

## Hard Drive Technique

Carly bustled through her apartment, making sure everything was as neat as short notice would permit. Her PC had died suddenly two days before, leaving her feeling a bit lost and disconnected without the Internet. She'd tried nursing the ailing machine for several days, trying to make it last as long as she could, but in the end the beige box sat, mute and dark, like a lantern whose wick had burned out. Lacking the expertise to resurrect the deceased technological marvel she'd had to swallow her pride and ask for help. Fortunately her boyfriend read computer magazines and had some experience in repairing the devices, so she hadn't had to search for somebody to approach for aid. When she'd told him about what had happened with her computer he'd immediately put on his shining armor and offered to help. That was one of the things she loved about him – he was always so willing to be there for her, no matter what she needed from him, but he never made her feel like she was incapable or needy. Instead, he would approach any problem as an issue to be resolved, rather than a favor to her or an imposition upon himself. Now he was due at her apartment any minute to try to resurrect the dead and she was in a slight panic. They'd been dating a short time and he hadn't been in her apartment yet, so she was anxious that everything be presentable.

She took a quick mental inventory of her preparations: take-and-bake lasagna was in the oven (she'd promised him dinner in exchange for his help), the cats had been fed, all her underthings were put away and all the dirty clothes were in the laundry hamper, and she'd taken down the picture of Dean Winchester (which they laughingly referred to as her TV boyfriend) just because it seemed a nice gesture. She'd rushed home from work and taken a quick shower, then changed into jeans and a tee shirt – comfy and casual, but without seeming frumpy, she hoped. Suddenly she mentally smacked herself in the forehead – the litter box needed changed! She was halfway to the kitchen when the doorbell rang. No time now – spray some Glade and hope for the best.

Taking a deep breath to collect her nerves, Carly opened the door and Reed came in carrying a cardboard box. He and the box were spotted with wetness. “Oh no,” she smiled, “it must've started raining again,” as she took the heavy box from him and reached to take his coat.

“Yeah, just a bit. No problem, though, love – I'm drip dry.” There was that smile she liked so much. He took her hand and brought her close, looking down into her eyes. “Besides, as hot as you are you'll dry me off in no time.” Then he kissed her, his lips gentle and warm against hers, his moustache tickling her nose. Then he switched from romantic to silly, adopting a cheesy German accent. “Now, Liebchen, you vill zhow to me zis zick computater, yah?”

Carly tried to match him, but her southern accent just wouldn't cooperate and become Teutonic. Instead, she led him to the corner of the room where her PC-cum-boat anchor sat silently. Reed opened his box and pulled out a rechargeable screwdriver. He made sure the computer was unplugged and began removing the screws that held the chassis shut. The screwdriver's whirring sound startled Boo Boo, one of Carly's cats,

who had quietly sneaked close enough to sniff a corner of Reed's cardboard box, and with a hiss the cat transformed into a furry bullet and vanished back into the adjoining bedroom. Carly and her sweetheart broke into gales of laughter at the poor kitty's histrionics, and by the time they'd recovered their composure the timer in the kitchen was ringing. Carly excused herself to go and put the garlic bread into the oven, and while she was working in her little kitchen she could hear Reed still chuckling in the other room.

When she returned he already had the PC's guts pulled from its case and was carefully removing the hard drive from the frame. "I've got to hand it to you, sweets," he grinned, "I've worked on a dozen 'puters where there were cats in the house, but this is the first one I ever opened that didn't have a six-pound furball inside it." Carly smiled her gratitude, but her thoughts flew to the waste can at the end of the sofa and the huge wad of cat hair that smelled faintly like the inside of her computer it held.

"Why are you taking out the drive?" she asked.

"First things first, love. I want to see if it works, then clone it to a portable drive. If the old drive's got a mechanical problem I may be able to read data from the clone easier than I can from the original drive. Here," he said, handing her a black electrical cord from his box, "plug that in, please." Then he switched to a vintage Engineer Scott voice, "We're goin' ta need more powerrrr, Coptin!"

She saluted with a grin and said, "Aye aye, Sir," and took the plug from him.

In a few minutes the set-up was completed and Carly's hard drive was humming along merrily recording its data onto a new drive. Reed managed to access the clone's files easily and was soon burning them to a DVD. He hummed softly to himself as he worked and Carly did her best to stay out of his way and keep Boo-Boo and Chance out of trouble, all the while finishing dinner so her sweetheart would get his payment. It was while she was taking the lasagna out of the oven that she heard him chuckle "Well, whatdya know 'bout dat," from the living room. "What's up, baby?" she called.

"Oh, nothing, love – just this picture I found on your HD."

For a moment Carly thought about what pictures Reed might be talking about. There were lots of shots of the cats, her parents, her sister's place in Texas... and the memory hit her like a slap – her sister's hot tub! *And what were you and your sister wearing that night?* her conscience piped. Dropping the lettuce she was washing Carly dashed into the room, but it was too late. Reed was staring raptly at the pictures that Carly's sister had taken on a hot night in Texas when the two girls had enjoyed just a bit too much wine before climbing into the hot tub. There was Carly, her bikini laying discarded by her right hip on the side of the tub, while she sat naked and sloe-eyed on the tiles. Her legs were parted, allowing the pursed lips of her vulva to peek out just above the bubbling water. She was leaning back slightly, causing her breasts to jut forward as though proudly displaying them. Now that same girl stood in her living room, staring in mute shock and knowing that her boyfriend was seeing her naked for the first time. She

froze, unsure what to do, then stepped in and switched off the monitor. Her image went dark and she began to stammer, “Oh crap...Reed, I’m really sorry...I didn’t...oh shit...” But then he looked up at her and smiled – not a mean or salacious grin, but a gentle sort of ‘it will be all right’ smile. A part of her relaxed then – at least he didn’t seem upset or angry about the mistake, so maybe it would be OK anyway.

Reed stood and reached for her hand. Carly hesitated for a moment, then accepted his offer. He drew her into his arms and she felt the warmth of him as he enfolded her in their safety and comfort. She felt him kiss the top of her head and heard him whisper her name and she relaxed. She’d only been dating Reed a short time, but she knew him pretty well already – he wasn’t going to make fun of her or give her a hard time because of the pictures. She let herself melt in his embrace until she could hear his heartbeat under her ear. She couldn’t help but smile – this, she knew in her heart, was where she was meant to be. It felt so right, somehow. *I could stay like this forever*, she mused. “You know,” he said, “you don’t have to be afraid of letting me see you like that.”

She couldn’t repress a tiny shiver. “I know, hon, but I didn’t want you to see me naked yet. I’m not ready. I wanted to do it in my own time.”

He caressed her hair and she was aware of the scent of his aftershave and the smell of his skin. He seemed to be all around her at the same time, filling her senses. She wondered for the hundredth time if she loved him as much as she thought she did. He seemed like a dream come true, and she hoped that dream was going to keep being sweet. “Don’t worry, Car,” he whispered. “We’ll take it at your pace, okay?”

She kissed him then. “You’re so good to me,” she said. “So you don’t think I’m a slut because of those pictures?”

He smiled that crooked smile. “No, baby. I know you better than that. It’s cool.” Then he took her hand and put it on his heart. “Feel that?” he asked as his pulse fluttered against her palm. “That’s the heart that loves you. It would never think of you as a slut.”

She turned her face so he wouldn’t see the tear that was struggling to escape her eye. “C’mon, hon,” she said, “let’s eat dinner before we get too sappy and say stuff we didn’t intend to say.”

- 2 -

Dinner was delicious, but there was an unseen guest at the table. Carly kept imagining that everything Reed said, every move he made, every glance that came her way from his gray eyes, meant something portentous. She kept wondering what he was thinking about and what he must be thinking of her. She knew Reed loved her – he’d proven it enough times during their new relationship that she was sure it wasn’t just the newness of the romance – and it seemed that the feelings she had for him grew stronger

every time they touched or he said her name. But now that he'd seen those pictures – *what must he think of me now*, she kept asking herself. At first she thought she was making a mountain out of a molehill; after all, Reed had told her it was okay and not to worry, but as the meal progressed she became more certain that he had something on his mind. It seemed that he went out of his way to touch her at every opportunity – when he handed her the basket of garlic bread and their fingers touched it seemed like the contact lasted so deliciously long; more than once he'd reached across the table and put his hand on hers, his skin warm on hers; he'd gotten up to get more ice for his tea and on the return trip had stepped close behind her chair, lifted the chestnut hair away from her neck, and kissed her on her spine before whispering in her ear that he loved her and was so glad to be with her, before kissing her again, this time playing the tip of his scalding tongue across the skin at the base of her neck -- and although she was craving every bit of it and adoring the attention it was making her achingly aroused. Every caress of his fingertips sent electricity crackling into her chest and through her stiff nipples, and when he kissed her she felt the well of her crotch flood with liquid flames. Even though they sat on opposite sides of her little kitchen table she could feel the heat, the strength, the living presence of him, and it made her heart dance giddily inside her.

When they'd finished eating he helped clear the table and volunteered to help with the dishes after he'd checked how the hard drive copying was going. Carly was grateful for the help and she started filling the sink while Reed checked on the PC's progress. She'd hardly gotten her hands into the hot, soapy water when he joined her, their hands meeting under the suds.

"It's about halfway done," he reported. "I had to switch a DVD, so it should be okay until we finish here."

For several minutes the two lovers worked silently, but there was a tension in the air that was almost as palpable as the water in which their hands worked. He was standing at her side, their elbows touching as she washed and slipped the plates into the rinse water, and he removed them, dried them, and put them on the dish rack. She wasn't surprised when his fingers found hers under the bubbles, twining among them like a warm, insistent octopus. Gently he pulled her hand from the water, using the motion to turn her towards him. His arms slid around her waist, making her shirt hem wet, and her hands reached up to clasp behind his neck. They melted into an embrace and their lips met in a long, passionate kiss. She felt the kiss all the way down to her toes, and her breath whirled away out of her lungs like a gust of springtime zephyrs. *Can he feel how hot he makes me*, she wondered. *Can he feel my nipples trying to bite into his chest, or how on-fire my pussy is for him?*

Reed looked down into her eyes and she suddenly realized that she and Reed were the only two people on Earth. At least that's how it seemed when he kissed her again, this time slipping the tip of his tongue between her lips. For just an instant Carly tensed – she and her lover had Frenched before, but something was different this time. There was a dark electricity in his kiss that she hadn't felt before. Still, without her consent her mouth opened and suddenly their tongues were wrestling wetly in her mouth. She felt

her knees melt out from under her; *Please, God, she prayed, don't let him let me go or I'll fall down right in front of him!*

He clutched the cheeks of her ass in his strong hands, pulling her pelvis against his, and she felt the stiffening evidence of his arousal. He broke the kiss and when her eyes found his it seemed that his pupils were so huge that she could fall right into them. "I can't keep it quiet any longer, Car," he murmured. "I've got to tell you or I'll burst. I just can't stop thinking about...about those pictures. Seeing you naked that way...it's set me on fire inside. I just can't get them out of my head. I've got to see more of you or I'm afraid I'll lose my mind." Then he kissed her again, hard, insistent, his mouth taking hers prisoner and captivating her. His arms crushed her to him and she felt the hardness against her belly pulse and leap as though trying to reach her through his pants.

Reed kissed Carly over and over, his breath hot and damp on her face. His hands slid up her back, making their way unerringly under her shirt and across her bare skin. When he began to pull her tee shirt up a voice in the back of her mind protested, but her body wasn't listening. Then the shirt slipped up over her head and the cooler air of the room was against her fevered skin and God but she wanted Reed to keep doing this all night! His hands found her heavy breasts, his powerful fingers stroking upwards between her mounds and then outward like the petals of a flower opening, then down across the slopes and the jutting nubs of her hard nipples. His touch seemed to carry fire with it, scorching her nerve endings and bringing her skin to shuddery life. He cupped her breasts, lifting them and spreading his fingers to stroke their smooth surfaces again and again, all the while his eyes bored into hers as though seeking something hidden.

Again, he kissed her – ferociously, ravenously – and she felt the last barriers fall from her will. She wanted him worse than she could have believed possible, and she wasn't going to make him stop – not tonight, not ever – she knew in every part of her that she was his possession, and the knowledge made her heart sing joyfully.

Then he was all business again. "Car, if you want me to stop, you've got to tell me now, before I can't stop myself."

"No, baby," she whispered in reply. "Don't stop...as long as you love me, don't ever stop."

That crooked smile again, but the eyes above it were somehow fevered and feral. It made Carly just a bit afraid, but she didn't protest as Reed's hands found the button of her jeans and undid it, nor when he lowered the fabric down over her hips. Instead, she spread her legs so he could strip the pants and panties down her legs, and she braced herself on his strong shoulders to lift each leg in turn as he removed them. Then she was naked before him for the first time, vulnerable and defenseless and feeling as unsure as a colt taking its first steps.

Reed stepped back, looking her up and down. "You're even more beautiful than my dreams," he murmured. "If you only knew how often I've seen you like this in my

fantasies...” Then he was pulling her into his arms again. He cupped her chin with his fingers, lifting her face to meet his, her mouth to his, and kissed her again. Fresh tongues of flame swirled like windblown leaves through her flesh and she felt the sudden chill as a droplet of moisture dripped from her soaking vagina and began to run down her inner thigh. She was positively aflame for this big, handsome, sexy man who had captivated her so easily.

Reed pulled her close, his right hand cupping her breast again as his mouth captured hers anew. His tongue was a serpent, playing with her own, and Carly gave in to her body’s demands. Her hands pulled against his neck, imprisoning him even as he was capturing her, and her mouth reveled in the slippery heat of his hungry, passionate kisses.

“I want some dessert, baby,” Reed whispered against her mouth. “Something delicious that I’ve been hungry for for weeks.” With that he pressed her back until her smooth rump met the edge of the table. He lifted her easily, his powerful hands seeming to almost encircle her waist, and sat her on the edge. He stepped in between her thighs, spreading them wide around his hips, and she felt the hardness of his cloth-covered erection pressing against the sensitive, soaked petals of her sex. *That’s his cock*, Carly’s mind gasped. *He’s so hard already – he must really want me!*

Reed pulled his shirt up and over his head, about to drop it on the floor, but she stopped him. Instead, she took his shirt and draped it over her own shoulders like a stole. His scent on the cloth seemed to fill her world and she smiled as the smell of him engulfed her. She sat forward and ran her hands up his stomach and onto his chest, feeling the springy dark hairs on his skin as they scratched softly at her fingertips. Her hands found his nipples and teased them into firm nuggets, making him gasp and close his eyes as the warm tingle of her touch flowed through him. Then Carly kissed him, first on his open lips and then his chin. She continued down, kissing his Adam’s apple and the cleft at the base of his throat. He’d begun to moan by now, his body being swept along in the riptide of his want for her, and she chuckled inwardly at how she’d turned the tables – made him her possession as he’d done to her only minutes before.

Carly kissed her way down Reed’s chest, feeling the coarse hairs there tickle her lips and nose. Her lips found their way unerringly to one of his nipples, and her tongue swirled over the thick, brown button, making him moan again. She continued to tease his nipple, scratching it with her teeth, while her hands found the front of his pants and began opening them. Part of her was still afraid – *it was too soon for this, for this relationship to go this far* – it whispered. But her heart wasn’t listening. She knew that she was safe in Reed’s arms and that he’d never hurt her, and tonight she wanted to give herself to him, to feel him make love to her at last. She, too, had spent nights dreaming of him, and now she was to make those volcanic fantasies come true.

He curled his fingers in her hair in a grip that was part caress, part restraint, and part demand. When his pants came open under her urging and she slipped a hand into the waistband of his briefs and circled his erect cock with her hand he moaned her name. His

member was thick in her grip and slippery with the telltale fluids of his great arousal. She slowly stroked him, feeling the hot flesh jump in her fist. Power seemed to pulse up her arm, the raw power of his need and want for her almost a living thing in her grip.

“You like that, baby?” she asked. His response was a rumbling growl from deep in his fuzzy chest and a fresh dribble of precum from his stiff rod. Carly smiled; knowing that this big man was in her power was a delightful feeling.

Reed opened his eyes and it seemed as though he was having trouble getting them to focus. He kissed her and she thought she felt his lips trembling slightly. Without a word he pressed her backwards, laying her back on the table. He grabbed a chair and pulled it to her feet, then sat down and scooted in close between her legs. Carly raised her knees and put her feet on the edge of the table, baring her gleaming, wet pussy for her lover. He leaned in close and ran his hands up the inside of her legs, caressing the smooth skin made febrile by her arousal. He kissed her knees with gentle touches of his lips, his mustache tickling her, and slowly worked his way up one thigh towards the drenched cleft between them.

Carly was breathing heavily, her breasts rising and falling in short, stuttering motions as she anticipated the heat of his mouth on her most sensitive spot. “Do it, Reed, do it,” she crooned to him. “Please don’t make me wait, baby.” But Reed was enjoying teasing her; he kept kissing her inner thighs, occasionally nipping the skin with his teeth, driving her mad with hunger for him. Her hands lay on the table beside her hips, fingers clutching the flowered tablecloth in bunches. When he put his hands on hers she released the fabric and their fingers intertwined with an intimacy that made her tremble inside.

Reed paused for a moment, his face close enough to her vulva that she felt his breath when he said, “I love you, Car. I love you with all my heart.” Then she felt the scorching flesh of his tongue on her soaking crotch. His tongue dipped into the start of her ass, tickling the tight rosebud of her anus and licking upwards between her pink petals. He parted her labia and she trembled as the muscular, wet intruder pushed its way into her opening. He feasted on her slit, his tongue flickering like a snake’s over her lips and inside the gateway to her sex. Carly closed her eyes and moaned with every lick and caress, her body being swept up in the raging waves crashing inside her belly.

Carly’s lover ate her expertly, his lips brushing the hood over her distended and demanding clitoris and stoking the fire that flared and flickered in her pelvis, but not pressing hard enough to bring her to climax. She lifted her hips, raising her crotch to meet his questing tongue, trying to force him closer and tighter to her pussy, but Reed wasn’t going to give in so easily. He kept her on the edge of orgasm but wouldn’t let her fall over the precipice. She begged him, shocking herself with her own words, “God, Reed, please...oh fuck, eat my pussy, baby...eat my cunt and make me cum so good, so hard!”

Reed’s fingers released hers and he pushed her hands up onto her chest. “Play with your tits, Car. Play with them while I eat your wet cunt.” She did as he

commanded, her brain so besotted with lust that she scarcely realized it was her own hands pulling brutally on her hard nipples. Meanwhile, Reed's hands weren't idle. He reached around her thighs and pulled her chubby pubes wide apart, stretching her vagina open so he could easily reach the deepest parts of her. His tongue pushed deep into her drenched tunnel and writhed against her tissues, sending electric tickles up inside her body. "Ohmigod," she whimpered, "yes...yes, baby. Eat my pussy, Reed – make me cum, please!"

"Not yet," he mumbled against her cunt. "Who do you love?"

Carly's voice was out of her control when she replied, "You, baby...I love you, Reed. I love you so much!"

"And who owns you? Who is your master?"

"You, Reed," she moaned, "I belong to you, master."

"Forever?"

"Oh god, yes – forever, baby. Forever." Bright globes of light were moving inside her eyes and she could hear her heartbeat stuttering in her ears.

He grinned. "That's my girl." Then he attacked her aching clit. He dug the tip of his firm tongue under the hood and lashed the hard knobmercilessly, flicking the stiff organ back and forth.

In response, Carly moaned louder, making the table shake beneath her naked body. She trembled and fresh lubricant ran from her hole, soaking Reed's face and chest as he licked and sucked at her sex. He pulled her clit into his mouth and bit gently behind it, holding it prisoner so he could really pound it with his tongue. In response, Carly squealed louder. She dug her nails into her tender breasts and her mouth dropped open in a constricted scream as flames burst inside her belly and a shattering orgasm ripped through her crotch like a saw blade. She grabbed his hair and forced his face tighter to her groin, grinding her sex into his mouth as another blinding climax slammed into her. She came a third time and tears ran down from the corners of her eyes, then she pushed Reed away – her clit was just too sensitive right then for him to continue.

- 3 -

Reed slid his hands up Carly's body, caressing her skin to bring her down from the orgasmic high she was still feeling, all the while placing gentle kisses on her mound, inner thighs, and puffy labia. Her hands took his and held on as he soothed her with his touch, easing her back down to Earth in a tender, loving way.



“Oh, god, baby,” she sighed, eyes still closed and voice raspy. “That was amazing. I’m shaking like jelly inside.”

“Good,” Reed replied. “I want you to feel that way whenever we make love. Now, come here.” He sat her up and pulled her into his lap. They sat, cuddling, on the kitchen chair for long minutes. Carly’s head was on his shoulder and her hand rested on his chest, feeling the beat of his heart against her fingertips, and he held her close, one hand gliding slowly up and down her spine.

“Mmmmm. That feels really nice,” she murmured into his neck. It did feel wonderful to be held by her man’s strong arms, comforted and protected like a child in her father’s embrace, and she allowed herself to drift into a light doze while he held her.

After a bit Carly roused herself. “I’m sorry, baby,” she said. “I think I fell asleep on you.”

Reed just smiled, his gray eyes deep and understanding. “No problem, Car. I think I kinda wore you out a bit. I didn’t mind at all; it was nice holding you like that.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t very fair,” she replied. “I mean, c’mon – I blew up like a box of fireworks and you haven’t gotten off yet.”

“You’d be surprised. Making you cum like that was almost as great to me as my own orgasm,” he explained. “Plenty of time left for me to get my rocks off. Unless you’re going to just use me and throw me out,” he chuckled.

“Actually, I was just thinking about asking if you’d like to stay the night,” Carly answered. Immediately she caught herself – oh crap, what had she just said! “I...I mean, if you...”

“I’d love to,” he smiled, and his grin made her melt inside.

*In for a penny, in for a pound*, Carly decided, so she said, “Then why don’t we go to bed. I want to make love to you.”

“I do like the way you think,” was Reed’s reply. She climbed off his lap and when he stood to pull up his pants she stopped him. Instead she knelt at his feet and pulled the pants further down, encouraging him to use the chair for balance so she could strip him bare. His semi-hard prick hung above her forehead, gleaming wetly in the bright kitchen light. She grasped the base of the shaft and slipped the cleft glans into her mouth, pushing his shaft slowly towards her throat and sliding the firm flesh back the length of her tongue as if he were penetrating a hungry cunt instead of a mouth. Reed gasped and closed his eyes, his breath exhaling as a low, heartfelt moan of pleasure. “Yes, Carl – oh baby, I like that.”

She nursed slowly on his member, matching her gentle sucking motions to the rhythm of his moans. Immediately she felt the flesh in her mouth begin to swell and thicken as blood rushed into it, then came the salty flavor of precum leaking from the eye of Reed's erect penis. He placed his hands on the crown of her head and she involuntarily stiffened, afraid that he was going to force his way into her throat and choke her, but he was tender and his touch was as soft as a sunbeam on her hair. He stroked her hair as though she were a treasured pet, smoothly brushing it back from her brow. "Ohhh, Car," he gasped through clenched teeth, "that feels wonderful. My sweet baby... make me feel so good."

He began to make subtle thrusting motions with his hips and his cock seemed to swell even thicker against her tongue, warning Carly that he was approaching his climax. She didn't want him to cum yet; she was enjoying fellating him and making him happy. She had every intention of making Reed squirt his heated seed into her mouth and across her tongue, but not just yet. Reluctantly, she pulled back, letting his hard rod slide out of her mouth. Before he had a chance to collect his scattered wits she looked up into his glazed eyes and said, "C'mon, baby, take me to bed. I want to feel that beautiful cock in my pussy." Then she stood and led Reed, rubber-legged and dazed though he was, to her bedroom.

- 4 -

Chance and Boo Boo were lounging on the bed when Carly ushered Reed into her boudoir. She shooed them away, making them meow as though abused and mortally wounded, then she turned and moved into Reed's arms again. The two lovers held each other, her breasts pressed into his chest and her hands splayed over his butt cheeks, and his hands similarly placed on her shoulder blades. They kissed again, tongues struggling against one another and Reed's erection pressing insistently against Carly's belly. Every time she tried to break the kiss and take a breath Reed pulled her tight to him and kissed her again, over and over without letup, until she felt her head swimming and finally smiled and gave in to his ardor, letting him conquer her and enjoy her mouth all he wished. But that didn't mean she wasn't putting her own plot into action. While they kissed Carly began teasing a fingertip up and down the crack in Reed's ass, tickling the cleft of his bottom. He tried to hide how it tickled, but she felt him wiggle against her and the stiffening of his lips as he tried to hold back a smile and giggles. He kept the façade going for a good minute but then couldn't keep a straight face any longer. He pulled back, trying to put distance between his sensitive butt and her tormenting fingers, but now it was Carly's turn to be aggressive – she held him tightly and wouldn't let him go. His face split into a big grin and he stooped over slightly as he pushed back. "Oh, you're a bad girl," he chuckled. "Better watch it, girlfriend – you're playing with fire, doing that."

"Maybe I like to play with fire," Carly replied, flashing her own bright smile. "And either way, just what are you going to do about it?"

“You don’t want to know,” Reed teased. “I might have to turn you over my knee and give you the spanking bad girls deserve.”

“Later, lover,” Carly said, her smile melting away again. “For now, just love me.” Then she took his hand and pulled him to her bed.

The two of them curled up together on the mattress, spooning against one another. Reed’s right arm was under her own, his hand pressed between her breasts. He kissed the back and sides of her neck, which made Carly close her eyes and arch to meet his caresses, purring softly like a contented kitten. He whispered softly in her ear, telling her how beautiful she was and how much he loved her, how wonderful he felt to be with her, and how grand it felt just to hold her nakedness against his. She lay there, silent and smiling, as he swept her away in his arms to a place of soft colors and sounds, where the whole world was only the two of them.

“Thank you, Car,” he murmured in her ear. “Thank you for being mine.” Then he ran the tip of his tongue around the lobe of her ear, sending chilly tingles down her back. She shivered as goose bumps rose on her skin, and her nipples hardened with the cold. “Mmmm,” Reed purred in the crook of her neck, “I like those,” and he ran a hand up to cup her breast. The warmth of his hand felt lovely to the girl, and when his fingers found the firm bud of her nipple and pinched it she gasped at the pleasant spark of pain that arced through the flesh.

Reed’s prick was waking up again, its conical head growing hot and pressing against her butt cheek as though seeking somewhere to hide. “I think somebody’s got his second wind,” Carl said, and she reached behind her and wrapped her hand around the firm column of her man’s sex. “You’re so hard, Reed,” she whispered, and in reply she felt his hardness swell and pulse against her fingers. “Let me see your cock, baby,” she murmured. “I love to look at it.” Reed was obviously glad to oblige, and he rolled onto his back. His erection rose up above his crotch, swollen and angry-looking, and Carl slid down beside his hip. She caressed the stiff shaft with her fingertips, pressing her thumb into the base of his organ and stroking slowly upwards, causing a large pearl of precum to ooze out of the eye. Making sure Reed could see well, she swirled the pointed tip of her tongue in the sticky drop before licking it off, savoring the flavor of him. “Mmmmm, I love to taste you, sweetheart,” she cooed, and her words brought a loud groan from deep in his chest. She knew he was a sucker for flattery, and she was playing that card to the hilt. Her eyes locked on his, captivating his attention while she lowered her head and slowly engulfed his penis with her lips. His erection slid deep into her mouth and she relaxed her throat muscles to take him deep. Her lips met the wiry strands of his pubic hair at the same moment the head of his prick nudged her pharynx, and she stopped to let him relish the heat of her mouth on his stiff flesh. Reed groaned softly as his nerves sang with the wonderful feelings dancing through them, causing Carly to smile around his erection. She had him in her web and she knew it!

Carly pulled up, sucking hard and dragging her pursed lips and slippery tongue up the underside of her lover’s hard cock. Already Reed was beginning to breathe harder,

his body trembling slightly as it was swept along in carnal tides. When Carly ducked her head once more, pushing his erection back into the heated whirlpool of her throat, he shuddered visibly and raised his pelvis to meet her. “God, yes, Car,” he moaned. “Please don’t stop, baby...feels sooo good...ughhhh.” His prick was oozing copiously, coating Carly’s tongue with salty precum. His reaction was fueling her own arousal as well; knowing that she was pleasing the man she loved made her feel so pleased, and the smell and sight and taste of him and of the hard cock in her mouth had her hotter than hell in the summer. Her vagina was awash with her slippery fluids and it yawned ravenously in her belly, aching for Reed to fill it.

Carly’s left hand was busy teasing Reed’s heavy balls, carefully squeezing them in their furry sack as though she were trying to coax every bit of his sticky semen out of them. She slid her right hand down between her belly and the mattress and began to slowly fingerfuck herself. Her starving slit grabbed greedily at her fingers and immediately her hand was soaked with her sweet syrup. Her touch added fuel to the fire building inside her and she began to suck Reed’s cock faster, harder, more insistently. “Car,” he gasped, “baby, you’re gonna make...oh god, I’ve gotta cum!” The dick in her mouth swelled wider and a fresh gush of hot precum ran over her tongue, warning that Reed was almost at his peak. Wanting to keep him hanging just a little longer, Carly forced herself to slow down. She continued to finger her pussy but she reluctantly let Reed’s staff pop out of her mouth. “Not yet, lover,” she croaked. “Something I want you to see.”

She pulled herself free of Reed and straddled his groin. Hunching her pelvis forward she spread the petals of her thirsting vagina for his view. “Watch baby,” she said, her eyes shining in the subdued lights of the room. “Watch your cock split me open.” With that, she lowered herself until she felt the blunt point of his cock nose its way into the opening of her body. She tried to watch Reed’s face as she slowly impaled herself on his erection, but it felt so good to feel him spread her open inside that she had to close her eyes and whimper his name. “Oooooohgod, Reed...god, I love your cock in my pussy! I’ve wanted this for soooo long, baby.” Her mound met his groin and she was filled with him, the thick root of his manhood stretching the opening of her sex until it almost hurt. She felt the tip of his spear reaching almost to the roof of her vulva. *That’s where he’ll squirt me* she thought, *where he’ll drown me with his cum*. The realization and thought of her man’s thick, sticky sperm splashing against her innermost walls sent fresh heat flashing through Carly’s body and a preliminary mini-orgasm swept up from her filled tunnel in response.

The woman shivered and her brown nipples swelled fatter than ever, inviting Reed’s caress. He didn’t wait for a second invite, instead running his palms up over her belly and ribs to cup her soft breasts in his hands. He squeezed her tits roughly, sending glittering pain through the flesh and making her gasp as the first ooze of her lubricant ran down out of her stuffed vulva and onto his groin.

He ran his right hand up over her breastbone and onto her shoulder, then behind her neck. He grabbed her hair and took control of her, pulling her forward. Carly didn’t

resist but leaned forward as he pulled her face to his. Their lips were almost touching when his eyes locked with her own and he whispered breathlessly “I love you, Car. My heart belongs to you always.” Then his mouth was crushing her lips in a ferocious, feral embrace that made the girl lightheaded. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, lifting his pelvis simultaneously so the two hot spears of his flesh pushed into her at once. Immediately, Carly’s body spasmed and another, stronger, orgasm rumbled through her.

Reed released her hair and broke the kiss. His eyes seemed to glitter in the soft light as he breathed against her lips, “Ride it, baby. Ride my cock and make me cum.”

“Ohhhh yes, Reed,” Carly moaned in reply. “Please fuck me. I gotta have your beautiful dick in me.” She raised herself and began to ride him, hunching her pelvis and flexing her hips to saw his erection through her squishing, soaked pussy. The room reeked of lustful hunger, smelling wet like a tropical jungle, and with her every thrust sticky syrup ran out of her cunt and through the tangle of Reed’s bush. His hands gripped her by the knees, pulling her forward with every movement and changing the angle of his entrance. His cock was inexorably angled upwards, and with every push into her body the soft lips of her pussy were sucked inwards so that her clit felt the hot skin of his prick brush against it. The head of his thick stake was aimed for her navel now, and when he was fully sheathed the angry purplish head rubbed deliciously against her G-spot. Carly closed her eyes and let the throbbing of her slit bear her away, another climax twisting through her pelvis like a molten fist. She cried out in wonderful pain, her conscience knowing the neighbors could hear but not caring, as flames flashed up the inside of her skin between her belly and the tunnel of her sex and the delicious beast that coiled and struck, over and over again, at her pleasure zones.

Carly’s head fell forward, her soft brown curls shuddering around her face as she thrust against her lover’s cock. Her voice whimpered over and over, “Fuck me, Reed, fuck me...god, yes...fuck me, Reed...” as she pistoned up and down on him.

Reed grabbed her hips, his fingers digging cruelly into the flesh, and he growled like a rutting lion. “Gonna cum, baby,” he snarled. “Cum with me, Carl...cum...ughnnn...cum with me, lover.”

Carly could feel her stomach muscles drawing taut as a steel spring in her gut. Something was twisting tight in her belly; it ached and wept with tension inside her. She knew what was coming – this wasn’t her first Big O, but it was rapidly shaping into the biggest O she’d ever experienced. A fist, clad in a glove of fire, was knotting her slick cunt into a ball inside her, squeezing until she thought if she didn’t cum right away she’d surely die. She forced her eyes open, looking down at Reed’s hairy chest and his mysterious gray eyes; he was staring at her – into her – as though he could see into her very soul. He spoke and his voice was whispery as dry leaves rustling in the night, but the words thudded into her when he said, “You are mine, Car. With my seed, I claim you for all time.” Ice washed through her spine, meeting the burning lava cascading through her crotch, and the world went mad inside her.

The sun, made huge and angry somehow, caught fire in the base of Carly's spine. The supernova bloomed, dwarfing a thousand suns, and detonated behind her eyes and down her nerve tree. She felt Reed yank her ass forward savagely and his cock rip deeper than ever into her belly, felt the scalding spurts of his release jetting inside her, heard him roaring like some horrid beast in its torturous death-throes, and knew that his words were more true than any she'd ever before heard. Blinding, glistening flashbulbs burst behind her eyes, then there was only feeling. Then there was nothing at all

- 5 -

Sanity returned slowly, and Carly awoke in Reed's arms. They were snuggled together in her bed, the room still and silent around them. Her clock radio read 4:15, and beside it hovered two glowing eyes. The girl started, scaring Boo-Boo into beating a hasty retreat for the kitchen where his food bowl would provide reassurance and comfort.

Carly lay still, feeling Reed's warm and heavy body pressed against hers. Her mind was awl with foggy memories and images. She tentatively moved her leg and immediately regretted it as a cramp bit into her thigh. She bit her lip and waited until the pain subsided, then slipped her hand down between her legs to touch her slit. Her fingers found something alien – the spongy cone of Reed's penis – peeking out from between her thighs. She couldn't help but smile at that, but when she touched her sex she also winced – she was sunburn sore down there. "Ow. What the hell did we get into," she whispered to the darkness.

Stephen murmured in his sleep in reply, tightening his arm around her middle and whispering sleepily in her ear, "Something wonderful. Something forever."

Carly smiled. Something deep inside her told her that was prophetic. And nothing in the whole world would have made her happier.

The End