

JESSICA'S SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

“Want me down?”

Christy raised her head from my belly. I could never understand, why she had to ask me this question every time we were—

She unzipped my jeans, fished my dick out of my boxers and—

Whatever she started doing with my full erection, now sticking out of my pants and boxers, it was more pleasant than the stupid movie we were supposedly watching in the darkness of the Lone Star Cinema.

She mmmmed, wrapped her lips around my hard-on and touched its tip with the tip of her tongue. I buried my fingers in her long, blonde hair and inhaled a faint scent of her perfume (was it ‘Passion’ or ‘Compassion’? - I could never remember the names of those weird-looking bottles Christy was buying at a Wal-Mart or a Target.) And relaxed.

Christy and I had been dating for I don't know how long (since middle school?) - on and off, on and off. Sometimes, it was me who caused our, very temporary, break-ups; sometimes, it was her. We never gave a pledge of faithfulness to each other, or made any promises as to not to whore around - we were enjoying each other's company, fucking at every chance we could get. When I stayed over at Christy's house, her mother, who definitely knew about the extent of our relationship, always allowed us to spend a night together, in Christy's room. Her older sister Kathy the Chaperon slept on some kind of a cot next to our bed. Not that it ever mattered much -

Kathy never really cared about her younger sister and would fall asleep the moment her head hit the pillow. And Christy and I would get down to our business, after we had relieved each other of the burden of the extra clothes, which, in Christy's case, would be a loose tee shirt and a pair of tight cotton shorts. And I would stay inside her as long as possible.

It was because of Kathy and her husband Bill that these events had happened and my life took an unexpected turn. To whatever you want to call it.

Christy and I managed to graduate from our high school - a zoo that promoted not studying, but a 'new-day-a-new-girl/boyfriend' contest - and to get enrolled into the University of Texas at Houston. She was interested in Marine Biology, while my obsession was less related to the living organisms, with the exception of the certain form of bipeds. So, I chose Computer Science. Our mornings were taken by the classes; the evenings and nights included the physical exercises on the couch in the lounge and in and on our king-size bed in the tiny bedroom of the apartment we rented not far from campus.

It was in the middle of the summer semesters that Christy had to stay with her mother for a couple of days. I was left alone, with my computer, online chat-rooms, and whoever was willing to strip for me on her web cam. My pretty arousing conversation with some chick from Hawaii was about to climax in her stripping for me (by then, a blue bra and black panties was all that was left on her), when somebody buzzed me to the door. I cursed and pressed the Intercom button.

“What’s up?”

“Bill and I had ‘nother falling out”, without noticing it, she lowered herself on Christy’s bra left on the lounge couch. “Can I stay overnight? I can't go to Mom's house, you know. She'll be bitching about Bill and me, and how I shouldn't have—“ She burst into tears. I sat down next

to her. She grabbed my hand. “What should I do, Kevin? He's fine when he's sober. But when he gets drunk—“

I put my arm around her shoulders - her tears wetted my shirt - and ran my fingers through her hair. “I like it”, she whispered. “You're so good at comforting me, Kev. Always were.”

“I am not, Kathy.”

“Yes, you are. What should I do, Kevin?”

“I don't know, Kathy. What *can* you do? Leave him?”

“I can't! He pays all the bills and, if I leave him...” Another sob. “How I support me and Pat?” Pat being Patricia, their six-year old.

“You can find another job.”

“Another job? Are you crazy? Who need a high school drop-out with a kid and no skills? I should be thankful to Steve for giving me that secretarial job at his shop,” Kathy pulled a Kleenex out of the box on the coffee-table.

“Yeah, I know how much he pays you and what he wants in return.”

“Shut up! It's none of your fucking business! You should be grateful I never told Mom about you and my sister fucking like rabbits when you stayed over!”

“Your Mom knew about it anyway,” I shifted away from her a bit. “But does Bill know what you and Steve do in Steve's office?”

“You little fucker!” She burst in a hysterical laughter. “You're one little fucker!”

“Yep,” I nodded. And turned the TV on. “Care for a game?”

“I don't give a fuck right now,” she adjusted her tight top. “Watch whatever you want. I need a drink.”

Kathy got up and disappeared into the kitchen - I could hear the clanking of a bottle against a glass, and then her loud gulping.

“Fuck! Pat’s in the car! I forgot about her!”

Some mother, I thought.

“You have the kid with you? Why didn’t you bring her in?”

“How was I supposed to know you’d let me stay?”

“You knew I would. And it’s not the first time you’ve stayed here.” I said and thought, *So, fetch Pat the Brat!*

When Pat had been bathed and put to bed, Kathy was back on the couch, smelling of the strawberry-scented shampoo Christy and I used; she also smelled of cigarette smoke and a light scent of Tequila she had found in one of the kitchen cabinets. Feeling more relaxed and in a different, tighter, halter top and loose shorts, she looked like an older version of my baby Christy. Was she going to look like that in or ten years? I shook my head.

“What’s the matter, Kev? Why you shook your head?”

“Ah, nothing. Just thinking.”

“About?” She moved closer. “About Christy? And how much you’d like to fuck her right now?”

“Uh-huh,” I felt her hand on my crotch caressing me slow, slow. “Something like that—“

“Something like that?” She pulled my zipper down and slipped her fingers inside my pants. “Or, something like that?” She wrapped her fingers around my dick. Her lips found my lips. Her fingers were now on my balls; then, she moved them on the shaft. Her tongue touched my lips. “I’ve never had an orgasm,” she whispered.

The next thing I could recall was her leg going over my legs and her slipping me inside her and wrapping her arms around my neck. She was moaning and panting and whispering and panting; it seemed to me she was all over me, her lips were all over me.

Or, perhaps, it was just my imagination.

We spent the night on the couch, under the blanket Christy liked to wrap around us while snuggling next to me. When I woke up the next morning, there was nothing that could serve as a reminder of the previous night, but Pat's sock on the floor and a pair of Kathy's stockings on the back of the armchair.

“Open the door!” A loud pounding was covering a man's voice. “Open this fucking door, you fucking fucker! I'll show you how to fuck somebody else's wife, you piece of shit!!!”

The pounding continued; after it came the sound of a door being chopped into pieces. The splinters of wood started flying all over the entrance passage. I retreated to the kitchen and got hold of the largest knife we had. Bill, his three hundred pounds of a 6 foot 2 inches tall contractor, stormed into the apartment. He had an ax in his hand - its sharp edge caught and reflected a ray of the morning sun. He darted into the kitchen and stopped dead: the knife, apparently, made him think.

For a while.

For a short while.

Shouting something, he charged towards me, and—

The world exploded into thousands of galaxies of millions of sounds and into the silence of darkness.

“Kevin, honey, how are you feeling?” Christy's voice came to me through what seemed

to be a pillow. I opened my eyes: I was in bed in a room with off-white walls, a window, a TV-set on a chest of drawers. Christy was sitting next to me, holding my hand.

“Kevin?” *Kevin... Kevin...* reverberated in my head.

A headache. A splitting headache.

Then I noticed Suzie, Christy's mother, on a chair by the window; my mother was standing somewhere by my bed. Somewhere in the room was Kathy. And Pat the Brat.

“Can you hear me, sweetie?” reverberated three times in my head.

“Um-mum,” I cleared my throat. “What's happened?”

“He whacked you on your head with an ax,” Christy burst into tears. “I thought I had lost you! You were all blood. They stitched you in fifteen places. I mean, fifteen stitches,” she gulped and backhanded her blue eyes. “Kathy was supposed to meet him in the morning. And she did. And—“

“I am sorry, Kevin. I told him about what happened...” Kathy sounded apologetically, but not apologetically enough.

“Did she lie to him telling that it was *me* who made the first move? Fucking whore of a bitch! the thought crossed my mind.”

“You told him that it was *me* who made the just movie?” She nodded. I sat up abruptly, “You fucking—“

And I plunged into darkness. . .

Our Chevy Cavalier crossed the border, and soon we were in Nuevo Laredo, in a hotel a bit away from the usual tourist traps. We - Christy, her mother Suzie, Sasha and Randy, who were Christy's friends, and, of course, I. They persuaded me to leave Texas for Mexico and thus

to avoid the necessity of dealing with the police and Kathy's husband.

I never pressed any charges.

Why not?

‘Cause I *did* fuck his wife.

Christy forgave me...

I guess she knew her sister better than anybody else. . .

We got two rooms in a flee-bag of a hotel - one for Randy and Sasha, and, to save a little of the money we had, for the three of us. Suzie slept in her twin, quarter-operated bed; and Christy and I - in ours, three feet away.

For days, we did nothing, but wondered about Nuevo Laredo, which, with it's half a million population, I regarded to be quite big and small compared to Houston at the same time. We stopped by some stores - Christy wanted to buy clothes for me and herself.

In the evenings, we would sit on the bed, with Christy between my legs, leaning against my chest, a light strawberry scent tickling my nostrils. My hands petted her silky belly right above the elastics; her legs, bare to her skimpy panties, glared in the light of the TV screen. She didn't speak a word of Spanish, but, for some reason, she would watch those endless Mexican serials about all kinds of intrigues in rich houses and some kid, who turned out to be born into a distinguished family and left with a very poor woman shortly after the birth.

Once Sasha and Randy invited us to a donkey show in Juarez (don't confuse it with the Mexican statesman). It was a short drive; Christy and I were making out on the back seat, while Suzie was looking at the 'sights' passing us by on the left. We arrived when the show was at a full swing, with donkeys and whores tangled in what looked like one big messy ass.

At some point they had to stop the show because the whore who was supposed to be next

lay on the ground, drunk like a skunk. I left the arena for a nearest whorehouse and, for fifty bucks, got a girl who agreed to fuck the donkey. While the donkey's dick was rubbing the insides of Paloma's big, brown pussy, I kept my eyes (and my hand) on Christy, who, for some reason, was getting hornier and hornier.

I could distinguish her hard nipples under her new shirt we had bought in some strip mall not far from Nuevo Laredo. We had made out in the fitting room of that store - my girl had taken her old Hank Williams, Jr. concert tee shirt off, and I had had the pleasure of enjoying the view of her drop-dead gorgeous tanned body. As her cut-off shorts barely extended above the pelvic bones, her white briefs stuck out above the belt, high enough for me to get a hard-on. Of course, she had had no bra on, and her cute nipples on the pointy breasts had made me want her. As we had been in the mall, I just leaned against the wall, slipped my hand inside her cotton whites and down her shaved area, to her wetness. She had been really wet; she had knelt in front of me and unzipped my shorts with her teeth... And took me to the summits of pleasure with her mouth.

Just like in that fitting-room, I could sense the waves of desire emanating from her slim body, the waves that always made me horny, wanting her right then and there. Her pinkish-whitish tee shirt clung to her back - and I ran my hand from the back of her neck down to her ass and petted it lightly, feeling the denim of her shorts. Without taking her eyes off the performance (the donkey was inside the whore up to his balls), Christy placed her hand on my thigh and slipped her fingers under my shoes, and started to stroke my, already hard, dick.

“I'll wear nothing but my tee shirt tonight,” she uttered in her hot whisper. “Just for you.... to fuck me all night long, sweetie”

After the whore was done with the donkey, or vice versa, we stopped at some cantina,

'Casa Mia' or something like that, for a bite and a gulp. In Suzie's case, that gulp turned into an endless row of shots, followed by stuffed tacos and tortillas. Now and then, she would disappear in the direction of the bath-room, a stinky attachment to the cantina.

"It was the best fuck I've ever had this side of the border," she giggled after one of her trips. "That Mexican dude could have outdone any donkey at that—," she hiccupped and giggled like a high school girl, "—that show."

"Hah?" All four of us said in unison.

"What, kiddos, you didn't notice—," she paused. apparently looking for the words. "—that aboslutely," she hiccupped again. "Absolololutely. Ah, what the fuck! That cutie butt of that Mexican? He fucked me like a king!"

My girlfriend's mother had fun her way in the cantina...

My girlfriend and I had fun our way later, at the hotel, after Suzie had passed out on her bed, snoring, her shirt unbuttoned exposing her sagging breast. As Christy had promised earlier, she emerged out of the bath-room in her tee shirt, the one that barely reached the thin radical line of her shaved pubic hair, the tee shirt that I liked to see on her. Or, her in it. While approaching the bed. she had her hand on her pussy, rubbing it lightly and fingering herself, and whispering, how much she wanted me. Just looking at her in that tee shirt, her hips swaying slowly, gave me a hard-on; and when I pulled the shirt off her, and she slipped under the covers, I was totally ready for the action...

Which ensued. . .

And went on and on. . .

All night long...

It had been an absolutely unremarkable dance hall, with a bar, a dance-floor, and a mechanical bull (occupied by some overweight broad in a flannel shirt and jeans tucked in her cowboy boots) until two gorgeous creatures dropped on the bar stools and flanked me with the scents of their perfumes. Two absolutely gorgeous chicks wanted to satisfy their thirst and, apparently, their lust, afterwards. Their blue eyes intrigued me. their brown and blond hair were the magnets for my eyes; their outfits (of someone with no moral inhibitions) outlined their bodies in a way that made me feel how tight my pants were. Underneath the zipper, of course.

After a brief talk sitting between the cuties, their hands on my legs, and a couple of drinks, I started with Melissa, the brown-haired one, whose hand was the first to move onto my crotch, and whose tight white jeans, outlining the roundness of her butt, rested on her pelvic bones. Occasionally, her tight sweater would roll up exposing her flat, tanned belly. She did approve the back seat of my truck and the way I was IN-terested in her. And her skimpy thong wasn't much of an obstacle. Did that thong belong to her younger sister? I never asked her that question.

The blonde Jessica in her red tee-shirt and a short denim skirt, apparently took more interest in me - after I pulled up her, barely twelve inches long, skirt and removed her pink underwear and fucked her brains out, she refused to leave the car. Wanting me again.

And again. With her on top, her boobs bouncing up and down, while she was riding my dick.

And again. On the floor, in the narrow gap between the truck seats.

She asked for my phone number, and I gave it to her. Cell phone, of course. And she started to call me on a sorta regular basis, sometimes in the morning, sometimes at night, especially on the nights when Christy was at her Mother's. Jess wasn't much of a talker: after a

brief “Hello. What's up? I'm wearing the briefs you like,” the only topic that was of any interest to her was what I'd be doing to her if she were next to me.

Or, if she were on top of me.

Or, if she were under me.

And she always wanted to know it in deeper (with all the pun intended) details.

She also had a computer and just for and because of me (as she worded it), she had bought a web cam. Now, I didn't have to surf the chat-rooms anymore: if I wanted some action while Christy was away, all I had to do was to call Jessica and ask her to get online. And keep her clothes on (if she had any on at all) for, at least, the first two minutes of our conversation.

“A toke?”

“Fuck off!” Christy shooed away a drug pusher and made herself comfortable in some guy's lap and sipped her Margarita. “So, what were you saying?”

“I wasn't saying. I was whispering, doll,” his breath reeked of Tequila. mixed with rum and whatever else he had had that night. “I was whispering that you's the cutest thing in here.”

“Yeah?” Christy responded absent-mindedly, while the man's hand was roaming underneath her button-up shirt.

“And I wanna fuck you. Right here, on this couch,” he hiccupped and grinned.

She giggled. The party was at a full swing - a bunch of strange to her people were stuffing themselves with hamburgers being made on the back porch, while others were guzzling the drinks and smoking whatever was available.

Christy thought: *He 's kinda cute, this thirty-something, round-faced— . What's his name?*

“So, what you wanna do, doll?” His hand had reached her soft breast and caressed her

nipple a bit roughly.

“What?” The music had covered his words. She felt the desire welling inside her.

“What you wanna do, doll?”

“Dance?” Feeling his hands on her butt, she looped her arms around his neck and placed her face on his chest and clung to the large carcass of his body. She still couldn't recall his name: her friends, who took her to this party, mumbled something along the lines of introduction and disappeared in the search of guys for themselves.

“I like slow dances,” he kissed her on her lips. “Specially with you, she gave him an encouraging smile. You know, this is mah house”.

“Is it? Impressive.”

“Yep. When mah ol' man kicked the bucket, I got his business and his money. And this house. And I'm a-lookin', girl.”

“I see...”

His hand found the front of her jeans and slid lower, squeezed her between her legs, his thumb pressed against her clitoris. A hot wave washed over her body - she felt a desire, a desire to have his hands all over her, feel his dick (that she had had a chance to brush against with her fingers) inside her. She rubbed her nipples against his chest, inhaling the scent of his after-shave (mmmmm.... Musk.. .), the scent of his skin.

“Wanna see the house?”

“Uh-huh,” she mumbled feeling her wet insides longing for his (nine?) inches.

Holding his strong hand in hers, she followed him from room to room, where couples were making out on the floor, on the couches, in the arm-chairs. In one of the rooms in the back of the house, she noticed several glass cases - rows of rifles darkly glistened in the bright light of

the ceiling fixtures.

“Mah collection,” he hiccupped and slipped his hand in her back pocket.

“Cool! But I don't like guns,” Christy unbuttoned his shirt - his chest, covered with a thick patch of hair, made her nipples hard. *I wonder, how would it feel to have him fuck me around all those guns?* flashed through her mind.

“You don't? Ever been a-huntin'?”

“Nope. Never.”

“Dad never took you, eh?”

“Never had one,” she lied, recalling her fishing and hunting trips with her father. He had taught her how to find the best worms and how to load a rifle and take aim and hit a quarter a hundred feet away. He passed away when Christy was eleven.

“Poor babe,” the man kissed her on her cheek.

He unlocked one of the cases and took a rifle out. Christy was fascinated by the intricate carvings on the stock. She ran her fingers along them, feeling the depth of the pattern.

“Ah paid two hundred grand for it, he grinned, showing his perfect teeth. Ordered it from England.”

“Cool,” she handed the rifle to him.

“Yep,” the man nodded. “Mah pride.”

“Hey, stop pointing it at me!”

“Don' be afraid, doll. It not a-loaded!” He waived the barrel in front of her chest. “It not a-loaded! Unlike another gun I have,” he winked at her and laughed.

She pushed the barrel aside. At this moment, the man stepped back and, trying to regain his balance, grabbed the rifle tighter.

The two barrels exploded with a deafening thunder in the dusty air of the room. Still holding the barrel (*Hot like a pot just out of the oven*, Christy thought), the girl felt dozens of pellets penetrating her chest, her neck, her belly.

An explosion of pain, and the world stopped to exist for her.

They found the body in a shallow grave, not far from the man's house. Tom Barley was sentenced for life; some girl Jessica was put on probation. She helped him hide the body.. .

I attended the funeral. My girlfriend Christy McMahon, in her beautiful blue dress, lay on a bed of white roses. In her coffin. She had let me forever...

“Who's Melanie?” Jessica was yelling at me, furious with rage. “Who's that whore?”

“One of your friends?”

“Oh, don't tell me it's Melanie Woods!!!”

“Yep, yep. That's the one.”

“You fucking bastard! Fucking my friend?” She slapped me across my face. “How long have you been screwing her?”

“Don't know! And don't give a shit!”

She stormed out of the room. The front door slammed.

During the previous five months, we had been living together in the house that Jessica had bought as our love nest. Yes, in a house! She was dissatisfied with my apartment as she wanted a back porch with a patio swing set. And a BBQ pit. And a pool with a view (her words, I'm not kidding you!) Then, she had filled the house and the porches with furniture and

appliances. And the BBQ pit - with coal and wood. And the pool - with the view of her in her string bikini. And she felt like a queen. Not that I was against it - I didn't like to be bossed around though.

She also had a bunch of girl friends, who either stayed over, or were inviting us to their houses or ranches. It turned out that Jessica, just like her friends, had money, and a lot of it (that's how she had bought the house). They were all bored and rolled in greens that they wasted on cars (Jessica bought me a Mercedes Convertible), clothes (Jessica took me to one of the best tailors in Houston), and expensive and gaudy jewelry.

The Melanie in question was a twenty-two-year-old daughter of some ranch-owner, and I met her at a get-together in our house. Her blue eyes on her very much plain face shone like stars, the stars that were inviting me to do whatever I wanted. She called me up one day, and we had lunch, and after that, she took me to her ranch (not her father's, but *hers*), an enormous compound that seemed to cover half of Texas. She showed me around the house and the stables, and demonstrated what this particular cowgirl could do. With horses, as well.

Also, there was a Mary from Houston, a blue-eyed blonde of an unclear age (somewhere from twenty to whatever), the hostess of a Halloween party - a sexy witch, who had nothing underneath her black cloak. She took me to her bed-room, pulled her cloak up and slid me in her shaved, wet pussy.

And also, there was a Trixie, on her ranch, the hostess of some sort of a coming-of-age party (age of drinking or fucking - I wasn't sure which one or both); but I would bet the ranch, the cattle and the big house that she had been 'initiated' a long time before that party. She had me three or four times in her bed-room; after that, with the stars winking at us from high above, in the hot-tub (at three o'clock in the morning, when everybody was asleep), and in the stables.

Not sure it had happened in that order.

And also, there was a Melissa, a Janet, a Barbara, a—

How the fuck should I remember?

Every time Jessica found out about my whoring around (as if she wasn't doing the same!), she would have a fit, slam the front door... And she would be back a couple of hours later: *I forgive you, hun, 'cause I love the way you fuck me.*

So, she was back the same night, a bit drunk, a bit fucked (maybe), a bit happy (definitely). A bit happy to be back in my arms, as she told me in her hot whisper, while struggling with my zipper. It was always like that - she wanted me (*Just being around you makes me wet, hun!*), and it didn't matter what I had done to her. Whoring-wise, that is. I reckon, she thought it made me more attractive in her eyes, something like a Don Juan and a Gigolo, rolled in one.

“I want you on this carpet,” I heard her whisper. And smelled a faint odor of alcohol. And tasted it on her lips. “Fuck me, babe. Fuck me right here!”

She was struggling with her shirt and her pants and her panties, trying to speed up her undressing; however, all she had achieved was her getting entangled in the thin fabric of her top, tripping over her pants, and falling into my arms. I didn't care to wait - after I had slid the crotch of her panties aside, I slipped my dick inside her, feeling her wrapping and holding me tight, her arms around me, her nails cutting lightly into the skin on my back.

And after she was done screaming with pleasure, and, as it was usual with us, I kissed down her chest and her flat belly (a bit of tickling of her bellybutton with the tip of my tongue), lower and lower, and I parted her wet pussy with my thumbs and slipped my tongue in the shell-pink opening that smelled and tasted like—

— she smelled differently every time. She tasted differently every time - every time I licked and sucked and bit and licked and sucked and bit. Her hands were holding tightly my hands, her body was twitching a bit when I bit her clitoris with my teeth, her thighs pressing against the sides of my head...

...Jessica and I went Christmas shopping. We plunged into the usual madhouse of the mall: the banners screaming of fake savings and discounts; crowds of shoppers streaming in and out of the stores. The vast expanse of J.C. Penney was half-empty, with people scattered all over the place, going through the clothes racks or sniffing those perfume stripes in the cosmetics department.

Hand in hand, stealing occasional kisses when presumably nobody could observe us, Jessica and I were adding bag after bag, crossing name after name out of the list.

I caught sight of a woman wandering from counter to counter in, what seemed to me, a distant and absorbed-in-herself way. I couldn't see her face, but the ponytail of her a bit greasy hair and the outlines of her body seemed vaguely familiar. Jessica and I slowly caught up with her - the woman was going through the make-up pigeon-holes, fingering the pencils, one after another.

“Suzie?” She tensed, and then turned towards me.

“Kevin?” she half-whispered. “I haven't seen you since—“

“Since Christy's funeral,” I had called her several times, though. Perhaps, she had completely forgotten about it.

She looked at my face with her dull eyes; her cheeks had sagged a bit – probably, a result of too much drinking and smoking. Her voice sounded harsher than it used to when I was dating

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