



Safe With Me, Part I
By Shaina Richmond

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***Author's Note: I would love to hear from you regarding this series "Safe With Me." If you have feedback or comments, please email me at shaina.richmond@gmail.com. Thank you!!

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Parts of the series posted as of 4/18/11

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Tyler's Point of View

Tuesday, October 5, 2010

I saw her walk inside the coffee shop. I didn't know the pretty blond's name but I was sure we had a few classes together.

As she walked to the counter a strap of her backpack caught the top of t-shirt, pulling the material tight against her left breast. It lifted her shirt, showing a little of her soft stomach. She stopped walking and stood still while she yanked the bottom of her t-shirt back down to her waist; her left hand tugged vigorously at the backpack. I heard her groan as the strap stayed in place, holding her plump, massive breast captive.

I chuckled and took a sip of my iced tea. After a half hour of studying the not-so-exciting world of municipal bond markets, my classmate's struggle was a welcomed distraction.

My eyes focused on the gorgeous breast twenty feet in front of me. It was covered by a thin, pink cotton t-shirt that did nothing to hide the firmness of her nipple. She wore a white hooded sweatshirt over her t-shirt that didn't look heavy enough to keep her warm on such a cold day.

Should I try to help her? Surely I was strong enough to loosen that stubborn backpack. And, in doing so, I could make a clever comment about how cold it must be outside for her nipple to get so hard. She'd laugh and toss her head back; her long blond hair would fall off her shoulders onto her back in slow motion. Thankful for my help, she'd lift up her shirt to give me a better look at her tits before I rip her clothes off and throw her down on the dirty hardwood floor.

Shit, I gotta stop watching so much porn. My cock tightened against my zipper. I shifted my weight in my chair, trying to move things around without being obvious.

Finally, her backpack let go of her shirt. She shook her head and walked toward the counter, carrying the backpack on her arm like a purse.

"You alright?" The barista chuckled. "Havin' some trouble today?"

She smiled. "Yes, actually. It's been one heck of a day already."

He leered at her while she scanned the menu on the wall.

"I'll have a large iced latte," she said.

"You want whipped cream? It doesn't come with it but I'll give it to you anyway," he said.

Does he really think that's impressive?

"Aww, that's so sweet of you," she said.

"No problem." He gave her a dorky smile. "What's your name?"

"Susie."

"Susie... I'm Greg. Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, too." She smiled at Greg, then slung her backpack over her right shoulder and walked away from the counter, stopping not far from my table.

I saw her bite her lip as she scanned the room. I turned around in my chair to assess the seating situation. I hoped she needed to prepare for the next day's test in Finance 202 so I could invite her to sit with me without looking desperate. I imagined her tits accidentally brushing against me as we huddled together to discuss our questions. Maybe I can reach across her for a pen while her hard nipples casually dig into my arm...

I felt my cock push against my metal zipper again.

"Susie! Iced latte!"

"Thanks, hon!"

She gave Greg a little wave and another smile, then she picked up her drink. I glanced at the table to my right and saw a guy lean forward in his chair, watching her intently as she stepped away from the counter.

I knew it was time for me to pounce before the other guy could offer her a seat. I waved. "Need a place to sit?"

She turned toward me, her head cocked to the side. "Yeah. Do I know you?"

"Tyler Campbell." I extended my hand and rose slightly from my chair. It took all my effort not to stare at her chest as I introduced myself.

"Susanna Lombardi." Her hand felt cold from being outside but her skin was soft. I gently moved my arm up and down to see if her tits would bounce a little as we shook hands. They did. *I'm evil.*

"Lombardi? You don't look Italian." *Shit, my flirting skills are rusty.*

"Yeah, I get that a lot," she said.

She sat down across from me and put her backpack on the table. While she was busy getting her books out, I used the opportunity to stare at her for a few seconds, unnoticed.

Her t-shirt fit loosely, showing her supple, milky white skin down to the top of her cleavage. I imagined those huge, milky white breasts attached to her soft, plump body, bouncing up and down on top of me.

My eyes went from her cleavage to her eyes when she spoke again. "I know I'm too light to look Italian. A lot of people think I'm nuts for not trying to be darker. But I don't wanna look like a leather purse when I'm 30."

I chuckled. Her voice was low for a woman, with a hint of a Southern accent.

"There's nothing wrong with your paleness," I said. "You shouldn't try to change the way you are. It's very nice." I wanted to pay her another compliment but I was too distracted by my visualization of her soft, naked body and the thought of my tongue gliding across her hard nipple. I couldn't remember another time when I'd been so flustered by perverted thoughts of a beautiful woman I'd just met.

"That's very kind of you. But it's easy for you to say. Darker complexions are way better looking, at least according to the demographic in this town." I could see straight down her shirt when she leaned across the table, casually laying her forearm across mine. "See the difference? You make me look like a ghost."

After a few seconds she drew her arm back as if nothing had happened. *I hope I don't have to stand up for a while.* I hadn't gotten hard in public since the tenth grade.

I'd never been so attracted to a girl who looked like her before. Skinny brunettes with dark complexions usually caught my eye but I couldn't remember reacting to any woman like I had the soft, curvy blond with ivory skin sitting across from me. The hint of peaches and vanilla that wafted toward me when she leaned over the table made me want to be near her even more.

Susie took a long look at my hair. "I love your hair! It's so healthy it makes me sick. You don't see many long-haired guys around here."

My hair was long but not quite halfway down my back. I wore it down that day instead of my usual ponytail.

"I'm Indian," I said. "Uh, I mean, American Indian, mostly. My mom is half Indian and half something else. We're not sure what."

She laughed, to which I responded with nervous chuckling. *Damn, I need to be careful before I say something really stupid.* I picked up my iced tea and took a sip, trying to get my thoughts in order.

"Well, Tyler, whatever genes your mother gave you, they've made you very handsome." Without pause, and without eye contact, she changed the subject. "So, are you studying for the test in McCray's class tomorrow?"

I wondered if I should respond to her compliment. I decided not to, considering how quickly she'd moved on. But at least I knew what she thought of my looks.

"Yes. You?" I asked.

"Yes. I should've studied more for the last one. I won't let him get me this time. He's tricky but as long as you go through the examples in the book, his tests are a breeze." She paused to drink her frozen coffee before continuing. "I did that for the first test and got a 98. I got a 90 last time because I was lazy. Don't spend too much time on the lecture notes."

"That's good to know. I've gotten a 92 and an 84 so far. Maybe we could go through the examples together?" I asked.

"Yes, I'd love that." Her gray-blue eyes widened.

The way she smiled and responded to my unusually dorky conversation made me breathe a little easier. "So," I asked. "You said your name's Susanna, but I heard you tell Greg at the counter that your name is Susie. Which do you prefer?"

"I don't care, really. Susie's fine. But it sounds like a little girl's name. Call me whichever one you want. I just ask that you pick one and stick with it. I'm like a trained dog. If I get used to your voice calling me Susie, I won't know who you're talking to if you call me Susanna."

I laughed.

"I'm serious." She giggled. "I'm such a weirdo. Some people call me both. So, you can call me either one but make sure to use them equally or I'll get really confused."

I smiled, knowing I was already in the first stage of developing a serious crush on her.

We opened our books to discuss the text. In less than an hour I'd moved to the chair on her left. I made it look innocent enough, like I just wanted to be close enough to compare my work with hers, side by side. My arm got

to brush against her breasts a couple times....by accident, of course (ahem).... I was sure she hadn't noticed.

Our conversation deviated from the books in front of us quite a bit as the hours flew by. She immediately recognized a line from one of my favorite movies when I quoted it, leading to a long discussion of obscure movies we both liked that most of our friends hated. That led to a discussion of TV, then video games. I'd never met a girl before who liked video games as much as I did. I was usually afraid to tell girls I'd spent a year of my life addicted to an online role-playing game but she admitted to playing the same game. She shook her head and blushed when I tried to get her to admit just how long she played.

Susie was so very different from the boring girls I'd met since I transferred for summer school in May. She was quirky and interesting. Talking with her was easy, like catching up with an old friend. It would've been even easier if I could've controlled my thoughts of ripping her clothes off.

Greg's shift ended at 8:00 pm. I only knew because at approximately 8:01 pm he plunked a frozen latte down in front of her.

"It's on the house. And it's decaf. Want you to be able to sleep tonight." He winked.

Yeah, I bet you do.

"Wow, thank you. I love the customer service here." She smiled and picked up her free drink. "I'll be back."

"Good. I'll be here."

And then he left. Damn, I thought. *Blond hair and big boobs will get you a lot of free things in life.* "Does that kind of thing happen to you a lot?" I asked.

"What?" She asked as she placed the straw in her mouth to drink from Greg's frozen decaf cup of desperation.

Fuck, why did she have to put her lips on that straw while she was looking me in the eye? I almost lost my train of thought.

"Oh please. You know what I'm talking about," I said.

"No, not a lot. But I like to be nice to people. I believe you reap what you sow. Kindness goes a long way."

So do blond hair and big boobs! Not to mention her plump lips, complexion like a porcelain doll, and a deep, sexy voice that could make serious money in the business of phone sex. Everything about her drove me crazy. I was glad the table covered my lap.

After about 9:00 we stopped trying to steer the conversation back to the finance test. Instead, we bounced between more important topics, such as how much we both hated the color yellow, we both preferred snakes to spiders, and the fact that we each had Facebook accounts we barely used because we hated drama.

She went on to ask about my family and their ties to the reservation. I gave her the whole story about my grandmother leaving to marry a white man. After hearing my own voice for longer than I felt was necessary, I told her we didn't have to talk about it anymore but she begged me to go on, her eyes wide as she listened. I forgot what I was talking about more than once as my eyes wandered to her lips, and occasionally further down her body.

I tried to hide my disappointment when I looked at my watch to see both hands pointing at 12. *Have we really been sitting here that long?* I had to think of ways to see her again. Maybe she could use a study partner? Was it desperate if I asked for her number?

"I had a great time studying with you, Susie."

"Me too, Tyler. I can't believe it's already midnight. This might've been the fastest day of my life."

We stood outside the coffee shop. Her gorgeous pale skin glowed in the light of the full moon. I wondered if she would think it was weird if I hugged her goodbye. I was desperate to know how her fleshy body would feel against mine. Damn, I also wanted to feel it under me and on top of me and in positions I'd only seen online.

Maybe I could give her a ride home? It wasn't safe for her to walk alone. Besides, I also wanted to know where she lived. Maybe next time we could study at her place - maybe her bedroom. "Do you need a ride home?" I tried not to sound too hopeful.

"I usually take the Drunk Bus from the Rec center a few blocks away," she said.

Ahhh, the Drunk Bus - a University method of transporting students between facilities late at night to cut down on drunk driving. I'd been warned to stay off of it unless I wanted vomit all over my clothes.

"My car's right here." I gestured toward the parking lot. "Why don't I drive you instead?"

"Are you sure? The bus goes to Bailey Hall and I usually just walk a few blocks home from there," she said.

"A pretty girl like you shouldn't be out walking alone at night. Come on, I'll drive you. I insist."

She grinned. "Okay. If you insist." *I wish I knew if the grin was in return for my compliment, or for the ride home.*

We walked to the small gravel parking lot beside the coffee shop.

"Here's my Cadillac," I said.

I drove a champagne colored 1980 Chevy Malibu I'd rebuilt by myself a few years earlier. It wasn't the sexiest car in the world but I loved it.

"Ooooh! Is that a Malibu?" Her mouth hung open.

Is she actually excited about this car? "Yes." I was stunned that she knew what it was.

"I knew someone who had one like this. It's an 80, 81?"

"80," I said.

"It has a lot of power, right? I drove it and loved it. I could outrun anybody on the road. I like a car with power. When I hit the gas, the car better move."

Looking back, I'm pretty sure that's the moment I fell in love with her.

Susie and I got in my car and headed to her place. She made several more compliments about the Malibu, especially when I stepped on the gas. She seemed impressed when I told her I rebuilt the engine myself.

She was so fucking cool. I liked having her next to me. Her sweet, peachy vanilla scent slowly filled the car. My mind wandered to long trips we could take together, talking, laughing and listening to the radio. Of course, my mini fantasies ended with us in the backseat.

She told me to stop in front of a two story brick house on Grant Avenue in a quaint little neighborhood. It was different from most of the residential areas close to campus. None of the houses looked like they were ready to fall over from years of too many parties.

"How many roommates do you have?" I asked.

"I live alone."

"In *this* huge house?" It was one of the biggest houses on her street. "How did you manage that?"

"It's kind of a long story. Short version is - my parents died, and my Aunt Lydia gave me her house a few years ago. She wanted to move out of the country but had sentimental reasons for keeping it in the family. So, instead of selling it, she gave it to me." She paused to take a breath. "And that's how I ended up in Lockwood."

"Wow. I'm really sorry about your parents."

"It's okay. Don't feel bad for me. I've had it pretty good. I even lived here for a little while with my aunt when I was a teenager. I was glad she gave me the house." She reached for the door handle. "I'd invite you in but it's so late. I'm sure you need to go home."

"I'm really not tired. I probably won't go to bed for a few hours. My first class isn't til 11:30 tomorrow." *Please take the hint, please take the hint...*

She stuck her lower lip out while she pondered the idea. Her soft, moist, sexy lip... "Alright," she said, "then come on in."

I wondered if she would've asked me to come in if she knew what kind of thoughts I'd had about her all day. I couldn't believe what I was thinking. I was always the good guy. *Always*. I was the guy who waited to sleep with his girlfriends until they were ready, even if it meant weeks of suffering and frustration. My few experiences with casual sex were big mistakes I had no desire to repeat. But I already liked Susie so much - I knew it wouldn't just be a casual hook-up if something happened that night.

I turned off the car and followed her inside. Her house was nice. Not fancy, but modest and comfortable - and enormous. There was a large dining room to the left. To the right, a living room big enough to store the house I grew up in. I followed her to the bottom of the stairs where she gave me the nickel tour.

"Welcome to my home. Help yourself to anything in the kitchen. The bathroom is over there." She pointed to a door close to the stairs. "Sorry, I'm not a great hostess. I'm used to people just helping themselves."

"It's fine. I don't mind helping myself." I went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. It was stocked full of beer.

"I just had a party last weekend. I don't know why I bought so much beer. There were three kegs." She laughed.

"Do you have a lot of parties?"

"Not a whole lot. An average of three a semester, maybe? I'm having another one the Friday night at the end of finals week. You should come. If I'd met you before tonight I would've invited you to the one I had on Saturday."

Shit, I wish I'd met her sooner.

As I looked around the house I imagined being naked with her - everywhere. Bending her over *this* chair, throwing her down on *that* floor.... *Why am I like this tonight? Maybe there's something wrong with me.* All I could think about was ravaging her luscious body all over the house like an animal.

"Oh, before I forget, a bunch of us get together to study almost every day. You can join us if you want. Usually we start out at the student union and then go to somebody's house, mostly mine. I meant to tell you about it before we left the coffee shop."

"Really? Which people, exactly?" I was a transfer student so I didn't know that many people. I had pretty much been a loner, aside from my roommates and their friends. Besides that, I was a little bit older than most of the other students. It was their senior year so they were probably around 21 or 22. I was about to turn 26. I felt decades older than some of them even though it was only a few years.

"Let me think - Michael Rollins, Jacinda Clay, Corbie Linder, Dan Lafferty, Lisa Yeager..." she paused to think, "a lot of people kind of float in and out. Roger Lee, Kate Burnette, a few others. Oh, and my good friend Joan Melton. We usually go to the student union right after class every day."

"Thanks for inviting me. I just got assigned to a project with Corbie, Dan, and another guy. We're meeting tomorrow after class to talk about it," I said.

"I think I'm actually gonna be there, too. I got assigned to a group with Lisa, Joan, and Chris Noble. Lisa and Corbie thought it might be good if we got our two groups together to talk about what we're supposed to do, since we don't seem to have a clue."

We had just been assigned a Management project which wasn't in the syllabus and the class unanimously decided it was unreasonable, given all the other work the course required. But I found myself pretty happy about it when I realized it'd give me more time with Susie. I was also happy I might finally make some new friends.

It was interesting she called Joan Melton her "good friend." My roommate, Caleb, used to see Joan and she'd been over to our house many times. Small world, considering there were about fifteen thousand students enrolled at the University. Joan was a cool person to hang out with and she was also really cute. She hadn't come over in a couple of months though. I thought it best not to bring up the fact that I knew Joan, at least not right then. I didn't want to change the subject or sound like I was interested in her friend. I also didn't realize Joan was in any of our classes.

"Do your parties get pretty wild? The accounting majors seem like a lively group," I said.

"Depends on who you ask." She paused, scratching her head. "Okay, yes, they can get pretty wild. Although, last weekend wasn't so bad. But I don't invite as many people anymore because I despise the clean-up. Most people don't stick around to help. They usually pass out all night and leave the next day too hung over to help me."

"How many people passed out and stayed the night last weekend?"

"Only two, which was surprising. Carl Richter and Dan Lafferty."

I was acquainted with Dan. From the little I knew of him, I had a feeling he had his own reasons for trying to stay over.

I really wanted to know if she was seeing anyone. "Your boyfriend must be pretty cool with it, to leave you alone in a house with two guys overnight."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I *don't* have a boyfriend." She giggled like there was an inside joke.

"Don't most people know for sure if they have a boyfriend or not? Did you just break up with someone?"

"No. There's a guy who *thinks* he's my boyfriend. Seems like he's finally given up though - Troy Anders," she said.

Troy Anders. I knew the name.

"Why does he think he's your boyfriend?" I asked.

"You don't want to know. Trust me."

"No, I'm curious. I think I know him." I acted like I wanted to know because I knew Troy. I couldn't let on about my twinge of jealousy.

Susie took a deep breath. "Well, some people don't know the difference between a relationship and a fling. That's all."

Ahhh. There was obviously more to the story. "I see."

"Does that lower your opinion of me?" she asked.

"No. What you do is your business. But, why didn't you want more than a fling with this guy?"

"I didn't see the point," she said.

I got a beer out of the fridge and walked with her into the living room. We sat on opposite ends of the couch and started talking again. I was thrilled she hadn't gotten tired of talking to me, having spent the last nine hours sitting at a table with me.

She seemed genuinely interested in me by the questions she asked. I told her more about my family than I had at the coffee shop - how I'd left community college for a few years to help out at home after my dad died. Then I told her about transferring to the University to finish my degree. I imagined throwing her down on the couch repeatedly during the conversation.

"So how old are you, Tyler?" she asked.

"Twenty five. Twenty six soon."

"I just turned 25 myself. I feel like an old woman around here."

"You definitely don't look old. I would've thought you were 21 if you hadn't said something. Not that it matters."

"Some of the guys like to make fun of me for it. Especially Dan. I know he thinks he's being playful but it stings. I'd rather be called just about anything than *old*. It's the one thing about myself I can't change."

"Twenty five is *not* old. Those guys are idiots. But I can relate. I feel ancient compared to some of these people." It seemed like a good time to pay her a compliment but I couldn't think of anything that didn't sound stupid. Something like "you look good for your age" didn't quite fit the moment.

She looked more and more beautiful to me as the night went on. I loved the way her lips moved when she spoke, and the way she twirled her long, shiny blond hair in her fingers. I wanted so much to see her naked. The longer we chatted, the worse I felt about it. But after what she said about Troy, I wondered if I should feel so bad. She was very open about herself but I didn't want to take advantage. And I sure didn't want to be the next Troy.

"So, I'm still trying to remember if I know Troy." I was pretty sure I didn't actually know him but I hoped she'd give me more information.

"He's tall, really muscular, has blond hair. Played soccer last year. I don't think he's playing this year," she said.

That's how I knew the name. "So, you didn't like the way he flung you?" I asked, trying to be funny - hoping she would divulge more information.

She rolled her eyes and took a deep breath. "I guess that's supposed to be a joke?" She laughed halfheartedly. "I just didn't want anything serious. It's how I'm made, I suppose. I mean, we all have needs, right?"

"Yes," I said.

"Sometimes I think I'm more like a man than most guys. Aren't men supposed to be the ones who use women then never call them again? I seem to attract these guys who wanna hang around and buy me flowers or something."

I laughed nervously, trying to hide my disappointment. I figured it was her way of telling me not to get my hopes up about being her boyfriend. Not that I'd really thought 'I wanna be her boyfriend.' But in the fantasies I'd had all day, she was definitely only with me.

"I'm sure you think I'm terrible. I sound like a slut. And maybe I am, I don't know." She paused. "But I'm clean. I just had a physical."

I busted out laughing. I didn't expect her to say something so random. I wanted to be disturbed by what she told me about her sexuality but it only made me want to get to know her more. Most girls I knew weren't that comfortable with themselves. She was honest and unashamed of her identity. It was a huge turn on. But by that point, I think she could've picked up the phone book and started reading numbers out loud and it would've turned me on.

I also had a feeling the reason these guys always wanted to hang around was because they got a taste of something they liked and they wanted more. *I bet that body of hers is just as much fun as I think it is.*

"What?" She laughed. "I sound ridiculous, don't I?"

"No. I think you just like to do what makes you feel good. So, you might break a soccer player's heart here or there."

"Yeah." She frowned. "I was always honest with him. That's probably my downfall. I was too honest and I became a challenge."

I thought about everything she'd said in the last couple of minutes. She told me she was clean. She was very up front about having physical needs. *Is this her way of coming on to me?* If I made a move on her, I wondered if I would end up staying until the next morning.

Unfortunately, I already knew I was capable of feeling something much stronger for her than she might ever feel for me.

She went on with her theory about Troy. "I used to think men only wanted sex and they had no feelings. I've realized in the past couple of years men actually *do* have feelings. We all use each other at some point. We all have needs. Women use men, men use women. Some men are sensitive, some aren't. It took me years to learn that."

I thought about telling Susie I had a physical need for her. It might sound cheesy, but this is my chance, I thought. I couldn't get the words to come out of my mouth. A part of me hesitated, but another part of me thought I should live in the moment and try to seduce her. I considered it as I looked at her pretty face.

She met my gaze and smiled.

"What are you thinkin' about, Tyler?" Her voice stroked my ears like velvet. I could hear her Southern accent when she said my name... *Tah-ler...*

I felt shy, which was surprising, considering how aggressive my thoughts were. The only two casual sexual encounters of my past happened when I was drunk with liquid courage. Sitting on a couch, sober, wanting to make a move on a gorgeous woman I'd just met was new for me. I wanted her. I wanted to take her right there on the couch. I wanted to rip her clothes off and run my hands all over her and finally know what she felt like instead of just imagining it. I'd never experienced such a voluptuous woman. She looked like the subject of a Rubenesque painting. When I studied art history several years earlier I didn't give those women much thought. They looked beautiful in an artistic way but I hadn't thought about finding a real one of my own.

A big part of me just wanted to bend her over and pound her. Damn, I got hard just sitting there looking at her. Her flawless skin, her lips, those tits...

Suddenly, she scooted toward me on the couch. My heart pounded wildly.

She took my right hand and gently placed it on her left breast. I was in shock at her boldness. We were just having a conversation and suddenly she was beside me, holding my hand against a part of her that had already become very dear to me.

"I couldn't help noticing today you like to touch these," she said.

I exhaled. "I thought I was being clever."

"Oh, you were. Much smoother than most guys." She nodded.

I held her beautiful breast in my hand through her shirt for a few seconds. Then I pulled her top down to see more. I knew I couldn't let this opportunity pass me by. I used both hands to scoop both of her breasts out of her bra. They were rounder and fuller than I expected. She sat with her back against the sofa cushion. I wish I could've taken a picture of her sitting there, her enormous breasts in plain sight as she casually relaxed. They were as beautifully milky white as I'd hoped. My hands cupped and fondled them. I bent my head down to take one in my mouth. She moaned as soon as my tongue touched her nipple.

She looked like a picture from a trashy porno magazine.

I licked and sucked her breast slowly, savoring every inch of her flesh. I had never seen such big ones in person, let alone had them in my mouth. I lightly bit one of her nipples while I squeezed her other breast. She moaned and grabbed the back of my head, running her fingers through my long hair.

"You're sexy as hell, Tyler."

It was on. I was already miles past the point of no return. "So are you, Susie."

She played with my hair and held it back for me as I immersed myself in her breasts. I couldn't get enough of them. I was like a kid with a new toy. A gorgeous new erotic toy. Two toys, I guess.

"Please let me take this off," I said, holding the bottom of her shirt. As soon as she smiled at me I pulled it up over her head. Then she unfastened her bra and stretched forward to take it off. I took it out of her hand and threw it to the floor, then I pushed her against the back of the couch, my mouth heading straight for her tits again.

My fingers played with her left nipple as I took as much of her right breast into my mouth as I could. It was way more than a mouthful. I told myself to be gentler but it wasn't possible. I sucked her breast uncontrollably, biting it a little harder than before. The high-pitched sounds coming from her throat told me I had permission. I let myself go crazy, doing exactly what my animalistic urges had wanted to do to those tits ever since I watched her fight with her backpack.

I knew I wanted to ram my dick inside her soon but I had to kiss her before things went any further. I had been dying to feel those pretty lips of hers for hours. I stopped sucking her tits and moved my head up to kiss her, my hand still fondling her breasts.

I sucked on her bottom lip, and we were suddenly in the midst of a heavy make out session. Her kisses were insanely sexual. Her tongue did things to my mouth that I could only hope it might do to the rest of me.

As our mouths had their way with each other, I moved my hand down to her waist to try to unzip her jeans. She pushed my hand away as her mouth broke away from mine.

"You first, please?" Her voice was unusually high-pitched. She bit her lip.

Not wanting to disappoint her, and also needing to alleviate the pain caused by my erection against my zipper, I stood up and immediately unzipped my pants and let them fall to the floor. Then I took my shirt off.

"Mmmmm," she growled, looking at my body up and down like she wanted to attack me as much as I wanted to attack her.

I smiled... then froze. I stood there in my underwear, unsure of what to do next. I wasn't this guy. I wasn't wild, late night hook-up guy. It hit me as I unzipped my pants moments before.

Susie stared up at me, then cocked her head to the side. "Okay... you're gonna have to take this off too," she said, tugging at my boxer shorts. "On second thought...." her voice trailed off as her fingers slid inside the waistband and pulled them down.

"It's so beautiful!" Her words sounded like a cry of joy. I immediately felt her warm tongue on the head of my cock. She traced it with her tongue, going around in circles. Then she licked me slowly underneath, starting at the base and moving all the way up the shaft. It turned me on that she was so eager and so appreciative of my cock. I'd never felt a tongue move like hers before. I was afraid I might get off too soon.

I don't know if she sensed I was about to explode or what, but she released me from her mouth and stood up. She picked up a blanket that was folded in a chair and spread it across the couch. It was fun to watch her do it topless. I quickly wondered if I could talk her into doing other things topless. I imagined her ironing clothes - topless. Cooking - topless. Reading a book - topless.

"Sit down and relax," she said as she left the room.

I sat on the couch as requested. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'll be right back."

She returned in seconds with a bottle of lubricant. *Damn, why does she need a bottle that big? And why was it so close by?*

Susie knelt on the floor in front of me and pumped some lube into her hands.

"I hope this isn't cold." She gently massaged some lube onto my dick.

Okay, she's gonna give me a hand job, I thought. But just then, she squirted some between her tits.

Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!! I thought I was gonna come right then. *I've always wanted this.*

She turned the bottle upside down and squirted it onto her chest, spreading it between her tits. It was too hot for words.

"I hope you like this," she said, with a huge smile on her face.

I couldn't help but smile back at her. *Damn, I've finally hit the lottery.*

Susie leaned forward and used her hands to heave her giant tits onto my lap around my cock, squeezing them together. I could barely see my cock anymore between those two beautiful mounds of flesh. With a hand on each one, she massaged my cock with her tits. She moved them up and down, sometimes moving one up while the other was moving down.

I breathed hard and fast. Her plump, creamy breasts were electric to me. Each movement was too good to be true, even better than the one before. It was a totally new sensation for me. I loved it. I loved *her*. I had no idea when I left my house to study that day I'd be titty fucking a sex goddess less than ten hours later.

"Do you want me to come on you?" I breathed, barely able to speak.

She answered with no hesitation. "I want whatever you want," she said as her breasts feverishly massaged my

cock. It felt like a bomb about to explode.

I knew we didn't have much time. I wanted to come all over her chest, but even more than that, I wanted to know what it was like to pound her round, gorgeous ass.

"Stop." I barely exhaled. She sat back on her heels, removing her breasts from my lap as I took a deep breath to calm down. "Do you have any condoms?" I asked.

She scooted on her knees to a nearby end table and opened the drawer. "I'm pretty sure I have just one in here unless someone found it the other night." She rummaged through the drawer for about 30 seconds. I was glad it took a while. It gave me time to settle myself down a little before the next round.

She finally found the condom and handed it to me. I tore the little yellow package open but decided not to put it on just yet. I laid the package on the arm of the couch and stood up.

"Your turn," I said as I reached down to help her stand up beside me. "First, I need you out of those clothes."

She showed me that sexy smile I already loved so much. "Whatever you want," she moaned, then took my hand and rose to her feet. I pulled her pants and panties all the way down to the floor and helped her step out of them.

Susie looked beautiful standing before me. I swear, I had never been attracted to her body type before. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I studied her, trying to burn her image into my memory. Susie's body was full and silky, and looked even better naked than I had imagined.

I put my arms around her back as I leaned down to overtake her mouth with mine. I fiercely pressed my hard body to hers, reveling in the luxurious feel of her softness against me. Her breasts felt like pillows; her stomach cushioned my hard cock. I wanted to take her away to a deserted island and devote myself to learning everything I could about her body for a few years.

I felt her hands on my ass pulling me closer. She cupped my firm muscles as she moaned and breathed harder into my mouth. My dick pressed harder into her stomach until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Sit on the couch," I whispered.

Without a word, she sat down. I knelt down on the floor in front of her and gently placed a hand on each of her knees, spreading them apart. I was about to reach for the condom when I caught a glimpse of the soft folds between her thighs. I knew I needed to taste her. I put my hands under her knees to guide her legs even further apart. Then I stopped to gaze at her for a moment, admiring her naked body, trying again to burn another picture of her into my memory. She half smiled at me with a dreamy look in her eyes.

I loved how those big tits complimented her pretty pink pussy, and the way her long blond hair framed her beautiful face as it fell around her shoulders, onto her chest. I was once again reminded of a scene from a trashy magazine featuring large-breasted women with their legs spread open. She was a guilty pleasure come to life.

I bent my head down and gave her one good, long lick from the bottom of her pussy up to her clit. She moaned and put her hands on the back of my head.

"Woman, you are so wet," I said, just before my mouth began its assault on her.

I took my time with her at first, licking every inch of her, my tongue lingering to enjoy her taste. Every time I had done this with a woman in the past, the room was dark. But Susie had the lights on, confident and unashamed. It turned me on to be able to see her pussy while I was licking it.

I sucked on her lips for a while before I moved up to her clit. Her moans got louder as my tongue moved in fast circles around it.

"Damn it! I need you to fuck me, now!" she demanded. I could hear pain in her voice.

I desperately wanted to fuck her, but not yet. I longed to get her off with my mouth before we went any further. I wanted to taste her and feel her wetness dripping all over me as I brought her to orgasm.

I slid three fingers inside her and thrust them in and out with my arm as my mouth stayed fiercely on her clit. I opened my eyes and, from my position between her legs, I could see her throw her head back into the couch. She screamed and moaned loudly. Her tits bounced as her whole body tossed around. It made it more difficult to stay on her clit but it was worth the extra work.

Her hands were behind my head, pulling me closer. Then her ankles found their way to my back. I continued to fuck her with my fingers as I licked her, and suddenly I heard her come.

She screamed and squealed uncontrollably. Her juices flowed all over me, completely soaking my face. It didn't seem to take long to get her off, although I felt like I could have kept going for hours. I hoped it wouldn't be the last time I got to taste her pussy.

Finally she stopped squirming and sat there on the couch. She closed her eyes; her mouth hung open. I heard her take a deep breath.

I stood up. "I'll be right back in a minute," I said.

I found the downstairs bathroom. Faster than ever before in my life, I washed my face and rinsed my mouth out with mouthwash. I didn't know if she would mind the taste of herself on me or not and I didn't feel like ruining the moment to ask her. I just knew I wanted to be able to kiss her again without any awkwardness.

I ran back to the living room. She opened her eyes and smiled at me as she lay there, naked and beautiful.

I picked up the condom I'd left in a package on the arm of the couch and raced to put it on. Then I got on my knees on the floor and positioned myself between her legs. First I leaned forward to give her a kiss. I was sure she could taste soap and mouthwash but she kissed me right back, her tongue roaming my mouth more aggressively than before.

She stared deep into my eyes as I pulled away from her. "You were amazing," she said. I grabbed her soft, creamy thighs to guide them into the exact position I needed to fuck her senseless.

"Thank you." I slipped inside her soaking wet pussy.

Susie stared into my eyes and let out a squeal when I entered her. I wasn't used to a woman being so responsive – so unafraid to let go. Damn, the past had cheated me.

"You're huge!" she screamed, throwing her head back into the soft cushion of the overstuffed couch. I felt her pussy tighten around me.

"You feel so good, baby." I hadn't meant to say "baby" but I had no control at that point. Her pussy felt amazing to me. I didn't know a woman could get as wet as she was that night.

"You don't have to take it easy on me, Tyler. I won't break. I need you *really* to give it to me."

Damn, she's awesome.

I had never fucked anybody so hard in my life. I had to be gentler with other girls, but not with Susie. She kept yelling at me to pound her harder. I loved the feel of her full body as I thrust into her. The whole "more cushion" thing wasn't just a crude joke people said about heavier women. It was true. *Shit, why didn't I know this before? At least I know now.*

It was easy to see why men wanted more of her after the first time. She was aggressive and wild. And she was confident enough to keep the lights on. I still didn't like the thought of her with another guy, but all that mattered was she was *mine* that night. I wanted to tear her ass to shreds.

Her beautiful, lightly-padded body let me pound her as hard as I wanted without feeling like I was going to hit her bones and hurt myself. Her breasts bounced each time I rammed into her. I could've watched them for hours, mesmerized.

I picked her left leg up and put it over my shoulder to get inside her as deep as possible.

"Oh yeah. That's it... that's it...." she moaned.

I went at her, fucking her like crazy as long as I could. She screamed and made beautiful sounds each time I hit that place deep inside her. Occasionally she would scream my name.

I couldn't hold back any longer. I was surprised I'd lasted so long. I started to come. I don't even know what noises I made. I'm pretty sure I screamed her name. I had to fight the urge to yell "I fucking love you!"

I wanted more as soon as it was over. She was like a drug. One time wouldn't be enough, not for something that good. Even though it was all over less than an hour after it started, it was the best sex I'd ever had. I'd seen porno movies that weren't as good as what we'd done.

And, unfortunately, I knew I already had feelings for her. She was honest about what she did and didn't want. But it only made me want her more. I found her independence and confidence irresistible. Not to mention the way she took control sexually. There was no shyness or awkwardness. She knew what she wanted. And I knew I wanted *her*.

Shit. I'm Troy. I didn't even know the guy but I felt bad for him. It would be hard not to fall for that girl, especially if you found out how she was in bed. Or, in my case, on a couch.

We both stood up and found our recklessly scattered clothing. Susie only put her shirt back on.

"Well, Tyler, I had a lot of fun *studying* with you today," she said. She laughed in a way that sounded nervous to me. Maybe she was as surprised as I was at how our day ended?

I smiled. I might have even blushed. I put my arms around her to give her a long hug, enjoying the feel of her soft body against me again. I kissed her forehead, then her lips.

The sight of her standing there with nothing on but a shirt that barely went past her waist was about to get me

hard again. I knew I needed to leave or we'd go until the wee hours of the morning and end up sleeping through the finance test we'd studied so hard for.

I didn't know what to say to her before leaving. I wanted to tell her I hoped to see her again. I also wanted to thank her for the fantastic sex we'd just had. I couldn't think of a way to say everything and not come across like just another annoying guy who wanted more of her attention. But I wanted her to at least consider being with me, exclusively. And I was already determined to find a way to make that happen.

"Alright," I said, loosening my tight grip. "Thanks for giving me an amazing day." I briefly thought about asking to sleep over since it was so late but she seemed to be shoving me out the door. "I'll see you tomorrow at the Cellar, right?" I asked.

"Yes. I'll be there," she said.

"Okay then. I need to go get some sleep."

"Me too," she said. Right before I opened the door to leave, she spoke. "I had an amazing day with you too. Really...*amazing*."

My heart pounded erratically. I already had it so bad for her. Immediately, her words about not wanting anything serious rang loudly in my head.

I stepped forward to give her another kiss, this one a little longer. I let my arms linger around her back, then reached down to her naked ass. We kissed as my hands lingered there, exploring her fleshy round cheeks. I rubbed and squeezed them. I couldn't resist the urge to draw my hand back and give her left cheek a little smack. She giggled, then moaned. *Note to self - if fortunate enough to be with her again, explore this further.*

"See you tomorrow," I said as I opened the door to leave.

I got home that night around 3:00 a.m. My roommates were asleep and didn't seem to notice I'd been gone.

I had a lot to think about. I knew my life would never be the same. I was attracted to a completely different type of body than I'd ever been attracted to before. And that body had given me the most amazing sex of my life. Furthermore, against my better judgment, I was falling for the woman inside that body.

I hadn't thought about having a girlfriend in a long time. My last serious relationship ended almost a year earlier but it had really ended long before without me realizing it. I neglected her because I'd been dealing with family issues. She started seeing someone else and wanted to officially break it off with me. I wasn't even upset about it.

Women hadn't been a priority to me, at least not since my dad died. Settling down and finding the right woman were goals I had in the back of my mind and I knew they would happen someday. But I wasn't intent on making them happen, at least not for a while. I wanted to finish school and start my own business. I needed to make sure my mom and the rest of my family were well cared for, including the wife and children I hoped to have someday. I didn't want them to be in the situation my family was in when we lost Dad.

Sure, I was a man. I still desired women and spent a lot of time admiring them. I just didn't want to put forth the energy into having a relationship until I had the other things in my life nailed down. Women had been too much effort for me in the past. Occasionally I would meet girls here or there on campus who piqued my interest. They would give me signals they were interested too. I would flirt and sometimes even think about pursuing one in particular but my mind always found its way several weeks or months down the road, when she might be upset

with me for not paying her enough attention, or not taking her to the right restaurant on Valentine's Day. Or expect me to drop everything I was doing because she had a bad day and needed me - with no regard to the fact that I have problems too, like getting through college, or making sure my family doesn't fall apart. Maybe my past girlfriends were too needy. I figured all women were like that.

I had really gotten into porn as a result. I wouldn't say I was addicted to it. But it was there when I needed it, and I needed it often.

I made the huge mistake of hooking up on two separate occasions in the past year with women I'd just met. One was a woman I met at a bar when I was still helping out at home. I was out with friends who were home from college over their Thanksgiving break. I drank too much and I was a little lonely. I felt terrible about it when I woke up in her bed the next morning. She tried to call me for weeks, even when I told her I didn't like her that way. I swore it would never happen again. And then in March I hooked up with a girl I met at a friend's party. The fallout was so bad, I tried to put it out of my mind forever. And of course, I swore I'd never do it again.

Susanna Lombardi had caught me off guard in many ways. She was completely different from anybody I'd ever known, let alone anybody I'd ever been attracted to. She stirred up desires and emotions in me I'd forgotten were there. My mind kept going over the list of things I liked about her. Things that made her stand out from the other girls.

I felt like I could talk to her about anything. She listened without judging or giving unnecessary advice. She didn't seem like she would be needy in a relationship. Mostly because she said she didn't even want a relationship.

Shit. There's the rub. This phenomenal woman steamrolls into my life and she doesn't want anything serious. At least she says she doesn't. I had no idea what I was going to do. Now that we'd gotten to know each other - in typical porn star fashion - I was going to have to see her in many of my classes. What if she tries to blow me off? What if I walk around campus with a constant erection because she's around and I can't stop thinking about what happened?

I'm probably overreacting. I had a great time with a great girl. If I have nothing else, at least I have an amazing memory. Even if I end up married to someone else I'll still have the memory of that night of mind-blowing sex, which was probably only a taste of who she was, sexually. Fuck. *I have to marry her.* This argument with myself did not end the way I'd planned.

I really hoped it would wear off - this euphoria from getting laid for the first time in months. Maybe that's all this is, I told myself. *There's no reason to worry.*

The past few years had been pretty rough on me. Since May, I'd lived in a house with three other guys and they were always bringing different girls home. That lifestyle didn't appeal to me. But it didn't mean I couldn't have some fun once in a while, right? It didn't make me a "bad guy." It's normal college behavior. Part of the college experience. It wasn't a part I was interested in before but maybe I was warming up to the idea.

I tried to justify it to myself. The reality of the situation was this - I had feelings for someone who could really hurt me.

My mind raced. I lay in bed staring at the ceiling for hours trying to fall asleep. I couldn't stop thinking about her. I kept remembering how good she felt and how easy it was to be with her in every way. It felt natural. Talking, studying, laughing, kissing, fucking... it all felt so easy and effortless with her. I thought about things I wanted to do with her if I got her alone again.

I remembered something she said - shouldn't it be the woman who feels this way? I couldn't imagine any of my roommates having these thoughts. All three of them did whatever they felt like doing. Those poor girls would be calling them and stopping by the house for days afterward. And my roommates couldn't have cared less.

Shit. How did I get myself into this?

About the author

Shaina Richmond started writing in August 2010, frustrated with the lack of romance novels that appealed to her. Please email her at shaina.richmond@gmail.com if you have any comments about "Safe With Me." She's new at this and needs feedback from her readers.

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