

Crack and Peel

Chapters 1-2

(MF, nc, drunk, ws, enem, light scat, exhib, oral, vom)

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Chapter 1

A sexy student drives him crazy; his drunk wife unwittingly helps him cope

It always started with her skirt. Always a new one. Her ass hanging out. Her thong up in there somewhere, marinating, waiting for that long, slow, sticky peel.

Fuck. I'm drifting already! Getting ahead. A head. In her mouth. My head. That's what I was fucking thinking about just then, when she walked by me that morning. The day something finally happened.

Hands in my pockets, swear to God, I had to do the secret dick-shift thing that's obvious as hell. But my cock got fat instantly, from the first second of laying eyes on her. Chub, chub, chub. I needed relief!

So I got my shit straightened out, and she was right there, passing by, before I could say a hello or a good morning or even get up a half-assed chinner, cool-guy style.

No, nothing came outta me except more wood. Damn thing sprouted like it rarely ever did before, to the point that I knew she would see it. If she'd only look down, just a glance, just a peek... she'd fucking see it.

But being at work, you know, my pants were all zipped up and I was appropriately doing my thing. She was just walking on her way to somewhere else, not to visit with me, so I was really like another part of the wall, I guess. Because she didn't look down. Didn't even blink.

Me there forearms-deep into my pockets, kind of hunching a bit but still playing it cool, no that isn't a ballistic missile in my pants, sweetheart. I just know what I like. What I want.

But it didn't matter. She just bounced on down the hall, out of my day.

Fuck. Now I had another night of fucking my fist and listening to the

wife snore off her latest bottle of wine. I had that hallway to myself just long enough to say it out loud. *"Fuck."*

And then I grabbed it from the outside and gave it the right kind of tug. You know. Flash of good. Pinch of bad. And get it in a groove.

It was tough not to go down to the bathroom, right then, and do the job proper. But I was supposed to be busy. Workee-payee.

Fuck.

Thirty kids in that room, waiting on me, and sooner or later I always had to go in. Every day the same, two classes per day. Take that step. Turn, lift the foot, go in. Get. In. There. Do your fucking job, asshole. And don't hate them. Hate their parents. Hate the parents for pushing kids toward this mere approximation of higher education. Hate the high school teachers for handing out diplomas when kids can't even fucking read. Don't hate the students. Not them. Not them. Makes the job too fucking hard to bear.

Teaching's like that. At least it was for me. Every damn day - every course - every minute. The same test of my willpower. My muscle control.

It wasn't my dream job.

But that's how I met her, so it was worth all the rest of the bullshit. Because she was there. She walked by me every day. Her ass less than three fucking feet from me. That kept me going.

Other girls at the community college were hot, yeah, but not like her. I had it all worked out with her. In my head. No other girl just snapped right in there like that. She fucking lived in me and I hadn't done a damn thing to put her there, you know? One look. Boom! She's in.

Yeah, not a bad way to go crazy. I got to admit.

So all the time I would get her tits in my mouth, just chewing her thick little nipples enough, just perfectly enough, to make juice run right out her hole, right down those long legs to the floor. I puddled her. I titty-sucked her and soaked those sweet-stanked panties of hers and had her grabbing at my belt buckle. God. Right there in the fucking hall.

If only.

But that's where I went. After the ass. Those breasts.

I couldn't go in until I stood there - fuck them still not in their desks, texting with their insanely flexible thumbs and talking loud enough to almost (almost) distract me from my task - getting it in my head, just one more time after the million times before, what I would do with those impossibly round, heavy-looking, high-on-her-chest titties.

She only had them pierced when I was at home, though. There in the hall at school those little gold rings in her nipples would be too much. I really would have to stagger down to the bathroom. Rip 'em down and rope my jizz all over that stall door, you know?

In my head, God, her pierced titties would kill me if I let them in like

that. I'd have a fucking heart attack. Or probably some kid would be taking a shit or calling his dealer in the stall right next to me. That would be all I needed. Good bye. Pervert professor unmasked! Shocking details at 11.

Fuck.

My wife? Before she drinks, she's OK. Heavier, thicker, but she's nasty and knows my spots, right? That bottle's her favorite boy now, though, so I got to get to her early, before she gives vino that first little kiss.

I got home that day. Jumped her same as always. Ten minutes got by us and I was sweaty and sticky - should have been putting that girl to sleep for a while in my head by then. But she didn't go away. Still there strong as ever.

And my cock just wouldn't go down.

Caught my wife again. In the kitchen three sips into it. I took her right down to the floor. She was pissed. For show. For vino. "Jesus Christ" and all that went flying around the place for a minute. Then I flipped her. Got the mouth of that bottle just right. The perfect angle. Then I tipped it, real quick. And pushed.

Bottle neck slid so easy right into her ass. Wine wine wine wine wine gone. And my lushy bitch was nothing but quiet. Still. Feeling it. I mean it. Feeling it.

Got her mouth then. I figured she still wanted to suck something down on that end, right? Might as well be me, since I went and cut out the middle man.

Cum. Then half a bladder of piss. She was a professional drinker. I knew she could take it as good as ever. And she did.

The rest of my kidney cocktail I gave to her hair and that spot right above her left eyebrow where she's got this red freckle that bugs the shit out of me.

She didn't get up, either. Just fell asleep after a little bit. Fucked up beyond all self-respect. As usual.

She's drunk bottles with her ass at least once a week now ever since. At least that I know about. She gets Fridays off. Maybe that's a regular play date for her and vino and he's ass-fucking her even more. And what do I fucking care, right? She's always been a happy drunk. Very serious about drinking, but happy about me. So I like. And we fuck.

And I get the girl out of my head for a while each day.

But that day no. Not even after the kitchen.

I went out on the bike. Not a Harley, goddammit. Who the hell do you think I am?

No. I went out on my training bike. My 15-billion-speeds triathlon ultralite bike with way too fucking many sprockets and gears and weird places to put bottles and GPS and half a fucking toolbox. That was my bike. For the triathlons I'd never get around to doing. But I had the bike.

And on my bike, five miles later, there she was.

Convenience store. Coming out. Winston Lights vanishing into her little purse. Red Bull gone in a gulp. Fuck.

Her ride, some pretend gangsta white trash piece of shit. Name I never could remember. From my Tuesday-Thursday course. Back row. Pierced eyebrow. Peach fuzz upper lip. His fucking hat on fucking crooked. He was smoking without shame, hanging his hand out the window with ash off the tip so long I could see it from a block away.

This one part of me got the warm fuzzies for like a second over all that parental-protective shit. He was a wannabe thug, no good for her, a goddamn cancer on society. The next instant, in my head, I'm yanking him off his lazy ass. Right out of his seat. I stomp his crooked-ass face into the pavement and then I'm driving her to fucking Mars. Her mouth's on me. I'm flooring it to 220 and gaining altitude. We get out. We get away from it all. It's just us and she's on me all the way to the root.

Fuck.

I stood there straddling my bike right next to them. She knew I was there. Had to. She got in the car and looked right at me. I had my helmet off by then. Had my racing tights on. My chest like a fucking mountain. I was praying that. My thighs under that spandex, yeah, like fucking rocks.

And my chub chub chub chub.

And nothing I could fucking do.

Then "Whatever". His voice. Pissed. Cigarette flying.

She's back out of the car. Two seconds later, nasty screaming tires. The car's gone.

"Nice bike, Mr. Ferguson."

"Oh. Yeah." She knew my name. I could've come right then. But a split second later... duh. Of course she knew my name. I fucking taught at her fucking community college. She walked by me every fucking day. "That's me - I mean, uh, thanks."

Smooth, Mr. Mountainchest. Stupid sure is charming. Especially in professional educators. In spandex. With wood you could see from outer space.

But she shook her hair out a little and just nodded. Staring at my bike. Staring at my cock.

"Nice. Nice bike."

"Yeah. Thanks again."

"I never say hi to you at school, do I?"

"No. It's OK though."

"But you say it to me. Like almost every day."

"Yeah."

"My friend Jenny takes your class."

"Oh yeah. Yeah."

"She likes it."

"Really? That's cool."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"So 'hi', I guess."

"Hi."

She got all "sorry" this and that about gangsta-trainee boyfriend. Me seeing their breakup and all that. But she hadn't planned it for then. She'd seen me, though.

"So I knew it'd be all right. Dumping him right then."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I knew you'd take care of him if you had to."

"Damn right."

Her house, how she was going to get home, all that was a big whatever. She never got around to that. Didn't seem to care. We just talked.

In my head I already had my nose in her ass. Her thong wrapped around my cock. She squeezed her own tits. Bending over. Giving those holes to me. Right across the hood of that piece of shit Buick parked behind us. The clerks were taking pictures with their cells.

Meanwhile I just listened. Nodded. Watched the whore-her in my head. Fucking me. Oh... yeah... what a bouncy little cowgirl.... We were up on the hood now, denting the fuck out of it, but the crowd around us was cheering.

God - don't stare at her breasts! Don't rearrange yourself! Fight the urge to push it a little left. Damn spandex and me standing there only half there really. But she didn't know it yet.

There was too much of it all. It was too real with her right there.

I had precum - fucking cocksmeat! - staining through at the head.

It was only a matter of time. She was going to freak. I knew it. Goddamn reality and its goddamn ordinary boring fucking inevitabilities. I was about to be News at 11. Me and my wet cock-filled boy-spats had to get the hell away.

That woke me up. I was pedaling finally. Making my escape.

Or tried to.

"Gotta go. Five miles more. You know."

"Yeah. I guess."

"Then grading papers. So fun."

"Yeah. Hey -"

"Say what?" I was out to the street by then. Fifty feet from her. My cleats were in good. The pedals were ready for some real work, for once. I had to ride her out of me. Had to get to it fast. Else I'd be jacking off behind some bushes real soon.

Fuck.

"Well. I don't know. Forget it."

I was turned around. Heading back. Standing in my stirrups. Legs of steel, baby. Cock and stain and shame, right out there in front. For her.

But I really didn't care anymore. I was gonna fucking tear out of there in like a second and climb a tree. Fuck a squirrel. Fuck a bird's nest. Fuck it all.

I was too far gone. Too horny. Way too hard. I didn't care. And besides, we weren't in that hallway anymore. And fuck the news.

Funny how a hot ass and a hard cock can change a guy's mind. Or remove it.

She opened her mouth. God. The things I saw in a second. Before the words came out.

"You know, um, I'm old enough."

"What?"

"I am. That's all."

"What?"

"You know. I see it."

"Oh."

"Yeah. So I'm old enough."

"Old enough."

"Yeah. I am."

Blink. Oh yeah. Reality. Dammit!

"Sweetheart. No."

"Mr. Ferguson. Come on. I'm nineteen. I'm in college."

"No no no that's not it." Fuck.

"Well. What?! I. See. It."

"I know. I know. I'm sorry."

"No. Don't be."

"Well I am."

"Whatever."

"You're just-"

"Nineteen. Yeah. Old enough."

"Yes you are, but-"

"Fucking nineteen!"

"Hey. Sweetheart, settle down."

"No I won't. I SEE IT RIGHT THERE DUDE! WHAT THE FUCK?!"

"God! Be quiet! Please!"

"Then tell me what I'm supposed to do? Huh?"

"About what?"

"Oh my God mister. Jesus."

"Listen, I'm just going to turn around and-"

"I think you're hot."

"What?"

"I think you're hot, OK?"

"Well thanks."

"Jenny talks about you all the time and she thinks you're hot too and I just get too shy to say hi back is all. Fuck. Sorry."

"No. It's all right."

"You're like so cool."

"Sweetheart. Come on. I just stand there in the hall."

"No. No you don't. You don't just stand there."

"Well, I guess I fidget. Heh. You, um... stir me up a little."

"Yeah. *Fuck* yeah. That's what I mean. Your stare. Your looks at me. The way you watch me. That's cool."

"I'm sorry I stare."

"No. It's totally OK. I love it. I really *really* love it."

"You do?"

"Yeah. It makes me so wet, mister. I get so so so wet because of you."

"Wet."

"Yeah, like, soaked. Every day I walk by and you stare and smile and say hi and I just about fall down trying to walk away 'cos I know what you're watching and I want to walk so good for you. Oh God I can't believe I'm really telling you all this!"

"You don't have to-"

"Yeah I do! It feels so awesome to like talk with you like real talking like what I think about all the time, you know? Like a thing we have together. Like a couple. Talking and doing stuff. You know. I think about it all the time. I just could never do it at school. God. I'd die talking to you there."

"Sweetheart, you really don't ha-"

"Yeah I do! I do! I want to do it. It's like all I've thought about all year. No matter which of these lame-ass boys takes me out, you know, it's really you driving. It's you. Kissing me. You know. Touching me. I turn them into you."

"Please don't tell me any-"

"Anymore about what? About fucking those boys? About wanting to fuck you? Why not? The way you look at me every day - how else am I supposed to feel? Why wouldn't I like being wanted so bad like that? Do you know how it makes me feel? Do you know how happy you make me, just smiling at me and showing me how pretty and sexy I am? God!"

"I'm sorry."

"Stop it! Just stop it! Why is it wrong? Why? Why can't I love you? Why can't I love how you act so shy and so nice and so sexy and cool just standing there? Why can't I want to fuck you?"

"Because I would get fired and you would get expe-"

"I DON'T FUCKING CARE!"

Fuck. Right in front of the convenience store and like fifty people watching. I swear. They were already selling the snacks inside. It was perfect. Made for fucking TV.

I had to go.

Pedaling that hard never hurt any sweeter than that day. I swear I heard her screaming after me for at least three blocks. Then traffic was too loud to hear her anymore. But my cock still could, I guess. It still pushed and strained to get a better feel. For the air. Her vibrations on that hot, rushing air.

Five miles at the speed of lust. That's what I did. Five miles in a single throb.

Got home. Fucked the wife. Again.

She was on the couch by then. Still naked. Still a little damp. Stank.

In the kitchen: performance art. Splatters of wine-brown sewage streaked across the linoleum. A couple larger chunks of wet, melty excrement reigned over the largest puddle of waste, near the centermost spot on the floor. That was the plop point, I guess. The farthest her spasming colon could blow.

No way I was cleaning that. Besides, wife knew she was sloppy. She had no problems taking responsibility and cleaning up after herself. Usually the proof of it wasn't that dramatically painted halfway across our breakfast nook, though, but I figured she'd still mop up.

Anyway, so I got to her on the couch, and she was out. Heavily done in. Snoring. Drooling a bit. But I pushed my dick in anyway. Not like it was the first time. Not for that. She didn't care. Like I said.

And next morning, I'm sick. At least that's what my department chair heard. I even coughed. Stayed home. Chair said he'd put a little sign on the classroom door, canceling both my classes and office hours. He hoped I recovered soon. Hell. So did I.

Watched wife stagger off to work, rolling her eyes at me. The mess I made. It took her an extra hour to get ready. What the hell had gotten into me?

Ah. Ages old, that one.

And what was still in me, after all? That was the thing. What wasn't going to ever go away?

And what could I ever do about it?

Ninety-four minutes later. Doorbell.

There she was.

Driving into the school lot, she hadn't seen my car.

She drove straight to my house. Stood there in my doorway. Grinning.

Another new skirt. Tatter-edged denim. There were sequins. Mock-sloppy paint splatters. And so much leg.

She bent a little at the waist. Peeled her panties off. Dropped them on the concrete stoop. Stepped right over, right past me. Disappeared into my silent house.

I could smell her as she went by. Not the perfume you buy at the store. Nah. I smelled the good stuff.

What was I supposed to do?

Fuck.

I closed the door.

Chapter 2

She sexts him from a school bathroom, and they hook up on his garage floor

It was the third day of it, deep into it, deep into her.

Took me that long to figure out I didn't know her name. Her real name. First, last, "middle i" – the name the ethics board would know about, one of these days, if we kept at it. I was a goner for sure.

Not that I cared. A nineteen year-old wanted my cock. I was thirty-five, and I wasn't stupid. No time's as ripe as the right here, right now. You know?

She was fruit on the vine, swollen, sweet, juicy. And the vine? Tighter every day. Rubbing in the right places, though. A strange, steady squeeze.

My head was mush. I'd gone stupid.

Well. Obviously.

My chest hurt. Ten times a day I swear I was dying, my heart stopping, lurching, stabbing.

I knew it wasn't love. Knew it wasn't even lust. I had both with the wife – me for her, her for me. And plenty. It was a little weird sometimes, maybe a little messy, but it was fun. Harmless. Married people in private fucking however, whenever. What could be better? She liked to lose control. I liked to take it. Wife and I, we just fit, just right.

But this girl – what was it about her? How could *she* want *me*? How was I *that* hot? *That* cool? Why, when so many other nineteen year-old asses had swayed past so many times before, why was *hers* the one I finally wanted?

Hell, I'd already been laid dozens of times before she was even born. I'd fucked nineteen already. Wasn't like it was something new. Wife, she was a wild, white-hot thing at nineteen. God. I didn't forget that for a second. Still saw it in her every day. Still wanted it.

I'd already had my nineteen. So why? *Why*?

Fuck.

My head fucking hurt.

But it's not like I stopped. Not like I made her stop. Stupid, right?

Was, am, always will be.

Blood pumped then just like it does now. It moves fast, gets in tight places. Things move. Things swell. The soft gets hard and the hard questions hide.

So I'll never fucking get it. Not really. Not the *how*, not the *why*. It's in there somewhere. She'd show me if I looked. I'm sure she would.

Women know this shit. How this game gets played. She's got the cheap-ass board, the pieces, the little tri-lingual fucking rulebook. I know she does.

But I'm already gone. Already in. All in.

Meet, greet, fuck. Roll the dice. Pick up the pieces. Turn. Lose. Turn. Win.

And tie, tie, tie.

She was texting me nonstop. Sexting me.

Yeah. Suck it. I got the letters in the line, bitch. I got the lingo. Who's old now?

Sexting. She to me. Pussy. Ass. Tits. Repeat.

Pics. Her cunt in good light, bad light, weird light. Her asshole. God. Her asshole. There was one, her anus half-open, like she gaped it, held a cheek out hard, wide, just to show me inside. It was a red, dark little cave. Wet in there. And hot. Pink and shiny around the rim. Teensy light-blond hairs here and there, damp, matted down.

I licked the screen. Yep. Tiny, tiny pixel hole, right on the tip of my tongue.

More than once.

Pics! Her delicious tits in all manner of exposure. A lot of shots at exactly the same 47-degree angle, the same slippery sheen of motion that killed me every time. I got tons of bathroom moments. The ladies room at the end of my hall, a dozen steps from my classroom door, it was her own little studio. There I was teaching only fifty feet away while she fucked herself in the handicap stall, a foot propped on the rail, fingers jammed in both holes, her phone cocked just so, her focus only a little off. Only a little.

All class long. *Buzz. Buzzz. Buzzzzzzzzz.* Girls giggling. Boys squinting, sly. They knew. I had no poker face. I had no game. By the third day the phone was off. Flat full off and in my bag. Her sweet pussy stink practically right there in the room.

And I was supposed to explain Shakespeare to these snickering little fucks? By the second day I could hardly talk. I was live-action Elizabethan, my codpiece swollen, my everything so obvious. Why should they read and discuss when all they had to do was show up? Simply watch professor stumble dick-first into Act Two. "Every why hath a wherefore", that's what the old bugger said. Here's teacher, now ...here's the rising action. You figure it out, kids. The dude's fucked, but is he *fucked*?

(Essays due Friday. Double-space and spell check – *please, spell*

check! – and it's your asses if you copy/paste, you lazy little shits!)

So day three. I get to work, fuck her on the floor of my office, go see my boss. I cancel classes. Again. Second time in a week. Tell the department chair I'm still sick, need another day. Cough right in his face when I say it, for added effect. He closes his eyes, covers, cringes.

And I'm gone.

I need a day away from there. A day at home. With her. She's across campus at one of her classes when I send my own pic. Cock in fist. Great light, flattering angle, no fucking blur. I'm in the car about to head home. I send her three. Bam, bam, *bam!* Nice pre-cum drool in the last one. Hardly had to stroke at all.

I'm fucking ready.

Maybe soon I can manage to come enough. Finally settle down. Settle in. That's what I wanted.

In. In. In.

Maybe I get in her enough, then I'll be all right. Maybe I make it back.

I'll be able deal with other things. I'll be able to think and speak, in that order. I'll know what I just said. I'll know what was just said to me. I'll see what's happening in the world around me again. See more than just her high, full tits. Her round, tight ass. Her wet lips around my cock. Her hands on me. Her hands on herself.

I need to fuck her more. A whole lot more. That'll work it right out. I'll find the handle for sure.

She gets there almost as soon as me. Find out later she'd cut right out of class, ten minutes in. Got my message, saw my cock, and she was gone.

I'm in the back of my garage grabbing fresh vodka out of the freezer, haven't even gone inside yet. Granny across the street is watering flowers. Mailman is two houses down. A cat's sitting creepy and still under a bush next door. And they're all staring. And I can't blame them.

She pulls up, jumps out, gets to it.

Her VW's barely off, and she's barefoot making a bee-line into the garage. Coming right at me. Her skirt is halfway up around her waist. Her panties are gone. Her top, it's in place, more or less, her tits swaying free beneath it. She shoves a hand up her shirt, pinching and pulling. The other hand's yanking the skirt, not even close to getting it right while she skips up to me. Grinning.

I smell my own spunk. It's what, thirty minutes old? Barely run out of

her yet, not even had time to dry. I reach between her legs and feel it sliming the insides of her tight, smooth thighs. I pull my fingers up – lick, suck, taste. She reaches down to get me more, feeds me glob after glob of my own jizz.

I open the bottle and give her sips and gulps of Smirnoff. It's only nine-oh-what-the-fuck in the morning, and the garage door's still open. She doesn't care.

Her tongue in my mouth is so cold. So perfect. She undresses me while we kiss. I hold the bottle. Then she drinks a little more.

Mailman's at the end of my driveway now. I hear his sissy little eco-cart pull up, humming. There's the creak and clack of the hinge on the mailbox, and still the humming. He's hanging out. Getting an eyeful. Don't blame him at all. Granny's still running water. Cat's probably licking ass, though. I would.

We're on the garage floor in front of the freezer. My car's a foot away, between us and our little audience. The engine's still hot, ticking down to cool but nowhere near. We're all sweat and stink as soon as we're down there. It's nothing but grunge and pussy. Old oil stains, fresh hot engine, and nineteen year-old cunt.

My head's spun and rung, just from the odor of it all. I'm on my back, on the hard smooth floor, and I'm dizzy. High on the fumes. High on the sight of her cunt coming down on my face, her mouth around my cock, her hand milking me.

I don't know when mailman leaves, when granny goes in for her nap, when kitty craps and scratches. All I know is she's riding my open mouth and moaning into my nutsack. She's got me all the way to the root, working her throat, slobbering all over my crotch. I want to fuck up against her face, ram her mouth as deep as I can, but she's pressing down hard. She can't take me any deeper.

But I have no control. My hips buck. I fuck and I fuck and I fuck.

She hunches my face in painful, sudden thrusts. Shudders. Heaves. I hear the rasp and retch and gurgling mess of it all only after I feel it, the warm liquid evidence of her stomach having fits. But she stays on my cock, her throat still working, tongue still sliding, head still grinding her face down, down, down. And that's what makes me come. Sends up one cocktail so she can swallow down another.

How could I resist?

Then we're laughing. Well, at first that's just me. For her it's mostly coughing. Hands flutter to her hair and back down. Floating. She's with the ghosts of vodkas past and all that. I love how she grins and looks me right in the eye. The lopsided mouth, the smeared makeup.

She sits beside me, facing the freezer. I'm facing the bug-splattered grill of my shitty little compact. My feet are up under the engine, heels in a grease stain. She's got wet, red eyes, a busted blood vessel right up against the blue on one side. Snot and vodka leak out both nostrils. Her chin, her cheeks, everything's either slick with saliva, sticky with

semen, or both. Little rivers mix together and run down her neck, onto her chest. Her wet tits bounce as she coughs some more, tries to wipe her face without heaving again.

Classy little thing.

And I'm getting hard again.

I hold out the bottle. She swipes it like a pro, gulps down hard. Three giant mouthfuls, the last a swish-and-gargle job. Part of me is worried. A very small part. A girl that small drinking that much, that easily. Fuck. Maybe she's not so different from the wife after all.

The puddle I'm sitting in is like oozy, gelatinous water. Nothing solid. Not even weird colors. I wonder when's the last time she ate. A small part again, worrying. And then, *no*. Do I have to be her dad every other damn second? No. No.

Fucking *no*.

So what if she starves herself? So what if she's got some problems? She's screwing a random teacher at her school – one who's never even had her in his class, who doesn't even know her proper fucking name. She's got problems. No shit.

But doesn't everybody? Somehow? Some way?

Damn straight. I congratulate myself. Conscience cleared. I drink the rest of the vodka myself, grateful for the cringe and gasp at the end.

"Jeez, Mr. Ferguson," she smirks, squinting at the empty liter of liquid Russian love. "Save some for lunch."

I'm not about to try talking yet. I can barely breathe. I shrug and smile and put the mouth of the bottle to her slimy nipple, rocking it back and forth, watching her flesh harden inside the glass. Her breath catches. She's watching her tit, too. Watching me use her a little.

"You make me so fucking hot," she whispers.

She's sitting cross-legged, fingers working at her pussy, one hand opening, the other sliding, strumming. Her nipple pops free and puckers as I move the bottle to her other tit, twisting and flicking the smooth glass mouth over and around her slick aureola. She's in a trance, staring down at herself... left, right, left, right. Her hands move harder. She's panting. She's gorgeous.

She gasps for air as I pull the bottle away, set it down beside us. "I had almost nothing to do with that," I chuckle.

"Fucker," she flips me off, then rolls her eyes. Smiling. "You're hilarious, mister."

I realize something. "Why don't you just call me Daniel?"

"What?"

"Daniel. It's my name. Not Mr. Ferguson."

"Oh. Daniel."

She runs her hands over her stiff nipples, staring down at my half-hard cock. Her chest and neck are flushed. Her eyes don't focus too well as she looks into my face. She's fucked up.

"Um..." she starts. Blinks. Recovers. "Danny. Is Danny OK?"

"Yeah. I like that."

"OK. Danny." She's pinching her nipples, pulling down on them hard, harder than I'd ever do to her myself. Her eyes close. She slowly leans until she's flat on her back, still playing with her breasts.

"I'm Missy," she slurs. "But you already knew."

Well. Yeah. That's what she's called. I know that. Her friend Jenny calls her that. Boys in the hall talk about hot-assed Missy and all the dirty things they want to do to her. Missy with the tight, incredible body. The short skirts. The high, round tits.

Whatever else she's called, though, I have no clue. I only know her by her body. Her bits and pieces. Their feel, their flavor. I only know what she's done with me. For me. To me. What she makes me want to do to her. On her. In her. It bothers me a little. I admit it. Three days of crazy and I got barely even a name.

"Short for, what? Melissa?"

She chuckles. What a slickster I am. Perfect moment for the small-talk. Right.

Her eyes are still closed, hands roaming all over. Her hip is against my hip, her feet pointing the opposite of mine. Her head is almost completely underneath the front bumper of my car as she lies there, gently running her fingertips all over herself. I study her shaved, swollen pussy. She's pink. Leaking.

"Nope," she finally mutters. "My grand-dad used to call me 'Little Missy'.... After a while I was, you know... just 'Missy'."

"Oh," I'm mumbling, stupid. Her pussy is so close. So wet. "OK."

She shifts a little away from me, raises her legs up and out. Her knees bend. She rests one of her thighs across my lap, her calf hooking my waist. She reaches down with both hands and spreads herself wide open. Her eyes still closed.

"Go ahead," she whispers. "Go on."

I drop one hand, that's all it takes. Crook my elbow a little, work my fingers in. Two in each hole. My thumb for her clit. Time to fly.

She mews and rolls her head from side to side, works her hips in a little circle, pushes against me. We work out this nice rhythm that makes her ass dance on the concrete floor. All I can hear is her moaning and the squish and suck of her wet holes against my hand, around my sliding, wiggling fingers.

"Oh! Oohhhh! Yeah, mister! Yeah! *Yeah!* That's it, right there – don't st- *don't stop!*"

She comes, her cunt and ass both clamp hard on my fingers, her hands at work again on her red, heaving tits. She's so fucking brutal!

Me, I'm hard again, pushing up against the underside of her thigh. Who needs a hole? I'll take whatever I can get. But I don't get far enough. Not before she's done.

Her hands fall to the floor. Her mouth is open. She's breathing deep. Smiling.

She unwinds her leg from around my waist. Straightens out with a little moan. Stretches long and hard, arms above her head. Her pits are smooth and sopping wet. There's a sheen all over her. She's a slick, tired, drunk little slut. Grinning at me. Her eyes aren't focusing, but she doesn't care at all.

"You did it again, mister," she teases. "Mister Danny." Her hand sneaks down, dips, and comes up to my mouth. I'm licking. Sucking. Half-drunk on the vodka, half on her.

Fuck. Time for a little ride! I deeply, truly, *immediately* need to finish.

But of course not. Hell no. Suddenly she's just a girl. Her nose wrinkles. Her face screws up. Her hands push me back. Fuck and *fuck*.

"Let's take a shower," she mutters, staggering upright, crashing against my freezer. Then she's slowly off toward the kitchen door.

There's dried, dead grass – from the lawn mower, I guess – somehow stuck all over her back and ass. Her hair is matted against her head. Every inch of her skin is wet, some parts more than others. The soles of her feet are almost black. I can barely stand it. She's wild, nasty, beautiful. It's all I can do not to knock her down and fuck her right there on the threshold into the house.

But I let her go. I sit there on the floor of my own garage and watch her perfect dirty ass wobble on into my kitchen. My cock is killing me. I let it go and take a breath.

A shower. That's fine with me. The wet's just going to get wetter, at least if I have anything to do with it. So don't fucking start without me.

I stagger to my own two feet and nearly crash into the freezer myself. Damn slippery floor.

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