.” Charlie perked up, downing the rest of his Red Bull.

Trevor gave Rich a nod and grinned, “Sounds good to me. Thanks man.”

Pete turned out to be pretty handy at the stove, eating as he cooked and still making a plate after he'd served everyone else. As promised, he downed about fourteen slices of bacon, eyeing Tracy with every bite.

"The eggs were damn good brother, how did you make them so fluffy?" Rich mumbled around a mouthful.

"Fuck if I know, I just add a little cream and beat the hell out of them." Downing his orange juice, he tipped his head at Tracy. "Do you want to come with us?"

"We'll find you later." She finished

her eggs and stood, cleaning her plate at the sink, "Rich is right, those were really good."

Pete grabbed some bacon from the pan and waved it in her face, "Are you sure you don't want some? It's so good. You'll love it."

Letting out a little yelp she backed up, laughing, "Keep that away from me. I'm getting heart disease just looking at it."

Angie plucked the bacon from his fingers, "I'll take it." She shoved it in her mouth and moaned. "You're a stronger woman than I Tracy."

"C'mon, I'll help you work it off." Tracy grabbed Angie's hand, pulling

her into the front room, “Will you move the couch please?”

After helping Pete move the couch, he gave Angie a quick kiss, raising his eyebrows in question. He didn't want her to feel like he was abandoning her, especially after last night. She gave him a quick nod, assuring him she was good. He kissed her again, “Call if you need anything.” He ran upstairs and changed into some swim trunks before heading out.

After getting the jet skis to the water Charlie and Trevor familiarized themselves a bit before speeding off, complaining that the water was still

freezing. Rich flopped back in the lounge chair next to Pete. "It's cool I let them go first right?"

He gave a nod, "Yeah that was cool of you."

"So what have you been up to? It's been too damn long since we actually just hung out." Rich slipped off his shoes, getting comfortable.

Pete gave a little laugh, shrugging his shoulders, "We haven't hung out since we were kids. I've just been going to school, working out like crazy. What about you?"

"Same man, I've been working at a machine shop. It's pretty cool, it doesn't pay much since I'm not an

operator, but it gives me some extra cash without having to ask mom and dad.” He’d been shooting hoops at the gym with a group of guys for a few weeks when Troy asked him if he wanted a job. He hadn’t even had to fill out an application.

“That’s good, sometimes I feel bad about taking their money, but then I say fuck it. I deserve it.”

Rich raised his brows, surprised at his brother’s change in tone, “Not saying you don’t, but what do you mean?”

Pete let out an angry little huff, “They never did shit with us as kids. Even when we were here, mom would

just sit around and read, and dad would putt around in the garage, acting like he was fixing up his boat. The old man was probably just jerking off.”

Rich hadn't realized their parent's standoffish demeanors had affected Pete so much. If he was being honest with himself, it had gotten to him too. “They're trying now though right? Dad let you pick your major without giving you too much shit didn't he?”

“Mom's trying. Dad's trying with her, I guess.” He ran a hand through his thick blond hair, “He didn't *let* me doing anything. I told him what I was going to do and that if he didn't

support it I'd find my own way. I meant it to."

Rich was silent for a while, observing Pete closely, "I'm sure you would have. It's good you stood up for what you wanted. I'm proud of you."

His brothers piercing blue eyes met his, "You realize that's the first time you've ever said that?"

It didn't take much consideration to know his brother was right, "I'm sorry about that."

"Are you? Don't get me wrong, I'm glad we're getting this chance to hang out. But you were always a dick to me man, just because you didn't

understand me.”

Rich leaned forward, “Don’t say always. When we were kids we were close.” He clenched his fists, “You’re right though, I didn’t understand you. You were so damn quiet, and I sort of felt like *you* looked down on *me*. You’ve always been so fucking smart.”

“You really like Angie don’t you?” Pete broke their stare as he stood, picking up a rock and throwing it into the lake.

“Yeah, more than I’ve ever liked any girl before.” It was true. There was no reason to pretend otherwise.

“I can tell. You want to know how?” He didn’t wait for an answer,

“You haven’t pulled one of your spit or swallow jokes on her, you don’t talk about what you guys were doing up in that room all day and night yesterday, and you actually blushed when you realized we knew you’d gotten freaky with her in the front room.”

Rich sighed, “Was I really that bad with the other girls?”

“Yeah, you were. It was really hard to watch. The way they just kept going after you, it made me hate women for a while.” Pete sat back down, “I get it now. I mean, if I’d had girls throwing themselves at me all through school I probably would have

been a pompous ass too, but I'm just now experiencing the things you did when you were only fifteen."

"You're certainly handling it a lot better than I did. Don't you think it was weird for me too? I didn't get it then, and I don't get it now. The fact that Angie's even giving me the time of day is a miracle." As he spoke the words, he knew they were true. He was the luckiest bastard on earth.

"Do you ever wonder why you went through women like I went through socks?"

Rich blanched, unsure how to answer that one.

"You were seeking female

attention. Mom never hugged us, ever. Not even after I almost died right here in this lake. She tapped the top of my hand and told me to be more careful.”

Pete had obviously given this a lot of thought. “You’re really pissed at her aren’t you?”

“Sometimes, I don’t know anymore. Tracy’s helped a lot. Even that was hard. I’d only been with a couple other girls before her. I had no idea how to act around a woman. I’d never seen dad do anything special for mom. I had to read fucking relationship books for god’s sakes.” He finally laughed, standing again.

“Look, I’m sorry for unloading on you like this, but we haven’t really talked in years.”

“I can’t take back anything I did, or didn’t do, but we can try to make the best of this trip. I’d like it if we hung out more. Maybe got together for holidays or something.” Rich felt like total shit, but he’d learned from this short time with Angie that if something really mattered, it was worth pursuing.

Pete gave a quick nod out to the water, “Sounds good to me. Looks like they’re coming in, you ready to race?”

“You’re on.”

For the next four weeks Rich's days were filled with hanging out with his brother, and sometimes Angie when she wasn't with Tracy or reading on the porch. The girls had taken up the weekly shopping visits, always in good spirits when they returned. His nights were spent with his girl, discovering every inch of her body and trying to get into her complicated mind. He couldn't see the future, but he was pretty sure life simply couldn't get any better than this. After Pete had gotten some of his resentment off his chest they'd gotten along better than Rich could have ever imaged. They still didn't have a ton of stuff in

common but they both enjoyed going on hikes, riding the hell out of their jet skis, and fishing at least a couple times a week.

He'd watched Angie relax more and more each day and she assured him every night that she actually liked his brother's girl. She didn't go too much into it, but she explained that she never really had girlfriends and it was sort of nice for a change. Turns out they both liked some of the same television shows and had several marathon TV sessions while he and the others were out enjoying the summer.

The Sunday before they had to

head back to school he woke up alone, curious as to where Angie was. She almost always slept later than him. After dressing quickly and heading downstairs, he made his way into the kitchen. What he found caused his dick to harden instantly and he let out a gasp of surprise.

Angie was in an apron and nothing else, icing a huge chocolate cake. She jumped when she heard the sound, turning quickly. "No! You're not supposed to be up yet."

She had chocolate on her face, and her angry expression just about did him in. It was at that moment that he realized he was in love with her.

Holy shit, he was in love with Angie.

She pointed the knife at him, “I told Pete I should have drugged your ass. Go in the front room, you didn’t see any of this, got it?”

“Where are your clothes?” He whispered, still shocked.

She waved the knife, “I’ll explain later. Don’t worry, everybody is gone. Go!”

Stumbling into the front room he flopped on the couch, wondering when he’d become such a pushover. Placing his head in his hands, he let out a low groan. His cock was still stiff, but he couldn’t even concentrate on

that. His mind was still reeling as he attempted to comprehend what his feelings meant. This time with her had been better than he'd ever imagined but neither of them had broached the topic of what would happen once they left this place. He'd thought about it hundreds of times, but the fact was he frightened about what she'd say, especially after their conversation on the way here.

Realizing he was starting to hyperventilate he focused on a crack in the floor, trying to remain calm. Was Pete right? Had their parents fucked him up to the point where he couldn't have a normal relationship?

Sure, he'd talked to his mom several times since they'd been here, making sure she knew they were all having a good time, being safe. He'd even talked to his dad, who like his mom seemed much more light-hearted than he remembered. What he didn't understand was why it took almost twenty years of marriage for them to get to this happy place. Was he dooming Angie to the same fate if he told her how much he cared for her? He knew that loving her shouldn't be a surprise. He knew he'd started to have a crush on her, lusted after her, but he'd always figured love would be something that grew with time, a lot

more time than the weeks they'd had here together.

He jumped when he felt a hand on his back, twisting around to see Angie watching him. Her face was clean and her eyes searched his face as she frowned.

“Are you okay babe?” She murmured as she walked around him and sat close to his side.

It was the first time she'd used the term, and his heart constricted hearing it come from her mouth. “Yeah, I'm good. Want to tell me what's happening?”

She gave him a small smile before leaning into him, “I wanted to thank

you.”

“What do you have to thank me for?”

Her mouth dropped open, “Are you serious?”

“Yeah, what did I do?”

“Well, to start with, you invited me to come with you.” She pushed him back on the couch, “Then, you showed me things I only thought existed in the silly books I read.” Slipping onto his lap, she reached behind her and untied the apron, letting it drop. “I have friends. I have a hot guy in my bed every night. Rich, I have more than I’ve ever had before.”

He swallowed the lump in his

throat, his eyes drifting to her breasts, right in his face. "I'm the lucky one. You know that right? I should be thanking you."

She laughed softly, "You can thank me later. It's my turn." Kissing his jaw, then working her way up to his ear she whispered, "You're so sweet to me. Now I'm going to be sweet for you."

She reached over him, pressing her tits right into his face before leaning back with a shy smile. Producing the container of frosting that she must have placed on the table behind him, she dipped her finger inside, scooping up a large glob

and rubbing the creamy confection onto first her right nipple, then her left. Sucking the remaining chocolate off her finger while staring into his eyes she lifted up, bringing her breasts to his mouth. "Lick me." She ordered, gripping his shoulders.

His eyes snapped up to her face at her commanding tone. She didn't have to tell him twice. This he knew how to do. Pushing his panic aside he lapped at her until she was clean, pressing his cock against her through his jeans, delighted with her little gasps as the rough material rasped against her sensitive skin.

She slid off his lap, working his

button and zipper with practiced skill, motioning for him to lift up so she could pull them off. Reaching into her apron she pulled out a small foil package and ripped it open carefully. He raised his brows, wondering what she was doing as she squeezed the contents on her chest, rubbing it in between her breasts as she looked up at him, "You're going to be right here," emptying the remaining liquid into her palm and grasping him, she stroked him forcefully, "right between my tits."

He felt warmth spread up to the tip of his cock and gasped as he realized it was the lube that was

causing the extra heat, “What is that?”

“It’s some stuff Tracy and I found last time we went shopping. Is your dick getting hot?” She smiled up at him, expectant.

“Where the hell did you go shopping?” He gasped as she took her other hand and ran her palm over the head of his shaft as she stroked the base.

“We were killing time and decided to go to a sex shop, there was some pretty crazy stuff in there. This stuff is banana flavored.” She dipped her head, licking his tip, “They had nipple clamps. I was tempted, but they

looked pretty scary.”

His cock pulsed in her hands, his brain filling with images of her tied to his bed at his mercy, “Fuck, we’ll have to get some of those.” Despite having spent countless nights exploring each other there was still so much they’d never touched on.

She released his straining length, leaning forward and pressing her breasts together around his shaft. Raising and lowering herself slowly, she gazed up at his face, “I’ve never done this before.”

“That feels and looks amazing.” He moaned, lifting his hips and thrusting against her.

Pushing her breasts together tighter, she began working him expertly, now watching as his dick peeked out at the top as it slid between the firm globes. As she slid down again, she flicked her tongue over the tip, pausing to wet him further before quickening her movements. She seemed to figure out a rhythm, taking him into her mouth and releasing him with every movement.

Time slowed, his mind focused only on the next second, knowing the warmth that surrounded him would get hotter every time she slid down and enveloped as much as she could

in her mouth. Nothing else existed as he anticipated each movement.

Releasing him from her breasts, she gripped his base and wrapped her lips around him, taking him deeper than she ever had before. He could hear her breathing through her nose steadily as she worked him with her mouth with quick movements. Each time she surged down he went further into her throat, and he held his breath as he waited to see how far she planned to go. Not daring to move, he threw his head back and reveled in the sensation of the wet heat surrounding him.

She released him with a loud pop,

“Stand up.”

As he followed her order he wondered what she had in mind now, “What do you want baby?”

That look of determination was on her face again as ran her hands up his thighs, “Fuck my mouth.”

He almost lost it as he heard the words leave her lips, gritting his teeth and clenching every muscle in his body as he took a long moment to gain control. “Are you sure?”

She nodded, looking up at him from her position on the floor, “Don’t be gentle about it either. I want you to come.”

The breath left his lungs and he

stepped forward, threading his fingers in her hair. His eyes never leaving hers he slipped inside of her waiting mouth, letting her moisten him with her tongue. "You can stop at any time." As much as he wanted, needed, this he didn't want to ever do anything to hurt her.

She let out a moan around him, the vibrations causing his fingers to tighten in her hair. He started slowly, gliding further each time he thrust his hips forward. Tugging gently at her scalp he slipped to the back of her mouth, his cock entering her throat. He held her there, absorbing the sensation, gauging her reaction. When

she didn't pull away he pulled back, surging forward again with more force this time. He felt her throat working as she fought the automatic gag reflex. Her hands gripped the backs of his thighs, pulling him forward, letting him know she was okay.

Letting go, he fucked her face, holding her head in place as he pumped into her mouth with abandon, gasping as his balls tightened and the skin of his dick tightened further. He never wanted it to end, but there was no controlling the release that began with a shudder throughout his entire body. "Gonna come, can't stop."

Moaning again, she dug her nails into the sensitive skin of his thighs, pressing her tongue to the underside of his cock as he unloaded, the sensation causing him to let out a string of incoherent curses and groans as he emptied himself onto her tongue. He could feel her mouth working around him as she swallowed, causing another wave of pleasure.

As he withdrew, she wiped her mouth, gasping for breath. She shot him a shy smile and he leaned over, kissing her deeply. She breathed into his mouth, smiling against his lips. Falling back onto the couch he closed

his eyes, "There are no words." He mumbled, still recovering. "Bring that pussy up here baby, ride my face."

"Nope, I didn't get up at seven in the morning to bake you a cake for nothing." She stood, grabbing the apron. "This was all about you this time. I'm going to go wash this stuff off." She motioned to her chest, "I want a huge piece of that cake ready for me when I return."

He laughed as she hurried out of the room. He was definitely in love with that girl.

Chapter Nine

After cleaning up at the sink he dressed and cut two massive slices of cake, plating them and placing them on the table before pouring two cups of coffee. The panic from his realization of his feelings for her had faded and now all he could think about was how he was going to tell her. He knew they were young and they'd yet to discuss in any detail what her issue with commitment was all about, but there was no way he

could let this trip end without expressing how much she meant to him.

He watched her as she entered the kitchen, wearing a peach colored sundress, her hair pulled up on the top of her head. "So where did everyone go?"

"Who knows? I just told them to give us a little time this morning. They'll probably be back soon." She flopped down in her chair, grabbing her fork and digging in.

Other than her little sighs and moans of pleasure they ate in silence. He couldn't help but picture what it would be like to be with her like this,

always.

“This is one of the few good parts about being a grown-up.” She pointed her fork at the cake. “We can eat whatever we want for breakfast.” She shot him a smile before taking another bite.

He nodded his agreement, finishing his coffee. His body tensed as the words formed on his tongue and he reached out and brushed the backs of his fingers against her cheek, knowing the feel of her would calm him. “We’ve had a lot of fun here right? You’re glad you came?”

“Hell yeah, this has been amazing. I’d thank you again, but I think I

showed how grateful I was a little while ago.” She blushed, “I really liked that by the way.”

Keeping his raging hormones in check he stared at her, “I want this to continue when we go back.”

Her eyes flew to his face, her tongue snaking out to lick some chocolate off her lip, “Like fuck-buddies?”

He frowned, “No, not like that. I don’t want to be friends with benefits. I want us to be like we are now, together.”

She set her fork down on the table, grabbing her plate and then his, “Are you done?” She hurried to the

sink, rinsing the dishes.

“Angie, don’t shut down on me now. What do you think about what I just said?” He could feel the tension in the air, it was almost suffocating.

“I don’t know what to say Rich. This has been fun, playing house. But that’s what it’s been you know? We’re just playing around.”

He stood, making his way over to her and turning off the water. “It’s more than that and you know it.”

She turned, “I can’t do this right now.”

Anger flared inside of him and he grabbed her arm to prevent her from running away, “You don’t want to talk

about this because it's too real right? This isn't just some sex game anymore. It's intimate." There was nothing but truth in his words, he knew and she knew it, even if she was too stubborn to admit it.

"I don't do well with intimacy." Her tone was clipped and she pulled her arm from his grasp.

"What we've done? Waking up together, hanging out doing nothing together? That's intimate and you've done just fine. Was it because you knew it was going to end? Just talk to me. I'll listen to anything you have to say."

"Look, I don't know what love is, I

don't know how to be more than someone's summer fling. I'm not going to take the risk of ruining what we have by fucking it up with my messed-up emotional baggage."

This was it, he had to tell her. "Angie, I care about you more than I've ever cared about anyone before. I'm ready for this."

She opened her mouth to reply, jumping when the front door slammed open.

Charlie rounded the corner obviously panicked, Trevor on his heels. "It's Tracy."

"What's wrong with her?" Rich didn't have time for this right now.

Whatever drama was going on would have to wait.

“We were up by the bridge and she jumped into the water, but when she came back up something was wrong, she couldn’t keep afloat and she went under. She’s not fucking breathing!”

“She’s not fucking breathing!” Trevor repeated. He was out of breath and white as a sheet.

“Where is she?” Angie hissed, already heading towards the front door.

“Pete’s got her, we ran ahead to get the car.” Charlie grabbed the keys off the hook, “We can make it to the

hospital quicker than the time it would take to call an ambulance right?"

"Charlie, call 911 right now."

Angie's tone was calm, "Which way are they coming from?"

He pulled out his phone, his hands shaking. "They're coming from the west."

Angie took off and Rich followed quickly behind. Within minutes they spotted Pete, Tracy draped over his arms completely limp. The look on his brother's face sent a chill down his spine and his gut tightened with fear.

"How long has she been like this Pete, how many minutes?" Angie

motioned to the ground, "Put her down, do it now."

"Maybe four or five minutes I don't know, I ran as fast as I could. I think her leg is broken. When I jumped in she was already unconscious." Pete's voice shook as he lay Tracy down on the grass, "What are you doing?"

Angie dropped to her knees at Tracy's side, lifting the girl's head before angling her chin up, "I know CPR." She placed her mouth against the blue lips, forcing air into Tracy's lungs. After a long minute she began chest compressions, counting softly to herself before lowering herself over

Tracy's limp body once more.

Pete's whole body was shaking with panic, "Did someone call 911?"

"Yeah, Charlie's on it. I'm sure they're on their way." Rich tried to reassure his brother, placing his hand on Pete's shoulder. "Angie obviously knows what she's doing. Try to calm down man."

"I can't! I can't Rich. Oh my god. We should have checked the water level before we considered jumping off that fucking bridge."

"That doesn't matter now, look at me." Rich gripped Pete's other shoulder, turning to him, "She'll be okay, and if not we'll deal with it."

We'll do it together, okay?"

Pete's frantic blue gaze met his, "Was this how it was with me? Did I look like that when you found me?"

"It was the scariest day of my life brother. You were fine, and she'll be fine." Rich kept his voice calm, watching out of the corner of his eye as Angie continued administering CPR. He felt completely helpless.

Angie was sweating, focused on the task at hand, counting as she pumped Tracy's chest with more force. She met his gaze, her eyes expressing her worry, "I'll keep going until they get here."

Minutes seemed like hours as

Angie continued to force air into Tracy's lungs. Pete slipped to the ground, crawling over to her limp form and taking her hand. "You're stronger than this. You need to breathe."

Tracy's body jerked, and she coughed, water spilling from her lips. Angie was on it, rolling the girl's form so she could empty the water from her mouth.

"That's it, get it out. Get it all out." Angie rubbed her arm, "Keep coughing. I know it hurts, but you have to get it up. C'mon, let it out."

As Tracy's body convulsed she vomited a large amount of water,

gasping for breath. When she could finally breathe she began to cry, grabbing at Pete with one hand while she gripped her stomach with the other. "My leg, I think it's broken. It hurts." She rasped.

"They're coming honey. We'll get you fixed up. Just keep breathing for me." Pete's body heaved as he let out a sigh, pushing her hair out of her face. "You scared the shit out of me."

Angie stood, wiping her brow and smoothing her palms on her dress. "I think I hear the sirens."

Unable to resist, Rich drew her into his arms, "You did so good. I'm so proud of you. Thank you."

“I’m just glad my dad forced me to take those damn classes every summer.” She trembled against him, “I wasn’t sure if it was going to work.” She whispered.

“It worked.” He held her tighter, rubbing her back.

The ambulance finally arrived, and they stepped back to give the crew some room to work. After getting Tracy on a gurney, they loaded her into the back of the vehicle, Pete climbing in with her.

“What a fucking morning right?” Angie laughed, her body shaking against his chest. Her laughter turned into sobs and she gripped his sides

with her hands. “I didn’t think it was going to work.”

“You were so calm. You ever thought about being an EMT?” He caressed her hair, trying to calm her and offer a distraction.

She shook her head no, “I don’t know if I could go through that over and over.”

“She’s your friend, and you still handled it beautifully. I’m sure you could do the same with strangers.” Continuing to soothe her he began walking back to the house. “We can talk about all the other stuff later okay?”

“Thanks. I can’t – there’s so much

you need to know but I can't do it right now."

He'd wait. He'd wait forever for her.

Over four hours later they finally got a call from Pete. Tracy was going to be okay, but her leg was in fact broken. She landed in a shallow area and shattered her fibula. Rich wasn't even sure which bone that was, but the word shattered sent a shiver down his spine. They'd all been sitting in the front room in relative silence, waiting.

As Rich offered the news, both Trevor and Charlie relaxed against the

couch, obviously relieved. Angie gave him a little nod and stood, escaping up to her room. Even though he wanted to go after her, he let her be. She'd been through a lot and they still had time to figure things out. He placed a call to his mom, giving her a quick rundown of what had happened. She made him promise to keep her updated and assured him she'd call Pete as soon as they hung up. He kicked back in the recliner, closing his eyes.

His dreams were chaotic, jumping from the present to that horrible day when he'd found Pete floating in the lake near the boat dock. He woke

several times, noticing Charlie and Trevor had disappeared. Though he was tempted to go up to his room, he didn't want to lay in the bed he shared with Angie. He didn't want to smell her on his sheets.

When his eyes opened to find dim light coming in through the windows he stretched, freezing when he realized Angie was there, sitting on the couch watching him. "Hey, how are you?"

"I'm okay, thanks. How are you?" She crossed and uncrossed her legs, "Why didn't you go to your room?"

"It's not important. Come here." He reached out, dying to hold to her

in his arms.

She shook her head, “No. We need to talk. I can’t be distracted.”

He gripped the arms of the chair, “All right.”

“So, did you ever wonder why I wasn’t going home for the break? Why I never talked about any friends from home?” She twirled her hair around her finger, “How about why I never mention my parents, ever?”

He frowned, realizing he’d never given it much thought. “I’m sorry I never asked. I’m not sure what I thought. So tell me?”

“My dad was a total jerk, but that’s to be expected you know? I

mean no one really ever says their dad is awesome. Most of my friend's dads weren't even around. And before you jump to conclusions, I don't have daddy issues. Not really." She heaved a long sigh, "He cheated on my mom, a lot. I mean, like every weekend for years he was with someone else, and not just one *someone*, several different women. I didn't blame him, not at all. My mother was so cold, so dispassionate. Not just with my dad."

Stiffening in the chair, he leaned forward, "I know how that is. Not the cheating part, at least not that I'm aware of, but I never saw any love in

my house either. I don't blame you for not wanting to go home to that. Why do you think Pete and I are here and not home with our parents?"

Tears seeped from her right eye, and she quickly wiped them away.

"That makes it worse Rich."

"Why?"

"Because I would never want to put you through that, living with someone who doesn't really love you. That's what would happen if we were together. If we made a commitment to each other, once you were tired of my body, you'd realize I wasn't capable of giving you what you needed. You'd cheat on me, or leave

me, and neither of us would be better for it.”

He stood before positioning himself next to her on the couch, “You’re doing it again. Worrying about things that haven’t happened yet, that won’t happen.”

“How can you be so sure? No one knows the future. But I know myself enough to know that I don’t feel things the way I should. My dad even said it, told me I’d turn out like my mother, a cold bitter woman.” She shuddered at the memory, “I admit I was wrong about you, at least I think I was. You’re not a user, not at all. I am though. I’ve been using you this whole

time. I knew we'd end after we left here, and I let you think otherwise. That was wrong, and I'm so sorry." The tears began to flow again and she looked away.

Not having any of that, he gripped her chin in his hands, turning her face to his. "I love enough for both of us. I love you Angie. Let me prove you wrong again."

Her eyes widened, and she shook her head, "No, don't say that. You don't love me. You like what we do together, but you don't love me. Please don't love me. I can't love you back."

It hurt, her words hurt more than

he thought they could, but he wouldn't give up. "You're wrong. You can. Look, my mom has been reaching out to me and Pete, people do change. She's proving it."

"That's good, I'm glad she's reaching out to you. My mother will never reach out to me, and at this point I'm okay with that. I don't even care if they tell me when she dies. We were never close. We never did any of the things that mothers and daughters are supposed to do together. She always wanted to send me off. I went to so many stupid camps. I hated every single one of them. Having friends over? That was

out of the question. I won't ever risk it being like that. I'll never bring an innocent life into this world."

"If I know one thing about you, it's that you are your own person. You do what you want, you wear what you want, and you say what you want. Why would you think that your mother's actions would shape who you are? Explain it to me, please." Even to his own ears he sounded desperate, and though that fact angered him, he pushed on, "I love you. If you don't want to have kids, that's okay with me. If you never want to marry me, that's okay with me. Just let me in your life. Let us figure it out

together.”

“It sounds good now, and I’m so tempted, so fucking tempted.” She laughed bitterly as she wiped her face, “But I won’t risk it. I can’t. I’m not made for what you’re asking for.” She stood, looking down at him, “Like you said, I do what I want. I don’t want this.” Turning, she took a deep breath, “I’m going to stay long enough to make sure Tracy is all right. Then I’ll find my way own way back to school.”

He watched her as she walked up the stairs, frozen in place. “You’re wrong.” He muttered to the empty room. She was so wrong. How in the hell did he convince her of it?

Chapter Ten

Pete brought Tracy to the lake house two days later. Her parents were on their way back from Spain, having gone on an anniversary trip. They were expected to arrive sometime in the next couple of days to take Tracy home. She was in good spirits, settling on the couch with her leg up, obviously enjoying Pete waiting on her hand and foot. His brother didn't seem to mind in the slightest, and Rich wondered if Pete

also felt something deeper for his girl than he let on.

Angie had come out of her room when Tracy arrived, giving her a careful hug. They'd had a few tearful moments as Tracy thanked her friend for saving her life. Tracy had whispered something, to which Angie had responded with a curt nod before escaping back to her room.

Considering the sympathetic look Tracy shot him, he assumed she knew more about what had gone on than he originally thought. He was glad Angie had talked to someone but annoyed it wasn't him.

He escaped outside, wanting to

give her some space and honestly, needing some space himself. He was hurt and angry, both at himself and at her. None of it made sense, not even when he tried to put himself in her shoes. His normal means of releasing tension, meaningless sex and alcohol, were simply not an option. There was no way he could be with anyone else so soon after their experiences together, and he knew if he drank things could get ugly.

After a long run that did nothing to help his sense of unease he flopped down at the water's edge, skipping rocks across the water. He didn't turn when he heard footsteps

approaching, not sure if he wanted Angie to come to him or not.

Pete eased onto the ground a few feet away, "How you are doing?"

Rich shook his head, "I'm fine. How's Tracy?"

"She's doing okay. She's pretty tough." He gazed out at the water, "You want to talk about whatever happened when we were gone that morning?"

"Nah, you have enough to deal with right now." The last thing Rich wanted to do was get into an emotional conversation with his brother. The guy had enough on his plate.

“Tracy is out cold, thanks to this.” He pulled a joint out of his pocket, “It helps with the pain, plus she’s so fucking hyper I figured it would help her relax.”

Rich took a closer look at Pete, noticing his eyes were glassy and red, “You smoke that stuff often?” He tried to make sure there was no judgment in his tone, but he was curious.

Pete frowned, “The end of senior year it was pretty bad. I was high all the time. Mom knew, dad too probably. She didn’t do anything about it. After I went off to school I stopped.” He gave a low chuckle, “I figured I might need to remember

some of the stuff I learned in class.”

“You always were the smarter one.” Rich laughed, eyeing the joint.

“What about you? I know you were in a bunch of sports in high school, they did drug testing right?” Pete lit the joint, inhaling deeply and holding the smoke in his lungs, finally releasing a cloud of smoke.

“Yeah, they piss tested us every once in a while. It never really appealed to me in high school. My first semester of college though? I was high for about a month straight. I still don’t remember all the shit that went down.” At the time he’d just thought it was what you did once you were

out on your own, figuring shit out. Now, he wondered if there was something else that he'd been trying to escape from. The first few months of freedom were a little overwhelming. He was lucky he'd never gotten into any trouble.

“You want this?” Pete extended his hand.

“I don't know man. It might not be the best idea considering my current state of mind.” He could admit he was tempted. It would be nice to just forget everything for a little while. “Fuck it, why not.” He took the joint, bringing it to his lips. As his lungs filled he coughed, wondering if this

was such a good idea after all. Within a minute time began to slow, and he tried again, able to hold the heavy smoke in a bit longer.

“Everything will work itself out, one way or the other.” Pete muttered, taking the weed.

Rich laughed, even though nothing was particularly funny, “You don’t seem so convinced there brother.”

Pete laughed in return, “Yeah, I guess I’m not.”

It didn’t take long before the bud was gone. Rich remembered this feeling of weightlessness, the dreamlike quality of everything

around him. He took another look around through new eyes, soaking in the beauty of the place. "I'm in love with her."

"Yeah, I know. She loves you too. She just doesn't know it yet." Pete skipped a rock across the water, "Be patient with her."

"I'm trying." Even now he wanted to go to her, to get her to understand how he felt. He didn't though, letting the feeling of lethargy course through him. "Do you love Tracy?"

"I already told you, I don't know what love is. Maybe, I'm not sure yet." Pete shook his head quickly as if trying to clear his mind, his shaggy hair

falling into his eyes, “It’s too confusing to think about it right now.”

“Well, in case I don’t get another chance to tell you, I’ve had a good time hanging out with you. I wasn’t lying before when I said I’d try harder to keep in touch.” He meant it too, that thought alone calming him a bit more.

“Yeah, it’s been good. Maybe we’ll go home for Thanksgiving?”

“We should do that.” He wasn’t sure what was going to happen between now and then but at least he had something to look forward to. Pulling out his phone he sent a quick text to his mom, letting her know of

their plans.

“I’m going to go check on Tracy and hopefully crash. It feels like I haven’t slept in a week.” Pete stood unsteadily, “You good?”

“Yeah, I’ll be all right.” What had his high school counselor told him? Fake it until you make it. He could do that.

Rich woke with a jolt, surprised when he felt pretty well rested. After a quick shower he made his way downstairs, heading into the kitchen to make some coffee. He watched it drip into the pot, pouring himself a large cup when it was done and

heading into the front room. He picked up the remote, flipping the television on and scanning through the channels, not finding anything that interested him.

After about an hour of staring at the screen he was annoyed. Since when did he just sit around and let things happen around him? When he wanted something, he went after it. It had been that way since he tried out for baseball when he was ten years old. Since that time, he'd excelled at anything he put his mind to, why should this be any different?

Making his way slowly up the stairs, he went over what he was

going to say in his head. He'd tell her they were made for each other and that he wasn't giving up. He'd tell her that he loved everything about her, her looks, her personality, and her intelligence. He'd tell her he would give her time to learn how to love him back, that he wouldn't pressure her as long as she agreed to be in his life. He could do this, he could make her understand.

Knocking lightly on her door, he listened for any movement inside. When he heard none, he twisted the knob, expecting to find her sprawled on the bed. When he realized the room was completely empty, the bed

made, the curtains pulled, his stomach seized up on him, his body going tense. When had she gone? Who had come to get her? Was she all right? He grabbed his phone, typing a quick text.

Rich: Where R U

When he got no response he tried again.

Rich: R U OK?

He sat on the bed staring at his phone, waiting for a response. When several minutes had passed, he glanced around the room wondering if she left a note, finding nothing. So this was it. It was over before it had even really begun. Well, fuck.

The next few days flew by. Tracy's parent showed up and took her home. She'd given him a quick hug, assuring him that Angie was fine and that everything would work out. But even she didn't seem convinced. He hung out with Pete, getting some more use out of their jet skis, fishing, talking a bit about their plans. Pete seemed to have his immediate future pretty figured out. It made Rich proud and jealous all at the same time. He had no idea what he was going to do next. Was he going to go back to the way he was? Having random meaningless sex and acting like a complete douche bag? He hoped not,

but what was the alternative?

Mooning over some girl who didn't want him, who hadn't even told him goodbye? That wasn't his style.

He'd considered calling her each night as he climbed into his cold empty bed. But he knew she wouldn't answer. Even Tyler wasn't responding to his texts. Who knew what she'd told him had went down.

He was the last one to leave, locking up the house, staring at the spot on the porch where she used to sit and read, sipping her coffee. On some level he knew the memories would someday be good ones, the small amount of time with her

something to look back on and smile about. But now, walking away from this place, back to responsibility, he felt dejected and hopeless. What a horrible way to start his junior year.

A month passed, then two. He never heard from Angie, and though Tyler and Cameron were friendly with him, they never spoke of her. He wasn't sure if it was because she'd asked them not to or if they simply knew he couldn't handle hearing about her moving on like nothing had happened. Chris threw a few parties, and on the outside he was back to his old self, drinking and socializing, but

on the inside he was still twisted in knots unsure how to get out of his funk.

He was getting some much needed studying done when his phone rang. He was surprised when it was Tyler. Though they'd been cordial they hadn't really hung out or talked much other than when they ran into each other on campus. "What's up?"

"I've tried to stay out of it, I really have, but what the fuck did you do to her Rich? She's crying all the time, she won't eat. Did you hear me? She won't eat a goddamn thing and she's wasting away before my eyes and I don't know what to do to help her."

His chest tightened and he let out a shaky breath, “She ended things with me, not the other way around. I had no choice but to let her be.”

“Whatever, things got tough and you gave up. This thing with her isn’t easy like everything else has been and you can’t handle it.”

Rich heard Cameron in the background telling Tyler to calm down, “Look, I can tell you’re pissed, but you really have no reason to be. Do you want to know what happened? I told her I loved her and she shut me out. She disappeared on me without a word. Not even a fuck you.”

“Shit.” Tyler groaned into the phone, “I figured something like that might have happened.” After a long pause, “So what are you going to do to fix it?”

He huffed, “There’s nothing I can do. You saw how I was before, chasing after her like a lost little puppy. I can’t do that again. She doesn’t want me around and I can’t do it again. It hurts,” he clutched his stomach as tension rolled through him, “to think about her in pain. The last thing I want is for her to suffer, ever. But I can’t change her mind.”

“Have you tried?”

“Not this time. She made herself

clear.” He slid onto his bed, curling into a ball.

“So that’s it, you’re done?” Tyler’s tone was bleak, “There’s no way to fix this?”

“There’s nothing to fix Ty. I can’t make her see that it’s worth giving us a shot, a real chance. If you have any ideas, I’m all ears.” He’d already considered his options and giving her space was his only choice.

“I’ll try to think of something. Talk to you later. Sorry for wiggling out on you.”

“No problem.”

Forcing himself out of bed, he made his way to the mini-fridge.

Grabbing a beer, he downed it and opened another. If he tried hard enough, maybe he could drink himself into oblivion.

Rich slipped the bartender a twenty dollar bill and grabbed his drinks. He and Chris had been here for a couple hours now, and despite the alcohol running through his system he was still having a shitty time. This had been a weekly routine for the last month. Each time he watched Chris set his sights on another girl he wanted to punch himself in the face for acting like that in the past. Sure, he was hard up for some physical

attention, but he couldn't bring himself to fuck some random girl.

Tonight Chris chose a blond. She was tall and looked a little bit like Tracy. Pete had kept him updated on her progress and she was doing great. She was even back at the gym teaching her classes. They'd solidified their Thanksgiving plans, and surprisingly enough Pete was planning to bring Tracy to the family get-together.

Rich slunk into the booth, watching as Chris put his arm around the girl, he didn't even bother asking their names at this point. Chris whispered something into her ear and

she giggled and blushed.

“Hey! Rich, how are you?” Amy appeared in his wavy gaze, her voice extremely loud, even over the blaring music. He blinked, observing her disheveled appearance. She was a cute girl. He wouldn’t have set her up with Tyler otherwise. Of course, that had been before the guy fell in love with his roommate. She was obviously wasted, bracing herself on the side of the booth. Her hair was a mess, and her eye make-up was smeared.

“You okay Amy?” He slurred, shaking his head to clear his alcohol laden brain.

“I’m bored out of my mind.” She

slipped into the booth at his side, “I bet you could entertain me though.”

He looked her over, from her breasts toppling out of her shirt to the too-short skirt that was much too high on her thighs. Considering the fact that his dick might in fact be broken, he sighed, “It’s not going to happen. You’re wasted.”

She stared at him for a long time, “So are you.”

“Yes, yes I am. Nothing good could come of this.” He waved his hand between them, “I wouldn’t be thinking about you, you wouldn’t be thinking about me, it would be a waste of time.”

Pouting, she reached for his drink, “That’s rude. You know, I’ve never been rejected as much as I have this year.” She gulped the remaining liquid in the glass, “I guess I’m past my prime.”

“Nah, you’ve still got it. I’m all fucked up right now.” He pulled out his phone, “I’m going to call you a cab, okay?”

She huffed, motioning to the waitress to come over, “I’m gonna have another while I wait.”

He flipped through his contacts on his phone, blinking several times in an attempt to focus on the screen. Finally, he found the number,

motioning for her to move so he could make the call away from the loud speakers behind him, “Don’t go anywhere. I mean it.”

It took a few tries but he made his way out of the booth, dialing the phone as he walked to the semi-quiet entrance of the club. After he was done, he slipped the phone back in his pocket and went back inside, relieved to see her at the table. “You have about thirty minutes. Don’t get alcohol poisoning.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to have some fun? Rumor is you haven’t gotten lucky in a long while.” She eyed Chris and the blond with a jealous

expression, "I think I can remain coherent for another hour at least."

"Thanks, but no thanks. One of us would end up puking on the other." Shuddering at the thought he slid into the booth, trapping her in the corner. As the waitress made her rounds he ordered a bottle of water, wanting this night to be over. There was no use trying to pretend anymore.

He guzzled his drink, only half-listening to Amy's account of her night. After he was pretty sure enough time had passed he grabbed her hand, lifting his chin at Chris as they exited the booth. Once outside he sucked in a huge breath, filling his

lungs to the max before letting it out. Her cab hadn't arrived yet, so he slid down on the curb while she twirled around a street sign, singing softly. "Have you ever been in love Amy?"

A harsh laugh escaped her and then she hiccupped, "Yup, it blew. He turned out to be a total jack-ass." She stopped twirling, "Is that what's made you all boring? You're in love?" She drew out the last word, mocking him.

He ignored her, standing as the cab pulled up to the curb. "I'll see you around okay? Be safe."

"Wait," she grabbed his arm, "thanks for not taking advantage."

He gave a curt nod, pulling out his

wallet and handing the cab driver two twenties, “This should cover it.”

Her cold hands gripped his face and she gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, “Whoever the lucky bitch is, she’s stupid not to love you back.”

Waiting until she was on her way, he took a few more draws of the fresh air before turning to head back inside. He heard his phone sound with a new message and he pulled it out, focusing on the screen.

Angel: That was surprising

He swung his head around, searching for her on the crowded street. His vision blurred as he tried to focus on any dark head in the crowd,

not having any luck. His heart was pounding, his hands shaking. It took him three times to type a reply.

Rich: Where R U

Unsure of how long he stood outside the club waiting for her response, searching for her, he finally gave up. Heading back inside and drinking another bottle of water, he was overwhelmed as his mind filled with questions. Why was she here? Why didn't she respond to him? Why didn't she talk to him? None of it made sense. He told Chris they needed to go, slipping outside to search for her again. Taking a risk, he pulled out his phone once more.

Rich: I miss u

He needed to get his shit together. Angie would never be his if didn't straighten himself out. She deserved better than this, and so did he.

Chapter Eleven

Rich set his bag down in his childhood room, surprised that his parents hadn't turned it into an office by now. He'd arrived about an hour before, welcomed by his mom. His dad was at work and Pete and Tracy were still on their way. It was weird being here, even more so since his mother had given him a big hug when he'd arrived. She looked older, her dark hair beginning to gray. But she looked happy too. They'd sat at the

table and talked, Vivian hinting that she was disappointed he'd come alone. It wasn't like he hadn't tried. He'd left messages with Tyler and Cameron, sent her at least twenty texts, he'd even gone to the coffee shop she frequented every day for the last two weeks. She never showed and she never responded. It was done. He needed to move on.

Lying back on his bed he gazed at the Playboy centerfolds he had taped to his ceiling, chuckling as he wondered what his mom had thought about that and why she'd left them up there. Most were brunettes and his smile faded as he compared them

to Angie. Despite their air-brushed beauty, there was no real competition.

Hearing the door shut upstairs, he slid off his bed, stopping in the small basement bathroom to wash his hands and pull himself together. At least he'd gotten a haircut before he'd come, he actually looked half-way respectable.

He met his father as he headed into the kitchen, returning the man's handshake when it was offered. "Hey, how are you?" Richard Sr. looked a bit older than the last time he'd seen him, but his eyes crinkled at the sides as he smiled in welcome.

“I’m great Rich, how are you doing?” He slid up behind his mom, giving her a chaste kiss on the cheek, “Sorry I’m late.”

“It’s okay dear. It gave me time to catch up with your oldest son a bit.” She smiled up at his father, “Pete and Tracy should be here soon. It’ll be good to have a full house again won’t it?”

Sinking into a chair Rich observed their interaction while searching his memories for any recollection of seeing them like this. Maybe all the stuff his mom said about things being different really had been true. He heard a song begin to play, raising his

eyebrows at his dad when his mom grabbed her phone, disappearing into the laundry room. His father just shrugged, opening the fridge and taking out a soda and offering him one as well. "Thanks."

"So how's school going?" His dad sat, taking a big drink.

"Classes are good this year. How's work?" He'd never made small talk with his dad before, it was surreal.

"Work is work, if I were you I'd put it off as long as possible." The old man gave him another smile.

"You remember this conversation when I'm the oldest senior at my school." He joked, sipping his drink.

They sat in comfortable silence.

He didn't mean to be nosy, but he wondered who his mom was talking to, especially when he heard her say softly, "Did you get what I sent you?" He wasn't sure how the caller responded since there was no response from his mom.

"Where's the welcome wagon?" Pete made his presence known, Tracy on his heels.

Rich stood at the same time as his father, giving Tracy a quick hug as Pete greeted their dad with a nod. "How are you?"

Tracy did a little dance, shuffling her feet, "I'm all healed up good as

new. How are you?"

"I'm here." He answered honestly as he gave Pete a quick hug and pat on the back. "I told you I'd make it."

Pete smiled, "I'm glad." He turned to Tracy, "Tracy, meet my dad, dad, this is Tracy."

His mom entered the room with a smile. She put her phone away, "Sorry I missed you coming in." She made her way over to Pete, pausing for a moment before giving him a hug, and then did the same to Tracy, "Nice to meet you."

"Thanks for having me Mrs. Remington." Tracy gave her a smile, taking Pete's hand.

“Call me Vivian. Sit down. Do you want something to drink?” His mom turned, opening the fridge.

“So, let’s all get to know each other shall we?” His father sat, “It’s well passed time we did so.”

Two days later Rich was convinced he’d been transported to the twilight zone. His parents were constantly touching, gazing at each other across the room. It was obvious that they were truly in love, something he had never been convinced of as a kid. Rightfully so, considering the small amount of information he’d gotten from his parents his first night home.

Turns out they had gotten married straight out of college without ever going on a single date. It was weird to picture living with someone you didn't really know but it seemed to have worked out okay.

There hadn't been any tension after that first night. They'd laughed and talked until early morning, finally crashing in their respective rooms. It was good, and he was happy, at least as happy as he could be as the odd man out without someone here to love. He was still a bit curious about his mother having private conversations on her phone from time to time, but he let it go. Maybe she

had friends, adults did have social lives.

Tracy had assured him she had stayed in touch with Angie and that she was fine, but there was something in her gaze that made his stomach clench. He'd pushed the feeling away, determined to try and enjoy himself. Pete was practically ecstatic, grinning from ear to ear every time their mom touched his hand or ruffled his hair.

She had announced she didn't want to wait until Thanksgiving Day to have their big dinner. She'd been experimenting with different recipes and promised they'd do something special for the holiday but said there

was no reason to put off a good turkey dinner.

Rich woke up around noon, taking his time in the shower before making his way towards the kitchen. Hearing the distinct sound of his mother's ringtone, he paused, waiting.

"Hi honey, how are you?" She whispered, her concerned tone causing him to frown.

He jumped when his father laid his meaty hand on his shoulder, "Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, I slept great. Who's she talking to?" He'd never heard his mom call anyone honey before.

His dad replied as he shrugged,

“No idea, I just let her be. It pays off.” Giving Rich a knowing wink, he made his way into the kitchen, pouring some coffee.

His mom frowned as she met his gaze, hurrying out of the kitchen and onto the porch. She returned minutes later, the frown still creasing her forehead.

“Is everything okay mom?” He picked up the knife and began cutting up some celery.

There was sadness in her eyes, but she still smiled, “Yes, everything is fine son.” She instructed him on how much celery she needed, then placed some carrots in front of him.

It was kind of fun, helping his mom out in the kitchen. He wasn't a good cook, not having much experience, but he'd never spent time preparing a meal with her before. She took bites of everything as they went, always making sure his dad had enough coffee as he read his paper. It was another surprise that his dad had slept in. Rich could remember the man getting up at the break of dawn every morning.

Tracy and Pete made their way into the kitchen about an hour later. Tracy looked well-fucked and Pete wore a relaxed grin as he pulled out a Red Bull. His parent's didn't seem to

notice or if they did they didn't seem to have a problem with it.

Rich decided he should do some Christmas shopping since he had the time to kill, plus he wanted to get out of the house for a while. After stopping at several stores, finding a nice bracelet for his mom, a sweater and tools for his dad, and several small trinkets for Tracy and Pete, he washed his car, taking the long way back to the house as he listened to a classic rock station on the radio. All in all, it had been a good year. He couldn't let his messed up love life damper those feelings.

Carrying his bags down to his

room, he checked his phone for any missed messages before heading upstairs, finding his dad in front of the TV with Pete, Tracy and his mom in the kitchen putting the finishing touches on dinner.

“Get me anything good?” Pete asked, glancing away from the television.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” He flopped down on the couch, “So, I heard Tracy say you agreed to go to her parents for Christmas.”

“Yeah, it’s only fair. They seem like nice enough people, sort of weird, but so is Tracy.”

He nudged Pete’s shoulder with

his own, "You love it."

"Yeah, I do." His brother admitted quietly, "Everything is going really well."

"I'm happy for you."

"So am I Pete. If you've found the girl of your dreams, you hang on to her, no matter what." His dad chimed in, glancing at Rich before focusing once more on the television.

"Come and get it!" Tracy called from the kitchen.

Rich heard his mom laugh. She seemed to really get a kick out of Tracy's somewhat flamboyant behavior. He took a spot by his dad, his mother on the other side of his

father, Tracy and Pete across from him. "I'm really glad we did this." He wasn't sure why, but he felt really emotional.

"So are we son. It's been too long." His father tapped his knuckles on the table, "Let's eat."

He accepted each dish as they were passed to him, taking a generous amount. His mother had cooked enough for ten people instead of the five of them. As he was shoving a spoonful of mashed potatoes in his mouth, real ones, not the ones out of the box that he was used to, the doorbell rang. He raised his brows, "Are you expecting someone?"

His mom clapped her hands together softly and stood, "Yes, I am actually. Excuse me for a moment."

He locked eyes with Pete across the table, "Do you know who it is?"

"Nah man, it's probably the same person she's always whispering to on the phone."

So he hadn't been imaging things. He noticed Tracy shifting in her seat nervously, "What's wrong?"

She shook her head quickly, "Nothing."

Hearing the door close he took a sip of water, wondering if some long-lost family member had shown up or his mom had started taking in strays.

As he heard two sets of footsteps approaching he paused expectantly. His stomach flipped when he saw her, only partially visible behind his mother's form. He froze, knowing he should say something, do something, but unable to form a coherent thought.

“Come on in honey, take a seat. We just sat down.” His mother stepped aside, putting her arm around Angie's shoulders.

He really saw her then, dressed in an old baggy sweater and jeans, her eyes darting around the room, avoiding his gaze. Her hair was a dull brown, not the soft shiny waves he

remembered, and her face was too thin, her cheekbones much too pronounced. Her face was clean of make-up and she looked tired.

Tracy slid back from the table, walking over and giving her a quick hug. "Come eat, I helped cook." She said proudly with a smile.

Angie finally met his gaze, taking a hesitant step forward, "Is it okay that I'm here?"

His tongue felt stuck to the roof of his mouth and he had to swallow twice before he could answer, "Yes, of course." He forced his arms to move pulling out the chair beside him.

His mom sat down first, glancing

at his father, "Richard, this is Angie. I've been chatting with her for the last few weeks. Introduce yourself."

His father stood, making his way over to Angie and giving her an awkward hug, "Good to finally meet you. Come on, we don't bite. The food is getting cold."

Her face turned red and Rich wondered if she was thinking the same thing he was. His body heated as remember that first day, his teeth closing on her nipple as she screamed.

She looked up at his dad and then cast a glance at Pete as she gave him a small wave, "You really do look just like him." Making her way to the

chair, she sat slowly, accepting the glass of water Pete placed in front of her.

Mom sat a plate in front of her, spooning massive amounts of turkey, stuffing and potatoes on top. "Help yourself to anything else you want okay?"

Angie nodded, picking up her fork and pushing the food around. "Hey." She whispered, shooting a glance his way.

"Hey." He knew he should say more, but his brain still wasn't functioning at full capacity.

They sat in awkward silence, his father the only one who began to eat

again.

“Well, I thought this could wait until after dinner, but it doesn’t appear that it can.” His mother started in, taking his dad’s free hand. “There are some things about my life that I just don’t think you kids need to know about. But I want to explain why everything seems so different now. I know you boys are curious as to what changed.”

She sighed and continued, “I’m sorry I can’t share more with you, but what I can tell you is that when I was raised, things were different. Bad things happened to me, and what your father and I had was simply a

marriage of convenience for many, many years. He knew I wasn't capable of love, and we were compatible otherwise." She squeezed his father's hand again, "After a lot of therapy I've been able to overcome some major obstacles. We're just now figuring out what love is. We can't get the time we lost back."

Sending a pointed look at Angie, sadness filled her eyes and she focused first on Pete, then on Rich, "I'm so sorry that my inability to love affected you two as well. I know I can never change what has happened, but I'm going to try to be the mother I promised myself I was going to be. I'm

so proud of both of you for taking the risks you have, for letting yourselves care for people. Relationships are hard, especially when you don't know how a good relationship is supposed to be. Your father has been so patient with me. After you boys went off to college, I was sure he was going to leave me. But instead," she blushed, "he pursued me like we'd never met before. We even started dating."

"We took a trip to Hawaii. It was amazing." His father chimed in, "I fell in love with your mom, and I made sure she knew it." He winked at Rich, "That's all you can do. All the rest will fall into place if it's meant to be."

“Your father is right. Now despite the fact that I’ve been munching all day, I’m ready to eat.” His mother’s gaze landed on Angie again, “Are you ready to join me?”

“I know I am.” Pete dug in, eyeing Tracy until she did the same.

Rich didn’t have to be a genius to know they weren’t just talking about enjoying the meal, and so he waited, holding his breath.

Angie picked up her fork again, stabbing a large piece of turkey, “I’m ready.”

After they were done stuffing themselves, Rich finally glanced at

Angie. She looked utterly, miserably full. He had a feeling it had been a long time since she'd felt the sensation. "You didn't save room for pie."

A small smile curved her lips, "There's always room for pie. Just give me a few minutes."

He felt his own smile widen until he felt his face might crack, "Are you actually going to let me have some this time?"

"Depends," she quipped, "is it peach?"

He let out a small laugh as relief washed over him. He knew this was just the beginning of them finding

each other again, but it was a start. That's all he could ask for.

"If the girl wants pie, give her pie. It's all very simple." His father sat back in his chair, rubbing his stomach. "I sure won't let that cheesecake go to waste."

Angie sat up straight in her chair, "Cheesecake?"

Tracy laughed, "We're going to have to work out extra hard tomorrow aren't we?"

"I won't be done by tomorrow." Angie pushed her hair out of her face, glancing at his mom. "Thanks, for you know, everything."

"You're welcome. Now, you kids

go watch some TV while I make a pot of coffee.” His mom gave him a pointed look.

He could take a hint. “C’mon,” he grabbed Angie’s hand in his, pleased when she didn’t pull away, “we need to talk.”

She took a deep breath before standing, “Yeah, we do.”

Two hours later Angie was sprawled on the couch, her head resting in his lap as he stroked her hair, “So how did you and my mom start talking?”

They’d talked about a lot, about how they’d both felt after she’d left

him at the lake house, about the time they had missed, about school, but he could tell she was still struggling.

“Tracy gave Vivian my number when she asked for it. She warned me, but I was convinced your mom was going to call and chew me out for fucking you over like that.” She squeezed his thigh, “I should have told you goodbye. I’m sorry about that. I just couldn’t do it.”

“It hurt.” He admitted, “I was pretty pissed too. But I’ve had a lot of time to think. I don’t understand why you just gave up like that and I probably never will.” He took a few calming breaths, “You can’t do that to

me again. Even if this doesn't ever become anything, you can't just take off on me and completely cut me off."

"I didn't take off completely you know. This is going to make me sound like a stalker, but I watched you. At least I did after I could force myself to leave my room. I saw you at school, at the coffee shop, and you know I saw you that night, with Amy." She shuddered, "I really thought you were going to get in that cab with her. I couldn't have blamed you if you had."

"I didn't want her. I didn't want anyone but you. Why didn't you respond to me that night?" His throat ached as he held back his emotions,

“It had been months since I’d heard from you.”

“I wasn’t ready. I couldn’t risk it. I missed your voice, your touch, everything about you. If I had walked up to you that night, I wouldn’t have been able to walk away, and I still wasn’t sure.”

“What changed?” It would be stupid not to ask.

“You changed Rich. I didn’t believe it was possible. But I watched you. I saw it with my own eyes. I was so sure I wasn’t special enough to keep you. But when we were together, I felt like the most special person on this entire earth. I didn’t know what it

was at the time. I figured it was lust, my hormones getting the best of me. But it was more than that.” She sat up, shifting until she was draped over him and meeting his gaze.

He swallowed, once again at a loss for words. Licking his lips, he took a leap of faith, “What was it then?”

Her lids fluttered and closed, a small smile spreading across her face, “It was love Rich. I felt it. When it was gone, I felt the loss of it.”

“So tell me Angel. I need to hear it.”

Pressing a soft kiss to his lips, she pressed herself tighter against him, “I love you. Is it too late?”

Pulling her onto his lap, he pushed her hair back out of her face, making her look at him, "I love you too. You saw my parents. They've proven that it's never too late."

"I can't promise it will be easy." She whispered.

"Nothing worth having ever is." Pulling her face to his, he kissed her with all he had. Showing her with his mouth how much he had desperately missed her, how much he loved her.

She pulled away, blushing, "I've never had make-up sex before."

"Then what are you waiting for?" He froze, "Actually, hold that thought. There may or may not be a bunch of

naked pictures on my ceiling.”

She threw her head back and laughed, “I’ll be looking at you the whole time. I’ve missed you. I’ve missed us.”

He lifted them both off the couch, her legs wrapping around his waist, “You’ll have to keep quiet.”

“I’m not making any promises.”

“Then neither am I.”

Epilogue

“Rich, we’re going to be late!”

Angie swatted at his hands as he pulled her close, pressing her against the wall of their tiny apartment.

“What can I say? This maroon graduation gown is making me hot.” He grasped the material in his palms, lifting it up, “I need you.”

She moaned as his fingers found her center, thrusting against his hand without hesitation, “This is the ugliest color ever.”

“You’re right, let’s get you naked.” Adjusting his hand, he ripped the thin fabric of her panties, delighted at her gasp of surprise. “When you walk across that stage I want you bare underneath all this.”

“That’s very improper.” She smiled wickedly, “I like it.”

Unzipping his jeans he reached inside and freed his hard-on, lifting her, feeling her wrap her legs around him in a movement that felt as natural as breathing. He’d had her like this all over the apartment, in an empty classroom on campus, even once in the coffee shop bathroom. Slipping inside the moist hot heat that

he'd already lost himself in twice earlier that day, he groaned, thrusting as he closed his lips around the pulse on her neck, biting her gently.

They'd done away with condoms months ago and he was oh-so-grateful for that. Feeling her bare against him was the most amazing sensation. No barriers, no worries. After they'd both gotten tested and she began taking birth control they'd ravaged each other every chance they'd gotten. Despite her earlier concerns that he'd get tired of her body, he knew he never would. It was never enough.

She gripped him with her inner muscles, wrapping her legs tighter

around him and lifting her body as she met him stroke for stroke. “Screw graduation, just keep fucking me.” She rasped against his ear, moaning in pleasure.

“Nope, we’re going to this thing.” He increased the speed and force of his thrusts, “Come on me now and we’ll make it with time to spare.”

“Who wants to hear the stupid speeches anyway?” She ground out, her eyes rolling back with pleasure.

Bracing her against the wall he slipped his hand between their bodies, stroking her clit, “Maybe I want to hear them.”

“Oh fuck, that’s it.” Her nails dug

into his shoulders, "You know what I want. You want me to get you all wet, fuck me harder."

Needing no further urging, he pounded against her, feeling her muscles tense in preparation for her climax, "I love this. I love you."

"Love you too, now shut up and finish me." She panted.

"You're mine, forever." He let go, emptying himself inside her body as she convulsed around him.

They made it to the ceremony just in time and when Angie walked across the stage, pausing long enough to find

him in the crowd and mouth *I love you*, he knew without a doubt she was the woman he would marry. Convincing her to agree was going to be so much fun.

The End

About the Author

Dana Love has loved to read since she was able to do so. She decided to take a risk and pursue her dream and hopes you will too, whatever that dream may be. She lives for her two dogs, a bunch of fish, reading and writing, and a good night's sleep. She enjoys all sorts of romance and hopes you do too. She'd love to hear from you.

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