

Something

Different

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Chapter 1

As Kenneth jerked off for the third time watching his favorite DVD, "Barely Legal First Time Butt Babes", it occurred to him that he might soon have to purchase a new keyboard. This one had begun to exhibit sticky keys and it was inhibiting his ability to easily enter data.

Kenneth was finally coming to the realization that his favorite form of porn was just fantasy. Girls like those portrayed in the film just didn't exist. Sure, he knew and had dated young women every bit as attractive---more so---than the actresses in the movie. At twenty-nine, Kenneth was considered attractive, had a good job, a nice late model vehicle and an above average apartment within two minutes of the Pacific. He didn't smoke or drink to excess and had no manifest bad habits, other than beating off too much. Girls he had dated and slept with considered him a capable lover, probably in no

small measure because he did pound his pud to excess.

Not one of them, however, exhibited either the aggressiveness or the abject nastiness of the women on the screen. Kenneth's erotic fantasy of meeting that special girl who: (a) sucked cock with true enthusiasm; (b) liked to engage in the occasional face fuck; (c) enjoyed having a guy cum on her face; (d) talked dirty in the sack;(e) had an exhibitionist streak and (f) occasionally liked to get boned in the butt was, he had come to realize, just unrealistic fantasy. Just once, he mused, I want to enjoy an absolutely disgustingly nasty fuck fest with some sweet little honey before I settle down.

Settling down sooner rather than later was a distinct probability. The girl he had dated off and on since college was the most likely prospect. She was a hot little blond with a great set of buns, nice tits and a generally sweet personality, well,

sweet except when she was being bitchy and demanding. Bitchy and demanding were the traits that had ruled their yo-yo relationship of on again off again romance since his Senior year in college. While she had mellowed somewhat with maturity, there were still times when the only way he could improve her moodiness was to be almost subserviently attentive. Still he was pretty sure he loved her and after over five years they knew each other very well. She had finally elected to move to California from the East coast and move in with him as a prelude to nuptials. She had found a job in her field not far from where he lived; she would be on board in a few weeks.

He checked the surf report on the tube and decided what he would do this particular Saturday morning, which was what he did almost every Saturday morning. Kenneth was a natural athlete and had played several sports in high school and college. His normally lean, muscular body had bulked up a little when he had been in the military overseas and weight lifting was often

the only physical fitness regimen available. Now he was back to a weight that he was more comfortable with and the bulky muscles had become lean and well defined. He had become addicted to surfing after moving to Southern California, often doing so in the early morning before driving to his office some twenty minutes away.

Donning his wet suit and grabbing his board out of the front hall he headed toward the beach a couple of minutes away. With his wet suit unzipped to the waist and his broad chest and strong shoulders displayed, Kenneth looked like a poster child for the Delmar surf scene. He was not, however, remotely as shallow and unserious as that stereotype generally indicated. He had a BS and an MBA and his reading tastes were both eclectic and extensive. His tastes in art and music were equally expansive. He was an excellent cook. He had good taste in clothes, libations, furnishings and in life in general. He was a thinker and a doer.

His military service had included a combat assignment during which his life had been threatened almost daily which had given him an even more mature visage. At his core he was sweet, caring, sincere and loyal; he was the pride and joy of his parents and a natural leader. If he could change only one aspect of his life it would be his growing obsession with bedding down a bad girl who would fulfill all of his porn driven fantasies.

As fate would have it he would have to share the early waves with only one other surfer who was just preparing to catch a wave in the distance. The surfer was up but he could not tell if it was a he or she. Good form, nice moves, oh yea! What a great ride! He or she, I'm thinking she, milked that baby for all it was worth. Uh, huh, that is definitely a she. Tall, damned near as tall as he was. Damned, long legs, obvious boobs and a nice turn to her hips. He was thinking blond, his

weakness, as she drew closer. She smiled and he returned the gesture. Oh, wow! Killer smile, great eyes, blue and, yep, a blond.

"Nice ride." Kenneth said.

"Thank you. You've got to be pretty patient out there today but about every eighth wave is worth the trouble."

It was an easy exchange; surfers were surfers and respect for good form transcended gender or carnal interest. Kenneth paddled out and heeding her words was patient, finally catching a roller that seemed promising. While he was certain that he had not exhibited her near perfect form, he had not remotely embarrassed himself. Surfer girls were often an enigma. He had dated a couple and found them to be a tad vacant and vacuous. Girls who were really good surfers were too often obsessed with the next wave and

interested in little else. After several runs, Kenneth plopped down on the beach to watch his partner take her next wave. As he had noted over the previous hour she nailed it once again. He was pleased when she walked toward him and plopped down next to him in the sand.

"Hi, I'm Sarah." She said extending her tanned hand. "Surf here often?"

And then they both laughed as they realized that her words came across as the quintessential pickup line.

"I think that's supposed to be my line." Kenneth quipped. "I live a short walk from here so I try to get down as often as possible, even during the week. How about you? I'm sure I would have remembered seeing you here before. You have astounding form and technique." He said, genuinely in admiration of her skills.

"Actually, I just moved here in the last week. I'm still in one of those extended stay places and plan to find something permanent as soon as possible--today I'll start seriously looking."

"Where did you learn to surf like that?"

"Hawaii. My dad was stationed there when I was in high school. I ended up staying and going to college for a couple of years in the islands. I was on the surfing team and we got to go on a world tour to all of the great surfing sites---even Australia. You're pretty good yourself, how about you?"

"I picked it up a few years ago when I was stationed here in the military."

"You've never had any formal training?" She said almost incredulously.

"Nope, just took advice from other people that seemed to know what they were doing and practiced. Surfing is not a competitive sport to me; it has really become the antithesis of competition. It's how I unwind and relax."

"That's probably why your style seems so easy and fluid, you're not trying to impress someone or score points. That's exactly how it has evolved for me; it helps me clear my head. Which service were you in?"

Kenneth proceeded to give Sarah a short review of his time in the military. Her father had been in the same service and was now a full colonel stationed at the same base he had been at.

"Well, I'm starting to get both chilled and hungry. Would you like to grab a bite?" Kenneth said.

"That would be fun! I haven't had time to explore the area, would you mind giving me a short tour?"

"Not at all, I'd love to."

"Well, I drove, my motel is a couple of miles from here, I can drop you off, go home and change and pick you up again in, say, half an hour?" She said.

"Great!"

In a couple of minutes Kenneth and Sarah were at Kenneth's apartment.

"Wow, what a neat looking place! The places I've looked at are all big complexes, but yours is, what, only five units?" Sarah commented.

"It's private; my land lady lives right there and is super nice. It's older but she's done a good job of modernizing the units. I can just see the ocean from my deck and, surprisingly, it was slightly less expensive than some of the more modern places. Unfortunately, if you're interested, there isn't much turn over but I'll be glad to introduce you. She's kind of connected to a cabal of other private renters and may have some suggestions."

Sarah left to change and Kenneth quickly showered, shaved and changed into his typical weekend attire, shorts, surf sandals and a polo shirt. He had no expectations of anything other than a pleasant meal and a morning walk with a fellow surfer, albeit, he thought a very attractive one. His answering machine was blinking, it was Laura, his main squeeze back east. She didn't

really say anything other than not to call her back
in view of the three hour time difference until
later. That was typical Laura.

Chapter 2.

Sarah tapped on his open door thirty minutes after she had left. She was now wearing excruciatingly short, tight surf shorts of her own, a simple cotton tee which showed a bare midriff and sandals. No tats and no piercings, that was a good sign, Kenneth thought to himself. Her tits were small, probably, Kenneth thought, barely B cup and her legs were obscenely long. Her sun drenched blond hair was tied back in a pony tail and her shades were fetchingly perched on her head. Kenneth gave her the quick tour of his apartment.

"Two bedrooms? Do you have a roommate?"

"I did for a while. I actually started living here when I was still on active duty. A roommate certainly eases the pain of the absurdly high real estate costs around here. My first roommate was a slob; my second one fell in love and got

married, and still owes me some rent money. After that and after I got out, I just decided to pass on future roommate adventures."

"I love this place and this location! Maybe I can convince you to reconsider your roommate aversion over breakfast." Sarah said, not remotely flirtatiously.

Coed roommates with whom no sex was involved were not uncommon to Kenneth's generation. He himself had in fact lived with his best friend's wife while her husband had been deployed. The two had often joked, since they cooked and cleaned together, went out to movies or dinner together and even watched TV together that it was just like being married without the sex. Kenneth needed to get to know a little more about Sarah but someone to share the rent and utilities would free up a grand a month. Unless she was a complete wack job or just irritating as hell, sub letting was not out of the question and

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