

Friendly Neighbors

t'Sade

Friendly Neighbors

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright t'Sade
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

Riding Bean: Friendly Neighbors

1

Stacy yawned as she pulled into the parking lot of her uncle's bank. Her tiny little red Honda rumbled for a moment before shutting off with a pair of pops and a shudder through the tiny frame. She waited for the sounds to die down and resisted the urge to start the engine, just to see if it would come back to life.

Her blue eyes caught sight of the clock.

"Shit, I'm late!"

Fumbling for her seat belt, she tugged on the clasp until it popped free. Yanking it over her shoulder, she scratched her face with the belt as she used her foot to pry open the door. Stumbling out, she smacked into the car next to hers. Spinning around, she slammed her door shut and hurried through the back door of the mall, taking the employee hallway to the back of the 2nd Coordinated Credit Union.

Inside, she grabbed her name badge from her purse and clipped it on, wincing when the needle pierced her breast. She hissed out in pain and pulled it out, threading it through her shirt properly. Smoothing it down her firm curves, she straightened her outfit to look as presentable as possible.

She took a deep breath. Opening the door into the teller area, she peeked outside. Her uncle, George, stood talking by one of the finance officers behind the desk. Stacy let out her breath with relief and stole across the floor to her place on the furthest teller. Flipping the sign, she signed into the computer and gestured for the next customer, a young blond girl probably not even fourteen.

"Hold on a second, please?" George's voice stopped the girl as he held a hand in front of Stacy. The blond girl stopped, looking

unsure, and stepped back into line. The man behind her, older and impatient, tried to stop her but she elbowed him until he backed up.

“Stacy, can I see you in my office?”

Stacy felt her skin growing hot. Flushed, she nodded. “Yes, uncle.”

She gave an apologetic look to the young girl who shrugged back. The blond girl looked up at the older man and glared at him, peeling back her lip for a moment, but he didn't notice.

Tapping her fingers on the keyboard, Stacy logged out of the computer. She turned on her heels and walked back to his office, hearing the click of her heels like the clock of doom hanging over her soul.

“Shut the door, please.” He spoke in a serious tone that warned Stacy that she might not have a job in a few minutes.

Stacy hesitated but closed the door. It clicked loudly. She looked at her uncle across the tiny office and sat down on the visitor's chair, smoothing out the skirt over her thighs. When she couldn't stall any longer, she lifted her eyes up to her uncle.

George said, “That was the third time this month, Stacy.”

“I'm sorry, uncle.”

“Mr. Galvin,” he corrected.

“I'm sorry.”

“I have to report when you are late. And three times since the beginning of the month, and this is only the ninth, is a sure way for corporate to fire you.”

“I know,” she remembered to add a title later, “Mr. Galvin.”

“Look, Stacy, I'm not going to say I pulled strings to get you hired. You got hired on your own skills. But, I am,” he tapped the desk, “risking my reputation by insisting you remained employed here when it is becoming obvious that you don't have the discipline to even show up on time.”

He sighed. “Look, Stacy, you are a bright girl. You just need to focus.”

Stacy looked back down at her hands.

Her uncle said, “You can do so much for this bank and for yourself. You just need to,” he hesitated himself, then cleared his throat. “You're a smart girl, Stacy. Don't ruin this for your moth... you.”

She resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She heard the speech more than once, but she couldn't stop him from saying it.

"You got good grades in high school, but you just don't apply yourself properly. You need to find discipline. And you can, if you just put your mind to it."

Stacy nodded in the appropriate place. "Yes, Mr. Galvin."

"Then I'll expect you on-time tomorrow and for the rest of the month. One more late day and you will get in trouble. We have a business to maintain and November is one of our busiest months."

"Yes, Mr. Galvin," she choked on the words.

"Good, now get back to the teller station. We have a busy day ahead of us."

—

"It's okay, baby. I'll take care of you."

Stacy's boyfriend, Thames, didn't even bother taking off his shirt or pants. Instead, he just shoved his clothes away from his naked cock and held it with one hand as he positioned himself between Stacy's outstretched legs. With his other hand, he reached down and spread her hairy lips apart so he could aim his cock at her opening.

She closed her eyes, wishing he would give her a little more attention to warm her up. When she felt his slick head pushing into her pussy, she just spread her legs to avoid her dry friction. It stung for a moment until he lubricated her channel.

Thames grabbed her breasts, his fingers digging into the soft mounds as he drove into her, his cock filling her pussy with wet, slurping heat. His balls bumped against her thighs but he never completely filled her sex.

She could feel him coming after less than a minute, his cock surging inside her, pulsating with his heartbeat. Stacy's muscles squeezed around him and waited until he pulled out with a sigh. Cum oozed down into her ass crack and she squirmed uncomfortably.

"Um, Thames, could you get me a towel?"

Not responding to her, Thames rolled over. He let out a chuckling gasp, "That was absolutely great, baby."

Stacy pulled up a blanket from the foot of the bed and jammed it between her thighs to sop up the sweat and cum. Rolling on her side, she leaned on her hand and looked over him.

“Thames?”

“Yeah, babe?” he asked, yawning.

“How can you take care of me? You don’t have a job.”

“Better than you staying at that horrid bank. Can’t believe your own uncle would fire you. Bastard.”

Stacy sighed. “I guess. But...”

Her voice trailed off as she watched his eyes closing. A moment later, a snore ripped from his throat. Stacy frowned, then rolled over on her back.

“Damn it.”

Listening to his snores, she reached down between her trim legs. She found a puddle of cum pooling underneath her, already cooling and congealed. She pulled a face and wiped her hands on the blanket to dry them.

Stacy decided to take her time, resting her palm on her pussy and letting her middle finger line up along the seam. She felt the comfortable tingle which always came when she started to masturbate and pushed the finger past her damp hairs and flesh to find the opening of her sex. A soft moan drifted from her as she found her clitoris, pinching it between two fingers.

She imagined someone else pinning her down, holding her helpless as cruel fingers found her clit, twisting and tugging on it. Stacy’s breath came harder, tiny gasps of pleasure, and she couldn’t help arching her back in the fantasy of being dominated by someone, anyone. She tried to picture them, to imagine their faces, but her mind refused to bring any image to the person taking advantage of her. All she could imagine was the thick cock she wanted inside her.

Stacy gave up and just lost herself in the idea of being dominated and roughly fucked. When her mind brought up the idea of dozens watching her, her orgasm came hard and fast, a delicious thrill against her senses that left her gasping for breath.

“Stop shaking the bed,” grumbled Thames.

Stacy pulled her fingers away, flush with embarrassment. She arranged the blankets over her body and tried to drift to sleep.

—

The next evening, Stacy decided she suffered enough with Thames. Instead of heading directly over to his house for a couple

hours of beer, television, and disappointing sex, she turned down Monarch Road and headed to her apartment instead. The Glorious Orchid Apartments looked like the other apartment complexes on the road, six identical buildings with enough shrubbery to hide the garbage gathered in the flowerbeds. The “Olympic-sized pool” remained empty as it has for the last two years, a large crack down the middle and filled with debris of skaters stealing a few hours of concrete waves when the apartment management couldn’t bother to get out of bed.

She waved to a pack of goths heading out for a night of clubbing and pulled into an empty parking spot. Closing the door behind her, and checking that it was locked three times, she headed toward the back of her apartment building.

Stacy stopped at the mailbox. Unlocking it, the tightly-packed letters burst out of the opening and spilled out on the floor. Sighing, she knelt down and started to gather up bills and junk mail.

When someone’s hand crossed her vision to pick up an envelope, Stacy jumped. Her heels slipped on the linoleum floor and she hit the ground with an indelicate thump. Whimpering, she tried to get to her feet.

“Oh, I’m so sorry!”

It was a woman. Stacy held a hand to her heart, trying to slow it down as she looked at the stranger. She had brown hair with small, dark eyes. Wearing a navy suit with a tight-fitting skirt bottom, she looked professional and cultured. Just like someone who stepped out of a magazine.

When she spoke, she spoke with a faintly New York accent. “I didn’t mean to surprise you.”

Stacy giggled. “Not a problem, just wasn’t expecting it.”

The woman held out her hand. “My name is Semmer Daluth.”

“Daluth?”

“It’s Dutch.”

“Oh.” Stacy had no clue. She took the offered hand, her palm sliding against the smooth skin. When Semmer shook it, she surprised Stacy with her firm grip. Stacy stared with surprise, then pulled her hand back as a blush started to rise on her cheeks. “I’m sorry. I-I need to pick these up.”

Semmer's lips curled into a smile. "Let me help, but without the screaming this time?"

Stacy giggled. Together, they gathered up Stacy's letters. Stacy took the ones Semmer picked up and shoved all of them into her purse, leaning on the wall as she stood up.

"Thank you, Semmer."

"No problem. Me and a... friend just moved last week. It's been interesting already."

Stacy looked around at the stained floor and peeling walls.

"Does it look like the pictures?"

Semmer smirked and shook her head, her eyes twinkling. "Not in the slightest bit. I just hope the pool works."

"I wouldn't hold your breath. The last time they got it filled, it flooded the laundry rooms in the basement. Took them four days to pump out the water and another month to replace the machines."

Making a face, Semmer shuddered.

"No thanks."

Stacy slammed the door shut on her mailbox and locked it. When she turned around, she saw Semmer watching her. At the piercing look, Stacy blushed.

"What?"

"I just realized you were in the next apartment over. We moved into 213."

Stacy grinned. "That's awesome. I hope to catch you around."

—

Close to midnight, Stacy sat on her couch and flipped through random channels on the television. Her dinner, delivered Chinese food, sat half-eaten on her coffee table, the cardboard boxes no longer steaming around the spoon jammed into the sweet and sour chicken.

In the rapid flash of images on the screen, she saw naked buttocks and stopped. Feeling a little frisky, she thumbed the channel back up and saw a steamy scene play out in front of her. The woman, looking beautiful and dripping wet in the rain, had her breasts grinding into a brick wall and her lover, a gorgeous man with a tight ass, pounded into her from behind. It was soft-core at most, so all she could see was the look of rapture on the star's face

and Stacy couldn't help feeling a little jealousy toward the character.

The scene ended, leaving Stacy feeling more anxious and horny than ever. Her eyes drifted across the room to the telephone, wondering if Thames would consider visiting for a few hours of fun. Then, she remembered the last time he came to visit: hours of whining, a few minutes of sex, and then him packing up to spend the night at his home.

Stacy scoffed, remembering his complaint. "Bastard. It doesn't smell in my apartment!"

She jammed the power off and pushed herself out of the couch. Grabbing the leftover food, she started toward the kitchen, then paused when she heard a rhythmic rapping in the room. With a frown, she turned back to the television, thinking it was still on, but the dark screen made no noise.

Curious, Stacy set down the boxes of food and walked around the living room. It sounded a little louder near the bedroom. Without turning on the lights, she padded into the cramped space and stood in the rectangle of light from the living room.

The rhythmic noises grew louder and a loud moan filled her bedroom. Stacy felt her heart beating loudly in her chest. Creeping to avoid making a noise, she crossed the room and pressed one shaking hand to the wall. It shook beneath her palm from something being beaten into the other side. It felt like a hammer, except that the entire wall shook from the force of the blows.

Then, everything became clear when Semmer's muted voice drifted through the wall. "Oh god, harder! Fuck me harder!"

Stacy snatched her hand away, cheeks burning hotly. The wall continued to vibrate with the sound of Semmer fucking on the other side. Stacy backed away, her eyes wide but her thoughts desperately trying to imagine Semmer's slender and trim body on some bed, on her hands and knees, and some muscular man pounding his cock into her pussy. Stacy's body grew hotter as she stared at the wall, unable to walk away, as her pictures continued to bounce with every powerful thrust.

When she met Semmer, she never imagined the woman's friend would be capable of such incredible sex, but the idea let Stacy's thoughts drift to the scene in the movies, wondering if Semmer got

fucked on the wall between their apartments. She finally stepped away from the wall, walking backwards until her back pressed on the door frame. With a gasp, she slid down to sit on the ground, her eyes riveted on the flexing wall.

Unable to see Semmer, Stacy just imagined her neighbor on the bed with her face down and buried in the pillows. Her thoughts changed to herself on the bed in the same position, wondering what it felt like to have a real cock driving into her. A cock not attached to an asshole. A thick member that filled her properly. Her pussy tingled with excitement and she let her hands drop between her legs, her eyes still locked on the wall.

Her fingertips ran along the fabric of her panties. She was surprised to feel her juices already soaking through the fabric; the slick moisture lubricated her fingers instantly. Fumbling with the edge of the elastic, Stacy tore at her underwear and shoved it down to her knees in desperate need to shove her fingers inside her pussy.

Eyes still on the wall, Stacy saw nothing but her imagination. Her body spread out on the bed, a huge cock filling her to the very limits and sending her over the edge in endless orgasms. The images came vividly and soon she had four fingers in her pussy, pounding herself with hard thrusts that splattered everywhere.

On the other side, Semmer's cries grew louder and shriller. Stacy couldn't hear the words, but she could feel the woman's orgasm rising up. Desperate to match the image in her head, Stacy fucked herself with her fingers until her shoulders hurt, slapping in and out of her pussy until she felt an orgasm curling her toes.

The pounding grew erratic but stronger. The wall flexed with every thrust as Semmer screamed out, begging for more, harder, deeper. Stacy shuddered with the images flooding into her, then exploded into an orgasm that filled the room with light, her entire body growing stiff as she let out a strangled scream of her own.

Half-lost in her orgasm, she slapped one wet hand against her face. Her dripping fingers curled into her mouth as she arched against the door frame, her body shaking as she thrust her fingers in and out of her mouth and pussy. Struggling to breathe, she continued to finger herself, straining to hold on to the orgasm as long as possible.

Too soon, it faded and she slumped back down. Her sweat soaked her tank top; the moist fabric clung to her breasts and her nipples stuck out through the ribbed textile. Panting, she stared at the wall but the other side was silent. Quiet.

The softness after an orgasm, something Stacy didn't feel after Thames. Stacy imaged Semmer cuddling with her lover instead of him rolling over to sleep. She tried to stand up, but her leg felt shaky and weak. Panting, she rolled on her hand and knees. As she settled into position, she felt a thrill of her imaging filling her and she moaned, "Oh god," before reaching up between her legs to masturbate again.

Spreading her knees as far as her underwear would allow her, Stacy pressed her face against the rough carpet and used both hands against her pussy, frigging herself with desperate need. Her fingers caught her clit and she twisted it as her other hand parted her swollen lips, pounding into the wet hole.

On the other side, the pounding resumed. It felt intense, just a steady beat. Stacy quickly matched the sound, jamming her hand into her pussy with the beat that filled the room. She released her clit and reached her hand around to circle around her asshole, the idea of an anal fuck seeming appropriate for the slow, powerful strokes that slammed her room. Stacy had never had anal sex, but she couldn't think of anything else Semmer could be doing that result in such a driving drumbeat against her bedroom wall.

Semmer's pounding grew harder and faster. Stacy matched it, thrusting her lower hand clear up to her knuckles into her pussy as her other hand jammed one finger into her tight anal ring. It felt dirty but incredible, a driving beat that fueled the excitement inside her.

Stacy lifted her chest off the ground until only her nipples scraped the carpet and she balanced on her knees. Two hands buried in her ass and pussy, she let out strangled gasps as another orgasm crashed into her, an intense wave. Her mouth opened but she couldn't breathe as the rushing ecstasy burned her from the inside.

On the other side, Semmer's bed stopped moving again. Stacy fingered herself into the last of her orgasms, then collapsed on the

ground. Panting hard, she pulled her fingers from her body and wiped them on the carpet.

“Oh, god,” she whispered, “that was intense.”

—

The next morning, Stacy woke up with her legs sprawled out across the bed and her thong hanging from her big toe. She groaned and pulled her hand from her pussy. The smells of her previous night's excitement wafted up and she breathed it in. At the musky smell, she felt a blush rising on her cheeks and she tilted her head back to stare at the wall to Semmer's apartment. The passion from the night before still caused her pussy to tingle and she reached down to press her fingers between her nether lips.

Then, her eyes widened. Seeing the mottled pattern of sunlight on the wall reminded her of her job. Gasping, she flipped over and peered at the clock. Just before five in the morning on a beautiful summer day. Stacy let out a gasp of relief, she still had two hours before she needed to leave.

A sly smile crossed her lips and she shifted her ass in the blankets, dropping both hands between her legs. She giggled and let her mind back to the night before, remembering Semmer's passionate screams to fuel her own pleasures.

An hour later, Stacy hummed cheerfully as she walked out of her apartment. Turning around, she turned the key in the lock and rattled the handle. She wore her best suit, a black pinstripe skirt that caressed her lower thigh. A matching suit jacket stretched around her breasts and clung to her hips. She stepped back, her blood-red heels tapping on the concrete floor.

The door to Semmer's apartment opened. Stacy glanced over to the door, watching as Semmer came bouncing out from her apartment.

She wore a jogging outfit: tiny shorts that barely covered the curve of her ass, a ribbed halter-top that strained around her chest, and white Nikes with socks that just peeked over the tops of her shoe. Semmer spun around to pull the door shut. She smiled broadly when she spotted Stacy.

“Good morning!”

Stacy froze, still holding the door handle. A slow blush started to rise up on her cheeks and she gulped.

Semmer didn't seem to notice Stacy's hesitation. She turned around and looked over the sun-soaked parking lot and the bike trail running along it. She smiled broadly and gestured out to it. "Isn't this just beautiful?"

Gulping, Stacy looked over her shoulder at the vista. "Y-Yeah, I never really paid attention though."

Semmer stretched, arching her back.

Stacy caught sight of Semmer's nipples peaking through the fabric and the blush grew hotter on her cheeks. Memories of the night before, imagining Semmer's naked body slick with sweat and excitement burned through her mind. She trembled and shook the handle of the door, trying to stall and regain control of her thoughts.

"You okay?"

Stacy jumped and peeked over to Semmer who now stood next to her. The woman looked worried for a moment, then reached up with the back of her hand to press against Stacy's forehead. She gasped and frowned.

"Oh, poor baby, you are so hot! Are you sick?"

Stacy blushed even hotter, unwilling to explain that her heated skin came not from being sick, but the intense images burning through her mind. Her eyes dropped down to Semmer's cleavage. She bit her lip and tore her eyes away, trying to focus on Semmer's dark eyes. Her eyes dropped down and she forced herself to stare at Semmer's lips.

A smile stretched the blonde's lips. She trailed her hand down the side of Stacy's cheek. It felt like a hot brand on Stacy's skin, which only increased the heat of her blush.

Stacy gulped. "I-I'm not sick."

"Oh," purred Semmer, "so this," she turned her hand to cup Stacy's chin, "is from something else?"

"I-I-"

"You heard us? Last night?"

Stacy's cunt tingled with excitement. She let out a shuddering breath, her chest heaving as she imagined Semmer having sex.

"Stacy?"

"Y-Yes?"

"Yes, you heard us fucking, or yes, your name is Stacy?"

Stacy struggled for the words and Semmer chuckled and stroked her thumb along the line of Stacy's jaw. Semmer inched closer, her breath warm on Stacy's face.

"Did you like what you heard?"

The door to Semmer's apartment opened, saving Stacy the effort of explaining herself. Her eyes drifted to the opening, curious to see the man who fucked Semmer the night before. She brought up the memories she built in her head and waited to see how accurately she imagined Semmer's lover.

When the girl stepped out, Stacy's jaw dropped. She didn't look much older than thirteen. She had purple hair, teased up in high bangs, and wore the same outfit as Semmer. The girl spun around on her sneakers and pulled the door shut. She turned and ran over to Semmer, slipping her arms around Semmer's waist and hugging her tightly.

Semmer beamed and guided the teenage girl around in front of her. The purple-haired girl looked up at Stacy who remembered to close her mouth.

"Stacy, this is my... friend. Her name is Carrie."

Carrie smiled and held out her hand, palm down. "Hello!"

Stacy gulped and took it, shaking it firmly. She watched as Carrie looked her from head to toe, the smile spreading on her lips. Carrie took her hand back and leaned against Semmer.

"Last night, in bed, Semmer told me she met you."

Stacy gasped as she struggled with the idea of two women fucking each other. "You mean, last night, w-when you were... I heard...?"

Carrie grinned and folded her arms over her chest. "Me and Semmer, of course. She's my lover."

Gaping, Stacy lifted her eyes to Semmer. The dark blond woman smiled and wrapped her arms around Carrie's chest, right above Carrie's arm. Stacy looked down, then up, her mind completely lost with the idea of Carrie and Semmer.

Semmer cleared her throat. "Well, we need to run. See you later!"

Stacy watched as the two lesbian lovers ran down the stairs. Stacy leaned on the railing to watch them run across the parking lot and on to the bike trail.

—

Stacy sat on the couch, watching television, but her heart wasn't into watching. She flipped through the channels without seeing each one. She stopped on a familiar jingle for a carpet company, sang along with the jingle she grew up with, and then continued past. Propping one foot up on the coffee table, she idly ran her fingers along her leg and glanced to her bedroom.

She wore nothing but a t-shirt and a pair of blue lace "boy shorts". The elastic clung to her hips. She inhaled sharply, arching her back and rubbing her nipples against the inside of the t-shirt. Letting out her held breath with a whoosh, she glanced back to the bedroom.

Silence.

She leaned over the side of the sofa, desperate to hear the rhythmic thumping on the wall. There was no expectation that Semmer and Carrie would fuck again that night, but every ounce of lust in Stacy's body craved the same intense orgasm she experienced the night before. She resisted the urge to rub her pussy and rested her fingertips along her belly. Alternating her gaze between the television and the wall, she trailed her hand along the notch of her navel, dipping her fingers and circling around the opening. She focused on the wall, trying to will Semmer to start.

When she only heard more silence, she sighed unhappily and leaned back on the couch. Flipping through a few more commercials, she finally gave up. Pushing herself out of the couch, she sulked into the bathroom. Leaning up on the counter, she peered at herself in the mirror, inspecting the woman who looked back at her.

Stacy looked good for being twenty-one. High breasts that pushed up on the t-shirt and pink nipples barely visible through the thin fabric. Her narrow hips were accented by the drape of the shirt, showing off her belly button and the elastic fabric clinging to her hips. She trailed a hand down her stomach, running a finger along her belly button and then down to the mound of her sex.

She inhaled sharply, arching her back. Her eyes looked at herself critically, then let out her breath with a long gasp. "Damn, I can't believe I want to hear a bunch of lesbos going at it."

She squeezed the edge of the counter. Despite what she said, she could feel her pussy tingling with anticipation, a moist heat

gathering between her legs. She wanted to hear them fucking. She wanted to know how Carrie made Semmer scream like that. During the entire day at work, her memories played back Carrie's child-like body fucking Semmer, but Stacy didn't know how. The idea of two women fucking intrigued her, but she never experienced it herself.

She lowered her head, pressing one hand to her pussy.

She wanted to be there so badly.

Then, she heard it. A thump against the wall. Her head snapped up and she peered into her bedroom. Another thump rocked the wall. Scrambling, she raced back to the bedroom. At the door, she remembered an idea she had. Spinning on her heels, she fell to her knees. Fingers digging into the carpet, she ran back to the kitchen and grabbed a large glass. Coming back, she stared at the wall between the apartments.

Another thump.

She wasn't sure if it was her heart or the wall. Trembling, she padded toward the wall, reaching out for the cool painted wall. Her palm rested on the surface and she heard Semmer's bed rocking against the wall. Heart pounding in her chest, Stacy pressed the glass to the wall and her ear to the glass.

Muted sounds drifted through the wall and echoed through the glass. Semmer's moans sent a thrill through Stacy's body. Stacy pressed a hand against her pussy as she felt the rapping against her bedroom wall, the steady bumps as Semmer's moans grew louder.

"Oh god, Carrie, harder, harder please."

Stacy whimpered, rubbing her fingers along her pussy and feeling her juices soaking through the fabric. Desperate, she fumbled with the elastic of her panties and pushed it aside, plunging two fingers into her moist sex. Slumping on the wall, she leaned her ear against the glass just to jam two hands between her legs.

On the other side, Semmer's voice drifted through. "Oh yeah, like me right... oh god," the wall thumped and Stacy's heart surged.

Stacy's mind burned as she tried to picture what they were doing. Was Carrie on her knees, licking her out? Was Semmer leaning over the edge of the bed? Stacy moaned loudly, her lips parting as she tried to balance the glass while jamming four fingers into her pussy, desperately frigging herself.

“Oh, god, just like that. Right on my clit, suck harder. Lick me you little slut.”

Stacy heard Carrie responding, a muffled voice, but she couldn't make out the words. Then, Semmer's voice came through clearly.

“Just like that, Stacy, lick me hard right... there,” and then a scream echoed in the room as the bed slammed against the wall.

The glass slipped from Stacy's and dropped to the ground. It clattered loudly, but Stacy dropped down next to it, her bare knees slamming on the scratchy carpet. She gasped, staring out but no longer seeing anything, replaying the last thing she heard.

Semmer said “Stacy”. Semmer and Carrie were fantasizing about her.

Stacy continued to stare, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Next to her, the wall began to shake as the bed slammed into the other side with hard, powerful strokes.

—

The next morning, Stacy woke up masturbating furiously against the wall. Moaning, she arched her back and pressed her shoulders on the cool painted wall as she brought forth a series of orgasms from her body.

Even bringing herself to four screaming orgasms, Stacy managed to leave two hours early. Locking the door to her apartment, she blushed at the thought. With a glance over at Semmer's and Carrie's door, she hurried to her car.

She almost made it when Carrie's voice called out over the parking lot.

“Stacy!”

Stacy blushed as she peered up to the second floor balcony. Carrie leaned over the railing, wearing nothing but a black bra and a matching thong. Stacy gaped at the nearly naked girl, both in horror of her under-aged appearance and sheer amount of naked skin. Carrie looked just like a thirteen year old, with very small but perky breasts. Her hips were barely defined, hinting at prepubescence but there was something about the way she leaned over the railing that hinted at more than an innocent young teen.

“Y-Yes?”

“You want pizza tonight?”

Shocked, Stacy nodded. “S-Sure?”

“Your place? Ours is a mess.”

“I-I-” Stacy stammered.

Carrie beamed and leaned further over, sticking her tiny little ass into the air.

“Just say yes.”

“O-Okay, when?”

“Around eight, eight thirty?”

“Okay.”

Carrie pushed herself away from the rail and ran back into her apartment, her tiny little body disappearing in the darkness.

Stacy realized that her throat felt dry. Gulping, she slipped into her car with images of Semmer and Carrie in her apartment, naked. Fantasies of the last few days brought tingles to her pussy, soaking her panties.

She couldn't wait for the night.

—

Stacy hovered around her living room, picking imagined dust from the coffee table and trying not to think about the bedroom. She frowned and reached down to rearrange the pillows on the couch, placing the two new ones from Dock Three on each end and trying to hide the worst of the older ones in the crack of the cushions.

She heard a car door slam shut and jumped. Gasping, she ran over to the bedroom and slammed it shut, afraid that somehow Semmer and Carrie would be able to smell her lustful thoughts in the room. She ran to the bathroom and got some air freshener. She returned to the bedroom and sprayed it into the darkness, hoping to mask the smells.

When someone knocked on her front door, her heart skipped a beat. She dropped the air freshener on the ground and slammed the door shut again. Sprinting to the door, she slumped on the frame to catch her breath, then fumbled with the dead bolt.

Flinging the door open, she looked out at Semmer and Carrie.

“H-Hi!”

Semmer wore a short black dress. The sparkling fabric teased her knees but two slits up the side revealed the black garter she wore underneath. Stacy froze, her eyes rising up to stare the plunging neckline and the sparkling necklace around her neck.

Next to her, Carrie looked just like a young girl. She wore a Cubs hat pulled down over her violet hair. She wore a simple white t-shirt and shorts. The slender legs beneath drew Stacy's attention and she blushed at the idea of sex with the under-aged girl. She forced her eyes up to the stack of pizzas in Carrie's hands, the top box teasing right below Carrie's small breasts.

Gulping, she stepped back and gestured for the two women.

"Come on in."

Carrie entered first, carrying the pizza boxes. Stacy stepped away and watched her as the girl paced around the couch and set them down on the coffee table. Stacy's eyes rose up her slender legs, then froze when she saw Carrie's pink nether lips peeking through the holes of her legs. Stacy spun around to avoid looking further, but when she turned around she bumped against Semmer.

"She's rather cute, isn't she, Stacy?"

"I-I-"

Semmer chuckled.

"She's nineteen, you know. She just looks young."

Stacy gasped, her blush betraying her inner thoughts.

Semmer leaned forward, her breath hot on Stacy's neck. The soft, seductive whisper teased her senses.

"She's fuckable, you know. Very legal. I think she fancies you."

When Stacy just stood there with her mouth open, Semmer grinned. Shutting the door to the apartment, she drew Stacy to the couch and set her down. Stacy down in the center of the couch, her eyes locked on Semmer. Her heartbeat pounded loudly and she felt the tingling pouring into her gut, filling with honeyed anticipation.

Semmer rested her hand on Stacy's thigh. Leaning forward, she whispered into Stacy's ear. "Do you want to fuck her?"

"I-I'm not into girls. Um, women, um-"

Semmer's smile tickled her earlobe and spoke as if Stacy wasn't denying everything. "Or, Carrie could fuck you."

Stacy inhaled sharply.

Still smiling, Semmer continued, "She has a wonderful tongue and can lick for hours. So could I, but I have other... things I like to do. She loves it when I put a strap-on around my hips and," a giggle, "she screams for hours. I think you'd love it too."

Stacy gulped, sweat forming on her brow. She felt Carrie slip into the couch behind her, settling down and pressing her lithe body against Stacy's back. Stacy could feel Carrie's nipples poking into her back; it sent a thrill of pleasure coursing through Stacy's legs and soaked her thong.

Carrie's arm slipped around Stacy's waist. The tiny hand delved between Stacy's legs, tracing down the line of Stacy's pussy.

Stacy gasped, then stood up, ripping herself away from Semmer's and Carrie's hands. Blushing hotly, she stumbled away and hit the coffee table. Ungracefully, she fell to the ground and rolled backwards over the table and on the floor. In a flash, she regained her feet.

"I-I am not ready for this!"

Carrie leaned forward, arching her back as she spoke wryly, "Oh? You seemed hot enough. And you feel so sweet," she finished with a kitten-like growl.

Stacy whimpered, stepping back, fighting with the lust and embarrassment boiling inside her.

"I-I need to leave, no, could you leave? This is going too fast for me. I need to-"

Carrie crawled out over the coffee table, her knees still on the couch. Her eyes smoldered as she stared at Stacy. "Come on. It will feel really good. I promise."

"Carrie..." said Semmer in a warning tone.

Stacy shook her head. She could feel her juices dribbling down her inner thighs and the heat burning on her cheeks.

Carrie crawled out on the coffee table. Her knees spread apart as she knelt there, her hands tugging on the bottom of her own shirt. With a grin, Carrie started at Stacy before pulling her shirt up over her tiny breasts.

Stacy gasped. Her eyes focused on Carrie's nipples, unable to tear her gaze away but terrified to touch the seemingly under-aged girl. Semmer's voice echoed in her head reminding her it was legal, that Carrie wasn't a minor, but when she looked at Carrie's slender body, she couldn't help feeling the conflict of lust and fear ripping her in half.

"Just give me a little bit of time, okay? This is just-"

Carrie tugged on her pants, pushing them down as she grinned. "Didn't stop you from frigging yourself when you heard us."

Stacy gasped. "H-How did you know that? I never you told you that!"

"Carrie!" snapped Semmer. The older woman reached out with her hand and grabbed Carrie by her purple hair. Pulling her back, Semmer dragged Carrie off the table on her feet. She pulled Carrie close. "Put your shirt on."

"But, Semmer-"

"No buts! Put," she shook Carrie with every word, "your damn shirt back on."

Stacy gaped in surprise. Semmer went from seductive to angry in a heartbeat. She held up her hands, trying to diffuse the situation. "No, it isn't like that. I just need to.... this is going too fast. I never thought I would be into girls and here you are, being... wonderful."

As soon as Carrie finished dressing, Semmer swept her into a hug. Semmer grinned to Stacy, her eyes twinkling.

"Enjoy the pizza. We'll talk tomorrow."

Stacy stared as they walked out of her apartment and shut the door behind them. She walked after them. She pressed her body to the cool wood to listen to them entering their own apartment. Hating herself, she ran back into the bedroom and crouched against the wall, her ear pressed tightly to the wall.

She pressed one hand between her legs as she listened for them. Her fingers caressed her pussy, remembering how Carrie's finger felt against her. She whimpered, biting her lip, and pressed her ear tightly to the cool wall.

"Damn, I should have said yes. I want," her finger pushed into her sex, "I wanted her to say yes. Why couldn't I?"

She whimpered, "They'll hate me now."

From the other side of the wall: "Carrie, what were you thinking?"

"You know what I was doing. She is hot and sexy and, damn it, she wants it just as badly as we do! I know what she wants."

Stacy bit her bottom lip, stroking herself lightly as she spied on her neighbors.

Semmer moved something in the room and Stacy heard a pair of beeps. Then, she spoke, "You have no idea what she needs, Carrie."

Carrie laughed. "Oh, I like this..."

A moan. "Touch me there. Right there... oh god, that's it."

Stack whimpered, listening to the moans that drifted through the wall, She fingered herself.

Semmer giggled. "You are changing the topic. What do you think she wants?"

Semmer moaned before Carrie answered.

"She wants to be fucked. Hard."

"She's shy."

"She wants to be taken. I bet if you shoved her against the wall and grabbed her shirt, she would start juicing right there."

Stacy gasped, one hand fumbling for her shirt. She pictured Semmer shoving her against the walls. Her other hand grew wetter with every passing imagination.

"Then yank her shirt open, tearing the buttons off-"

Stacy's fingers curled on her shirt, pulling down with all her might. One button snapped, flying off. Stacy almost came from the idea of Semmer taking her.

Carrie continued to speak. "When you start fingering her, she would be dripping in your hands."

"And you think she would like it?"

Stacy whispered. "Yes, oh god, yes."

Semmer moaned before she spoke.

"And what about her mouth, she has such a pretty little mouth."

Carrie giggled. "I bet you'd like to grab her hair and shove her into your pussy, making her lick you out. She would be so willing, so hungry for you."

Unwittingly, Stacy's mouth opened with the images slamming into her. Her fingers filling her pussy filled the room with slurping noises, a wet juicy sound that left her desperate for more. She came hard but even as the orgasm tore through her, she grew hungry for more.

—

Stacy avoided Semmer and Carrie for three days. Every time she left her apartment, she stared at the door with growing lust, but didn't have the nerve to knock on their apartment. She hurried to work, just to avoid an uncomfortable encounter.

Every night, she leaned against the wall. She hung on every word and moan that drifted through the thin barrier. She came when Semmer or Carrie did, frantically rubbing herself with hungry need.

On the third day, after Carrie and Semmer brought themselves to screaming orgasms in their bed, Stacy leaned against the wall and panted for breath. Her t-shirt clung to her breasts, sticking to the sweat that covered her body.

“You should ask her.”

Stacy lifted her head as Carrie spoke up.

“You have a third ticket. We have to use it or we’ll lose it.”

“She turned us down, Carrie. She’s avoiding us.”

“She might not. I didn’t mean to come on so hard.”

Semmer didn’t speak for a moment. Stacy leaned into the wall, half standing as she pressed an ear to the wall.

“We both tried too hard. We both want her. But is she really going to just jump on a plane and spend five nights in the Grand Cayman Islands? That sounds more like a bad pickup line. Imagine it, three of us for a week in a hotel. She’ll think we’re trying to rape her or something.”

Stacy gasped. They were actually considering her for a trip. She slumped back on the floor, the carpet burning her thighs.

“Oh god,” she whispered, realizing that if she said yes, they would both be fucking her to an inch of her life. She lifted up her fingers, which still glistened with her juices. They practically did that already and she smiled.

Semmer’s voice carried through the wall. “Do you want me to ask?”

Silence.

Then, Semmer spoke. “All right, I’ll ask the next time I see her.”

Stacy grinned, dropping her hands to her pussy. She whispered to herself. “This time, I’ll say yes. I swear.”

—

The next morning, Stacy tried to time her leaving with Semmer. When she opened the door to her apartment, she peeked out. Not seeing Semmer, she slowly opened it, stalling and hesitating.

Semmer still didn’t leave her apartment.

Worried that Semmer already left, Stacy locked the door behind her and tested the lock. She glanced over to the door, then back to

the handle. Twisting the handle, she tested the lock for almost two minutes before she heard the next door opening.

Gasping, Stacy made a show of twisting the lock one more time, then acted surprised when she saw Semmer standing in her shorts and t-shirt.

“S-Semmer, I didn’t hear you.”

Semmer’s eyes twinkled.

“Stacy! I was just thinking about you.”

“Oh? Really?”

“I’m sorry for the other night. We may have come on-”

“No, no.” Stacy held up her hand to silence Semmer, “I was just surprised. I’m...” She blushed at the next words.

Semmer cocked her head. “You...?”

“I’m... I mean, I’ve never done it. With you, know...”

Semmer took a step closer. “With girls?”

“Yeah,” the blush threatened to ignite Stacy’s cheeks, “and I-I’m willing to try, you know, if you’ll give me a second chance.”

Semmer stopped in front of her. She reached out, holding her hands. Stacy looked at them, then pressed her shaking palms in Semmer’s grip. Semmer pulled her close until their breasts touch each other.

“I would like that, Stacy.”

Stacy gulped, dangerously close to kissing Semmer. Then, Semmer leaned down to her and Stacy gave up everything. She tilted her head back and parted her lips just as Semmer kissed her.

It felt nothing like she imagined, an incredible softness that stole her breath away. Kissing Thames felt like he drove his tongue into her, but with Semmer, it felt almost like sharing the most incredible of secrets. Semmer was in charge, in command of Stacy’s body, but somehow it didn’t feel like surrender. It felt... incredible. She let out a whimper and her hands clutched tightly to Semmer’s wrists until Semmer finally released her.

“I-I, wow.” Stacy giggled.

Semmer stepped back. “It might be early or too fast. But I just won three tickets to the Caribbean. Would you be interested in-”

“Yes!”

Semmer grinned. “Let me finish?”

Stacy blushed. “Sorry.”

“Would you like to spend a week with me and Carrie in a hotel? It would be next week. I’m sorry for the late notice.”

“No, that’s okay. I just have to be back at the end of November, but I-I think I can make it.”

“Great!” Semmer turned around. She walked a few steps and Stacy watched her, feeling hot and excited with longing. Semmer stopped and turned around.

“We’ll be sharing a room... and a bed, you know.”

Stacy felt heat pooling in her gut, igniting the flames of her pussy. She managed to croak out a response, “Okay.”

“Good. I don’t want you kicking me out of my own bed, you know. If you come, you will have fun.”

The way her eyes twinkled sent a bolt of pleasure coursing through Stacy’s veins.

—

Standing in front of her closet, Stacy felt butterflies fluttering in her stomach. The idea of a week in the Cayman Islands excited her more than she could describe, but she didn’t know what to wear. She imagined that the heat from the beach would be incredible and a lifetime of Chicago summers would never prepare her for the ocean.

Reaching into the top shelf, she pulled down a plastic box. Tossing it on the bed, she padded over and sat down on the covers. The ridges of her quilt teased her naked ass. She imagined Semmer next to her for a moment and a flushed burned her cheeks. Stacy’s eyes flickered over to the wall, but her neighbors were silent for the last few hours. No doubt getting ready themselves.

Taking a deep breath, she focused back on the box and popped it open. Her favorite swimsuit sat on top, a bikini with a white heart over the right breast and the left ass cheek. She lifted it out of the box and ran the stretchy fabric across her fingertips.

She found a tear in the bikini bottom on her fingers. A soft whimper escaped her throat before she could inspect the damage. The fabric was completely worn through, leaving an embarrassing threadbare patch right down the crotch. No doubt, Semmer would take advantage of it; Stacy grinned at the thought. However, she wanted to enjoy the beach. That swimsuit would prevent her from

ever reaching the beach and if she did get out on the sands, Stacy would have to spend the entire time covering her body.

Disappointed, she tossed the ruined swimsuit into the garbage can. Digging her hands into the box, she pulled out her backup swimsuit, a black one-piece with a red lips right above her navel. Running her hands along the fabric, she looked for worn spots. Finding none, she threw it on her suitcase.

“Now, just an outfit for the plane and I’ll have everything.”

She hopped off the bed and returned to her closet. Pushing through her clothes, she tried to find the perfect travel outfit: not too cold for Chicago, not too warm for Hawaii. Her fingers trailed on her blazer, then stopped on the silk blouse next to it. Her body grew hot as she remembered Carrie describing what Stacy really wanted, to be thrown against the wall and having her shirt torn open. A tingle pooled in her pussy and she made a decision.

“This,” she pulled out a button-down shirt, “and this,” she pulled a short pair of blue denim shorts. Stacy grinned and spoke slyly to herself. “And nothing else.”

Pulling up the shorts, she felt a flutter as the rough seam ground against her pussy. She rocked her hips, feeling the seam settle in the line of her slit, teasing her. She grinned and pulled the shirt on, drawing it taut against her nipples and breasts before tucking it into the shorts.

“Perfect!”

She finished packing the rest of her suitcase and had to lean on it to zip it close. Grabbing the handle, she let it thump on the floor and dragged it over to the door. A few minutes later and she stood outside her apartment, testing the lock a few times before releasing the handle. She rolled the suitcase over to Semmer’s and Carrie’s apartment.

“Hold on!” called Carrie. Footsteps shook the ground and the door swung open. Carrie’s purple hair fluttered in the air as she jumped out of the room.

Stacy never saw inside their apartment and leaned to the side to peer inside as the door closed. She caught sight of three televisions on the kitchen table before Carrie slammed the door shut.

“Hiya, Stacy! Getting tingly?” quipped Carrie.

“Yes,” grinned Stacy, “I’m ready to go. Are you?”

Carrie moved quickly, her slender body somehow slipped underneath Stacy's arm. She slipped her arm around Stacy's waist and pulled her tight. Carrie's head rested on the side of Stacy's breast.

"Yes! Semmer is just packing up the last bag. Just give her a few minutes."

Stacy pointed to the closed door. "You have a lot of televisions in there. Why would you-"

Carrie interrupted her by turning into Stacy. Her hips pressed into Stacy's thigh and her arms slipped around, catching a gap between Stacy's shirt and her shorts. Her thumb caught on Stacy's navel and held there, the warm palm against her naked skin.

Stacy's voice died in her throat as she stared down at the hand. Carrie circled Stacy's navel. Stacy didn't like her belly button, it was a tall, narrow opening and very deep. When Carrie teased her finger into it, Stacy stepped back but Carrie moved with her, pinning her to the railing.

"I'm looking forward to seeing what you have..." Carrie's hand pushed down, underneath Stacy's shorts. When her fingers found nothing but Stacy's pubic hairs, Stacy let out a long, shuddering gasp. Carrie grinned and bit her lower lip. "Oh... I like this-"

"Carrie!" Semmer's voice cut through the mood.

Carrie yanked her hand from Stacy's shorts and yanked away as if Stacy caught on fire. Carrie pressed her hands in front of her and looked down, just like she was a schoolgirl being scolded.

"Sorry, Semmer."

Semmer stole Stacy's breath away. Her lithe body leaned against the door frame of the apartment, the door closed behind her. She wore a tank top that stretched across her breasts and a short skirt that caressed her thighs. Her brown hair covered one eye.

"Like what you see, Stacy?"

Stacy gulped. Her throat refused to move.

Semmer smiled sly. "I know, you aren't into women, right?"

"I'm-"

"Don't answer... yet."

A car pulled up in the parking lot below them. Stacy turned around to see a stretched limo stopping across four parking spots. She gaped at the vehicle.

“Is that... is that for us? I’ve never been in a limo before.”

Semmer slipped next to her, resting her arm against Stacy’s.

“Of course, I don’t want to park at O’Hare. A week there? At thirty dollars a day?” She grinned, “Cheaper to get a limo and much better to sprawl out in the back.”

Semmer bumped up against Stacy. “Besides, I don’t see a bra underneath there.”

Stacy blushed hotly.

—
First class at 32,000 feet. Stacy couldn’t stop grinning as she ran her bare feet along the carpeted floor of the airplane and balanced a glass of champagne between her fingers. Sipping, she felt the sparkling wine sliding down her throat and pooling in the warmth of her stomach. She let out a soft sigh of contentment, enjoying how the alcohol mixed with other heats inside her.

She peeked over the top edge of her glass to Carrie and Semmer. Sitting across the aisle, Carrie acted like the stereotypical teenager. Bare feet up on the chair, headphones over her ears, and bobbing her head in time with her music. But, when Carrie scooted to the edge of the seat, her shorts rode up to reveal a trim thigh.

Carie turned and caught Stacy looking at her. She grinned and reached down, pulling up the bottom of her shorts clear up to her hip, revealing no underwear. Slowly, the tiny woman lifted her closest leg and hip, pulling the shorts up until the fabric bunched up between her legs.

Stacy couldn’t breathe. She just stared and her glass shook.

Carrie looked away and grinned. Reaching down between her legs, she pulled her shorts from her pussy. Setting her leg back down, she returned her attention to her magazine, reading as if she didn’t just flash Stacy.

On the other side of Carrie, Semmer read a book. She looked elegant and beautiful and poised. She turned the page and glanced over at Carrie. Seeing Carrie’s feet up on the chair, she reached out and smacked Carrie on the back of her head. Even hitting Carrie, Semmer looked graceful.

Carrie looked hurt for a moment, then set her feet back on the ground.

Semmer nodded with approval, her brown eyes rising to focus on Stacy. A smile crossed her lips.

Stacy turned away quickly, almost hurting her neck, and stared at the ground. She felt like Carrie, looking away from the disapproving Semmer. She stared down at the champagne in her hand, rocking it back and forth as she tried to stop the lustful feeling that stormed inside her.

She felt Semmer standing next to her before she realized it. Her eyes caught Semmer's heels, the black leather encasing to her pale, delicate feet. Heart fluttering, she looked up to the elegant woman.

"Come on," Semmer said in a quiet voice.

"W-Where?"

"Come," came the whispered command.

Stacy unbuckled her belt and stood up. She reached down to grab her shoes, but Semmer stopped her.

"You won't need those."

Stacy straightened. Semmer turned without her and started down the aisle. Stacy gasped and followed quickly, her bare feet tapping on the carpet. She looked over her shoulder to see Carrie leaning out of her seat, watching her walking away.

Gulping, Stacy turned back to follow Semmer. Semmer led her to the bathrooms. Turning around, she opened one of the doors and gestured for Stacy.

"What?"

Semmer's eyes slid to the side. Stacy followed her gaze, then blushed hotly when she saw two stewardesses watching them. Semmer grinned and gave a conspiratorial wink.

"Girl talk. Just need a little privacy, you know?"

Both stewardesses gave a knowing smile and turned away. Stacy blushed even hotter. Semmer pushed Stacy into the bathroom and stepped in after her. Closing the door, she locked it carefully.

"Semmer? What are-"

Semmer turned around and Stacy grew quiet as she saw the evil grin. The brown-haired woman took a step to cross the tiny bathroom. Stacy backed away, unsure of Semmer's intentions but desperately hoping it would be something she needed.

Semmer fulfilled at least one of Stacy's fantasies when she pushed Stacy up against the cool metal and sealed her lips over

Stacy's. At the first touch of the soft lips against her skin, Stacy let out a soft, hungry moan. Hands splayed along Stacy's hips, digging into her denim jeans and pinning her firmly against the wall.

The contrast of the cool metal and hot woman stole Stacy's breath. Stacy lifted her trembling hands, holding them in air as she tried to figure out what to do with them. She wanted to touch every part of Semmer's body, but the dominating woman held her still as tightly as if she handcuffed Stacy to the wall.

Semmer broke the kiss and stared into Stacy. "I want you," she whispered.

Stacy panted, her eyes locked on Semmer's. "Want me?"

"Yes, I want you so much right now," came the soft, seductive whisper. Semmer's hands released Stacy's hips and trailed up the younger woman's flanks. Stacy shivered at the touch, her breath coming harder and faster as Semmer dragged her nails along the curve of Stacy's breasts and up to her head. Soft, smooth hands caught Stacy's chin and Semmer pulled her into another kiss.

Stacy felt Semmer's tongue darting out, teasing her lips open. Stacy let out a moan, deep and guttural, as she parted her mouth and let Semmer take command. The thrill of surrendering to the taller woman only increased the ecstasy she felt burning inside her willing body. When Semmer released Stacy, Stacy remained as still as she could, her body shuddering with the effort to breathe and the boiling heat searing her inner thighs.

Semmer's smile stretched into a happy grin as she dropped her hands. Her palms rested on the curve of Stacy's breasts, then she dipped her thumbs down to circle around. At the first touch of Semmer's thumbs against Stacy's hard nipples, the younger woman let out a soft moan.

"Oh god, I need you!"

"Not yet," murmured Semmer. She leaned into Stacy, then dropped to her knees. Stacy watched her movement, her breasts heaving into Semmer's hands as she waited with hungry, desperate anticipation. The feeling of Semmer's hands against her breasts felt like a brand that burned away the thin layer of fabric separating their naked flesh.

Semmer teased her nipples, circling around with her thumbs. She slid down to catch the two hard nubs between her fingers. Twisting them, she sent tiny lighting bolts of pleasure through Stacy's legs.

Stacy started to sink down, but Semmer pushed her against the wall with a whispered command. "Don't fall."

Stacy wanted to sob and cry from her desire, but she nodded and grabbed the handrail near the toilet. The muscles in her arm tensed as she struggled to keep standing, which only grew more difficult when Semmer brought Stacy's left nipple into her mouth. The heat from Semmer's mouth felt intense and searing through the silk top. The firm tongue that circled around her nipple brought more sobs of pleasure to Stacy's throat. Then, she felt the distinct feeling of moisture dripping down her inner thighs and it brought her world into hot focus.

"Oops," whispered Semmer.

Stacy looked down to see a wet spot over her nipple. It looked like a small mountain peeking out through the fabric; the silk clung to every wrinkle and bump on Stacy's nipple and it looked obscene and sexy at the same time.

"I left a wet spot," grinned Semmer. She nibbled her lower lip. "I know how to fix this."

"H-How?" whimpered Stacy.

Semmer answered by grabbing the front of Stacy's shirt. Before Stacy could open her mouth, Semmer yanked it open. Buttons flew in all directions, ricocheting off the walls of the bathroom. Stacy gasped as cool air slammed into her exposed stomach and breasts. She looked down at her naked breasts, two nipples sticking out like diamonds, before Semmer's mouth engulfed one and sucked on it firmly.

"Oh god," cried Stacy. Her knees threatened to buckle, but Semmer pushed her firmly against the metal and nipped at the bump caught in her mouth. Stacy shuddered at the feeling and felt her juices dribbling down her inner thigh, soaking her skin.

Semmer smiled around Stacy's nipple. Her hands worked at Stacy's jeans, unbuttoning them and spreading them open. Stacy felt the cool air teasing her pubic hair, then two fingers sliding through the darker curls between her legs.

Semmer pulled away and looked down. Grinning, she looked up.

“I would have thought you’d shave for this.”

“I-I-” Stacy stammered, unsure what to say but Semmer finished for her.

“We can fix that later. But, right now, I want to taste something new.”

Stacy held her breath as Semmer lowered herself, working her mouth along her belly. She stopped at Stacy’s belly button, a narrow slit in her smooth stomach. A tongue flicked out, trailing along the length and Stacy let out a soft gasp. Semmer teased her for a moment, then continued down Stacy’s body. Her lips worked through Stacy’s bush.

All the hours of stroking herself with her imagination couldn’t compare to the first touch of Semmer’s tongue against her slit. The older woman easily parted her lips to lap at the dripping folds, sucking and nibbling with tiny movements.

Stacy grabbed the handrail tight enough to creak her bones as she felt pleasure slamming into her. Every movement seemed to invoke more pleasure and she couldn’t tell up from down. Her head knocked against the wall. Semmer grabbed one thigh and lifted it, angling her hand to press her lips against Stacy’s soaking pussy. Her tongue pushed into Stacy’s body, circling around the opening of her sex and leaving Stacy sobbing for more.

Feeling an orgasm rising, Stacy released one hand to grabbed Semmer’s hair. The woman tensed for a moment, then let Stacy grind her crotch against Semmer’s face, trying to reach the crest of an intense orgasm that flooded inside her.

Semmer’s fingers dug into Stacy’s thighs and the woman lapped deeper and faster, slurping loudly. Stacy let out soft, strangled sobs as she felt the pleasure rising and rising. Every time she thought she felt the crest, Semmer would nip enough to distract her, then bear down with more licking and touching.

Stacy lost track of time as she writhed against the wall, clinging to Semmer while making soft mewling noises. “Please, please, please,” she cried, tears of pleasure coursing down her face.

Semmer finally gave her release. Two fingers jammed up into Stacy’s pussy, burying into her with a wet slurping noise. A heartbeat later, Semmer nipped on Stacy’s clitoris and sent Stacy over the edge.

“God!” screamed Stacy. Her knees finally gave out and she slipped down the wall, seeing nothing but the stars exploding across her vision. She hit the ground with a thump and panted for breath.

When her vision cleared, Semmer stood over her. Stacy felt naked under Semmer’s gaze. She looked down at her naked breasts and clung the shirt together, suddenly shy.

The dark look on Semmer’s face faded into a smile.

“Come on, I was worried they would pull us out with that scream.”

Stacy blushed. She took Semmer’s offered hand and stood up. Her shorts clung to her knees and she pulled them up and buttoned on them. When she looked up, she caught Semmer admiring her.

“You are beautiful, Stacy.”

Stacy peeked down at her naked breasts. On either side of her chest, the remains of her silk blouse hung like a scarf. She tugged on the shirt to cover her hard nipples, but the ruined fabric refused to stay together.

“Semmer?”

Semmer dug into her pocket. Pulling out a single safety pin, she sidled closer to Stacy and pinned her to the wall again. Stacy gasped, her heart beating fast, and watched as Semmer clipped her shirt together, a single pin barely holding the straining fabric around Stacy’s breasts.

“Don’t breathe too hard,” she grinned, “Stacy.”

Semmer didn’t wait for an answer. She turned and opened the bathroom door. Stacy covered her breasts with her arms when she saw the two stewardesses standing outside, giggling as they gave both Semmer and Stacy pointed looks.

Semmer strode past them. “I think enough was said.”

Another giggle. Stacy’s cheeks burned hotly as she ran after Semmer, trying to keep her breasts covered as she felt the entire plane staring at her. As soon as she reached her seat, she sat down heavily and let out a long, shuddering breath.

Across the aisle, Carrie beamed happily as Semmer slipped past her. Then, her eyes turned toward Stacy. Seeing Stacy’s bare belly and torn shirt, her mouth opened with a gasp.

Stacy blushed hotly. She also felt an incredible heat pooling between her legs, the smell of her own sex drifting up. That only

inflamed her embarrassment and excitement. She stared down at her lap, trying to control her body.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Carrie sucking on her face while staring at her. Then, the young-looking girl dropped her hand to her own crotch, resting on the mound between her legs as she turned to her magazine.

Stacy couldn't get the evil, horny look on Carrie's face out of her head.

—
Stacy stood in the center of the elevator, watching the numbers flashing as it rose into the sky. She felt the air pressure grinding on her ears and yawned to clear them.

Behind her, Carrie's music mixed with the elevator's pop tunes, rock drifting through the quieter parts of the bland music. Stacy peeked over her shoulder at the purple-haired girl, lingering a bit too long on the slender body leaning on the mirrored wall. Carrie's head bobbed in time with the music and her bare feet tapped on the tile floor of the elevator car.

The elevator slowed down and the console panel beeped. Stacy turned back around before Carrie looked up and stared pointedly at the silvered door of the elevator. In the reflection, she could see both Semmer and Carrie watching her. Both women shared the same lustful looks on their faces and Stacy blushed when she saw Carrie's eyes drop down to Stacy's ass.

The door opened to the second highest floor in the hotel. The carpeted hallway only had four doors on it. Stacy grabbed her bag and stepped out of the car, turning to watch Semmer pulling her rolling suitcase down the hall. Carrie followed with her own matching suitcase and Stacy followed the two women, her eyes drifting down to Carrie's tight ass as the teenager swayed down the hall.

Semmer stopped in front of room 2113 and shoved the digital key into the lock. Stacy shifted on her feet, hoping that the room would be as fantastic as the sex she imagined, but when the door opened, she wasn't prepared for the degree of luxury inside.

Gold trimmed everything, from the bottle of iced champagne at the foot of the single, king-sized bed to the fitting on the expensive-looking, dark furniture. Cream drapes matched perfectly with the

barely brown carpet that looked deep enough to swim in. Stacy's mouth opened in surprise as she peered inside, her eyes wide as she took in the carved statues, huge oil paintings, and even the wall of mirrors on the far side.

"Oh my god," she whispered.

"I've heard that before," chuckled Semmer.

Stacy blushed and followed Semmer inside. She put her bag on the nearest dresser and ran over to the picture window, staring down at the incredible expanse of blue ocean and white sands beneath her.

"It's beautiful," she breathed.

Carrie leaned into her, sliding a hand around Stacy's waist. Stacy tensed for a moment, then leaned back into Carrie. Carrie grinned and rested her head right against Stacy's breast.

"I can't wait to get out on that beach. How about you, Stacy?"

Stacy felt scared and excited at the same time. She looked down at Carrie who leaned back to look past Stacy's breast at her. Stacy felt a longing in her gut, a memory of the incredible pleasure she felt in the airplane bathroom only a few hours before.

"I don't know, I'm pretty tired."

Semmer spoke up, "You should stay up until tonight. It helps with jet lag. The beach is a good idea."

Carrie nodded, her head brushing on Stacy's breast and sending a longing to pool in Stacy's gut. Stacy felt her tiredness fighting with the warm, slick feelings growing between her legs. Looking down into Carrie's bright eyes, she made up her mind.

"Okay, let's go down to the beach. But, let me clean up a bit, I feel a bit slimy."

"I could help that," smirked Carrie.

Stacy blushed but managed to share a smile.

"Good idea," said Semmer, "why don't you two get cleaned up and change? I need to get a little business done and could use the privacy."

Stacy hesitated, wanting to ask questions and to stall, but Carrie refused to let her. Taking Stacy's hand in her own, she dragged Stacy into the bathroom, stopping only long enough to grab a large bathrobe from Semmer's suitcase.

Closing the door behind them, Carrie smiled and tossed the bag on the counter.

“Alone at last.”

Stacy backed slowly into the room, staring at the white marble floor and counters. The bathtub looked large enough for all three of them, and probably half the staff. Stacy looked around and smiled, but froze when she turned around to see Carrie stripping.

The sight of Carrie’s body surprised, frightened, and excited her in ways that Stacy couldn’t understand. Carrie looked like a young girl, with narrow hips, small breasts tipped with tiny nipples, and not even a single hair between her legs. Stacy gaped, staring at Carrie’s pubic mound, which looked like a clam shell, with a perfectly straight tight line right up the middle. The only thing that marred the smooth line was a little flip of flesh of her clitoris.

Carrie whispered as she stood up. “You like?”

“I-I...” Stacy felt her skin burning. She wanted to look away and ravish Carrie at the same time. She clasped her hands together, unable to move. She tore her eyes up from the clam-like lips up to Carrie’s navel, it seemed like a safe place to stare. It was shallow, but so tiny it would be invisible at the right angle.

Carrie stepped out of her shorts, naked as the day she was born, and padded over to her. Her eyes smoldered as she focused on Stacy and Stacy felt a flame burning between her legs and in her chest. Carrie reached for her and took the ends of Stacy’s blouse in her hand.

“Stacy?”

“Y-Yes?”

“Do you want me?”

Stacy’s mouth opened and closed. She finally gave up and let out a soft breath. “More than I thought possible.”

Carrie purred. “Do you want to kiss me?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to fuck me?” came the girlish question.

“Oh god,” whimpered Stacy, “yes, I do.”

Carrie tugged on her shirt. With trembling fingers, Stacy reached up and undid the safety pin. As soon as the bit of metal came off, her blouse split open to expose her breasts to Carrie’s hungry gaze.

She wasn't given a second chance. Carrie reached up and slid her hands over Stacy's breast. The deft fingers twisted and pushed the fabric off Stacy's shoulders. It slipped off and Stacy straightened her arms so it fell to the ground in a puddle.

Grinning, Carrie worked the buttons to Stacy's jean shorts. Stacy couldn't help thinking about Semmer doing the same thing, but Carrie seemed so different as she pushed the shorts off Stacy's hips, then gently pushed Stacy away from them.

Naked, Stacy looked down at the beautiful teenager. Carrie nodded her head toward the tub.

"Come on, let's get some bubbles."

Surprised that Carrie didn't throw herself into sex, Stacy followed the smaller girl into the tub. After fiddling with the dials, they found a temperature that tingled the skin. Carrie threw some bubble bath into the water before slipping into it. She rested on one side and watched Stacy as Stacy slipped in.

"Nervous?"

Stacy nodded.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to attack you."

"I know," Stacy was distinctly aware of her breasts bobbing in the water, "but I don't know what to do."

"Relax," said Carrie.

"It's hard. I mean it was only yesterday I was in Chicago, trying to get through the day. Now, I'm in a tub with a beautiful girl that I feel I should be arrested just for seeing you naked."

Carrie grinned. "I get that a lot."

"Y-You fuck a lot of girls?"

"No, just Semmer and I'm hoping you." She finished with a twinkle in her eyes.

"S-Semmer was my first."

"Hrm, turn around and I'll wash your hair." When Stacy didn't respond immediately, Carrie made a turn around gesture with her hand.

Nervous, Stacy turned around and backed up. She felt Carrie slipping her legs on each side of her, the smooth skin almost like glass on Stacy's thigh. Then, the sensation of a wash cloth and soap on her back.

"Think I'll be your second?" asked Carrie.

Stacy knew the answer, she wanted to say yes, but she couldn't say anything. She leaned into Carrie's hands, enjoying the massage the younger girl gave. When Carrie slipped closer, her nipples leaving two burning trails on Stacy's back, Stacy discretely eased one hand between her own legs, teasing her pussy with naughty thoughts.

"You aren't relaxing very well."

Stacy blushed.

"I'm getting there."

Carrie leaned forward, her lips caressing Stacy's ear. "I can see that. Do you want to use my fingers?"

Stacy blushed. Shaking her head, she whispered back. "N-Not yet."

Carrie splashed the washcloth in the water and grabbed the shampoo. She shifted into position so Stacy could feel her bare thighs and smooth line of her sex right on the small of Stacy's back. It felt hot and exiting and Stacy pumped her fingers in deeper, gasping softly.

They sat in the water, Stacy masturbating and Carrie washing her hair. When Stacy came, she felt a weight lifting off her shoulder.

"Feel better?" giggled Carrie.

Stacy frowned, then smiled. "Yes."

"Good, turn around."

She obeyed. Turning around, Stacy froze inches away from Carrie. Carrie smiled, then gestured to the edge of the tub.

"Go on, sit up there."

Stacy lifted herself on the tub, spreading her legs. Carrie shifted forward, looking up at her and grinned.

"Want to really turn Semmer on?"

Stacy nodded.

Carrie reached up and ran her fingers through the hair on Stacy's lips. "She loves bare pussies. And," her eyes twinkled as she looked up, "I love it too. I bet you have a pretty little puss."

"I-I don't have a razor."

"Could I?" As Carrie asked, she slipped one finger between Stacy's lips, sliding up and rubbing on her clitoris. Stacy gasped, her back arching as she felt the different pleasures. Carrie was gentle where

Semmer commanded, but it felt just as pleasurable with the teenager fingering her.

After only a few seconds of fingering, Stacy nodded. "Yes."

"Great!"

Carrie crawled out of the water, the bubbles sluicing off her tight little ass, and she grabbed supplies. Coming back, she splashed in the water and set out cloths, foam, and a safety razor. Stacy watched with anticipation as Carrie set out to shave her.

The smaller girl worked in silence for a minute, massaging the foam longer than needed but leaving Stacy gasping for breath. Then, she started working the razor to clean off the hair.

"What do you do? You know, for a living?"

Half lost in the pleasure of Carrie using one finger in her pussy to hold her still and the slick feeling of the razor, Stacy took a moment to answer.

"I work at a bank. The 2nd Coordinated. In the mall."

"Oh, really? Do they really have bundles of money like in the movies? All those hundreds?"

Stacy grinned. "Yes, they even put it in a safe in large stacks and a huge door."

"Wow. That must be cool to see." Carrie spoke as she plucked one of Stacy's nether lips, rubbing it between two slick fingers before neatly removing the stubble of hair.

"It is. Some Thursdays, I get to help deliver to stores in the mall too."

Carrie paused, adding a second finger into Stacy's pussy. Stacy moaned, feeling the fingers growing warm inside her, sliding back and forth against pleasurable nerves.

"Does anyone know you are carrying money?"

"N-No," Stacy gasped, "but sometimes I walk through the mall with a couple hundred grand in a bag. It is a thrill... oh god..." the words faded as Carrie added a third finger, pumping in and out. The wet slurping sensation consumed Stacy's senses and she let out soft gasps of pleasure.

Carrie returned to shaving Stacy. "I bet you'd get excited knowing that you had more money than most people see in their lives."

"I do."

“Ever worry about getting robbed?”

Stacy shuddered both in memory and from Carrie’s ministrations. “Yes.”

“Think they would tie you up?”

Stacy’s pussy clenched around Carrie’s fingers. Carrie looked down at the soft skin, then up to Stacy’s face.

“You ever been tied up?”

Clenching her inner muscles, Stacy shook her head. Carrie pumped harder, dropping the razor in the soapy water and focused on fingering Stacy. Stacy moaned but Carrie wasn’t done.

“You ever thought about being bent over a bed, strapped down as someone took you from behind? Some big cock really slamming,” she thrust with her words, “into you?”

Stacy moaned.

“You know, I bet you’d be so pretty if I saw that. I’d just want to lick this pussy and maybe watch Semmer shove that strap-on of hers into your tight,” she pumped, “little,” another hard thrust adding a fourth finger, “hole.”

Lost in pleasures, Stacy felt Carrie worming her hand deeper into her pussy, somehow managing to get the thumb jammed into there. Stacy clutched the side of the tub, holding tightly, as she stared down at the junctions of their bodies.

Carrie, her tiny little body, ground against her thigh as her hand drove into Stacy. It felt intense, fingers squirming inside her. Stacy tried to imagine being tied down, but her thoughts focused on the pleasures of Carrie working her entire hand into her pussy, stretching her opening and pumping with deeper thrusts. The shaving foam felt slick, like lubricant.

Then, it grew tight, tighter than Stacy thought possible. Carrie’s muscles clenched, then both of them let out a long gasp as the hand slipped inside. Stacy felt it filling her, fuller than she could ever imagine. Deep inside her pussy, Carrie opened her hand and Stacy let out a long wail of pleasure.

“Harder! Please!”

Carrie pumped in and out, her wrist caught in Stacy’s opening. The feeling of fullness, pleasure, and being manipulated by the smaller girl shoved Stacy over the edge and she orgasmed shrilly, grabbing the tub until her knuckles ached.

Panting, she finished, her eyes watering from the pleasure. Looking down, she saw Carrie's hand still trapped inside her, every ridge of the teenager's hand burned in Stacy's senses. Carrie rested her other hand on Stacy's stomach, right at her belly button, and pulled.

The feeling of being emptied left Stacy hungry for more, the void left by Carrie's hand aching. The wet slurping noise that filled the bathroom surprised her and she found herself wanting more.

Carrie stood up, straddling Stacy and holding her tight.

"It's even better when you're tied up."

—

Stacy floated in the huge bed the next morning. Cracking open her eyes, she stared at the patterned ceiling for a moment, trying to remember where she fell asleep. When she heard a soft snoring in her ear, she turned her head to see Carrie sleeping on her shoulder. The teenager's purple hair mixed in with Stacy's brown and a thin line of drool soaked the crisp white pillow underneath Carrie's mouth.

Holding back a grin, Stacy glanced down along her side. Carrie's hand cupped Stacy's breast, her palm right over her nipple. Further down, Stacy stared at Carrie's leg draped over her own, startled by how fast everything changed in her life.

"Good morning." Semmer's voice interrupted her thoughts.

Stacy looked up to see Semmer standing at the foot of the bed, wearing a wine-colored suit and tie. Her hair looked perfect, not even a single strand out of place. In her hands, she carried two cups of coffee; the steam wafting out drifted away from Semmer's perfect pose.

A blush forming, Stacy looked around but she couldn't move without waking Carrie. When she squirmed to the side, Carrie's hands clutched at Stacy's breast, digging into the soft flesh.

"Here," whispered Semmer. She held out one of the cups of coffee for Stacy who took it. As soon as the perfectly manicured fingers left the cup, Semmer dropped her hand down to the side of Carrie's neck. Stacy turned and watched as the older woman trailed the tips along the line of Carrie's neck and shoulder.

The purple-haired teenager shivered and moaned softly. "Yes, Mistress."

Then, without warning, she pulled away from Stacy and curled up in a ball, burying her face underneath the pillow. Her hips rose up for a moment, framing the shaved slit between her legs, then Carrie flattened out underneath the blankets, with only a shoulder and her buttocks sticking out in the morning sun.

Stacy watched with amazement, then giggled. "Does she always do that?"

"Yes," Semmer said quietly. She pointed her cup toward the balcony, "Come on, let her sleep."

Yawning, Stacy slipped out of bed. She wavered as she straightened. She could feel the wind from the doorway tickling her naked body and she looked around for a robe or towel.

"You don't need it," said Semmer.

Stacy couldn't help thinking about the plane. Semmer spoke with the same commanding voice, an order that almost sounded like a request. She looked at Semmer, who looked like she just stepped out of a boardroom, then back to her naked body.

"Come on."

Stacy followed Semmer to the balcony. Semmer sat down and pushed papers into folders before neatly setting them in a briefcase. Stacy watched as she sat down, careful to avoid spilling her coffee. She jumped at the first touch of the cool metal on her ass, but it warmed up before she finished settling down.

She looked at Semmer, expecting the older woman to speak.

Semmer didn't. Instead, she sipped her coffee and looked out over the ocean. Stacy shivered, not from the warm air, but the stark contrast of her nudity and Semmer's pristine clothes. She set down her coffee and stood up.

Semmer's eyes flashed. "Sit down."

The strength fled Stacy's legs and she sat back down on the chair.

"Sorry."

Semmer tilted her head, her eyes focused on Stacy. Stacy started to squirm before Semmer smiled.

"You look nice shaved. Carrie did a good job."

Semmer spoke softly, almost business like, but Stacy felt the full weight of her attention on her skin. The dark eyes burned her and she inhaled sharply; a flicker of a smile crossed Semmer's lips.

At the sight of Semmer's smile, Stacy felt the warmth spreading out from her blush down her body. It clung to her nipples and she felt them harden. More heat, a thick sexual infernal flickering, gathered between her legs. She pressed her thighs together to hide herself.

Semmer continued to watch her, her lips pressed into a tight line. Unlike Carrie's exuberance, the way Semmer held herself perfectly still made Stacy squirm even more. She couldn't tell what Semmer thought, except for the short commands. And, the anticipation left Stacy gasping hungrily for breath.

"Semmer?"

"Yes?"

"Why did Carrie call you Mistress?"

Semmer shrugged. "Because I take care of her. I pay the bills, I plan our lives. And, occasionally, I'm guilty of being bossy."

Stacy felt a thrill rising.

Semmer's eyes regarded her. "Do you think I'm bossy?"

Stacy blushed and looked down at the table.

"... yes."

Semmer smiled. Her eyes looked away from Stacy.

"Stand up, Stacy."

Stacy froze, not sure if she heard Semmer correctly.

Semmer's small eyes turned to her, then she looked away. "Either you will obey or you won't, but I will not repeat myself."

Gasping, Stacy stood up, pushing the chair back. The breeze teased her nipples, the tiny invisible sensations sending tickles of pleasure between her legs. She felt her pussy already growing moist as she ran Semmer's possible commands through her head.

Without looking at her, Semmer spoke in a commanding voice. "Stand in front of me."

Stacy stumbled as she circled around the table to come to a halt in front of Semmer. She didn't know if she needed to stand where Semmer looked or where her body faced, but the next command answered her question.

"Kneel down."

Stacy saw Semmer smiling. Stacy's eyes trailed down to see Semmer spreading her legs, the edge of her neat skirt riding up the toned, muscular thighs. Trembling, Stacy eased herself down,

wincing when her bare knees pressed on the hard patio tiles. But, when she looked up at Semmer, to see the brown-haired woman smiling down at her, the discomfort faded away.

Semmer reached down and plucked the tiny zipper on her skirt. She looked at Stacy pointedly. Blushing, Stacy could almost taste Semmer on her lips—despite never going down on a woman before—and she reached out for the zipper. Fumbling with it, she eased it down and pushed open the fabric. Silk slid off Semmer's legs and Stacy got her first smell of her... mistress... even if just for a few days. Semmer had a lighter scent than Stacy—which girl didn't know her own scent—but the newness of Semmer's pussy gave it a sweet, exotic scent.

She smelled sweet and tangy, the smell of a woman excited. Stacy knew it smelled different with other woman, she got a hint of it with Carrie pressing against her, but looking down at Semmer's neatly trimmed bush, the folds of her pussy pushing out through the almost black hairs, Stacy realized she was about to do something she never did before.

And she wanted it more than anything else.

Mimicking Carrie, Stacy splayed her fingers on Semmer's inner thighs and pushed. Semmer's legs tensed up and Stacy couldn't move them. Then, Semmer released the tension, moving at her pace despite Stacy's efforts. Stacy released her grip, watching the slow unfolding of Semmer's sex to her view.

And one thing resonated in her mind.

Semmer was in charge.

The humiliation of being naked on the balcony, the heat of the sun, the discomfort of her weight on her knees faded away when Semmer ran her hands through Stacy's hair and pulled her down into her sex.

Stacy took a deep breath and obeyed her mistress, opening her lips as Semmer brought her to the heated skin. Gingerly, Stacy gave a curious lick. Her tongue ran through the coarse hairs pressed against her face and she tasted the salty tang of Semmer's body.

Semmer pushed her away, just a few inches, but Stacy blushed with her tongue sticking out of her tongue. "I didn't say start licking."

Closing her mouth, Stacy whispered. "Sorry."

“Sorry... what?”

Excited more than she thought possible, Stacy whispered the words she knew Semmer wanted.

“Sorry, mistress.”

Semmer grinned and licked her lips.

“Very well, you can lick.”

Firm hands drew Stacy back to Semmer’s sex. Stacy couldn’t breathe for a moment as Semmer ground Stacy against her body, but soon Stacy found her mouth aimed directly to Semmer’s pussy. She took the first real lick, a broad-tongued lap as far as she could. The rewarding shiver of Semmer’s body gave her an intense thrill.

Stacy was officially a lesbian... or least bi-sexual. She could feel an addiction to Carrie’s and Stacy’s bodies.

With Semmer guiding her, Stacy threw herself into lapping as deep and hard as she could. The juices flowed off her lips, dribbling down her throat as she slurped and sucked. She found the little bump of Semmer’s clitoris and flicked it with her tongue before suckling on it like a tit.

Semmer moaned, her legs trembling. “Good, harder. Suck harder.”

Stacy obeyed, orgasmic from her submission. Her hands dropped to her own belly, exploring the juices that soaked her front. One finger caught her belly button, where Semmer’s juices soaked, and she toyed with it like her own vagina. Her other hand dropped lower to her freshly shaved pussy, delving her fingers between her lips.

... only to find another pair of hands already reaching up between her legs. Stacy tried to sit up, but Semmer yanked her back down.

Carrie giggled and jammed two fingers into Stacy’s sex. Stacy let out a shriek, muffled in Semmer’s pussy, and snatched her hands away. Feeling Semmer holding her head and Carrie fucking her from behind, Stacy could do nothing but rock back and forth between the two women, licking and sucking as pleasures built up.

“Don’t you dare come before me,” whispered Semmer in a tight voice.

Stacy fought back the pleasure, but Carrie continued to finger her, teasing her. The lewdness and her position pushed Stacy fast into an orgasm and soon she sobbed with the desperate need to let the hard orgasm finally reach a crest.

Semmer moaned, her body shifting forward in the chair to give Stacy more access. Stacy jammed her face in, wiggling and lapping. She drank and breathed the humid sexiness of the brown-haired woman and the folds of Semmer's pussy muffled Stacy's cries for release.

Then, Semmer gave the command.

"Come."

Stacy didn't know if she heard it correctly, but then Carrie rammed her hand into Stacy's pussy, grinding her tiny fist into the opening, and Stacy couldn't hold it back again more. Pressing her lips against Semmer's cunt, Stacy screamed out a muffled orgasm.

With the constant rounds of sex and pleasure, Stacy lost all track of time. She couldn't remember how long since she left Chicago nor did she want to. Lying on a chaise lounge, she enjoyed the heated scratching of the sun against her bare skin and it felt intoxicating. It reminded her of Semmer's searing touch or Carrie's skillful way of invoking orgasms out of Stacy's body. The nights blurred together for her until she couldn't remember the passage of time but she could remember being fucked on the bed, in the tub, and even on the carpet of the room. When they went out, Stacy found herself squeezed between both women on the dance floor, grinding and bumping before one of them would fuck her in the bathroom.

It was the best three days of Stacy's life.

She cracked open her eyes and looked around the back side of the boat. Rented for the day, Semmer surprised Stacy by producing a boat operators license and somehow knowing exactly how to operate the boat. Carrie didn't seem surprised by Semmer's skill and she wore a little sailor's outfit that did little to hide her naked pussy or her breasts. Stacy grinned at the memory.

Sitting up, she looked for Carrie or Semmer, but didn't see either lover. Looking down, she ran her fingers along her skin to test for sunburn. Her fingernail lifted up the strap of her one-piece and she could see a stark line of pale flesh and tanned skin.

"Better get out for a bit."

She slipped her feet into sandals and stood up. The bobbing waves of the ocean rocked her back and forth, but Stacy held on to the railing as she walked to the stairs leading deeper into the boat.

“We need to drive by this point at exactly three minutes after ten.”

Semmer’s voice drifted up the stairs and Stacy slowed down, listening to her voice.

“Right, right after the two gas stations and the restaurant, right?”

“Yes,” came Semmer’s answer, “right as usual.”

“This is going to be slicker than—”

The step underneath Stacy creaked.

“Carrie!” came the whispered voice, silencing Carrie.

Stacy felt a prickle of fear as she realized that Semmer heard her coming. Feeling like a caught child, Stacy pushed up the door to see Semmer and Carrie leaning over a table covered in papers and maps. As Stacy entered the room, she saw Carrie discretely pushing some pages underneath a map.

Semmer straightened up. “Stacy! Did you have a nice nap?”

Stacy nodded, her eyes on the pages. Carrie stepped in front of the table as Semmer came around, sweeping Stacy into a hug.

“I was about to get you, don’t want you to burn in the sun.”

Stacy felt herself being pushed away from the papers. She resisted for a moment, then Semmer’s hand came up underneath her breast. Stacy let out a moan as she felt fingertips questing for her nipple. It fought it, tweaking the wrinkled nub and Stacy felt her resolve crumbling.

“Hungry for something?” whispered Semmer. Semmer’s lips caressed Stacy’s earlobe and Stacy let out a soft moan.

Stacy felt the comforting heat pooling in her groin. She admired Semmer, breathing her perfume and feeling the firm body holding her own waist. She leaned into Semmer, wanting her but for once in her life, she was sexually sated.

“Not for that, Semmer.”

“Pity,” Semmer kissed her, “I was thinking about pulling out the strap-on.”

Stacy grinned. “You’ve been threatening that for days.”

“Your body is too beautiful and I can’t keep my hands off you. I’m not quite ready to share you with a bit of fake cock. Maybe tonight.”

Stacy’s eyes drifted over to the table covered in pages, but her attention focused on the hands slipping underneath her swimsuit.

“Tonight sounds wonderful.”

Alone in the bathroom, Stacy finished her hair. Teasing it up in the styles of the video stars, she managed to get her curly bangs to stand on end. Grinning, she set down the brush and admired herself in the mirror.

Happy with what she saw, she turned to the dress Semmer bought her. It hung from a hook. With trembling fingers, she peeled back the paper cover and gasped at the black silk dress underneath. Tiny sequins glinted along the curves of the breast and arms. She worried her bottom lip and smiled.

Unhooking the towel, she let it slip from her body. She ran her fingers down her front, teasing her nipples, belly button, and down the smooth mound of her sex. She could feel the faint stubble on the skin, but nothing compared to her darker curls from only a few days before. She sighed, both hands delving between her legs, and enjoyed the memories of the last few days.

A knock on the bathroom door interrupted her. “Stacy, come on. Reservation is for twenty minutes.”

“I’m hurrying!”

Stacy took down the dress. She looked around for more, but found nothing. She considered slipping out of the bathroom to find underwear, but Semmer was very specific when she said she would dress Stacy tonight. A smile crossed Stacy’s face.

Grinning, she pulled the black dress on, distinctly aware of her nakedness underneath the clingy fabric. When she felt it riding up along the bottom edge of her buttocks, she tugged it down but the dress refused to cover more than the smallest part of her ass and legs. She squirmed for a moment, feeling her excitement rising. Giving up on covering her sex, she prayed she wouldn’t bend over for anyone, and then finished smoothing down the top of it.

Finding a pair of high heels, she slipped them on and admired herself again in the mirror. Enjoying what she saw, she took a deep breath and opened the door.

Semmer stood on the other side, a rose in her hand. She wore a stunning red dress that clung to her thighs except for a slit up the left side that revealed her naked thigh and side. Stacy had no doubt

that she wore nothing underneath as well and the knowledge of it left Stacy growing warm with anticipation.

Carrie walked into Stacy's sight. She wore a white dress with a crinkled edge. Underneath, she wore white stockings that showed off her trim legs and set off her purple hair.

Semmer set down her glass of wine. "Ready?"

Stacy nodded and smiled, feeling flutters in her stomach. No doubt, the night would end in sex and passion, but she looked forward to how Semmer would be drawing her back to the bedroom.

Semmer and Carrie took her arms and lead her down to the formal dining room of the hotel. The sounds of flatware clinking and the din of conversations greeted them. As the three women walked into the room, a ripple of silence coursed through the room. Stacy blushed and smiled. She kept her head down as the maître d' led them to a central table.

Semmer stopped him, one hand on his shoulder, and pointed to a corner table. The elderly man nodded as if he was asked to change tables every day. Without breaking his serious expression, he brought them to indicated table and held out a chair for Stacy.

Blushing, Stacy sat down and he pushed her until her breasts brushed on the edge of the table. The cool air tickled her nether regions and she peeked down with a sheepish grin. Semmer sat down across from her, her back to the wall, and smiled broadly at Carrie who sat down next to her.

The maître d' filled three glasses with blood-red wine. Sure fingers swung one to the table in front of Stacy, twisting it slightly before he withdrew.

Stacy watched him leave, surprised at his grace, but then she felt eyes on her skin. Turning slowly, she caught Semmer starting at her with deep, smoldering eyes.

"Sad to know this is our last dinner together."

"I guess," Stacy's eyes dropped down to the table. She didn't want to think about returning to Chicago any more than thinking that somehow her growing relationship with Semmer and Carrie would come to a halt. She worried her bottom lip and shivered at the sudden thought.

Semmer raised a glass. "No need to think about that. A toast."

Stacy grabbed her glass and joined in with Carrie.

Semmer regarded her with her seductive smile.

“To the best night of our lives.”

Their glasses clinked.

Their waiter came for their orders. Stacy started to order, but she couldn't read the French words on the paper. Semmer, on the other hand, knew French perfectly and ordered with a flair. As the waiter walked away, Stacy cleared her throat.

“Semmer? I don't know what any of that is.”

“Don't worry,” said Semmer in a sultry voice, “you always loved everything I ordered before.”

“I-I don't remember-”

“In fact, I distinctly remember you having one loud, screaming orgasm after the other when I ordered Carrie to fuck you in the bathroom.”

Carrie giggled and Stacy blushed. Semmer's hand reached out and caught Stacy's, holding her wrist down as Semmer purred.

“Every time I see you blush, it makes me want you even more.”

Stacy tried not to blush even more.

“Sadly, my presence is required at this dinner, otherwise I would gladly take you back up to the room to ravish you.”

Stacy beamed and bit her lower lip. Rubbing her thighs together, she whispered, “Maybe later?”

Semmer shook her head. “Actually, I don't know if I can wait.”

Stacy inhaled sharply, her legs parting as she felt a surge of excitement heating her pussy.

“Now?”

“Yes,” Semmer said. She used one finger to gesture to Carrie, “Carrie, love?”

Carrie giggled and looked around the dining room. Stacy followed her gaze before returning to the purple-haired teenager. Carrie blew her a kiss, then shifted on her seat. With a second glance around, she levered herself off the chair and slipped underneath the table.

Stacy held her breath as she waited, knowing where Carrie crawled underneath the table.

Semmer's voice drew her attention. “Look at me, Stacy.”

Stacy peeked up, her heart pounding in her chest. Carrie's hand stroked on her thighs and she inhaled sharply.

“You are very beautiful.”

Stacy tried to look down, but Semmer cleared her throat.

“Put your hands on the table.”

Helpless to resist, Stacy set her trembling hands on the table, palms pressing on the cotton tablecloth. Beneath the shielding fabric, she spread her legs as Carrie positioned herself between Stacy’s knees. At the first touch of the soft hands on her inner thighs, Stacy let out a soft moan.

“Quiet, little Stacy, let Carrie do what she’s best at.”

Carrie’s hands pushed Stacy’s legs further apart, baring her slick pussy to the teenager’s hot breath. Stacy let out a whimper, her eyes locked on Semmer’s gaze. She tried to look away, but Semmer shook her head.

“No, just let her.”

Carrie’s tongue traced up the line of Stacy’s slit. Stacy could feel the moisture dripping off the end of the teenager’s tongue and it only made her more excited. Hands held her lewdly open and Carrie sealed her mouth over Stacy’s pussy, lapping with expert skill.

Stacy’s breath came in short pants. She could feel her breasts straining against her little black dress, her nipples so hard they almost ripped the fabric. Carrie’s mouth worked against her and she let out a soft sob of need.

“I love watching Carrie pleasure you, Stacy,” said Semmer in a seductive, dominating voice. “Seeing those little gasps of pleasure. How red your face gets.”

Stacy sobbed, her head rolling back, but when Semmer cleared her throat, she brought her focus back to the brown-haired woman and her piercing, commanding eyes. She sat up straight, swimming in the incredible pleasures of Carrie’s tongue against her sex, and tried to retain her composure.

Her pleasure rose, a crest threatening to peak but Carrie backed away at the last minute, giving Stacy a chance to pant for breath before the teenager’s tongue returned to its torturous lapping.

“I’m going to miss this, Stacy,” whispered Semmer.

Stacy moaned, her eyes not quite focusing.

“I’m going to miss seeing you coming right here in public, or Carrie fucking you on the bench.”

Stacy shuddered, her eyes coming into focus as she felt an orgasm rushing up. Her mouth opened silently, begging for release, but Carrie pulled back at the last minute, scraping her nails on Stacy's inner thighs to keep her smoldering but not coming.

"Will you?"

"Yes!" cried Stacy a little too loud. A couple stared at her and she looked down at the table until she heard Semmer calling her up. Shaking from the orgasm that Carrie refused to let her feel, she stared into Semmer's eyes. Her parted lips glistened with her hunger and her finger clutched tightly on the edge of the table.

"Please, Semmer, let me come?"

"Won't you miss this?"

"Y-Yes," Stacy said in a shuddering voice.

"It doesn't have to."

Carrie buried her face between Stacy's legs, holding Stacy's thighs tightly as her tongue ran up and down. Tiny slurping noises drifted from beneath the table and Stacy could barely think straight through the forbidden pleasures Carrie inflicted on her.

"Stacy?"

Stacy focused on Semmer, shuddering with every lap, nip, and pleasure surging through her.

"Stacy?" Semmer repeated herself, her voice dropping.

The pleasure rose higher, blurring Stacy's vision. Clutching the table, Stacy opened her mouth to speak. "Y-Yes?"

"Will you help me rob a bank?"

Stacy orgasmed at the question, her body expertly driving into a sexual frenzy by Carrie's ministrations. She tried to refuse, to cry out, but every muscle in her body tensed up as the strongest orgasm of her life crashed into her. Her knuckles cracked as she clutched the side, her breath stolen by the pleasure that consumed her. Her mouth opened and closed, but only a whimper escaped her throat.

Semmer's smile took on a sinister appearance. Lost in her orgasm, Stacy could only sob and shake. She knew that others stared at her, but she was helpless to do anything besides drown in the ecstasy that consumed her.

Carrie withdrew, crawling back underneath the table. Stacy let out a long, shuddering breath. Her eyes came back into focus but she still panted with the effort to breathe. Sweat clung to her

breasts, soaking the dress. She peeked around and saw others staring at her. She blushed hotly and quickly turned away, but didn't look up at Semmer.

"Semmer... I can't do that."

She felt hot and wet. Across from her, Carrie slipped up from the table and wiped her glistening face with a napkin. She grinned at Stacy, then back to Semmer. When she didn't see either smiling, the grin on her face dropped.

Stacy fought with the emotions that burned inside her. The afterglow hummed in her body, but seeing Semmer's hard look at her left her cold.

"I-I-" Stacy fumbled to her feet, pushing the dress down over her hips, "I have to go."

She fled the dining room, painfully aware of the eyes that stared at her back. Most of all, she could feel the icy glare of Semmer cutting her to the bone.

—

Semmer and Carrie didn't come back to the hotel room that night. Stacy remained on the bathroom floor, sobbing as she tried to convince herself she did the right thing. It didn't feel like it. Instead, it felt like she ripped out her sex and left an empty, aching void in its place.

The next morning, someone slipped the invoice underneath the door. Stacy picked it up, afraid that Semmer would saddle her with the bill, but it showed the sixteen thousand dollar bill paid in full. Stacy let out a gasp of relief, then a sob of betrayal. It wasn't a contest that brought her to the Grand Cayman. There was no prize. It was Semmer using her, tricking her into the hotel room.

When she checked out, a ticket waited for her to take her back to Chicago. She got off the plane in O'Hare feeling like broken glass. It took everything she could to go back to work the next day.

Despite everything, she stared at the wall separating her apartment from Semmer's every moment she could. Her nights turned into long, painful vigils as she sat on the floor of her bedroom, staring at the wall in hopes of hearing the two lovers on the other side.

—

Two weeks passed since she got back from the islands. She woke up without the alarm clock and stared at the ceiling as she grew aware of her body. The warm air tickled her skin and she glanced over to the clock.

She had an hour before work, but she didn't have a reason to wait. Pushing the blankets back, she looked down at her naked body. Seeing the stark lines of her one-piece swimsuit on her tanned skin reminded her of Semmer's attempt to use her. It was a painful reminder, but the Chicago fall refused to fade the harsh badge of betrayal.

Standing up, she padded over to the wall between their apartments and rested a hand against it. Even though she hadn't seen Semmer or Carrie for weeks, she still felt a flickering warmth growing inside her every time she thought of the two. She wanted to run away, to find a new apartment, but she couldn't quite leave the small connection she shared with them.

Her fingertips lingered on the wall as Stacy pulled away. She got dressed and ready for work. A few minutes later, she locked the apartment door behind her and tested the lock twice. She peeked over to the neighboring apartment door. A "For Rent" sign hung on it and she shook her head sadly.

She tested the door one more time, then headed to work.

Stacy caught up with her uncle as he unlocked the door to the bank.

"Stacy! Third day in a row you've been early to work. Something wrong?"

Stacy shrugged but said nothing. She didn't want to explain herself so she picked up his briefcase and held it out for him. Her uncle finished unlocking the doors and pushed the steel cage away from the door. Turning around, he grabbed the case, but didn't pull it out of her hands.

"You grew up, Stacy."

Stacy sighed. "I suppose."

He picked up his briefcase from her hand and pocketed his keys.

"It's a good thing, Stacy. And I want to encourage it. Tonight, why don't you deliver the Black Friday cash to the mall stores."

Stacy froze, a smile stretching across her face. "Really? That's a lot of money."

“I trust you,” he said with a smile, “not like anyone is going to rob you in the middle of the mall.”

Stacy felt a familiar throbbing between her legs; she remembered Carrie reminding her of the same thing. “Yeah, I guess not.”

“Come on, we have business to do.”

By the time evening came around, Stacy felt excited about delivering the money. She wore her normal outfit, a button-down blouse and sensible skirt. The only part that wasn't approved was her boots; they were pink and high, but she loved wearing them. Her bag, a bright red canvas, looking almost like a large purse except for the quarter million dollars inside. A small, but sizable stack of cash in hundreds and twenties.

When she left the bank, she felt a little thrill of excitement. No one gave her even a second look as she walked across the hall. No one knew that she had so much money or even that she wasn't anything besides an early shopper.

Going along her planned route, she stopped at the elevator up to the fourth floor. Pressing the button, she let out a shuddering sigh and she felt excited and hot. Her heart beat rapidly and she grinned to herself. The familiar feeling of excitement pooling between her legs, the tingling of her pussy, gave her a sexual high that she remembered so well from only a few weeks before.

A tiny part of her wondered if she could slip off her panties in the bathroom, just to add to the excitement, but she pulled her thoughts away. Standing up straight, she promised she would be professional and earn her uncle's trust.

In the elevator, she turned around and gasped. For a moment, she thought she spotted Carrie's purple hair, but it was gone before she could look again. The elevator door closed with a snick and she let out a shuddering gasp.

“Just your imagination, Stacy,” she whispered to herself.

The elevator doors beeped at her floor. She peeked out the door, feeling a bit more nervous. Seeing only the milling shoppers, she stepped out and hurried along to her first stop, Better Electronics Superstore.

Walking inside, she headed straight for the back door. She paused at the “Employees Only” sign, then pushed in. On the other side, an

older man with brown hair was about to open the door. When he saw her, he held up a hand.

“Excuse me, this is for employees only.”

“I’m with 2nd Coordinated. I have a delivery.”

“Oh!” He held out his hand, “I’m the manager here. My name is John Mort.” When she hesitated, he lifted his hand to his name badge and ran a finger under the title beneath his name. Stacy smiled and hefted her bag. He glanced down, then stepped back to gesture back down the hall.

“Come this way, miss.”

Going into a small office, she watched as he pulled out a large pile of cash on his desk. He counted it in front of her, then signed the receipt.

“I haven’t seen you deliver before.”

“First time for Black Friday.”

“I bet that was a thrill. Hard to believe we need a quarter mil just to get through the next three days, but you know the shoppers. Be careful going back, miss.”

“I will,” she said, feeling professional.

She left him alone in his office and headed outside. Pushing open the door back into the story, she almost hit someone.

“Oh, I’m sorry-”

She stopped speaking when the person turned around and shoved a shotgun into her stomach. Her heart skipped a beat as she stared down at the curved metal. A trembling started inside her as she felt her entire life flash before her eyes. And her memories stopped on two people: Semmer and Carrie.

“Turn around,” came the low growl, “and go back inside.”

Trembling, Stacy looked at her robber. She couldn’t see past the gray mask covering his head, but he wore a gray jacket with a dark blue button-down shirt. It looks almost casual, except for the double-barrel shotgun jamming into her belly button.

Stacy backed away from him, her mind furiously spinning with half-remembered directions on how to survive a bank robbery. The only thing she could remember was the one piece of advice: don’t panic.

Behind the robber came a shorter man holding an Uzi casually in one hand. The shorter one closed the door behind them and followed Stacy and the taller one back into the manager's office.

John looked up as she entered. "Is there something..." His voice died off when he saw the gun aimed at Stacy. Stacy gave him an apologetic look.

"All the way in, now!" yelled the taller robber.

Stacy let out a sob. She held up her hands and backed against the wall. The shorter robber slammed the door shut. Spinning around, he jammed the Uzi into the manager's face.

"Open the safe, dude, or the girl gets shot."

John looked up. "I-I can't right now."

Stacy looked helplessly at him. "Please?"

"I can't."

The taller robber jammed his gun into Stacy's stomach. Stacy let out a shriek but the man released his gun and backhanded her. The sting of his slap silenced her.

"Strip."

Stacy gaped. "What?"

The shotgun tapped her right above the pubic bone.

"Listen, bitch, I said strip."

Stacy sobbed but she brought her hands to her blouse. Her hands shook violently and she couldn't even catch the buttons. She stared at the robber but when she didn't see any compassion in his eyes, she tugged frantically on the seams. The fabric tore loudly and she saw the robber smiling. The humiliation burned deep in her body and she felt a stirring of excitement underneath her searing cheeks.

"Go on, a slut like you can strip faster than that. Keep ripping your shirt!"

Crying, Stacy yanked at her blouse, popping off a button. Desperately, she yanked it from her skirt and felt the fabric ripping. She saw John and both robbers watching her as she pulled the shirt off her shoulders and dropped it to the ground. Shivering, she unzipped her skirt. Bending over, she pushed the skirt down to her knees.

She looked up to see the taller robber watching her with piercing eyes. Stacy felt a shiver down her spine as she stood up, wearing

nothing but a bra and her thong. Holding her arms over her breasts, she straightened up.

“You aren’t done, slut.”

“More?”

“Yes, I want to see those lovely tits and pussy of yours. I bet it is a hairy little thing.”

Stacy let out a whimper of fear and worked her bra open. Slipping her arms from the loops, she peeled the cups off her breasts. She watched the robber’s eyes twinkling. Embarrassed, she looked away and caught Mr. Mort also staring at her. Her cheeks burning, she turned to stare at the robber’s feet.

“Go on,” said the man with a gesture of his shotgun.

Stack hooked the straps of her thong with her thumbs and pushed it down. The fabric clung to her pussy, surprised to see moisture clinging to her nether lips. She pulled it down off her thighs and stepped out of it.

“Oh my, shaved. And a pretty cunt at that. But, put those boots,” he pointed to Stacy’s pink high-top boots, “back on. They look sexy on you.”

A bit confused, Stacy obeyed the orders. She knelt down and pulled her pink boots back on her feet. She felt even more exposed wearing nothing but a pair of shoes and nothing else. Her breasts bumped against her arms as she tied up the laces, the tan-lines a stark reminder of her time in the sun.

Stacy gasped when she looked up to find the robber standing right in front of her. He angled the shotgun away from her and pressed his other hand against her naked pussy. He was strong and pushed her up against the wall.

Stacy let out a shiver, feeling fear and excitement mixing together.

He leaned into her, a familiar smell teasing Stacy’s senses.

“I like them shaved.” Stacy felt the man curling his finger into the cleft of her being, rubbing against her clit. “Very nice, actually. Did you do it yourself?”

Stacy whimpered, her body trembling as she felt the rough leather gloves delving between her lips and rubbing against her clitoris. She looked away from the robber, panting, but she could

feel a heat growing between her legs, a sense of helplessness adding to her pleasure.

“Turn around,” commanded the man.

Stacy pulled her hips away from the robber. He trailed behind them before grabbing her shoulders and turned her around. Stacy shook as the robber pushed her face-first against the cool ground. A hand slipped between her thighs from behind, pulling her legs apart. Stacy closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

The robber leaned into her and she felt him fumbling with his zipper. She took a deep breath, ready and terrified. The sound of the robber’s zipper drowned out everything else.

Then, the robber leaned into her. A familiar whisper drifted across her ear. “You know, Stacy, I never got a chance to try a strap-on in that pretty little pussy of yours.”

Stacy froze with Semmer’s voice, now normal instead of the deeper, man’s voice. The heat inside her redoubled as she felt Semmer working the smooth tip of the dildo between her legs. Semmer, dressed as the male robber, held her shoulders. She continued to whisper as her hips rocked the dildo between Stacy’s suddenly slick thighs.

“Don’t you dare tell anyone who I am. If you play things right, I’m going to finish this robbery, then kidnap you. And me and Carrie are you going to ravish our little victim-”

The dildo ran along Stacy’s clit and Stacy let out a gasp. Semmer’s hips rocked back and the dildo slipped up into Stacy. It caught her pussy and Semmer drove the fake cock into Stacy.

“-until you scream.”

Semmer jammed Stacy into the wall, grinding Stacy’s naked breasts against the painted surface. Stacy grabbed at the wall, her fingernails clawing as she felt the cool cock driving into her.

As Stacy felt an orgasm, born not only of the slick dildo inside her but also the humiliation and fantasies, coursing over her. She closed her eyes tightly, enjoying herself despite her fear.

Semmer spoke in a low voice. “We had cameras in your room. When we were fucking, we were watching you fingering yourself.”

Stacy gasped, her humiliation spiking inside her.

“We still watch those videos. We couldn’t leave without giving you one more chance. I still love watching you come.”

Stacy grew hot and wet around the dildo. From the corner of her eye, she could see Carrie, now obviously the short robber, watching with a smile. Carrie's gun aimed directly at John's face, not wavering even as Carrie focused on them.

Semmer's fingers dug into Stacy's hips as she drove Stacy into the wall with hard, brutal thrusts. Stacy dug into the wall with her fingernails, trying to find purchase even as she felt herself drowning in humiliation.

"What is going on!?"

Semmer yanked the strap-on from Stacy's cunt, the thick member bruising her delicate lips. Stacy pushed from the wall to peer at the door where a security guard stood there, fumbling with his gun.

Carrie moved quickly, sliding up next to the security guard. A kick slammed into the man's stomach and Carrie grabbed his throat. Yanking him back, she threw him into the room and kicked the door shut.

The guard scrambled to his feet. The gun came out, swinging up.

The shotgun firing punched Stacy in the gut. The back of the guard's head disappeared in a shower of blood. Stacy screamed in the brutality of his death. She clapped her hand over her mouth as she saw the security guard sliding down the wall.

"Oh god!"

Semmer slammed Stacy against the wall. She pinned Stacy with her shoulder and rammed two fingers into Stacy's pussy. Stacy let out a soft gasp, hating how easily Semmer's fingers slid into her wet pussy. The humiliation only made the pleasure more forbidden.

Semmer grinned, then stepped away. Stacy gasped as the gun aimed directly at her belly button.

"Now, Mr. Manager, unlock that safe or the girl is going to die."

Stacy shivered at the hard voice directed at the manager. John looked apologetic, then his shoulders slumped. He knelt down next to the safe and spun the dial. Carrie aimed the gun at the back of his head.

As Carrie and John emptied the safe, Semmer held the gun at her. Stacy felt the fear filling her and she shook with the incredible mixture of excitement and danger that fought inside her. Her juices

dripped down her inner thighs, hidden as she tried not to show her growing anticipation.

The door creaked open as a man's voice filled the office.

"Boss, here's today's sales report..."

His voice trailed off as he stared at the robbery in progress. Semmer spun around and fired again, blowing away the top half of the door. The man flung back, screaming in agony.

Stacy shivered, then gasped as Semmer reached her and grabbed Stacy's wrist. Yanking her away from the wall, Semmer dragged the all-but-naked Stacy out of the office and through the employee door. Stacy let out a scream, trying to cover her breasts as Semmer raced through the front of the door. A security guard started to block the exit and Semmer threw Stacy forward.

"Look, tits!"

The man reached out to save Stacy. Semmer came around and swung the shotgun around, slamming him in the side of the head. He dropped like a rock and Semmer snatched Stacy, pulling her forward. Carrie followed close behind, firing the Uzi into the air.

Screams filled the ball. Semmer spun once, then raced down the walkway, dragging Stacy behind. Stacy screamed, unable to form words as she was dragged in full view of the public. She could feel eyes staring at her exposed body, memorizing her, and she felt the humiliation searing her skin.

A security guard burst out of a hallway. He slid on the floor and pulled out his gun.

"Robbers! Everybody, get down!"

Stacy saw the gun aimed directly toward her. Terrified of getting shot, she screamed shrilly. "No! Let me go!"

Semmer yanked her forward, keeping Stacy's naked body between herself and the guard. The guard followed with his gun. Just as Semmer reached a pillar, she released Stacy to grab a handle. Spinning around, she leveled the shotgun and fired.

Screams filled the air as blast took off part of the man's head. Stacy slid helplessly on the ground, but Semmer grabbed her and wrapped an arm tight around Stacy's waist.

Semmer laughed, her voice deeper than normal.

"Want a blast? Step right up! I'm giving them away as presents."

Everyone ran, scrambling over each other in their efforts to escape. The crowds melted away and Semmer yanked Stacy down the stairs; Semmer's hand clamped painfully over Stacy's wrist. Stacy's bare feet slapped on the textured surface as she was helpless to do anything but race after Semmer.

Behind her, she heard a shot, then a yell.

"Don't fire, you'll hit the girl!"

Semmer pulled Stacy up to her. One hand slithered down to jam her fingers between Stacy's legs, forcing her to turn into the branch of the mall that would lead to the front door. Stacy felt her slick pussy clenching around Semmer's fingers despite the discomfort. Semmer released her and pushed Stacy along. "Come on, I need those pretty tits of yours as a shield."

A security guard rushed in front of them. "Halt!"

As he raised his gun, Semmer shoved Stacy forward.

Stacy screamed as she slammed into the guard. Her breasts slammed into his chest. Their legs entangled each other and they fell to the ground. Stacy tried to get to her feet, her boots crushing the poor guard's fingers.

Grabbing Stacy's hair, Semmer yanked Stacy off the guard. Stacy felt her inner thighs smacking against the guard's head, no doubt giving him a very intimate view of her shaved pussy, before she was pulled to her feet and stumbling behind Semmer once again. The humiliation burned in her face; she recognized the guard and knew that she would see him in the mall again.

They reached the small ice skating ring inside the mall. It was once one of the prime attractions, but after a few years, only bored teenagers were out on the ice. Semmer chuckled and pushed Stacy forward.

Stacy managed to get her hands out before she hit the Plexiglas shield around the ring. Her breasts smacked against the plastic. Everyone looked at her, with a number of them making double-takes as they realized Stacy's breasts were on display for everyone to see. She felt the humiliation burning brighter, coursing down to her pussy which ignited on fire.

Semmer yanked her away from the glass and propelled Stacy toward the front of the mall. As they came through the front doors, Semmer shoved her forward once again. Stacy stumbled forward

just as a car came to a screeching halt inches away. She saw a dark-haired man wearing sunglasses looking out from the window at her.

Stacy didn't know what to do. She reached out for the handle, but Semmer yanked her back. She caught Semmer's eye, asking a question. She wanted to be kidnapped, Semmer said she would, but when Semmer threw her back, Stacy felt something else slam into her.

She reached out for Semmer, but Semmer shoved her back hard. The curb caught Stacy's heels and she stumbled back. She slammed into a rough stone pillar. She gasped and held out her hand, freezing as she saw Semmer leveling the shotgun directly at her.

Her mouth opened to call out to her, then she saw Semmer pulling the trigger. Screaming, she dropped as the blast exploded the rocks above her head. Clutching her head, she shielded herself as shards of rock rained down on her, bouncing off her bare shoulders. A second blast took out the rocks above her head again and Stacy curled into a ball, sobbing.

She heard the car doors slamming shut and the car tires screaming as they tore into the ground. The stretch of burnt rubber assaulted her senses, but Stacy only curled into a tighter ball, sobbing as she felt Semmer tearing out her heart for the second time.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.